No. M. 480. 39
Y. 29

GIVEN BY

Philip Hale.

" A gin Life 35 " 10, 16, 17.
" [illegible]
* Amarilla 58 "
" Agatha in Petrograd 60
* A Modern Eve 93
" A Royal Divorce 8 "
" Alsace 109 "
Advertisement 109
" Alias Jimmy Valentine 125 "
" A Celebrated Case 129 "
" All the Comforts of Home 156
" Arrah-na-Pogue"

A Summer Garden 53
Apollo Garden 7, 31, 32
Adams Maud 58
Aza, A Parion of from Aurora Gee } 33

A Jew 87

A Knight 3

Allin the Ball 13
Able' Constant'n L' 37

* Across the Border 8, 14.
Actor's Friend Show 103

Apollo Club 20, 88
* Alrance, F 92
* Atwood Baker, M. 111

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bates Blanche, 12
"Blanchette" 27, 30
Barrymore E. 99
"Balaustion's Euripides" 101
Bayes Nora 116
"Baby Mine" 161

* Braslau S. 6
Balkis. 23
Bauer H. 29. 58 82 118
Barrow, Geo. P. B. 31
Braddon Geo. 39
Bradbourne a 60

Birkett Vivian 10
Brizu 27
"Birth a talkar, The 90

Bishop, F. M. 83

Browne + Brown (A. Ward) 39

Boston 1st Sym 96
"Blow, The 104

Boughton R. 68
* Borta, L 6
Bori, L. 6
Boston Symph. Orch. 4, 9, 21, 26. 35 45. 56. 62 78 83 90, 96. 107 112.
in San Francisco 86

* Booth Lt. 64 67.
Booth, Wilkes in Paris 75
Boynton S. H. 2
Brown A. E. 2
Bourton in America 20

"Beautiful Adventure The 2
"Behind the Bayou" 2
"Ben Hur" 19
"Bar The" 39, * 43
Bernhardt, Sarah 74, Sames to 124
"Belle Aventure" (see Wild Thyme) (14)
"Betty 119"
Breitmann Hans, new ed. 13
"Beauties". 8
Benedict Blanche 30
Bread, Hood 37
Bells of Shandon, The 40

Belcher C. Lt 77
Beere, Mrs B. 98

Burke Billy 36. 44
"Blue Bird, The 87
Busing Fritzi. v. 18
"Blue Mouse The" 15-6

Busing, Fritzi von 18
* Burnham T. 43
Busoni F. 49. 55
Buckley, Minstrels 17 one negro minstrels

Clayton Bessie 13.
Carus, Emma 19
Clandle Toby 25

Capt. Brassbound's Conversion 66
Campbell, Mrs Pat 70
Carter, Leslie 71
Calvert, Catherine 82
† Carbone A. 82
* Change 93
Carsten 0.
Calvé, E. (Neilsen) 101, 24
Castle Sq. Theatre 1914-15/1558
Carus Emma 19
Calendar, Gregorian in Shakland Isles 38

Cecilia Society 26, 73
Chemineau Le 38

Caulo 20
Catherine Ghiselia 45
on the Stage
Chaloff, J. 49
Casals P. 58, 62 82
Cartwright, E. 95, 96
Canal meat 3
Cats 3

Chitza 39, 43
Cline Maggie 13
* Christ, B. Suite 143

Cigarettes 42

Common Clay 16
Cloître Le 46
Chopinesca 58
Carlos d'Hoffmann 75, 101
Cohan, G. M. 105
Collier, W. 105
Colonial Theatre (14-15) 115
Collins Josie 18
Coventry Nativity Play 40

Complement, word 26
Copeland G. 15, 50
Crosman H. 54
Cove Ernest 93
† Cooke, W. 104

Curtain, The 27
Custom House, Boston 39

Crisp Julia 22, 75. poem 49
58, 75

Dramatis Personae 28
Dawson Hazel 2
Danseur Inconnu 9
Day before the Day, The 132
Dancing Section 8
Daughter of England 34

Debutante, The 24
Dear, The 114
Dear Shade Unknown 8
Demoiselle de magasin 34
Dent Mr. E. 11
Dexter Sir Timothy 19, 21
26, 38

Diplomacy 10, 12, 20
Dixey, H. E. 7
Dinner for Eight 92
Dipplickstein, Leo 42, 69
Dippel A. 56
Dinking 4.

Dochstader L. 7
Dora Marie 12
Dr. Johnson 46
Dodge-Derby E. 2

Dancers of Dublin 97
Dufault P. 55
Dorcel 83

Exchange 123
Elgar's Phantom Belgeo 5.
Eating, Catholicity in 3

Epstein R. 15
Ebell Hans 25
Emerson Lilliane 38
Edgerton, E. A. 85
Emmett Dan 5

Elijah Chorus (colored) 96
Ross, Connie 18
English music 23.
Erickheim H. 48
Festivals 40

Ernie Mr. 79

Francaire in 4
Falstaff in Rebellion 62
Fairbanks, D. 143
Faversham, W. 36

Fay, Mary 61

Garafella's Husband 16
Gardens - See Orchard

Gabrilowitsch 4 81, 118
Gadski 9, 131
Gabrilowitsch Mrs 4
Granger, P. 63 75

Gregory Lady in Boston 28
German - Com. Singing Society 29
Gendre de M. Poirier 31
Great Catherine, The 49
Getting Married 99
Gerville - Reache 14

Gebhard H 35 106
Greek 4 57
Gerhardt E. 70

Ferrari - Fontana E. 103
Frenchwoman The 132

Gillette W. 12
Girl of To Day 58

Figanza, T. 106
Five Birds in a Cage 124

Fisher B. 32
Fields Lew 43
Fischer Alice 43
Flint, Willard 1
Flying Prayer, song 16
Fish Pies 38
Fields Anna 41

Florzaley Jt. 32, 66
Florodora 74
Florist Shop, The 88
Forest Garden 28, 31

Fornari R. 48, 59

Ghost of Jerry Bundler 2
Good Night, Nurse 59
Gordon Eleanor (Keith) 156

Gone West 39
Governor Rattle Symp. 25
Goulue La 59
Goritz, O. 131
Goldmark, C. 14

Gluck A. 12 92
131

D E F G H I J K L Mc N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Hamlet 9
* Hawk The 36
Harvard Dram Club 88
Haensel and Gretel 95
Half Sister, The 109
Hamper Genevieve 11
Harper or Harpist 31

Handel & Haydn 1, 2, 47, 85
(Special singers with) 90, 92, 94, 95
Hadley's legend Granada 24
Havens, R. 44
Hackett A 50
Harrison B. 70
Hannah 1, 4.
Hanzl, Jean 11

* High Cost of Loving 41

He Didn't want to do it 40
Herford B, at Keith's 100
* Hello Broadway 105
Hyphen The 108 * 110

Heinrich Julia 31
Hempel F. 55
Hemenway H.S. 89
Hartz, A. 131

Horn Eph Song 24, 26 29
Hollis St. (14-15) 115

Hofmann J. 16
* Hochstein D. 25
Holding F. 55 + 97
Hoffmann G. 87

Hudson - Alexander Bros - 47, 94
* Huntington, Clara 60

Innocent 51, 53
Iphigenia in Tauris 1[illegible], 121
Ippolito, 2. 13
Irving, r. B. 5, 17.
Ions, 24

Increase [illegible], 26

Kreisel St. 13, 71, 99

Kreisler, 9, 18 Poem [illegible], 29

Jewett Pleasers 10
Jerry 36, 44
Jewsbury 40

Jepperson, Florence 1
Japanese rat. trikem 23

King John 5, 6.
King Lear 13
Kings & Queens 46
Kitty MacKay 77
Kissburie, 123.

King Blanl. mo. 4
Kingston Gertrude 50
Knitters in the Hall 35

Jörn, Karl 93

Kommendatur La 45
Kolesler St. Ex. 111

Kongeld Symetta 70

Julius Caesar 31

H I J K L M. N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Lawford Ernest 2
* Ladies' Shakespeare 53
Law of the Land, 100
* Last Laugh The 112

Lewes Jeffreys 12
Legend of Lemora 5[illegible]-3
Lewis Arthur 53
Leiber Fritz 6
Leland C. G. 15

* Lilac Time no 59
Little Man, The 79, 84
Little Café, The 87
Little Miss Llewellyn 5
Linnen ein Mona 40, 43
Liadoff, A. 11
Lillebourlero 35

Louis XI, 16.
+ Lonesome Like 43
Lohengrin 94
Longy Club 25, 61

Luck per + in Argyll 85

Mary Jane F. 20 [illegible]
[illegible]
Maystreth. (14-15) 120
Mme. Sans-Gene 1[illegible]4
* Martin Josef 134
† MacKinder, L. 34
" Man from Home, The " 170
Maximilian Prince Duke 20
Maguire Wm 36
Maurice 5[illegible]5
Maitland R. [illegible]3
* Marteau's songs with St. Qt. 111
" Mrs. O'Grady " song 2[illegible]

McCormack J. 53, 116

Macbeth 8
Manville R. 6 et seq
McIntyre F. 7
Marriage of Kitty 32
Maternity 62, 65
Madame Butterfly 89
Maggie Pepper 116
MacCarthy, L. 119, 121
Master Mind 147
Marriage de Mlle. Beulemans 5
Man who Stayed at Home 18
McNaughton Tom 18

Mahler 4th Symp. 39
Mengelberg M 81, 92
McDonald, Hector + Sen Kurota 21

Merchant of Venice 9, 43
Merry Wives Windsor 25
Message from Mars 5

Metheglin 60
Mauzville, Mme. 30

* Miss Muffet's Birthday Party 4
* Midwigal Girl 12.
* Milk 25
* Milkmaid of the Tudors 37
* Miracle Man, The 42
Midsummer Night's Dream 60
Mistress Wi. Yule 18
* Middleton A. 6, 92
Miller, C 95, 96
Miller, R. 96
Mills, Watkin 11
* Missouri, Iris from 21
* Morning, of Sunshine, A 19
** Morven 94
Morton, Mary Ta 27, 31.
Montgomery Marshall 43
Moulin Rouge 59
Moor, E. Three Preludes Op. 100 66
Moiseiwitsch, B. 16
Moves 13 105
Murdoch A. 2. 54
music English 23
" of war & peace 34
Murphy, L. 88, 44, 95
Mulford, F. 94

L
Mc
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

National Land Pl[illegible] 2, 13
national anthems 23.

Nash 420 7-
NAZ movement 8, 54
Napoleon III campaigns in London 20

Nickel 4 [illegible]
Night Air 8

Nearly married 48
New Word, The 02

Negro ministers in Boston 8, 9, 14, 17, 19
20, 22, 24, 28, 29, 40
New Marshal 35, 47.
New Orleans, Battle of 18
"NEWS," derivation of 20

Oil Trust, 24
O.K. 3.4.
Ordway's Leadership 35, 40

Oakland Garden etc 12. 6, 17, 19, 20

Overruled 50
Oregon, see part
Open air theatres - see Oakland.

Orrell, L. 106
Operatic H.S. 9.

Ondricek E. Amro 65
O'Brien Eugene 2

Oulukanoff N. 48

Pair of Sixes 7
Phantom Rival 42
Pavlowa 58
Pygmalion 70
Paporello, M. dancer 102
Parisienne, La 104
Palmer, Margaret 107
Panorama of Youth 109
Patemans, The 13

Pharaoh's Daughter 25, 30 41
Patricia on Line 83.
Parnell Stone as de Wet 20

Pinafore 4, 6 12.
Peruvian Society 96
Pritchard, Frances 24

Port Orewyn 56
Polly of the Circus 130
Potato Cake 14, 18, 21

Potage 55

Peasant Girl (Polenhent) 24
Peg o' my Heart 34

Peoples Choral Union 24
105

Persian Fund Concert 64

"Put it over" slang 21, 25.
Plummer, J. 38

Quality Street 53
"Quake" the word, 24, 27
"Quakeress, The" 166

N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Ralph G. 10
Rapped, m
Recruiting Officer The 46
Rejane 74, 80, 124
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 56
Richelieu 9, 74
Right to Will, The 109, 124
Romeo & Juliet 14, 19.
Road to Ruin 80
Rosy Rapture 92
Royal Way, The 123
Rose Ruth 130
Rugsdal 13, 131
Leache Gerville 14
Rogers Lt op. 24 28, 32
Reiss, A. 131
Reynolds Louise 1
Rio, A 95, 96
Romaine Margaret 13
Robert E. 35
Russian, Poor Names in, 22
Saint Bernard Romance Eve 2
Stranger The 2
Shaw & Stage Heroes
Shadow, The 99
Samson (Handels) 103, 105
Shanwalla 80, 109, 132
Shakespeare & Germany 5.
Stravinsky's Rossignol 12
Saint-Saëns "Hail California" 160
Sharpley, Sam Song 27, 31
Szyfferzitz, G. v. 12
Shenandoah 152
Seven Keys to Baldpate 7, 125
She Stoops to Conquer 56
Seven Daughters of the Sportsman 61
Sza Wolf, The 70
Seven Days 84
Sweethearts
Semback Johannes 131
Schopp, Fritz 134
Spendthrift The 142
Smythe E. 24, 5
Sylvia Ballet 33, 38, 50
Silent Voice The 76
Sir of David, 87
Siegfried in Boston 115, 131 (pr N.Y. Tribune) 138
Sharlow M. 15
Scott
Sawyer W. L. 35 37, 49 19.
Sapio C. 50
Sassoli A 106
Spalding A, 107
Shah-Moussadian 129
Savage R. C. 4
Skinner Otis 75
Sheta, Amon of 23
Seven Daughters 20
Seventh Son 2 to 20
Sembrich M 42
Seydel I 58

Snow white + the Seven Dwarfs 2
Song of the willow pattern plate 19
~~Skowhegan 50~~
Soldiers, women 1
Song of Waterloo 5, 17
Sneed, 47
Secrey 2. 50
Soup 55
Schönberg, A. Vaticination 68. 71.
Stone, J. Garfield 1
Stoughton Bottle 21, 27
Song of Songs 22
Third Party, The 59
Tipperary, Long way to 8, 34.
Tommasini V. gt. 13
Tobacco in the stage 41.
Thompson W. H. 42.
Townsend S. 44
(H 2 Tobacco, Acute 61 women 87
" Chewing 1
Toothache 3. See Teeth
Toy theatre opened 4
Two Mr. Wetherbys 8
Two Merry Cooks 30
Torches of Fate 46
Thou shalt not kill 59
To save one girl 82
To right to the Night 86
Toy Soldiers 88
Trovatore, Il 96
Trojan Women, The 123
Two's Company 124
Tovey, Daniel F. 11
Sunday School Concert 31
Suzanne 5
Schumann - Heinrich, 131 - 6
Schubert Th. (1914-15) 120
Sunken Bell The 79
Suzi 18
Swartz V. 37
Taming of the Shrew 54
Tales of Hoffmann 106
Taliaferro Edith 125
Tag. Der 17
Thaw, Evelyn Stobit 77
Tracy Mary R. 126
Teeth 3.
Teresa 10.
Turkey, Boston 21
Terry Ellen 14
Tentini, Emma 24
Tempest Marie 28, 24
Teyte M. 37, 65.
Twelfth Night 66
Tech Show 99
Three Spoonfuls 108
Ten-Ohanian, A. Dancer 120
Tess of The Storm Country 152
Tea, 1, 3, 4, 6, 8.

R S T U V W Y Z

Van Endert, E. 15

Wanderers, The 9
Warner H. 13. 125

Warner R. 25
What Is . . . 33
Warner S, Sisters 33

Van Tunes of London Street 1
Ward, Artemus 37

Villon's Straight Tip 56

Vivacities de Capri . . . 8

Weeping Pierrot & Laughing Pierrot 37
Webster Garden 28

Volback Symp. & Quintet 25
voyage de M. Perrichon 33
voy The 120

Wesley 12, 11

Whitten Mrs Thos 2
Wild Thyme (La Belle Avenline) 114
Within the Law 134
Whirman B. violinist 5
White H 50
Willetts, A. 14
Witzel A. } 54
" Mrs }
Wildman G Barnes 74
Whitehill, C. 94, 131
Whitten Mrs Thos. 2
Wills, Spiteful 9
Williams Geo. 19, 22.
Whiskers, 23
Whitney, 26

See next page for Y.

Yorke Letty 20
Yellow Ticket 147
Years of Discretion 142
Younger Generation, The 97

Womankind 40
Wooters Gt in Pictures 25
Who's the Lady 123, 132
Women Soldiers 1.3.
Wood, Mrs. John 27, 31, 34.
Wolf, H. Songs in Boston 22

Zornenslag Et Bie 74
Zeisler, Fanny B. 47
Zimbalist 12

V
W
Y
Z

a Yale Students 2
b Yellow Jacket, The 170

Dec 20 1914
Continued from 1914 scrapbook.

London Theatres in War Time

Few of our social institutions have been so badly hit by the war as the theatre. For obvious reasons, the idea of playgoing jars upon the feelings of the average man and woman in such a time of private and public anxiety as the past four months have been. Of late, however, there have been signs that the oldest and most highly organized of intellectual pleasures is beginning to reassert itself; and it is now a fact that several of our playhouses are being almost as largely attended as ever, though, of course, the bigger audiences assemble in the afternoon, when darkened streets interfere less than at night with the journey to and fro. It has been interesting to notice the change that has come over a section of our theatres. What we may call the Bedroom Drama, in which the spectacle of some young woman undressing herself in the second or third act provides the dramatic thrill of the evening, has disappeared. It is evidently realized that a somewhat nobler appeal is called for in these days. The public tendency today is, indeed, all on the side of clean fun. Everybody appears to be enjoying "Our Boys" most heartily.

Obviously, too, the patriotic note is as welcome in the theatre as elsewhere, if it can be sounded in the right way. Our own feeling is that every manager who puts on a play that is beautiful or witty, or that makes people happy or sets them thinking, performs a patriotic service. In this way a worthy revival of 'The Master Builder' would at this moment be quite as patriotic an act as the production of a play swarming with British military heroes, ringing with bugle calls and reeking with gunpowder. Obviously, too, the production of one of Shakespeare's plays is a patriotic act, be it "The Comedy of Errors," which, we believe, is to be seen at the old "Vic." tonight, or the first part of "Henry IV." now drawing its thousands to His Majesty's Theatre. So, again, with "The Dynasts," in which we meet Nelson and Wellington, and hear so many and such thrilling echoes out of the past of our beloved country; that is a thoroughly patriotic production. And now the Haymarket—the most intimate, the most domestic theatre in London, where the audience always seems to be a very large and very charming family party—has revived a comedy in which his majesty's navy plays the principal part, and the curtain falls on the dramatis personae assembled on the deck of a battleship singing the national anthem. Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 20.

Militant Melodies of London Streets

Mr. Clarence Rook is the author of this article, "Tuneful London," published in the Daily Chronicle: "London buzzes with music and song even when the days are shortening, the nights lengthening and people are rather shirking the theatres. Tyrtaeus is at his game, the man who heartened the men of Sparta with his lyrics, and from him to Fletcher of Saltoun, the man who made the people's songs was more powerful than those who made the people's laws. Tyrtaeus is at work, and one finds in the great succession of modern times Alfred Tennyson with his 'Riflemen, Form!' which stirred our grandfathers against Russia—how long ago that seems!

Then there came Kipling's 'Absent-minded Beggar,' which, with all its claptrap, stirred us to some comprehension of what war meant when the Boers were on the other side—and that all seems a thousand years ago. The Tyrtaeus of the moment is Mr. Begbie, whose 'Fall In!' has raised him to the rank of the famous recruiting sergeants. But all these are words rather than songs, and, by some perversity of the human brain, it is the tune that counts in the everyday up and down run. The tune that comes with a rat-tat, a street organ, a kerb trumpeter, a pianola or a gramophone from the window opposite, a decrepit and courageous woman singing outside the darkened tavern, or with the boy who whistles. More particularly with the boy who whistles.

"In these days you may hear the whole of London's sentiment floating in more or less tunefully through the window, the mere corner of London, in which the line has caught the note, for London is now just a big tuneful street boy determined to keep his pecker up, even though he walks through a churchyard, by whistling. Now and then he whistles 'Tipperary,' which Ethel Smyth has praised as a little masterpiece. So it is words and music; but does the whistler know anything of it than the chorus and the tune, neither of which are militant? 'Tipperary,' with all its beautiful name is for those at the front, and is comically dismal.

"But through the [illegible] the sound of London's [illegible] London determined to [illegible] mili[illegible] tance [illegible] the milkman [illegible] early [illegible] to the [illegible] of the 'Marseillaise,' with certain variations; the words do not worry him, indeed, the 'Marseillaise' is perhaps the only national song which suggests the words—inevitably—and my milkman goes away whistling 'Marchons, Marchons,' and resumes his pram round. From the street the bellicosity floats in with whiffs of cheerful tune, interspersed with certain patriotic attempts at the national anthem, and a man who on a penny whistle asks God to bless the Prince of Wales in reward for his dreadful tune.

The street music of London is now cheerful and militant. 'My Rosary' and such like have been chased from the pavement, and the whistlers have dug up the warlike tunes from many sources. 'Rule Britannia'—just the chorus—is popular, though I doubt whether my district messenger boy, who can whistle like an angel, could recite the words. There is another song in the air—'Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.' But only the tune. A prize competition among the boy scouts wouldn't produce a stanza of the words. Old melodies, strange one would think to the younger generation, have been revived, and 'Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching' has been revived from the days of the American Civil War, and my especial street organ has now got it on its film—if that is what you call horrid invention.

"There are only about three hours out of the 24 in a day during which London will not provide you with a tune, and in these times it is exuberantly militant. A renewed popularity has been achieved by the hymn of that ancient revivalist, Ira D. Sankey:

Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven
By Thy grace we will.

But the street whistler would be hard pressed to give more than the title of the hymn with the chorus and its tune, and there are several boys in my neighborhood, parcel deliverers and so forth, who must have had the advantage of a religious education. Their religion has been adapted to militarism. Especially one of them, who, in addition to this advantage, has that of a missing front tooth. This I infer from the amazing resonance with which he produces the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' as he marches to deliver my morning newspaper.

"Never within my memory was London so full of melody. But it is the composer, not the poet, who sets the tune. Or, rather, the poet gives the note, and the composer, in a moment of inspiration invents a chorus which flies mysteriously 'through the mouths of men.' That, I suspect, is the reason why my street boys never whistle 'God Save the King.' It isn't good to march to, and there is no chorus."

Dec 21 1914

English women are writing to the London journals expressing their wish to drill and then fight when the Germans land on British soil. Absit omen! When Sir Richard F. Burton in 1863 saw the Amazons of Dahome marching on service, he found the answer to the question asked in England, "What shall we do with our old maids?"—And Burton also prophesied.

"I would reply, that many might be enlisted. When Mr Duncan was asked by the King of Dahome if the same number of English women would equal the Amazons, he of course answered no; we had no female soldiers in England, but we had women who, individually and voluntarily, had equally distinguished themselves. Such feminine troops would serve well in garrison, and eventually in the field. The Medea of Euripides preferred the risks of spear and shield among men to a single casualty after the manner of women. The warlike instinct, as the annals of the four quarters of the globe prove, is easily bred in the opposite sex. A sprinkling of youth and beauty among the European Amazons would make campaigning a pleasure to us; and the measure may be taken into consideration when our new-fangled rage for neutrality shall be succeeded by more honorable and less 'respectable' sentiments; and when the model Englishman shall be something better than a warm man of business, with a good ledger and 'the dean's daughter' to wife."

Medea's Preference.

Burton referred to the lines of Euripides thus translated by Murray:

Her lord, if he be wearied of the face
Withindoors, gets him forth; some merrier place
Will ease his heart; but she waits on, her whole
Vision enchained on a single soul.
And then, forsooth, 'tis they that face the call
Of war, while we sit sheltered, hid from all
Peril! False mocking! Sooner would I stand
Three times to face their battles, shield in hand,
Than bear one child.

It should be remembered, however, that Medea was not a restful person; not a soothing companion for a sensitive soul.

A Boston Year Book.

As the World Wags:

In connection with the statement in today's Herald that Mayor Curley announces that a Year Book is to be published by Boston, it is stated that, "according to Mayor Curley, Boston is the first city in America to publish a Year Book." The mayor's statement that Boston is the first American city to publish a Year Book is incorrect. Charleston, S. C., has for years published a Year Book, and I think that some copies of it are to be found in the Boston Public Library and in the State Library.

CORRIGENDUM.

Boston, Dec. 16.

The Tea Question.

As the World Wags:

I have read "W's" assurance that in Congou "I will find my lost Souchong," and beg respectfully to dissent. I have been buying Congous for the last 20 years and have yet to find the Souchong flavor or scent. This reminds me of the coffee "cured by the old process," which is therefore "Java."

Boston, Dec. 17. D. O. N.

"D. O. N." does not quote "W." correctly. "W." said: "The Congous from the Schang district near Hankow, or a Keemun tea of tarry flavor." And "D. O. N." does not even thank "W." for the trouble he took. The Herald has received another letter on this boiling question:

As the World Wags:

Pure Souchong tea is still brought to this country in small quantities and can be got of the dealers. It is mostly used for mixing with the grades known as "breakfast teas" in the market. As it is a coarse tea made of the longest leaves of the plant, it should be quite inexpensive, but most people prefer the fashionable high-flavored teas at corresponding prices. Ask for unmixed Lapsong Souchong tea. L. P. W.

Cambridge, Dec. 14.

Name and Occupation.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of "Names and Occupations" in today's Herald, we have a pretty good example here. Our postmaster is Mr. F. G. Letters, and the assistant postmaster, Mr. Charles M. Letters. ISAAC CHAMPEAU.

Putnam, Ct., Dec. 16.

Twice Heroes.

As the World Wags:

I don't know whether or not, sir, W. W. Holden's note in today's Herald is intended to contradict anything that I said in my note to The Herald of Dec. 11. The Irishman of whom Mr. Holden speaks might have fought in the battle of Waterloo and in the battle of New Orleans, but, if he or anybody else fought in both battles, he must have fought in the battle of New Orleans first, for, as I stated in my former note, the battle of Waterloo was not fought till five months and 10 days after the battle of New Orleans. All that I intended to do in that former note of mine was to call attention to the fact that the erroneous statement is often made—of which I gave an instance taken from Gen. George B. McClellan's book entitled "McClellan's Own Story"—that veterans of Waterloo afterwards fought in the battle of New Orleans. That is what I thought to be meant by the sentence which I quoted from the editorial article in The Herald of Dec. 8 entitled "Our Pirate Patriots of a Century Ago," but, as Mr. Bullard, the writer of that editorial article, explained in The Herald of Dec. 15 that what he said in that sentence had no such meaning, but that it had reference to soldiers who fought under Wellington before the battle of New Orleans took place, what I said in regard to that sentence, being based upon a misapprehension as to its meaning, had no pertinency. HISTORICUS.

Dec. 16.

Hannah Cook.

As the World Wags:

What is the derivation of the term, "does not amount to Hannah Cook"? It is an old New England expression, brought into notice recently by Representative Gardner in his testimony before Congress on naval affairs.

Boston, Dec. 19. A. P.

Stories, ingeniously invented, have been told about Hannah. Some say she lived on Cape Cod. "That's what's the matter with Hannah" is an old English street-gag and probably does not refer to Miss or Mrs. Cook. Our own belief is that Hannah Cook is a grand-niece of Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris.

"MESSIAH" SUNG BY THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

One Hundred and Thirtieth Performance Given.

"The Messiah" was sung by the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall last evening. There was an overflow audience and there was much applause despite the character of the oratorio.

Emil Mollenhauer conducted and H. G. Tucker was at the organ. The Boston Festival orchestra assisted. The soloists were Mrs. Louise S. Reynolds, soprano; Florence Jepperson, alto; J. Garfield Stone, tenor, and Willard Flint, bass.

The performance was the 130th sung by this great musical family and it was a creditable reflection of the work of Mr. Mollenhauer. With such splendid results from such a large mixed body there was at once conjured up the thought of the infinite detail, the vast amount of work to arrive at them. The choruses were a pleasure in their spiritedness and spontaneity. The attacks were precise; there was no evidence of manoeuvring. Thus the chorus, "For unto us a child is born" was conspicuous for the joyousness that was imparted. There was manifest the importance of the coming of the Prince of Peace. The "Hallelujah" chorus was inspiring in the fidelity to the theme. The sonority was something more than noise. And let us again refer to the musicianly intelligence of Mr. Mollenhauer. Would that many other conductors would follow in his footsteps of proper and intelligent subordination of the orchestration.

All of the soloists gave pleasure, particularly the sepulchral tones of Mr. Flint. There was an appropriate and timely rebuke to the world conflict now going on in his air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" Mrs. Reynolds pleased in recitative as well as song and the intricacies of the runs in "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion" were sung with ease and clarity of tone. Miss Jepperson's contralto is particularly adapted to oratorio work and she lends a pleasing address. The tenor solos of Mr. Stone were well received, particularly "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn."

Tonight the performance will be repeated and the soloists will be Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge-Berry, Mrs. Harriet Sterling Hemenway, George H. Boynton and Albert E. Brown.

Dec 22 1914

That very moment we spied a sail that made towards us. She was full freighted with drums: I was acquainted with many of the passengers that came in her, who were most of them of good families; among the rest Harry Cotiral, the chemist, an old toast. "Whom have you got on board?" said I. Said he, "Astrologers, fortune-tellers, alchymists, rhymers, poets, painters, projectors, mathematicians, watchmakers, sing-songs, musicianers, and the devil and all of others that are subject to Queen Whims."

An Important Question.

We should like to ask a question before the others have their innings.

Scipion de Berzlaux, Baron de Molins and Vicomte de Nanteuil, was a witty, practical joker and a buffoon in the Rabelaisian manner. Stories that are not at all pretty are told illustrative of his mistaken views concerning wit and humor. He was born toward the end of the 16th century. Personally, he was offensive, even when he was comparatively quiet, and it is said of him that he was always chewing tobacco. The biographer, Tallemant des Reaux, mentions this; but nowhere in the "Historiettes" have we found any allusion to the practice of smoking tobacco in France. Was the practice of chewing earlier there, or more common?

Hernandez of Toledo sent tobacco into Spain and Portugal in 1559. Jean Nicot was then French ambassador at Lisbon. He sent or carried the seed or the plant to Catherine de Medicis. The word "tabac" is not in the French and English dictionary of Randle Cotgrave (1673). Tobacco in France was then called "petum," also "nicotiane." Littre derives "petum" from a Brazilian word.

Antoine de Courtin in his book on etiquette (1675) lays down this law: "It is not proper to take snuff or a chew or to put a leaf in the nose, unless a titled person who has the right of doing this in our presence, presents us with some in a familiar manner, in which case it should be taken, or there should be the appearance of taking it when it is repugnant." Antoine adds immediately that no well bred person seated near the fire will spit into it, either on the fire brands or against the chimney. He probably would have censured more severely those sitting away but sure and proud of their marksmanship at long range. Not a word about smoking.

De la Salle's treatise on etiquette was published a century later, and in the edition of 1782 we find an allusion to the pipe. "The habit of taking tobacco in powder is widespread. However, it is much better not to take it, especially when one is in society, and it should never be taken when one is with persons to whom respect should be paid. But it is very indecent to chew tobacco and to put leaves in the nose. It is equally indecent to take it in a pipe, especially in the present of ladies. If a person of high rank takes tobacco before those who are with him, and he offers it, due respect will prevent them from refusing; they will at least pretend to take it; but they can refuse it from any other person, thanking him civilly. Tobacco should be taken seldom by a man in company; he should not always have a snuff box or a handkerchief in his hands, nor should his fingers be always full of tobacco. Care should be taken that it does not fall on the linen or the garments, for it is disgraceful to be thus seen; and that this may not happen, little should be taken at a time."

The Household Doctor.

A[illegible] of a person with a severe [cold] is no new thing. In the 17th century Mlle de Sable took the greatest precautions for her health. She would not [see] any one with a cold to come [near her]. This led M. Miton to remark: "It will be necessary to undergo quarantine at her door." The speech was accounted as witty, and it was published in [the] [illegible] of "Les bons mots de feu M. [illegible]"

Anticipated.

An amusing caricaturist published as [an] explanatory note to a picture in the [issue] of last Saturday this advice: "[illegible] the man will wear. It is not considered good form to wear a tuxedo [over] your pyjamas. Men of excellent [taste] usually have their monogram en[graved] upon the heel of their shoe, [but] this is not imperative."

[Ingenious] as he is, Mr. Goldberg was anticipated by Herman Melville. His Redburn, the gentlemanly sailor, saw [the] sights in London. "My Lord stepped to the open window of a [passing] carriage which drew up, and [illegible] himself into an interesting [position] with the sole of one boot very exposed, so as to show the stamp [of the] coronet—fell into a sparkling [conversation] with a magnificent white [illegible], surmounted by a regal mara[bout] [illegible] ther inside." Is it possible that [Melville], fantastical as he was in "Mar[di]," "[Moby] Dick" and "The Confidence [Man]" wrote this sentence with a straight [face]?

Information on Draught.

[Now] there may be a "General Information Bureau" at Harvard, where, we are told, the young men know "far too little of the events of daily life." Files of the daily newspapers should be conveniently exposed. They might be of assistance. We respectfully suggest that Miss Jane Pride of The Traveler be put at the head of this bureau, to answer all the harder questions; questions like unto those that Tiberius put to the grammarians, as "What was it that the Sirens were wont to sing?" "Who was [illegible]'s mother?" Years ago there was a [book] published by Dick & Fitzgerald, "Inquire Within for All You Want to Know." If the bureau at Cambridge turned out to be of value a [branch] might be established on the [Common].

"Citizenry."

A correspondent of the Sun (N. Y.) questions in a sneering and picayune manner President Wilson's use of the word "citizenry," asking if he coined it. [The word] is not an old one, only about [illegible] years old. [illegible] W. [illegible], 1819: "With the magistracy, not with the citizenry." [illegible]: "Salutary checks and [barriers] to the high and rushing tide of [illegible] citizenry." [illegible]: "Intent only on aiming at the welfare of a citizenry so loveworthy."

The Last Invasion.

To T. B. D.: The last invasion of England was in 1797. French invaders landed at Fishguard and established themselves there; but the force was very small and it was driven away at the end of two days by the local militia.

Bathroom Anecdote.

A concluding word about baths. A few years ago (writes a journalistic [colleague]), in a great provincial city I made elaborate investigations at the municipal baths concerning the amount of patronage they received from women. The statistics were disconcerting, for I found that women only rarely visited the swimming ponds and that the requests from women for private baths were pathetically small. Now in this particular city a great majority of the houses have no fixed-in baths, and this suggested to me a heading for my article. The heading was,

DO WOMEN WASH?

From that day to this the article has not been used. The editor, fastidious, did not like the title.—London Daily Chronicle.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Beautiful Adventure," a comedy in three acts by R. De Flers and A. De Caillavet. First performance in Boston.

Helene De Trevillac	Ann Murdock
Mme. D. Trevillac	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
[illegible] D'Eguzon	Edward Fielding
[illegible] D'Eguzon	Annie Esmond
[illegible] D'Eguzon	Eugene O'Brien
[illegible] D'Eguzon	Ernest Lawford
Valentin Le Barroyer	Herbert Ayling
Louis De Langeller	Robert Entwistle
[illegible] Pinbrache	Mercita Esmonde
Jeantine	Amy Veness
[illegible] De Vercell	Janet Slater
Jeanne De Vercell	

This play was first seen at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, last December. The English adaptation by George Egerton was presented at the Lyceum Theatre New York, Sept. 6, 1914. Mr. Charles Cherry then took the part of

in the original version the play was a charming comedy of manners, [which blends] sentiment with scenes of tender and passionate love, a comedy sparkling with wit and delightful character drawing.

Helene de Trevillac is persuaded by her aunt to marry Valentin Le Barroyer, a methodical and eminently respectable young man, although she loves her cousin Andre, a rising young diplomat. On her wedding day Andre arrives from Vienna. There are tears, explanations, reproaches. Andre, too, loves his pretty cousin, but his mother has other plans. It was she who intercepted letters and caused Helene to think him faithless. Yielding to his entreaties she runs away with him to her grandmother in the country.

In the second act granny receives the supposed bridal couple. She is not strong and they defer explanations. At midnight, creeping to the door of the bridal chamber to place sprigs of rosemary on the threshold that Helene's first born may be a son, she sees Andre reclining uneasily in a chair. Surprised and angered at what she imagined the modern conception of marriage, she lectures Andre, calls Helene from her room and leaves the lover, thus sanctioned, to fall into each other's arms.

In the third act granny is rudely awakened from her sentimental ecstacy by Valentine, who has a trunk key, hats and a card to prove his identity. The old lady promptly sets matters right and Helene even persuades Valentin to interview and disarm Andre's parents.

The piece is still a charming and romantic comedy, with dialogue designed not merely for rhetorical or comedy effect, but which aids in the development of the plot and the portrayal of character. The people on the stage, too, are human beings. Yet "The Beautiful Adventure" has suffered the usual deodorizing for the sensitive American taste.

When it was played in New York the last scene of the second act shocked Mr. Anthony Comstock, who at once appealed to the district attorney for redress. Mr. Whitman, however, a man of clear perceptions, disagreed, and pronounced the play "neither indecent, immoral, nor impure."

Last evening there were still further concessions to Bostonian prudery. Granny having disappeared with her candle, Helene coquettishly points at the open door to Andre and when he has duly entered the young woman slams it shut, turns the key and shouts triumphantly through the window, "Granny, I've locked him in." Afterward she takes possession of Andre's chair and, still in her travelling dress, weary and uncomfortable, bursts petulantly into tears as the curtain falls.

This ending is awkward, anticlimatic. Otherwise the adaptation is skilful, the dialogue is still crisp. Granny's admonition to Andre is frank enough.

Miss Murdock has a pleasing personality and a well sustained conception of the role of Helene. She was visibly nervous in the first act. Later she gained in authority. She has marked individuality and a certain emotional force.

Mrs. Whiffen played Mme. De Trevillac with dignity, sweetness and quiet humor. She was above all distinguished and lovable.

Mr. Lawford was wholly admirable in his clever impersonation of Valentin. Bland and precise in the first act he made the most of his still greater opportunities in the third. His comic indignation and self pity, his unfortunate adventure with the wasp, his final and reluctant submission to Helene's cajolery were all irristibly amusing.

Mr. O'Brien's Andre was boyish and sufficiently impetuous. Miss Esmonde's make-up as Jeantine seemed singularly youthful. In the French version Dr. Pinbrache questions her about her grand-daughter.

On the whole, the comedy is well worth seeing. Those who lament that the theatre today is given over to musical comedies and the public cares only for that form of entertainment have now an opportunity to see a little play that is romantic, humorous, witty.

A large audience was warm in expressions of enjoyment.

YALE STUDENTS

The Yale Dramatic Association was introduced to Boston last night when four one-act plays were presented at Jordan Hall to a well filled house. Two of the plays were written by Yale students. "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," in which Cyril Maude appeared in New York, was also given, and the evening opened with the presentation of "Behind the Beyond," adapted from the farce by Stephen Leacock.

Frank Wright Tuttle, '15, was the star—appearing as actor, playwright and president of the dramatic association. H. P. Faulkner had the role of Henri, duc d'Anjou in "St Bartholomew's Eve," Tuttle's play.

"Behind the Beyond" is a thread of nonsense with the needle directed at [illegible] actors [illegible] back of the theatre, and [illegible] proceed down the aisle. They seat themselves in boxes on the stage [illegible] tired business man, his wife [illegible] to watch a drama depicting a ridiculous succession of [illegible] love, and make audible remarks as the play goes on. D. C. Hamilton, '16, light-weight wrestler metamorphosed into Lady Cicely, who elopes with her husband's secretary, slunk out in a thoroughly Nazimovian manner. H. J. Crocker was the weak-kneed secretary and F. T. Tweddell was the butler, remarkable for purple legs, while S. W. Burke, French maid, flirted his short skirts coquettishly.

"The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" is spooky. The action takes place in an English inn. The man masquerading as a ghost is shot—the rifle rings out, the curtain rings down, and the audience gasps.

"St. Bartholomew's Eve," by Tuttle, was written in blank verse—well worded and well read. The scene is the Louvre on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

"The Stranger," a comedy by Almet Francis Jenks, Jr., '14, was presented last.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a fairy tale play dramatized by Jessie Braham White from the story of the Brothers Grimm. Produced at the Little Theatre, New York, Nov. 7, 1912.

Prince Florimond	William P. Carleton
Sir Dandyprat	Robert Capron
Berthold	Alfred Lunt
The Pieman	Morris Morrison
The Peddler Woman	George Ernst
Fiddle, the Cat	Dudley Hawley
Queen Brangomar	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Witch Hex	Miss Mabel Colcord
Snow White	Miss Mary Young

Seven dwarfs and six maids of honor.

This play is, first of all, for children. It is a real children's play. "Peter Pan," though youngsters may enjoy it, was written for their parents. The full beauty of "The Blue Bird" can be appreciated only by those that have lived and suffered. The music to "Haensel and Gretel" is, for the most part, only a roaring noise and as a stumbling block to children, who are interested in the action.

Are American children too sophisticated in these days to enjoy a Christmas pantomime if it were offered to them? Would they laugh at George L. Fox in "Humpty Dumpty" if he were now alive? The English are still conservative; they must have their Christmas pantomimes and their plum pudding even in war time.

It is to be hoped that children in Boston are not so old in their minds as paragraphers in other cities would have it; that they still read fairy stories by Grimm, Perrault, Dasent, Lang; also the Arabian Nights—though not necessarily in Burton's version with the "anthropological" notes. At any rate they should be delighted with the tale now put on the stage at the Castle Square.

Snow White, the king's daughter, is marked for slaughter by the wicked step-mother, but the good huntsman will not kill her; so she goes to live with the Seven Dwarfs, she cooks for them and makes their beds. The step-mother, Brangomar, hears of her and purposes to kill her with her own hand. The second time, she almost succeeds, for Snow White bites the poisoned apple, but the piece lodges in her throat, so she is not really dead. She coughs it out and marries Prince Florimond.

In the old story Brangomar dances in red hot shoes to her death; in Miss White's play she breaks the magic truth-telling mirror and grows uglier and uglier. And Miss White has introduced a comic witch. If children, and their parents who are often only children, are not amused by this, let them be sentenced to hard labor; to reading "Sandford and Merton" or any Sunday school book of the Sixties, say "Dick and his Friend Fidus."

The performance yesterday was pitched in the proper key. The play has been attractively staged. The throne room in Queen Brangomar's palace, the dismal forest, the house of the dwarfs and the home of Witch Hex were all effectively and realistically presented.

Miss Young's Snow White was becomingly ingenuous and childlike. She acted with much spontaneity and fervor. Mr. Carleton was a stalwart Prince Florimond and there was opportunity for his admirers to hear him sing. Miss Barnicoat was a striking apparition as Queen Brangomar. She played with marked authority, with haughtiness and explosive moments of rage and vindictiveness.

Miss Colcord as the witch was amusing. Mr. Roberts was capital as the head dwarf, while the others were impersonated by the Misses Wilson, Wellington, Vickers and Ferguson and Messrs. Crane and Abramovitz.

The maids of honor, too, Misses Tanner, Jones, Reynolds, Ayres, Cushman and Lipson were in the picture, nor should Mr. Lunt's Berthold be forgotten. Fiddle, the cat, the Pieman and the Peddler Woman were effectively [illegible]

[illegible] audience of [illegible] [appreciative].

A [feature] of the bill at [illegible] [illegible] Christmas [illegible] particularly for the children [illegible] to look forward to the [illegible] to the distribution of gifts [illegible] to each little [illegible]. These features [illegible] from the evening program. The Christmas decorations within the [illegible] in the lobby are also [illegible] for the children, [illegible] the stormy weather [illegible] many children in the audience yesterday afternoon.

This week's bill is altogether interesting with plenty of genuine comedy, a small part of which is furnished by Fred J. Ardath and company in "Hiram," just as rural a sketch as its name would indicate. Mr. Ardath makes a capital Hiram, a handy boy around the farm. Then, of course, there are the members of a theatrical company who drop in and add to the excitement.

Another amusing sketch is that contributed by Joe Boganny's band of royal lunatic bakers in "Fun in a Bake House." There are [illegible] white-[illegible] red-whiskered acrobats [illegible] the troupe and clever acrobats they all are down even to the three dwarfs. The sketch [illegible] these lunatics conclude [illegible] with a burlesque boxing bout between two of the midgets.

A new-comer to Keith's is Marie Fitzgibbons, who tells in [illegible] style a number of character stories. She is equally good at portraying the [illegible], the farmer, the society bu[illegible] or the Irishman. Equally pleasing were the two Meyako Sisters, Japanese girls, who [illegible] some excellent head balancing and contortion work, concluding their act by singing some American songs in Japanese costumes.

Gus Van and Joe Schenck proved good singers in catchy lilts. Ben [illegible] and Harriette Lee in "You've Spoiled It" are among the new-comers, bringing with them an act that was enthusiastically applauded. Lucy Gillett, the lady from Delft, graceful and dexterous as ever, was good, while the Three W[illegible] entertained in a series of songs and Fl[illegible] Cota, a skillful musician, proved a master of the xylophone.

Henry E. Dixey will be the star attraction next week.

MESSIAH GIVEN AGAIN

Handel's "Messiah" was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor for the [illegible] time with another quartet of soloists than that which performed on Sunday night when the same work was given. The soloists were Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge-Derby, soprano; Mrs. Harriet Sterling Hemenway, alto; George H. Boynton, tenor; Albert E. Brown, bass.

Mrs. Dodge-Derby gave a musicianly performance. The voice of Mrs. Hemenway has the characteristic contralto quality, and the singer is well acquainted with oratorio traditions. Mr. Boynton has a voice of unusually expressive character, and he is a thoughtful interpreter. His sincerity is felt, but his sentiment does not degenerate into sentimentality.

Mr Brown has a big voice which filled the hall. Broad and dignified in recitative, he sang with becoming [illegible] in the solo, "Why Do the Nations Rage." As at the Sunday night performance, the auditorium was [illegible] filled. The audience was deeply attentive and enthusiastic in its appreciation.

[illegible]

Lieut.-Gov. Barry says, or is reported as saying that anyone [holding] the office of Lieutenant-Governor in this commonwealth must lunch at the highest priced hotels, never at a [illegible], always ride in parlor [cars] [illegible] pay $1 a plate for soup [illegible] at least 100 persons a day.

Where is the Jeffersonian [simplicity]? [illegible] Barry has not put his ear to the heart of the people. [illegible] would throb with pride at seeing a Lieutenant-Governor standing at a counter [illegible] perched on a stool eating "h[illegible] s." soup, beans, crackers [illegible] nuts, chatting affably with the [illegible] woman proud to wait on him. [illegible] like to think of him hustling for a [illegible] in a suburban train or [illegible] stranger in Boston. It [illegible] The entrance [illegible] a high official [illegible] of Mr. Foss into the [illegible] the Governor's chair [illegible] sight of Boston [illegible] cheeks flushed with [illegible] throws back [illegible] but [illegible] was one of the [illegible] the humblest citizen [illegible] weep at one dollar [illegible] fare Mr. Barry's [illegible] funeral. As for [illegible] some [illegible]

A [illegible]

[illegible]

A few [illegible] Jane Pri[illegible] the [illegible] In answe[illegible] I [illegible] went back [illegible] Jacob Astor [illegible] Jackson. I have often wondered how these mystic letters came into [illegible] use, and, so far as I ever gave the matter any thought at all, I attributed them to a play which I saw long before I ever saw a business office. And, to my shame be it spoken, I have forgotten the name of the play. So I am writing to you for information, because you have a corps of ancient and able contributors who have followed everything for the past three centuries, from the cow that laid out Boston to the recent attack of whatever it is that laid out the Kaiser. Miss Pride, on the other hand, stands alone and every day valiantly faces a volley of questions, from "Why is a hen?" to "How old are you?" She has my sympathy, and I do not feel like imposing on her. So it is up to you.

Was it Billy Florence who ran off numerous abbreviations throughout the play, and what was the play? "O. K." and "P. D. Q." (or was it "K."?) are the only examples I remember. I think there were many others; but these have lived. And was "O. K.," which Miss Pride finds so much earlier, the inspiration?

The information I seek is not important; the betrayal of my ignorance is a frank confession that my memory is nothing to be proud of; and I have friends who might, I think, give me the information and also enjoy bullyragging me for not having it already stored in my bean.

Let jeer who may! Perhaps my question may fetch forth, besides the answer, some interesting reminiscences of a period when "Follies" and "Movies" were not the rulers of the roast.

Medford. H. J. L.

In Answer.

Miss Jane Pride can answer the hardest questions with one arm tied behind her back, and without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance. She was correct in associating "O. K." with Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Some have thought that Jackson derived "O. K." from the Choctaw "Oke" or "Hoke," meaning "It is so." Others think that "O. K." originally may have been "O. R."—Ordered Recorded. In the records of Sumner county, Tenn., is the statement that on Oct. 6, 1790, Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale for a negro man, "which was O. K." In the presidential campaign of 1828 Jackson was often accused of illiteracy, and the evidence was offered that he spelt "all correct," "oll korrect."

Is not "H. J. L." thinking of "The Mighty Dollar," by Benjamin E. Woolf, in which W. J. Florence played the part of the Hon. Bardwell Slote? The play was produced at the Park Theatre, New York, on Sept. 26, 1875. Mrs. Florence, Maud Granger, Pearl Eytinge and W. J. Ferguson were in the first cast.

The Tea Fight.

As the World Wags:

Kindly express my apologies and tardy thanks to "W." He evidently meant well, but if he will visit the best retail grocers of Boston and ask for the brands of tea he named he will find they do not know what he is talking about; and then, Mr. Editor, what sort of Congou do you fancy I drink? The Russian Congou I buy costs me $3 per pound, an excellent tea of its kind, but it is not Souchong. The Cambridge gentleman in today's paper gives some extraordinary information touching "Lapsong," Souchong. Of course, he means Lapseng, which, by the way, is not the inferior stuff he represents, though it is not the highest grade "Souchong," which has tiny leaves, the young growth, and a tea without an equal. Perhaps he knows where the Lapseng is to be found in this country. A wholesale tea merchant assures me there is no Souchong of any quality now imported. D. O. N.

Boston, Dec. 21.

"W." might answer that "D. O. N.'s" $3 tea had gone to his head, for the correspondent that signs himself "W." is a recognized authority on tea, being an importer and an expert taster. As for the "Cambridge gentleman," he probably wrote "Lapseng." The linotype sometimes plays queer tricks.

"H. I. B." writes to The Herald:

"What sort of tea is the so-called 'uncolored Japanese tea'? And what is the Russian caravan tea? I suppose it comes into Russia overland from China; but what sort of tea is it, or do various teas come under that head?"

Biographical.

Mr. Charles Ashford Shafer of New Jersey, who celebrated yesterday his 102d birthday, attributes [illegible] health to chewing tobacco, for he has chewed since boyhood, and now reads without the aid of glasses and walks several miles a day. As [illegible] the biographical account [illegible] is [illegible] ficial, imperfect. What kind of [illegible] does he chew, plug or fine cut?

Mr. Dickinson's Tribute

[illegible] G. Lowes Dickinson pays a [illegible] tribute to the typical American in "Appearances," recently published in London. "Blood is thicker than water."

"Masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and cross, contemptuous of ideas, but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual. Man in the concrete, undisturbed by spiritual life, the master of methods and the slave of things, and therefore the conqueror of the world, the unquestioning, the undoubting, the child with the muscles of a man, the European stripped bare and shown for what he is: a predatory, unreflecting, naif, precociously accomplished brute."

[illegible] 24 1914

The Daily Chronicle, speaking of bad teeth and enlistment, says that toothache was not an incident of campaigning with which ancient armies had to reckon. "The silence of the classics certainly seems to indicate that the Greeks and Romans suffered very little from their teeth." The Chronicle also says that the words for toothache and for teeth-extracting instruments in the Greek and Latin dictionaries are quoted from late and uninteresting authors. "We can hardly believe that if toothache had been common in Athens, Aristophanes would have made no jokes about it."

Toothache and the Classics.

First of all, who are the "classics" as far as the purity of the Latin language is concerned? The classics in prose are Cicero, Caesar, Sallust, Livy, Velleius, Celsus, the two Senecas, Quintilian, Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger. Now Celsus gives many instructions for the treatment of toothache. He forbids wine, advises a restricted diet, food that does not require chewing, fomentations of hot water, hot oil applied by means of a probe wrapped in wool, compositions containing pellitory, alum, bitumen and mustard. A warm liquid, a decoction of some narcotic, such as poppies, mandragora and hyoscyamus should be held in the mouth and often changed. He protested against haste in extracting a tooth.

Pliny's Natural History is full of remedies for the toothache.

Galen, the Greek physician, treats fully of the teeth in the fifth book of his work. He combated the opinion prevailing in his time (130-201 or 210) that teeth themselves are devoid of sensibility.

In a comedy, "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus we find the verb "dentio," to have the toothache. Plautus, to be sure, is not reckoned among the classics. "Dentagra," the toothache is new Latin. Apuleius, master of slang and the purple phrase, speaks of a "dentaria herba" against the toothache.

Teeth on the Battlefield.

In the life of Sir Astley Cooper there is a long account of resurrectionists who supplied anatomists with subjects for dissection. We know them best today by Dickens's Jerry Cruncher, but the word itself goes back to 1776. Has any one a copy of "The Body Snatcher," a song that Mr. Hodgen, the bass singer, sang at the harmonic meetings at the Fielding's Head, when Pendennis and Warrington ate poached eggs and kidneys there? Mr. Hodgen appeared as the Snatcher, sitting on a coffin, with a flask of gin before him, with a spade and a candle stick in a skull. "The singer's voice went down so low that its grumbles rumbled into the hearer's awe-stricken soul; and in the chorus he clamped with his spade and gave a demoniac 'Ha! Ha!' which caused the very glasses to quiver on the table, as with terror." Mr. David Bispham, who will soon be in town, would be the man to resurrect this song with a menagerie voice.

But we were talking about teeth. It appears from this life of Cooper that a resurrectionist followed the English army to Spain and by drawing the teeth of the wounded, "earned a clear profit of three hundred pounds."

Emmett Again.

As the World Wags:

One of my most prized programs is that of the Virginia Minstrels (please note that they did not call themselves Serenaders then), who appeared in Boston on March 7 and 8, 1843, at the Masonic Temple. Their first appearance (and the first appearance of any minstrel company) was in Philadelphia on Feb. 13, 1843. Frank Dumont, the Philadelphia minstrel manager, has the program used on that occasion. The company afterward appeared in Camden, N. J., and New York before coming to Boston. The members were Old Dan Emmit (note the spelling), F. M. Brower, W. W. Whitlock and R. W. Pelham.

Old Dan Emmit made his last Boston appearance with Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels at the Boston Theatre opening Saturday, Aug. 27, 18[illegible], and playing through the next week. His name was spelled on the bills Emmett.

There was a Young Dan Emmett whom I have seen billed Y. D. Emmett.

I presume the Masonic Temple was that on the corner of Temple place, now built over for R. H. Stearns's store.

QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline, Dec. 21.

Col. Brown in his history of the New York stage speaks of R. W. "Bellhar" as one of the Virginia Minstrels, but there are typographical errors and misstatements in this history. As we said, quoting from the song book of these minstrels, Emmett's name was then spelled "Emmit." When Emmett joined Bryant's Minstrels in 1857 the name was spelled "Emmett." Mr. Kilby says that Emmett's last appearance in Boston was in 1881. When the retired minstrel was 80 years old—in 1906—he was persuaded to go on a tour with Al. G. Field's minstrel show as a figurehead.

"When at the first performance the orchestra struck up 'Dixie,' he rose and with old-time gestures and in a voice tremulous with age, sang the song." He was made much of in the South, but one tour was enough. "It was 'too much of the same thing for one old man,' and he did not again leave Mount Vernon, Ohio, where he was born. The Actors' Fund of America gave him a small stipend. In 1900 he appeared at a minstrel show given by the lodge of Elks in his native village. He died there on June 28, 1904. For this information we are indebted to Mr. J. V. V. Elder, who was assistant postmaster of Mount Vernon in 1908.—Ed.

For "Historicus."

As the World Wags:

It may interest "Historicus" to know that the Encyclopaedia Americana (1903) repeats the old error in these words:

"A force of 12,000 of Wellington's veterans, relieved by the victory of Waterloo for American service, landed below the city," etc. (See under Jackson).

DISCENS.

Your questions concerning the pronunciation of proper names should go to Miss Jane Pride of The Traveler.—Ed.

English Women in War.

We recently spoke of French troops landing at Fishguard in 1797—the last invasion of England—and being driven away after two days by the local militia. A farmer, who first saw the French frigates approaching, described the whole affair. The yeomanry mustered by Lord Cawdor were followed by "several hundred women dressed in the national costume—red mantles, and men's beaver hats, who ran up a hill commanding a view of the French camp, and there stood, watching the result. One of the gentlemen present, struck by their resemblance to a body of soldiers, requested they would descend the front of the slope in close order, and, disappearing at the bottom, reascend in the same manner, and show themselves at the summit. The stratagem had all the success anticipated. General Tate, knowing that scarlet was the British uniform, but unable to discriminate whether it was worn by men or women, concluded that large re-inforcements had arrived * * * When the French had given up their arms, the women ran down the hill, and crowding round their crestfallen invaders assailed them with shouts of laughter."

Dec 25 1914

Apple, brandy, cinnamon, beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

TRENCHERMEN IN TRENCHES

We read that the British soldiers in the trenches will have their plum-pudding today and the French will have champagne, a bottle for every four. In England there is the wish to please the Belgian refugees. It is said that the Fleming as a rule, like the Austrian, rejects mutton. The "carbonnade flamande" is brisket, shin, then flank, or odd pieces of lean beef stewed with potatoes. Belgian working men are fond of all sorts of charcuterie, especially kip-kap, which is mince meat, flavored, and sold for five cents a pound. He washes this down with a beer called "Jack Ops." The Belgian also likes horse flesh. We have read that in Yorkshire and in Scotland little beef is eaten, but "ham" is offered everywhere and this ham is often mutton cured after the manner of pork. In "Peter Simple" there is talk of a smoked mutton ham. Venison hams have not been unknown in Florida.

Ham in its glory came from the old-fashioned smoke house that was once a common sight in New England. Only the Virginian ham could equal it. "Ham fat, ham fat, brimming in the pan." Who sings, who knows today the good old song of Negro minstrels in our boyhood, "The Ham-Fat Man"? Yet there have been men who could not endure the thought of ham. Witness the pathetic case recorded by the Rev. John Row in his "History of the Kirk of Scotland," written nearly 300 years ago: "Mr. Henrie Blyth had such antipathie agenis an ham that no sooner did he heare a ham spoken of but he swarfed." "Swarf," by the way, is a good old word, much more significant than "faint," but not so suitable to the action as "swoon." In Somersetshire there is a distinction between the joint, "ham o' pork" and the meat; thus a man will speak of "dressing a ham o' pork," but he would say: "Thank 'ee, I'll have a little bit o' ham." Did "ham" in New England ever mean flat, low-lying pasture land near a river, or a stinted common pasture for cows?

And what is to be done today for Arabs fighting with the French? They like camel flesh. Were not two young camels killed for Mohammed's wedding feast? The hump is the choice bit, but the head with a "sauce piquante" has its admirers. Some years ago camel flesh was sent from Algeria into France. "Chameau Mozabite" was found on the bill of fare at swell restaurants of Paris, but the gourmets and the plain "stokers" did not take kindly to it. When Abu Hasan married the maid, "like Canopus when he hangeth over the seas of Al-Hind," a camel-colt was roasted whole. Burton tells us that old camel is like bull-beef, but the young meat is excellent, though not relished by Europeans because, like strange fish, it has no recognized flavor. "There is an old idea in Europe that the maniacal vengeance of the Arab is increased by eating this flesh; the beast is certainly vindictive enough; but a furious and frantic vengefulness characterizes the North American Indian, who never saw a camel. Mercy and pardon belong to the elect, not to the miserables who make up 'humanity.'" The Bedouins believe that one living on camel's milk and eating the meat for 44 consecutive days acquires the animal's strength.

A Catholic Taste.

Tastes and prejudices at the table furnish material for curious reading. There are few men or women who have the catholic taste of Dr. Dove. "He would have eaten squab pie in Devonshire, and the pie which is squabber than squab in Cornwall; sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland, frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour-krout with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, aniseed with the Spaniards, garlic with anybody; horseflesh with the Tartars, ass flesh with the Persians; dogs with the Northwestern American Indians, curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, pismire cakes on the Orinoco, and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though catholic, was not indiscriminating." But would he have enjoyed the German cooking described by Don Anthony of Guevara, the chronicler of Charles V?

"I saw such kinds of meat eaten, as are wont to be seen, but not eaten, as a roasted horse, a cat in jelly, little lizards in hot broth, frogs fried, and divers sorts of meat, which I never knew what they were till they were eaten. And, for God's sake, what is he that shall read my writing, and see what is commonly eaten at feasts, that it will not in a manner break his heart?"

Cats in the Army.

Apropos of cats in jelly, we are told that cats are attached to all the German military stores, and a monthly allowance of about 50 cents is made for the maintenance of each cat. There is a staff of cats at the General Post Office in London to protect the mails from rats. The Treasury gives them free board and lodging. There is a staff of cats at the Deptford Victualling Yard. In France cats are specially trained for service among military stores. They are first sent for one or two voyages on a war vessel. If they prove to be good ratters they are promoted to land service.

Harassing Domesticity.

There is not universal Christmas joy in Little Falls, N. Y. Mrs. Adelaide Pond, "a musician," is suing her husband for separation. She was obliged, she told the justice, to shovel 14 tons of coal into the furnace one season. Perhaps Mr. Pond thought this would strengthen her piano technic. He contented himself with feeding the chickens, being a lover of nature and enjoying light work. And once, when there were guests at table and she forgot to put a bottle of beer beside his plate, he called attention to her carelessness by throwing a bottle at her. She did not say whether it was a beer bottle and he thus attempted to remedy the omission, or whether a gallant spouse he first [illegible] the bottle.

... THEATRE — New ... production of Gilbert and ... "Pinafore, or the Lass That Loved a Sailor." The cast:

Sir Joseph Porter	Herbert Salinger
Capt. Corcoran	Bertram Peacock
Ralph Rackstraw	Vernon Halhart
Dick Deadeye	Albert Hart
Josephine	Miss Ruby Cutter Savage
Little Buttercup	Miss Marie Horgan
Hebe	Miss Natalie Ewald

It was a pleasure last night to hear once again the old tunes. There was a [illegible] audience, a very demonstrative one. Looking backward over [illegible] of years, there have been [illegible] attempts at realism in the production of this piece. "Buttercup" and [illegible] of the principals occupied the [illegible] deck of the "double-decker" and [illegible] as with smiles. And was [illegible] a demi-god in those days who [illegible] so high in the estimation of the [illegible] as the handsome driver of the band [illegible] who handled the plumed leader in a style that excited our admiration.

[illegible] performance last night dwarfs [illegible] from the standpoint [illegible] novelty and creative attempt at [illegible], all the previous Boston performances. There is the old frigate lolling [illegible] the water. Of proportions that [illegible] easily lost in the broad expanse of the Hippodrome stage, the [illegible] are to a great extent obscured with the limitations of the Shubert, but the effect is startling. For [illegible] not a detail lacking. There are [illegible] ... that go to make up a [illegible] that sustains all kinds of aerial [illegible], the ominous portholes and [illegible] projecting guns.

But the piece must not be regarded [illegible] as a glorification of the stage [illegible]. There was the ever present [illegible], the crispness of the dialogue, the tunes that are a pleasure to rehear. There was the splendid travesty of the manners of the old English navy, the satire, the ever recurring laugh, the ultra-particular Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., the audacity of Rackstraw and the reciprocal affection of a Josephine. There was a Dick Deadeye, too, that gave a conception of the misshapen [illegible] that was something more than [illegible], and the ponderous Buttercup. The singing of "He Is an Englishman" [illegible] a wild enthusiasm, and the kaleidoscopic finale with its myriad of pennants was an unusual stage picture. Herbert Salinger was the Sir Joseph Porter. He played in a nice aesthetic [illegible], but his singing did not measure [illegible] his acting.

[illegible] Capt. Corcoran of Bertram Peacock was a delight. Physically he was [illegible] important officer, and his voice was [illegible] a pleasure. He was particularly [illegible] when Dick apprised him of the intention of his daughter and Ralph to [illegible]. Vernon Halhart was a thrice au[illegible] Ralph.

The Josephine of Ruby Cutter Savage [illegible] one of the features of the performance. Gifted with a pretty face, she [illegible] a voice of uncommon clarity and [illegible].

The Dick Deadeye of Albert Hart was [illegible] notable for its initiative; far removed from the conventional.

In a word, the present production of "Pinafore" is one not alone for the [illegible] who has never witnessed the [illegible], but one that will give pleasure [illegible] for thought to the Gilbert and [illegible] ...

Dec 26 1914

Volbach Symphony, Played for First Time, Suited to Festival Occasion.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl [illegible] conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. John P. Marshall, organist of the orchestra, was the soloist. There were many vacant seats, for the day was Christmas. The program was as follows:

Chorale in A minor for organ alone	Cesar Franck
Symphony in B minor, Op. 33	Volbach
Pastoral Symphony (Shepherds' Music) from the Christmas Oratorio	J. S. Bach
March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus"	Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischuetz"	Weber

Volbach's symphony was played here for the first time. He was known here as a composer by his "Raphael," inspired by three of the paintings of Raphael's Madonnas. This "Raphael" performed at a Handel and Haydn concert [illegible], made little impression. Volbach, organist, conductor, is music director at the university at Tubingen. Before going to Tubingen he exercised his profession in Berlin and Mayence. He is [illegible] philosopher, or should be, for he [illegible] philosophy at Heidelberg [illegible] ... [illegible] biographies of musicians, [illegible] about music and analyses of compositions.

The Symphony in B minor was performed at a music festival of German musicians at Stuttgart in 1909. The music is eminently suited to a festival occasion. It has all the requisites for immediate popularity. It is tuneful in an obvious manner. The rhythms are not complex. The harmonic scheme does not irritate or shock the conservative. There is the suggestion of a waltz in the scherzo; there is a pretty solo for the oboe and there is solo work for the first violin; the triangle, the harp, and the organ are introduced. "My darling, what would'st thou have more?"

There is a show of energy in the first movement. The scherzo easily makes friends, and the most interesting instrumentation of the work is found in this movement. The Adagio is suavely melodious with conventional climaxes, with the tune for oboe, beautifully played yesterday by Mr. Longy, and in this movement is the one imaginative harmonic stroke. The introduction to the finale, in which the organ is brought into play, begins with the "Hallelujah" intoned by the brass. The chant grows into a hymn, and the chant furnishes thematic material for the finale, which, of course, ends with the hymn and a sonorous Amen, "played by the full strength of the company."

The symphony suited the holiday perhaps better than a more modern work would have done; modern, not in the matter of chronology, but in ideas. The music is fluent, at times plausibly imposing, of respectable workmanship. It is without true vitality.

Mr. Marshall showed sure technic and excellent taste in registration by his performance of Franck's Chorale, written in the year of the composer's death. It is one of three, which are to be ranked among his noblest works. They are in the great variation form, in which Franck followed Bach and the Beethoven of the latter years. These Chorales reveal the fervor, the spiritual ecstasy, the mysticism, also the human tenderness that characterize the music of this great and humble man.

Whenever we hear the Shepherd's music of Bach, we recall with pleasure the Pastoral in "The Messiah." The latter is so simple, so direct, so appealing. And what is to be said of Liszt's March of the Three Holy Kings Gaspar, Melchior and the black bearded Balthazar? The march theme in the Berliozian manner is fascinating until the reminder of favorite figures in Liszt's Rhapsodies almost persuades the hearer that the three kings all marched to Bethlehem from Hungary, and not from Nubia, Saba, and Tarsus. The pages that picture the apparition of the star and the presentation of the gifts to the Infant Jesus are not conspicuous as pictorial or emotional.

Some have called Liszt insincere in his "religious" music. The reproach is hardly justified. It would be fairer to say that in many of his professedly sacred compositions his musical ideas are sparse and thin. Whatever his own religious fervor may be, it does not convert the unbeliever. The expression of majesty is often bombastic; the expression of adoration and awe is often only maundering and mawkishness.

Our contributors know not holidays. Indefatigable in the pursuit of truth, they may have received Christmas presents ... them our heartfelt thanks [illegible] they have spent no time in giving to [illegible] their gifts are to the world [illegible] old readers. This one has been [illegible] old files of newspapers, that one has been poring over the folios of the ancients. The tea-tasters have not been idle. Witness the letters below: one from the calm and authoritative "W."; the other from the excitable "D. O. N." He reminds us of the German disputant who was tied securely in a chair before his friends allowed him to proceed in argument. Another is hot on the trail of Hannah Cook. Still another, who, like Mr. Gradgrind, demands facts—the facts that are characterized as "cold"—is apparently not content with the remarks of Thornton and Schele De Vere concerning Andrew Jackson, the presidential campaign of 1828, and the mystic letters "O. K." Alas, a few have failed us. We fear that George P. Bolivar, Esq., Mr. Julian B. Henderson, Mr. Marcellus Graves, the Rev. Babblington Brook, J. Poole of Siloam are engrossed in the pleasure of the table, given over to stewed meats and the fiery bowl. And where is Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology? Where? O where? We are informed that he left his room in Blossom Court some days ago. No smoke comes out of the Clamport chimney. We know his horror of perfunctory Christmas rejoicings and [illegible] of gifts. Where is he in hiding?

As the World Wags:

Discrimination is a faculty requiring leisure ... cannot run it down in your motor ... to find the recipe for it in a magazine. In this age of doing things, this ... age, discrimination occupies a seat in the back row. It is therefore all the more encouraging to find a ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... [illegible] ...

It ... the same power ... [illegible] from what ... to the ... he is happy ... joy ... shades that ... the ... and music ... thrills ... constantly in ... subtlety ... of sound.

Perhaps this habit of criticism extends even into ... and philosophy, in which case he is one of the few fearless souls not even afraid to look and to look facts in the face, discriminating between the true and the false.

But to come down again to tea—It is said Congou is either the North China Congou shipped to Russia and paying an enormous duty ..., or it is the name which justifies the dealer in his own mind for charging a very high profit on the same sort of tea shipped to this country. It is the caravan tea concerning which H. L. ... inquires, and its overland trip has long been held to add to the flavor. I think it has a mellowing effect, and that the smell of camels is not a part of it, but possibly something of romance attaches to the journey, adding what the dust of the cellar conveys through a bottle of old port.

More than a fourth of all the tea consumed in this country is raised in Japan. It is used in the South and West, and was formerly slightly colored like the green teas, gunpowder, etc., that our grandfathers knew. A few years ago our government board of tea experts ruled that no teas having any color or facing matter should be allowed to enter the United States. Therefore all tea admitted into this country is absolutely pure, and all teas from Japan are uncolored though when the term "uncolored" was originally employed it marked an exception. W.

Boston, Dec. 23.

The Pink of Courtesy.

As the World Wags:

Because I recognized in your correspondent W. "an expert taster" and therefore considered his testimony as expert, I did not feel called upon to show the gratitude you looked for—to "the Cambridge gentleman." I doubt not is in the same class, and like most expert testimony it lacks agreement. I should imagine, have allowed the editor to have the last word—he always does—but my excuse is that I have before me the last edition of the Standard Dictionary, and the definition of Souchong: "A variety of black tea made from the youngest leaves of the earliest pickings. The different grades are Pekoe-Souchong, Lapseng, Canton, Padree and Tong Quam." D. O. N.

Guess again about "the Cambridge gentleman." And pray what has your quotation from the Standard Dictionary (last edition) to do with the question before the meeting? Ed.

"O. K."

As the World Wags:

If Miss Jane Pride "can answer the hardest questions with one arm tied behind her back," will she not be able to answer still harder ones if she has the full use of both arms? So please release that arm from its cruel confinement and ask her to answer one more question. She says that "in the presidential election of 1828 Jackson was often accused of illiteracy, and the evidence was offered that he spelt 'all correct' 'oll korrect.'" This implies that such an accusation was brought against Jackson in 1828. But was it? The present writer once amused himself by trying to run down the origin of O. K., but was unable to find any allusion to such a statement before 1840. Hence, if Miss Pride can offer proof that the accusation in question was brought in 1828, or at any time before 1840, it will afford relief to a perturbed mind. A. M.

Boston, Dec. 23.

In Re Hannah Cook.

As the World Wags:

In 1887 I was sent to Edenhall, a small village in Cumberland, England, to illustrate an article on "The Luck of Edenhall" (Das Gluck von Edenhall). One day while I was at work in a cottage, the owner, an old woman, called out, "here comes Lord Brougham, Lady Musgrave's new husband." After he had passed she said: "But he's not the great Lord Brougham, you understand. This one doesn't amount to a Hannah Cook." I had when a boy often heard this expression at home in New England and so I asked the old woman where it came from. She replied, "How should I know, us says it, that's all I know about it." E. H. G.

Boston, Dec. 23.

Biographical.

It is related that the Marquis de Pi[illegible] brought back from Spain a certain reputation of never drinking; but Mme. de Rambouillet says that this came from a wound received in the battle of Moncontour. Fearing that this would bring on the dropsy, they advised him to drink as little as possible. He insensibly accustomed himself to drink very little, and at last he wished to see if he could go without drinking. In fact, for [illegible] years in which he did not ... [illegible] ... but he ate ...

[illegible] ...

Dec 26 1914

NEW TOY THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE.

The new Toy Theatre [illegible] yesterday morning with a performance of "Miss Muffet's Birthday Party," a play in three acts by R[illegible] Eastman. The "Real People" [illegible] represented: Mr. Muffet, Mr. [illegible]; Mrs. Muffet, Miss Curtis; [illegible] Mason, Miss Collier; Mrs. Muffet, [illegible] Morris; Grandma Muffet, Mrs. [illegible]; Sammy Welch, Master [illegible]; [illegible] Mason, Miss Stodard. The "[illegible]" were played as follows: Mr. [illegible], Mr. Putnam; Mr. D[illegible], Morris; Miss Spoon, Miss Allen; [illegible], Miss Hemenway and Miss Warren; [illegible] Miller; Dog, Miss Babson; Mother Goose, Mr. Chipman; Little Jack [illegible], Miss Warren; Mary, Mrs. [illegible], Miss Holman.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey, etc."

Many of us learned the rhyme in childhood and did not ask what a tuffet [illegible]. Some one ... Mrs. Eastman ... that the word is not in the dictionary. Let us be literal. ... is in the largest dictionaries and ... that Miss Muffet was out ... with her curds and whey when the spider came to her careless of a formal ... H[illegible] Halliwell in his book on ... knew only "little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet." ... we are still faithful to Miss Muffet ... are we disposed to consult the book of J. Bellenden Ker, who proves to his own delight that the nursery rhymes came from the Dutch and were in ... original anti-clerical and ...

Mrs. Eastman's play is for children. They were in the majority yesterday morning, but they could not fully appreciate the dialogue of her ... ity. The talk between poor Muffet, his mother-in-law and ... in awkward questions asked by his daughter, this talk, with ... and occasional and refreshing ... is relished best by parents, uncles ... unattached elderly persons. Andrew Lang once argued that poems deliberately written for children are ... children are best enjoyed by men and women: witness Blake's verses and poems by Stevenson. Mrs. Eastman's play will please children unless they are sophisticated; they will enjoy the ... people; but the ... of the ... art is for those older: take, for instance, the talk about ... ethics in business.

To describe Mr. Muffet's life without a job, his scenes with his mother and his mother-in-law, the games with his daughter, the friendly child ... Sammy ... Miss Muffet's ... dream—it would have been better for her if she had eaten only ... honey—the apparition of the ... spider, the thwarted elopement, ... coming together of the two ... mothers—this would spoil ... of those who will visit the Toy Theatre this week and thus contribute to the Belgian relief fund and little sufferers in Boston.

The pretty and comfortable theatre is described elsewhere in this issue of The Herald. It is an ideal theatre for intimate plays. With a ... the stage will not have far to ... if shockers of the Grand Guignol order are produced, the shock will be the quicker and the more severe. ... plays may be well and appropriately dressed was shown yesterday.

Mrs. Eastman's play was produced under discouraging circumstances. Mr. Pezet ... the audience that there had been ... dress rehearsal ... account of a delay in the arrival of scenery. Steam pipes burst shortly ... the performance and then ... necessary hammering ... disturbed ... the acting was enjoyed. It is not necessary to speak in detail ... it would be unfair to bring in the ... "mantle of charity" ... personations of the various ... were unpretentious ... that they were effective ... amateurs are not necessarily ... It is enough to say that ... performance gave genuine pleasure ... were justly applauded.

On Wednesday night "... Border," by Benjamin ... was performed. It was produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, ... last month. It shows ... horrors of war.

The new Toy Theatre ... street, ... of ... formally ... heated last evening ... presence ... large company ... invitation ... entertainment ... terrace. The ... that the ... between the ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... [illegible] ers and [illegible] were heartily congrat- [illegible] such a [illegible] Dr. Crothers [illegible] of wit but [illegible] not [illegible] purpose of the pro[illegible] the theatre to give Boston people an [illegible] "different" plays [illegible] circum- stances. He [illegible] the plans of offering [illegible] of individual quality rather [illegible] of the prevailing stand[illegible] of those given by the large theatres [illegible] that the use- fulness of [illegible] might be like that of [illegible] on which trials of food [illegible] made, in that new plays could be tried out at the theatre, and, if found worthy, commended to the theat- rical world at large.

Dr. Crothers was introduced by A. Washington Pezet, the manager who, on behalf of Mrs. Jane Winsor Gale, di- rector of the theatre, congratulated the stockholders in the theatre "on the re- alizations of their dream."

The musical program consisted of Rameau Roepper's "Sarabande" and a waltz by the same author, played by Percy Leveen, violin; Edward B. Pack- ard, cello; John M. Knight, flute; Charles Roepper, organ; and Miss Clara Tippett, piano.

The dream scene from "Miss Muffet's Birthday Party," which is the current attraction at the theatre, was given. The management intended to give the entire piece, but a notice from the mayor's office received in the afternoon called attention to the law relative to the appearance of children at evening theatrical performances and this for- bade Sargent Collier, who plays "Sammy Fitch," to act last evening, and therefore but one act of the play could be given. The play is not regularly given evenings.

Dec 27 1914

Mr. Robert Mantell will appear to- morrow night for the first time in Bos- ton as King John in Shakespeare's play. It is not too much to say that few in the audience have seen this historical drama. Mr. Mantell revived it in 1909, when he produced it at the New Amster- dam Theatre, New York, on March 8. Marie Booth Russell then took the part of Lady Constance, Leila Frost that of Arthur, Edward Lewers that of Faul- conbridge, Ethelbert Hales that of Hu- bert, and Guy Lindsley was the Cardi- nal.

The critic of the Daily Telegraph re- marked when Beerbohm Tree revived the play in London, Sept. 20, 1899: "Among managers 'King John' has never been regarded as a money-maker, and, for that reason, its non-inclusion in the Shakesperian pieces frequently performed will readily be understood." Even to the English playgoer "King John" was then almost entirely un- known; there had been a few perform ances in a tentative fashion in 1873, when a Miss Clive appeared as Lady Constance, and in 1868, when Miss Fran- ces Bouverie, a sister of Lady Bancroft, took the same part.

"King John" was produced some time between 1591 and 1598; Richard Grant White thought 1596, "about the date of its production." No one knows whether Shakespeare acted in it, or what part Burbage took. A contributor to All the Year Round many years ago wrote as follows:

"On the 26th of February, 1737, the play was presented upon the stage of Covent Garden; the first performance of 'King John' since the time of Shakespeare. The King was personated by Delane, a popu- lar actor from Dublin, who had first ap- peared in London at the Goodman's Fields Theatre in 1731. Delane had many admirers who accounted him superior to the great Mr. Quin; but this was by no means the general opinion. As King John, Delane made no great impression. He owned a fine voice and a grand pres- ence; but his intellectual endowments were, perhaps, less considerable. It is hinted, too, that his habits of life were too unconstrained; that his love of good cheer interfered with the duties he owed to the tragic muse. As Faulconbridge appeared Tom Walker, with the songs of Macheath still haunting his lips, a robust, large-limbed, black-browed, hearty, hu- morous actor, greatly esteemed by the playgoers of the time. Tom Davies as- serts of him that though Sheridan, De- lane, Barry and Garrick all in turn at- tempted Faulconbridge, 'they all fell short of the merits of Tom Walker.' Ryan, the actor Addison had selected to represent the Marcus of his Cato, ap- peared as Pandulph. The Constance was Mrs. Hallam, an actress of tragedy, who had first appeared at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre in 1723, and whose histrionic force and skill often constrained the spectators to forget the disadvantages of her aspect. Davies says of her that she was 'unhappy in a large, unwieldy person'; he cordially praises, however, her natural and impassioned perform- ance of Constance, while holding that she was less pathetic of utterance, spirit- ed in action, or dignified of deportment than Mrs. Cibber, who subsequently as- sumed the part. The King of France was represented by Hale, a handsome actor, of grand deportment, but addict- ed to [illegible]ther a monotonous elocutionary metho[illegible]d noted for his fondness for [illegible]ery [illegible] full-bottomed wigs. Great success [illegible] of 'King John,' and the play was repeated during the following season, with almost the same cast of characters."

This writer did not mention Colley Cibber's version of "King John" called "Papal Tyranny." He said he had made it more of a play than Shakespeare's. A toothless old man, he took the part of the Cardinal and Mrs. Pritchard was the Lady Constance. Garrick revived the original, and the performance must have been an elaborate one for those days. There was a notice: "It is hoped no gentleman will take it ill that he cannot be admitted behind the scenes, the play being so full of characters that any company there will be of great prejudice to the performance." Revived later by Barry at Covent Garden, the play was not so successful, for Peg Woffington was a poor Constance.

But is the date, "Feb. 26, 1737," in All the Year Round, correct? Mr. Henry G. Wyndham in his "Annals of the Covent Garden Theatre" says: "The beginning of 1738 was, however, also rendered memorable by a series of remarkable Shakesperian revivals started in Feb- ruary with 'King John' and 'Richard II.'" A little before this Mr. Wynd- ham speaks of "the season of Handel and John Rich" at the end of the year 1736 and the beginning of 1737. "Rich opened the theatre, according to Genest, on Sept. 15 (1736), * * * but the season was distinguished by a few Shakesper- ian productions, notably 'King John,' with an actor of note, Walker by name, in the role of Faulconbridge. * * * It had a run of about 10 nights." Mr. Wyndham does not give the date of this revival due to Cibber's adaptation.

It was on Dec. 10, 1783, that Mrs. Siddons first took the part of Lady Constance. It was said: "Her mere bearing in the part was a piece of genius. * * * Every muscle and nerve of her acted." She herself told her biographer Campbell: "The quality of abstraction has always appeared to me so necessary in the art of acting that I wish my opinion were of suffi- cient weight to impress the importance of this power on the minds of all can- didates for dramatic fame. Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of Constance, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing room door to be closed in order that my attention might be con- stantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me."

Garrick's Faulconbridge was not one of his successful roles. When he re- vised the play at Drury lane for the second time he was so outplayed by the actor who took the part of the king that a dispute between them brought the performance to a pre- mature close. And so in 1878 F. C. Bangs pruning the long speeches in "King John" and remodeling the scenes preferred to take in Washington, D. C., the part of Faulconbridge, making him a half Hotspur, a half Mercutio. Keene was the King and Miss Vaders was Lady Constance.

Charles Kemble, Macready and Charles Kean revived "King John" in London. When Kemble produced it in 1823 Planche designed the costume gratu- itously. Anachronisms were then com- mon in stage costume. "Never," says Planche, "shall I forget the dismay of some of the performers when they looked upon the flat-topped cha- peaux de fer of the 12th century, which they irreverently stigmatized as stew pans. Nothing but the fact that the classical features of a Kemble were to be surmounted by a precisely similar abomination would, I think, have in- duced one of the rebellious barons to have appeared in it. They had no faith in me and sulkily assumed their new and strange habiliments in the full be- lief that they would be roared at by the audience. They were roared at, but in a much more agreeable way than they had contemplated. * * * Receipts of from £400 to £600 nightly soon reim- bursed the management for the expense of the production, and a complete reformation of dramatic costume be- came from that moment inevitable upon the English stage."

Macready's impersonation of King John struck Leigh Hunt as the finest he had ever seen. It was said of Charles Kean's King John that it was "played with earnest resolve but hard- ly greatly." His revival was in 1852, with Mrs. Kean as Constance and Wi- gan as Faulconbridge. Henry Morley noted "a clever child in Arthur, a Miss Terry." This was Kate Terry. The re- vival showed "a devotion of care and study as well as a lavish expenditure of scenic resource."

When Beerbohm Tree revived "King John," Lewis Waller was the Faulcon- bridge, Lewis Calvert took the part of the Cardinal and Miss Julia Neilson played Lady Constance.

There have been comparatively few performances of "King John" in New York. In 1811 George Frederick Cooke played the King to Cooper's Faulcon- bridge. Macready produced it in 1827. In 1831 Lady Constance was played by Mrs. Charles Gilfert (Agnes Holman). It is said that she was the first actress in this country to command $200 a night, which she did in 1814. She died in ex- treme poverty and was buried at Phila- delphia. Her husband by the way, has been called the inventor of the press agent, for he was the first manager who employed a person to "write up" the merits of his theatre, the Bowery, "and such members of the company as he thought it his interest to have ad- vanced." The Kembles were seen in "King John" in 1832. The Keans played it in 1846, when George Vanderhoff played Faulconbridge. Oliver C. Wyman, then managing the Boston Theatre, wrote to Charles Kean asking him to bring out the play in Boston with the "splendid dresses" seen in New York, and he offered to spend a large sum on the production if Kean would divide 'after one hundred per night.' Kean insisted on half the gross receipts. Wyman refused to take so great a risk. Kean made a mistake, for the Vien- noise Children came to New York and Kean's engagement at the Park Theatre was cut short, so that for eight weeks he was idle. In 1849 Master T. Hamblin acted the King. E. L. Davenport and his wife were seen in 1856; Kate Reig- nolds played Arthur. The Keans were seen again in the play in 1865. There was a production at Booth's Theatre in May, 1874. The cast was an interesting one: J. B. Booth, King John; Minnie Maddern, Prince Arthur; H. A. Weaver, Hubert; John McCulough, Faulcon- bridge; S. W. Glenn, the Cardinal; Agnes Booth, Lady Constance. As "King John" was produced at Booth's Theatre, and J. B. Booth played the King, it has sometimes been stated that Edwin Booth had acted the part. Mr. William Win- ter states that there is no record of his having ever played King John, or even of his ever having appeared in Shake- speare's tragedy. Nor was Edwin Booth the manager when it was produced at his theatre.

There were performances of "King John" in 1855 at the Boston Theatre. They were not the first in Boston. The bill of March 12, 1855, states that the performance that night was the first at "this theatre." The cast then was as follows: King John, James Bennett; Faulconbridge, George Pauncefoith; Hu- bert, H. F. Daly; Arthur, Clara Biddles; the Cardinal, Mr. Morris; Lady Con- stance, Mrs. Hudson Kirby. The per- formance began at 7 o'clock. Seats in the balcony were one dollar; in the parquette, 50 cents. Mrs. Hudson Kirby made her first appearance in New York as Florinda to Edwin Booth's Pescara in "The Apostate."

When "King John" was produced at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 2, 1871, the bill stated that the performance was the first since 1859. The cast in 1871 was as follows: King John, Walter Montgomery; Faulconbridge, Neil War- ner; Hubert, H. A. Weaver; The Car- dinal, C. Leslie Allan; Arthur, Portia Albee; Constance, Mrs. J. B. Booth. 1871 was a bad year for Montgomery. Married in August to Winnetta Monta- gue, he committed suicide early the next month.

On Sept. 16, 1833, Charles Kemble at the Tremont Theatre played Faulcon- bridge for the first time in Boston to Mr. Barry's King John. Fanny Kemble was the Lady Constance; Mrs. Smith played Arthur.

The earliest playbill of "King John" that I have seen is dated March 13, 1807. The theatre was the Boston. Fennell acted King John; Vining was the Faul- conbridge; Mrs. Dykes played Arthur and Mrs. Powell was the Lady Constance. Mr. Poe took the part of Austria and Mrs. Poe that of Moggy in the after- piece, "The Highland Reel." They were the parents of Edgar Allan Poe. But this performance was not the first in Boston. The bill that speaks of "a favorite tragedy called King John" states that the play was then performed for the only time that season.

London Theatres and Concerts

Last night's concert of the London Symphony Orchestra was made me- morable by the first performance of one of those rare works which make an instant and irresistible appeal, not by mere artistry, but by the sway of sincere emotion and the timeliness of their production. M. Emile Cammaerts's poem, "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," is far removed from the kind of verse with which we were deluged earlier in the war, and which lay within the power of any one with a flow of language and an ear for rhythm. It bears the true im- press of patriotic fervor and noble sin- cerity. Nor does its meaning apply only to Belgians, for "la joie de rester bon- netes quand la lachete nous serait si bonne" is a sentiment that is day by day swelling the ranks. To this poem Sir Edward Elgar has set introductory and incidental music in the form of a Caril- lon. The device is the familiar one of a persistent group of four notes divided so that the emphasis is changed in each measure. Pianists may remember a piece by Arensky, in which six notes are distributed in bars of five beats. Usually this is made the excuse for a display of ingenuity, but Sir Edward was probably too deeply moved to care about virtu- osity. His music, which forms his con- tribution to "King Albert's Book," due to the initiative of the Daily Telegraph, is so simple that, but for its orchestral color, it might have been written any time this hundred years. Yet it could only have been written in a moment of inspiration. It is possible that when these events have passed into history we may turn a colder eye upon poem and music. That remains to be seen. Mean- while, many whose acquaintance with the "coulisse" might be expected to ren- der them impervious were affected in spite of themselves. Even defects of performance added to the impression, for the slightly guttural enunciation of Mme. Tita Brand Cammaerts, who recited the poem with passionate dignity, was in keeping with its tragic character and Belgian subject.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 8.

"Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," the play known in English as "Suzanne" and "Little Miss Llewelyn" was revived in London by the Belgian company at the Criterion on Dec. 7.

An "American" violinist, Ben Whit- man, made his first appearance in London on Dec. 3. The Daily Telegraph said: "His success was due to a schol- arly style which while it admitted of almost perfect accuracy and decision, yet precluded all those mannerisms and affectations that are cultivated for the sake of display. * * * Though his tone was rather slender in volume it was generally true and pure in qual- ity."

There was a time when it was cus- tomary to describe musical perfor- mances wherein beauty of tone and those other essentials which make music agreeable to the ear were sacrificed to passionate feeling as "Teutonic." How they are to be described nowadays is a matter that is yet to be decided.—Daily Telegraph, London, Dec. 3.

A good many people will have been surprised to hear that nearly 500 of our actors, variety artists and others con- nected with the theatrical profession, have joined the colors. It may well have been thought that, of all temperaments, that of the actor, so largely reliant upon sympathy and applause, would have seemed least inclined to the soldier's role, which is supremely that of self- sacrifice. And yet, can we not conceive a rather exceptional eagerness to ex- change the shadows of the footlights for the tremendous realities of war? The rally from the theatre to the front will seal the actor's profession with a new and very solid title to public re- spect.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 7.

H. B. Irving will appear this month as Corporal Brewster for the first time in London. His father's first appear- ance there as the veteran was on Dec. 17, 1894 at a benefit. He had played the part at Bristol about three months be- fore.

Dr. Ethel Smyth's quartet in E minor, dedicated to the London String Quartet, was performed by this quartet in Lon- don on Dec. 3. The Pall Mall Gazette reviewer said: "It is a clever, but somewhat prolix composition. Each of its four sections is developed beyond the requirements of its material. The fault is in no case a grave one, but it has a cumulative effect that makes one forget during the finale how exhilarat- ing was the scherzo."

Charles Hawtrey revived "A Message from Mars" at the Apollo Theatre, London, Dec. 1. It "plunges one straight into a Christmassy atmosphere—the at- mosphere of that season when the voices of carol singers sound well in a London square; when selfish, middle- aged men fall asleep in comfortable armchairs by the fireside and dream bad dreams while their women folk brave snow and cold to get to a ball; when, according to very ancient tradi- tion, the sternest heart pulsates with some stirring of human kindness, and the poor (for a time) become rich." Speaking of Mr. Hawtrey, the critic writes: "Is there anyone who can talk so fast and so volubly and so monot- onously, and yet get more pointed humor and fun out of it all than Mr. Hawtrey?"

Apropos, a good many of us whose duty it is to attend the opera will warmly welcome in due season opera of another country than Germany. In re- cent years I have heard "The Ring," "Tristram," and so on, so often that I do not hesitate to say I shall gladly welcome a change. We know practi- cally nothing at all of either Belgian or French opera, or even of Russian, save only the few specimens of the last that Mr. Thomas Beecham has been able hitherto to offer us. We know less than nothing of native opera, which I am sure must exist somewhere, for I am so often reminded of the fact by my correspondents! So far as opera is con- cerned, in point of fact, we are an ignorant lot, for, from no fault of our own, the repertories offered to us have been so stilted. Let us all hope for a brighter day in store for us in opera as in other matters of greater moment. —Daily Telegraph, London.

Herr Wilhelm Shakespeare

The continental edi- tion of the Daily Mail published last month this letter of an Englishman in answer to the pre- posterous prologue to "Twelfth Night" spoken in Leipsic on Oct. 20 by Olivia's Fool then acted by Kurt Stieler.

"Germany's ingenuous conviction that she is the one and only home of culture has persuaded her to claim as of Teu- tonic race and kind all those straylings in foreign countries whom she has hon- ored with her approval. Especially has

... to set a ... hand ... Shakespeare, whom she is sure that ... alone is capable of appreciating. ... process, the outcome of vanity and ... logic, is familiar. All good things ... German. Shakespeare is a good ... Therefore Shakespeare is a German. The lucidity, to a wooden mind, ... and after the war Shakespeare, ... the Hohenzollern, is promised a ... of honor in the Alley of Victory. And there is another reason why Germany in her present mood of pride ... claim the author of 'Hamlet' for her own. She has discovered, by a Teutonic method of clairvoyance, that Shakespeare disapproves of his country's policy. He refuses in the shades to accept the clear reasoning of Sir Edward Grey's White Book. In other words, England is 'contrarious to her wits and feelings', she is 'abhorred of his pure majesty.' So he has gone to Germany, we are told, 'thou wonderful and noble land,' where, poor fellow, he will speedily be debauched by the vulgarity of Herr Reinhardt.

That is the theory that a German has solemnly propounded in a prologue. It is a theory assured of popularity. In the first place, it is agreeable to the self love of a people from which arrogance has taken away all sense of humor. In the second, it is consonant with the policy of the famous warlords, who have unsheathed the sword in the mere hope of adding to their possessions by land and sea. Wherever they go they must annex something. The plans which they cherish most warmly are plans of hostages and ransoms. Loot and plunder are very near their hearts, and they are convinced that a war conducted upon the proper principles of pillage, may be contrived to pay its own way. It is, indeed, a master stroke of German cunning to have stripped Brussels of food and money, and then to have imposed upon a pauper city an enormous fine the payment of which the invaders' cruelty has made for ever impossible! Being unable to seize the island upon which they void the venom of their hate, the Germans perforce content themselves with pretending to annex our national poet! In a spirit of impudent bravado they have flown the Jolly Roger over Shakespeare's words. No doubt that eminent Prussian Herr Houston Chamberlain is delighted to think that ... dream of Teutonic supremacy is coming true. Shakespeare a pure Berliner in thought and sympathy! Why not ... her too? Or if the Germans are minded to steal only the poets of their blackest ... can they not find a corner wherein to enshrine the genius of Shelley, that spirit of air and fire, or to worship the music of John Keats, the last who carried in his veins some drops of Shakespeare's vivifying blood?

The policy of annexing poets, however, is not immediately lucrative, and it is to an instant profit that the Kaiser's army is looking. Unfortunately for the ... Shakespeare has been dead ... some 300 years and cannot easily be held to ransom. Without invasion the poet's honored dust shall never be torn from the church at Stratford-on-Avon, though we may be certain that if our enemy did succeed in crossing the channel he would not be deterred even by Shakespeare's curses from moving his bones. The bones of Shakespeare, Berlin's own Laureate! There would be money in them, money dear to the heart of the Huns who have stripped Belgium of its treasures and have laid a pilfering hand upon many a beautiful castle in France.

Why should the Germans have chosen Shakespeare to invade, like a hostile province? No poet there ever was more ... free from the taint of cosmopolitanism than he. It was from the heart of England and that Shakespeare came; it was the heart of England which Shakespeare loved. He was of the stuff whereof patriots are made. He revered his country as he adored his queen. An adventurer of the spirit, he was a true compatriot of Drake and the others who split their blood for England's ease, and never would he have doffed his cap to foreign insolence. He was, moreover, a champion of the quieter virtues, pity he praised and mercy. A settled mood of hate and envy was abhorrent from him. As he has said, he had no love of men who "having before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery, make wars their bulwark." What, then, should he make in the riot and squalor of the Friedrichstrasse? How should his gentle soul find a "second home" amid the gross and noisy aspirations of Pan-Germanism?

'We know what the Germans think of Shakespeare. In their narrow eyes he is almost good enough to be a Teuton. We know also what Shakespeare thought of the Germans, and it is certain that he would bitterly have resented the patronage of Berlin. You remember, Nerissa asked Portia how she liked the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew, and Portia gave her opinion with a justified frankness. 'Very vilely in the morning,' said she, 'when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. Portia, indeed, might ... a Prussian fresh from the making of poems, and he who put these words in her mouth was assuredly no pan-German. Were he rash enough to accept Herr Hardt's invitation to seek shelter 'in the barren world' of Leipsic he would very quickly be clapped in prison for the horrid crime of lese-majeste.

"So if Germany be wise she will keep her hands off our poets as she keeps her hands off our territory. If we can help it she shall not presume to annex anything that is ours. The world of Shakespeare lies far beyond her hope and comprehension. What she has to do with poets who despised Heine, and since Heine has seen no poet born upon her soil? The culture which she vaunts is the enemy of beauty and imagination. With naught save the triumphs of grammarians to set against the splendour of Gogol and Pushkin, of Tourgeniev, Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, she impudently condemns the Russians as a race of Muscovite barbarians. And condemning the best of modern literature she would still claim Shakespeare for her own. A vain pretence. Thus she confesses the poverty of her soul. She is no country of poets, as an ardent professor boasted her not long ago, and since a raid upon Shakespeare is a desperate, impossible adventure, she must renounce also the more modest ambition of being the country of other people's poets."

Dec 28-1914

Metropolitan Company Artists Engaged in Place of Mme. Schumann-Heink.

By PHILIP HALE.

It had been announced that Mme. Schumann-Heink would give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall yesterday, but she telegraphed from Chicago that she was sick. The management succeeded at short notice in engaging four artists of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mmes. Lucrezia Bori and Sophie Braslau and Messrs. Luca Botta and Arthur Middleton. Only one of these singers, Miss Bori, was known here. She had delighted audiences as Mimi, Gilda, Antonia, Madama Butterfly and the heroine in "The Love of the Three Kings" at the Boston Opera House, where she had also sung in concert.

Those who had been disappointed by the absence of Mme. Schumann-Heink quickly forgot their disappointment, for they were richly repaid. The concert was one of the most delightful entertainments of this nature that have been given here for many years.

The program was as follows:

Air du Tambour Major from "Le Caid" ... Mr. Middleton.	Thomas
Aria, "In quelle trine morbide" from "Manon Lescaut" ... Miss Bori.	Puccini
Aria of Rodolfe from "La Boheme" ... Mr. Botta.	Puccini
Habanera from "Carmen" ... Miss Braslau.	Bizet
Duo from "Madame Butterfly" ... Miss Bori and Mr. Botta	Puccini
Songs—Life and Death ...	C. Taylor
Swedish Love Song ...	Halsey
Zueignung ... Miss Braslau.	R. Strauss
Neapolitan Songs—"A vi a e no suonno" (Life is a Dream)	di Gambardella
"Torna a Surriento" (Return to Sorrento) ... Mr. Botta.	E. De Curtis
Spanish Songs—La Montanyera (The Mountain Girl)	N. Freixas
La Gitanilla (The Gypsy) ...	Serrano
La Paloma ... Miss Bori	Iradier
Songs—Der Wanderer ...	Schubert
Die Ablosung ...	Hollander
Der Sieger ... Mr. Middleton	H. Kaun
Quartet from "Rigoletto" ...	Verdi

The first part of the program was wisely devoted to selections from operas. An audience naturally expects to hear Italian ... duets, etc., from operatic singers, ... who, with very few exceptions, are much more successful in this field than in singing Lieder. The songs chosen yesterday were for the most part songs that appealed to the singers themselves.

It is not necessary at this late day to praise the voice and the art of Miss Bori. When she first visited the city she made an impression that has been lasting, confirmed by each appearance. Again her pure and sympathetic voice, her operatic skill, her musical phrasing, and her personality aroused enthusiasm.

Miss Braslau, a new comer, was as ... trained in New York. Her voice is of ... but dramatic quality, a voice for the stage. When she has had more experience in concert singing she will, no doubt, be still more effective.

Mr. Botta ... added to the forces of the Metropolitan Opera House this season. ... but a ... quality. The ... of the ... well ... In tender passages ... were not effeminate, in ... there was manly power. ... the ... reserve ...

Mr. Middleton, ... first sang ... Major ... song that was one ... Mr. Middleton ... expression ... also ... even when ... organ, full, ...

... has been ... served from the slave ... and after supper ... until I left them off ... taught me that those ... are ... until I left them off (having taken to them at the age of 2?), even my ... moderate eating, early rising, ... were not, until I left off the slop, sufficient to give me that complete health which I have since had.

"Polly, Put the Kettle On."

In spite of William Cobbett, from whom we have quoted; in spite of the Rev. John Wesley and others who have thundered against tea-drinking, we publish this morning the latest letters about "Souchong." And they must be the last. The first two in order, signed "H. M. A." and "A." are by gentlemen who have summered and wintered with tea and been through it with a dark lantern, to use a phrase of our boyhood. Read Cobbett's blast to Bridget, and she will still have the pot stewing all day on the stove; nor will lost souls in the parlor be dissuaded from excesses in tea, hot buttered toast and a little jam at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Last Cup.

As the World Wags:

The article on Souchong by "W.," dated Boston, Dec. 14, is quite correct and leaves but one thing to be added. The tea leaf from Ceylon and India has always been graded by the English tea importers and tasters by the size of the leaf, and the following names given to these grades: Flowery Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, and Souchong, the latter being the largest, coarsest leaf, the first the small, young leaf of which the end is still unfolded. This unfolded tip shows in the finished tea white or light yellow and gives the name Pekoe from the Chinese Peh-cho (white). The "ch" in peh-cho is the strenuous Chinese guttural H naturally turned to K in English. The name Souchong was given the lowest grade because the large, loose-rolled India leaf looked most like the China tea. The above terms are not indicative of value, as a poor Orange Pekoe may sell for a shilling in Calcutta, or a fine Pekoe Souchong tea from Darjeeling for three shillings the pound.

The Lapseng Souchong tea, which retains the old name, comes from a district further south in China than the Keemun teas. The production is small, only about 3000 chests, and nearly half of it goes to Spain via London. The rest is scattered over the world, where occasional lovers of tarry China tea find the flavor they like. H. M. A.

Boston, Dec. 23.

Caravan Tea.

As the World Wags:

For many years Russia obtained most of its tea from China, and it was brought across Siberia by caravan. The tea was tied up in bags made from skins and slung on the camels' backs. The "voyage" via the "Ship of the Desert" took about ten months, and the tea was sold generally to the dealers at one of the big Moscow Fairs, where much wholesale business is done. The effect on the tea of lying for ten months in green hide partly exposed to the air, was to make the tea leaves soft, so they could be "tied in a knot" without breaking, and gave the tea a hidey flavor and aroma which undoubtedly lingers today in the Russian demand for "tarry" tea.

The Russian caravan has of course long since passed away. Russia buys much of her tea today in London and receives it, trans-shipped from London, from India and Ceylon.

Travellers in Russia, finding tea costing from \$2 to \$3 a pound, often think the Russians must use very fine teas. Duties and octroi, however, amount to over \$1 a pound and account for the price.

Tea is now contraband of war. Germany, a nation of coffee drinkers, is giving the cheaper, more transportable drink the preference in her army and has bought more tea since August than she used altogether last year, while Russia, without vodka, is showing signs of seriously depleting the tea supplies of the world.

"Tea, thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid; thou female, tongue-running, smile-soothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial" of Cibber, has come to its own, and is enthroned sovereign of drinks by the God of War himself. H.

Boston, Dec. 23.

Souchong in New York.

As the World Wags:

I can help "D. O. N." in his quest. When I visit my sister in New York she always has Souchong. It comes in a showy box of Chinese lacquer that holds not more than a pound, and on the bottom of the box is a small pasted label "Sooshong — —, New York." The leaves of this tea are very small and very black. It yields its full strength instantly and is quite stimulating. I like it very much and I think it is perfumed, for the odor suggests incense ...

... It was ... and ... in ...

We are ... in ... their ...

"O. K." and ...

As the World Wags:

Did not "Bret ..." ... "The Mighty Dollar" ... J. K. ...

"M. J. L."—May have ... mixed with O. K.—(appropriate ...

Boston Dec. ... W. ...

With Real Water.

As the World Wags:

The production at one ... of "Pinafore" ... "real water" must bring back to the memories of the reminiscent ones a similar production on the "lake" at Oakland Garden, a pleasant ride out on the horse cars of the Highland Street Railway Company, with their picture ... painted in various Scotch plaids. ... production was made at the ... at Huntington avenue. How many are there who can locate among the ... dwellings and apartments now ... the spot where Oakland Garden was situated? And yet it was quite ... rendezvous at the time.

What a furore "Pinafore" ... in its early days! At one time, I recollect every theatre in Boston was playing it simultaneously with every conceivable kind of cast, even the two "variety" houses existing at that time falling in line with travesties on this epoch making operetta. One of these latter, the Howard Athenaeum, which booked the leading "variety" artists and teams of the day, gave a skit called "The Pinafore Boarding House"; while the other, the Boylston Museum, which featured a first part consisting of a circle of "Female Minstrels," the precursor of our latter day burlesque shows, produced an entertaining travesty called "Sir Joseph Weiss Peer," a very apropos parody on the name of one of the leading characters, Sir Joseph Porter.

M. ...

Roxbury, Dec. 24.

Dec 28th 1914

MANTELL IN 'KING JOHN' AT

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Life and Death of King John," a tragedy by Shakespeare. Produced by William A. Brady.

King John	...
Prince Henry	...
Arthur	...
The Lord Bigot	...
Hubert de Burgh	...
Robert Faulconbridge	...
Philip, the bastard	...
Philip, King of France	...
The Dauphin	...
Duke of Austria	...
Cardinal Pandulph	...
Pembroke	...
Essex	...
Salisbury	...
Chatillon	...
A Citizen of Angiers	...
Queen Elinor	...
Constance	...
Blanche of Spain	...

We know that "King John" was performed here in 1857 with ... the King, and that this was not the first performance in Boston. ... some in the audience last night remembered Walter Montgomery as the King and Agnes Booth as Constance at the Boston Theatre in 1871, but to the great majority the tragedy was unknown except by the printed book.

Managers have looked coldly on the play. They saw no money in it, not even as a spectacle. Actors have been unwilling to portray the complex character of John. He is a ... pathetic monarch, and they knew that the Bastard with his gallant bearing and rough humor would be the favorite with the audience.

Then there was the problem of the Lady Constance. Who could be found to play that tragic part? Mrs. Siddons, we are told, triumphed memorably. But how would a modern audience regard the art of Mrs. Siddons? Would it be awed by the Tragic Muse, or would it vote her unpardonably stagy?

"King John" is certainly not one of Shakespeare's greatest plays. It is episodic, and when it is cut, as is necessary in these nervous days, the ... that favor too tragedians are dismissed and towards the end ... The play abounds in ... sonorous speeches, ... the players today ... tively these ... portance and ... tain the ... the most ...

There are ... the ... a ...

[illegible] of [illegible] and amu[illegible] are t[illegible] the Que[illegible] only fig re [illegible] are tr[illegible] of Sh ke pe[illegible] with two [illegible] three actors of [illegible] th[illegible] when the supp[illegible] or poor, b t [illegible] "King John" endurable, e[illegible] the wh[illegible] company must be of [illegible] strength.

Mr. Mantell [illegible] the courage to revive this tragedy [illegible] 1909, but he brought it last night to Boston for the first time. He is to be thanked for the production. It gave many [illegible] opportunity of seeing the play. The production was an honest one. The stage settings were rich and appropriate, but not of a nature to distract attention from the situations and the dialogue. The production was something more than a matter of scenery. The tragedy was not smothered by the stage carpenter, the scene painter and the costumer.

Mr. Mantell's impersonation was thoughtfully conceived. He chose to bring out the sly cunning, the treacherous nature, the inherent baseness of the man. The impersonation at times was perhaps a shade too melodramatic. There was seldom the kingly authority, for John was more than a plotter and a victim of remorse. It was hard to reconcile the cowardly nature as portrayed with the rude defiance of the Pope.

The most effective scenes were those in which he sounded Hubert about his willingness to put Arthur out of the way; his scene when he reproached Hubert for taking him at his word and his subsequent rejoicing when he learned that Arthur was alive, although at the end he descended to the cheapest melodrama by chewing the written order he had given; and the death scene with its twitchings and gasps. The performance on the whole was in the vein of melodrama rather than tragedy, yet Mr. Mantell might say, and with a show of reason, that John was a melodramatic tyrant.

Mr. Leiber's Faulconbridge improved as the play went on. In the scene with his brother before the King, he was not frank, he was fresh. Even the audacious bastard would not have turned his back so frequently on his monarch and addressed his remarks to an audience. In the later scenes he showed a spirit that was not boisterous, and at the end there was a manliness that was captivating, a soldierly dignity, as in his delivery of the lines that are now peculiarly significant, and breathe the spirit of prophecy.

Mr. Peters as the Cardinal spoke and bore himself with the quiet authority that became the representative of Rome. The other men in the company showed honesty of purpose, but their reading was too often ineffective. Witness the speeches of the citizen of Angiers over the gate, witness the throaty diction of Philip, King of France, and that of the Dauphin, who might have been figuring in a farce comedy; and we can easily think of Austria's Duke playing in a far different manner.

Miss Hamper was a simple and appealing Arthur. Miss Bronson's Henry made us wish that the part were more important. As for the way in which Queen Elinor and Constance were acted, what is to be said? The impersonaters reminded us of Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Emilia. There was the abandonment of the womanly voice; there was the vocal intensity, not to say ranting, that has been considered traditional, and in the grand style.

Lady Constance in black was a handsome apparition. Miss Auer did her best in a part that would tax the greatest tragic actress of times past; but she was seldom convincing; the spectator sat unmoved. Miss Manfell as Blanche of Spain was a pretty figure; she deserved a better fate than to be handed over to the Dauphin of the night. The curtain fell at a reasonable hour, and the waits were short.

A large audience was greatly interested, and there was generous applause after the chief scenes. The play tonight will be "Macbeth."

WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "A Pair of Sixes," a farce in three acts by Edward Peple. Cast:

George B. Nettleton	Sam B. Hardy
T. Boggs John	Frank McIntyre
Krome	Charles Ashley
Miss Sally Parker	Elise Scott
Thomas J Vanderholt	Fritz Williams
Tony Toler	George Lynch
Mr. Applegate	James T. Galloway
Office boy	John Merritt
Shipping clerk	Dudley Hickey
Mrs. George B. Nettleton	Elizabeth Nelson
Miss Florence Cole	Oza Waldrop
Coddles	Maud Eburne

If in Greater Boston there is an extra call on druggists for arnica and soothing liniments today, "A Pair of Sixes" is surely to blame, for the chances are 100 to 1 that every one who last night sat through the three screams of it—not acts—is sore today—from laughter. Any one whose diaphragm is not in perfectly sound condition is hereby warned not to see the piece, for it is certain to be shaken or stretched or flexed or twisted through the entire duration of the farce. It is truly a continuous performance.

"A Pair of Sixes" is no great matter in a real poker game and is not usually loaded with varied and explosive con[illegible]ences, unle[illegible] a raging and skilled b[illegible]ff[illegible]r or a r[illegible]n[illegible] novice holds it. [illegible] this [illegible] r[illegible]nt and [illegible] any ordinary game. Hence the copious tears of laughter that follow it.

Two partners, Nettleton and John, old friends making a howling success as the Eureka Digestive Pill Co., fall to squabbling like cats and dogs over which is the main-spring of the business, greatly to the mingled distrese and merriment of Krome, bookkeeper; Sally, gum-chewing stenographer; Tony, salesman; the Office Boy, and Applegate, the prospective biggest customer, whose whirlwind reception leads to his flight and cancelling of hie order, Tony's resignation and the calling in by both partners of Vanderholt, their friend and lawyer, to arrango for dissolving the firm.

After vainly trying to reconcile the belligerents or get their consent to a dissolution, the lawyer proposes to settle it by one round at poker, the loser to be the house servant of the winner for one year, with a lot of conditions and forfeits that help vastly in the future fun of the onlookers. They consent. John, the fat and smiling one, is sure he'll win. Nettleton is confident he'll lose, and is eure of it when his hand remains, after drawing, with only a pair of sixes. John asks for four cards and each is announced as he draws it. He keeps a queen, gets first a king, then an ace, and is positively certain he'll have a straight flush, when a two-spot comes to him. His last card is a four. Then his troubles begin.

Nettleton makes him his butler. The persecutions of the master and the sufferings of the man are some of the things that wreck so many diaphragms. John's sweetheart, Miss Cole, is invited to dinner and when she sees him come in bearing a tray of cocktails, tragedy enters the plot. No one can tell her what it all means, because the contract fines heavily him who explains the situation. The fiery sweetheart raises such a tempest that the lawyer, who loves her, tells her at last the terms of the agreement.

Then she gets up a nice little plot to force Nettleton to break the contract, the one who does so having to forfeit his share in the firm to the other. She has John play on Nettleton's jealousy of his wife, and with her aid the job is so deftly done that in a twinkling the whole company, including Coddles, the English maid who loves John, is in a cyclone of complications, comic, tragic, funny, hysterical and side-splitting. The upshot is that the contract is shown by Miss Cole to be void, because it is based on an illegal act, gambling, and all are happy except Coddles.

Now, the recital can give no adequate idea of the effect of the piece, for its natural incitements to mirth are magnified a hundred-fold by the snappy dialogue and the fine skill of all the actors.

Mr. McIntyre's expansive and mobile countenance, his speaking eyes and his ample, rotund figure offer constant and moving evidence of the manifold storms of alternate fun, rage, joy and woe that sweep the soul of John.

Mr. Hardy is tempestuous to the right degree in his squabbles with his partner and in his awful suspicions of his wife.

Mr. Williams is delightfully natural as the friendly, scheming lawyer who begins the terrible plot.

Miss Nelson is most fair to see, is charmingly jealous of her husband and joyously hysterical under his accusations.

Miss Eburne is a marvel, as the maid who was picked out by her mistress for her ugliness and whose cockney lovemaking is focused on the suffering John.

Miss Cole is piquant and winsome and forcefully dominant as John's sweetheart.

Miss Scott's typewriter laugh and gum-chewing are works of art.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Seven Keys to Baldpate," in two acts with prologue and epilogue by George M. Cohan, founded on the story of that name by Earl Derr Biggers. First performance in Boston.

William Hallowell Magee	George Parsons
Elijah Quimby	Edgar Halstead
Mrs. Quimby	Jessie Graham
Thos. Haydan	Claude Brooke
Jiggs Kennedy	Carleton Macy
The Owner of Baldpate	John C. King
John Bland	Purnell B. Pratt
Mary Norton	Inez Buck
Mrs. Rhodes	Lorena Atwood
Peter	Joseph Allen
Myra Thornhill	Jeanette Horton
Lou Max	Roy Fairchild
Jim Cargan	Martin L. Alsop

Mr. Cohan's mystery farce was produced at Hartford, Ct., in September, 1913. A long run at the Astor Theatre, New York, followed. The play was given in London at the Apollo Theatre about three months ago with Charles Hawtrey in the part of Magee.

The plot starts simply. William Hallowell Magee, a popular novelist, agrees to write a novel in 24 hours at Baldpate Inn and thus win a $5000 wager. The caretaker hands him the only key to the house and at midnight he is busy with his typewriter.

Then come surprises and complications, for there are other keys to Baldpate. Crooks, political grafters, a hermit, a female reporter and a blackmailer make their appearance in quick succession. The plot thickens, revolvers are brandished and there is a supposed murder. The bewildered novelist enjoys the adventure and dominates the situ[illegible] with [illegible] is police intervention. Then the [illegible] of Baldpate arrives in jubilant vein and tells Magee it has all been a joke carried out by a company of actors at his instigation.

The audience, however, still breathless with the excitements and surprises of the evening, receives still another shock. In the epilogue the caretaker comes at midnight the next evening, as agreed upon. Magee hands him the manuscript and telephones his friend. He has won the wager. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is his story.

The piece is uproariously funny with relieving touches of melodrama. The plot is worked out with extraordinary ingenuity. The element of suspense is maintained from start to finish, while the ending is wholly unsuspected, a complete surprise.

The characters, too, are amusing and add to the general merriment. Elijah Quimby, the caretaker, and his wife; the millionaire president of the R. & A. Suburban, the chief of police, Peter, the hermit ghost; Jim Cargan, the crooked mayor and his attendant crook; Miss Morton, the reporter, all are sharply defined and contrasted. All the characters except Miss Morton are liberally profane.

The piece was acted with the swiftness and spirit it required. Mr. Parsons was becomingly bland and equal to every emergency, even to that of falling in love at first sight with the charming reporter.

The possessors of rival keys were well cast. Miss Horton was conspicuous among them for her flamboyant impersonation of Myra Thornhill, the adventuress and blackmailer.

The setting, which represented the offices at Baldpate, was attractive and the wintry atmosphere realistically preserved.

A large audience in holiday mood laughed continuously and showed evident enjoyment.

Dixey and Dockstader Furnish Monologues That Please the Audiences.

Henry E. Dixey, as versatile and as graceful as ever, is making his annual visit to Boston this week, appearing at B. F. Keith's Theatre in his "Mono-Drama-Vaud-Ologue." For fully 25 minutes he holds the closest attention of his audience in a sketch, not new though none the less pleasing, in which single-handed he portrays with cleverness various characters on the modern vaudeville program, from acrobat to coin manipulator. At last evening's performance he was recalled several times.

Lew Dockstader who, after years at the head of his own minstrel company, is now starring in vaudeville, appears as Teddy in "My Policies." Dockstader appears on the stage the exact counterpart of Roosevelt, wearing the Rooseveltian uniform of khaki and having also the Rooseveltian smile—and teeth. He at once launches into an address in which as the famous ex-President he points out the dangers besetting the nation, regrets the war into which one-half the world plunged while he was away, and expresses the hope that in time there shall be no parties and no bosses—except one. In expression and gesture Dockstader's imitation of Roosevelt is perfect.

William J. Dooley, coming to Boston for the first time, brings with him to Keith's a clever company in "The Lawn Party," a musical comedy in revue form. Dooley, himself, as Sheriff Beasley, is half the show, his acrobatic work and his burlesque tango dance being excellent, while the members of the company portray well known stage folk. Juliet, an attractive and bright young woman, presented a series of original humorous character studies from life that earned for her warm applause, her Harry Lauder being one of the best things she did.

Howard, Scotch ventriloquist, introduced one of the best acts of its kind ever at Keith's in "At the Doctor's," in which he assumed three characters. Another act of exceptional merit, even though it did open the bill, was that of Marlo and Duffy, eccentric performers on the parallel bars. Claudius and Scarlett in "The Call of the '60's" introduced a new and thoroughly enjoyable sketch. Those Four Entertainers, as they are billed, sang a number of selections, while Lupita Perea performed some daring feats in mid-air in the closing number of a truly interesting and enjoyable bill.

I consider life as one who is wholly unconcerned in it, and even when I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights.

Homage to Boston.

It is a pleasure to record homage paid in foreign lands to Bostonians, especially when they are journalists.

Mr. George M. Cohan has given the name of George Babbitt to the leading character in his new revue, "Hello, Broadway!" produced in New York last Friday. And Mr. Cohan, following the example of Moliere, who did not disdain to act in his own plays, took the leading part.

Time's Whirligig.

A week ago Saturday Dr. Muck brought out Five Pieces for orchestra by one Arnold Schoenberg. The hearers made wry faces, grinned derisively or laughed out loud, twisted in their seats, and agreed that the composer was a maniac. Last Saturday the orchestra played the overture to "Der Freischuetz." The audience was pleased; it purred at hearing the old friend. Yet when "Der Freischuetz" was first performed in London, only the fireworks in the Wolf's Glen interested the audience, and the critics compared the melodies to "Wind Through a Keyhole." As one of them put it: "Nearly all that was not irresistibly ridiculous, was supremely dull."

A Nervous Contributor.

As the World Wags:

Being diffident (and somewhat nervous withal) I am a bad mixer. Therefore I take my pleasure in reading. Good stuff, you understand, like ancient history.

That perhaps explains the interest which your column has ever had for me, even way back in the days of the delightful Porphyry Club. Indeed, I came near qualifying as a member of that high-graded band of dilettanti. I believe it was Old Chimes who finally handed me the cube.

Alas, I am beginning to find that even good reading is no healthful occupation for a nervous man. Errors that grate harshly upon a fine sensibility are becoming too common.

For example: Recently I read in one of our leading American monthly magazines in descriptive text how "We had friends in the South during the civil war whose homestead was burned and destroyed by a gorilla band." Some monkeying with the English language that!

Again: in the current issue of The Theatre, a New York city publication, I find notice of the revival of a Dickens play with very artistic group-pictures of the characters; marred utterly for me by noting the name of Samuel being given to Mr. Peggotty. Now this is an inspired libel on dear old Uncle Dan'l and a corresponding grief to me, inasmuch as Samuel was Pecksniff's given name.

In your own squib the other day, where you sought to justify a diminuation for President Wilson, you quoted other names capable of shortening, as Joseph (Joe), Peter (Peet). Did you write Pete, and is this up to the compositor?

In Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" last evening I passed up the explanation that sailors' "duff" is but a combination of "flower" boiled with raisins, as an old-time spelling in vogue at the time (1833) when the book was written; but when further along the author tells of a "pale" of milk being presented to the sailors at the island of Juan Fernandez—why, I got another grate on the nerves.

Today in your column I read that old Dan "Emmit" cut loose from his retirement when he was 80 years old, in 1906, and went on tour; while in the following paragraph you state that he died at Mount Vernon, Ohio, June 28, 1904.

What am I to do? Surely literature as she is today is no sedative for the nerves. EMERY STREET

Portland, Dec. 24.

1. The Porphyry Club exists, and was never more flourishing. Julius Caesar, Alcibiades, Montaigne, Dr. Johnson, and hundreds of other members for a long time named in the In Memoriam list would enjoy the Porphyry today.

2. True, Pecksniff's Christian name was Samuel; so was young Weller's.

3. The article of Nov. 23, in which "Peter to Peet" occurs, was written by a contributor, whose copy we respected, as we now respect yours. You use the word "diminuation." It was a good word, perhaps, though rarely used, in the 17th century. It has long been obsolete, yet we did not substitute "diminution" for it.

4. About "flower." "Flour is a specific use of "flower." Dr. Johnson did not recognize the spelling "flour." You will not find "flour" in Walker's Dictionary (1791). Are you sure that "Two Years Before the Mast" was first published in 1833? Was not the date 1840? The spelling "pale" for "pail" was common in the 18th century. We prefer "payle."

5. One authoritative person states that Dan Emmett died in 1904. Another states that he went with a minstrel show in 1906. Nor were the minstrels celestial and provided only with harps, but the company was Al G. Fields. As the latter authority states that Emmett was then 80 years old, 1906 might be read 1896, for he was born in 1815. We don't know—Emmett was a remarkable man—a surprising person. We are inclined to believe anything about him.—Ed.

A Characterization

The [illegible] Zeitung of [illegible] says [illegible] the [illegible] race is composed of [illegible] who take baths, and have [illegible] acquired the reputation [illegible] civilized." How sensitive the [illegible] are on the subject of bathing!

The Indian Version.

[illegible] M O'Connor—a good Hindu [illegible]—gives the following Indian version of "Tipperary":

Burra dur hai Tipperary,
[illegible] mbah koouch wo.
[illegible]rra dur hai Tipperary,
[illegible] pown bonay ko.

Ram Ram Piccadilly,
[illegible]nam Leicester square.
[illegible] burra dur hai Tipperary.
Lakin dil hooaye phus-gayah.

We are forced to omit the accents. The choir will now sing.

Dec 30 1914

The way was long, the wind was cold.
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day

Unregenerate Nights.

As the World Wags:

An allusion of yours in a recent issue to the once popular expression: "That's what's the matter with Hannah," leads me to ask if you remember the song (sung, of course, by Billy Morris) which used that for a refrain. The first verse ran thus:

Be would up and down
[illegible] life of the town,
[illegible] see things they every day grow sir.
[illegible] new ones [illegible] up
As the old ones go down,
As the girls change their dresses and beaux,
[illegible] what's the matter' has been thumped about
Like the keys on an ancient pianner;
[illegible] got a new fave,
And now the [illegible] phrase
Is "That's what's the matter with Hannah."

Also I would ask if you think it seemly to be constantly recalling the minstrel songs of the early sixties (which you admit are but foolish doggerel), and thus stirring the pulses of an aged clergyman like myself with memories of his unregenerate days? I really wish you wouldn't, but, since you are of that low turn of mind, perhaps it is as well for me to yield to a long-restrained impulse and contribute my mite to the correct writing of history.

Minstrels in Boston.

Your correspondent, William B. Wright, wonders why Bostonians so constantly refer to Morris Bros., Pell and Trowbridge, as if they were the only exponents of minstrelsy in the early days. The reason for this, probably, is that that well known and fondly remembered troupe was the first one to settle permanently in Boston. Others had come here before, though I do not think that Rice and Benedict or Skiff and Gaylord ever did, though their names were familiar enough to one who had a large library of the song and joke books you so often refer to, since replaced by theological works which are more edifying, though less amusing.

The Virginian minstrels may have made their first Boston appearance at Masonic Hall in 1843, as one of your correspondents states, but I did not attend the performance, not having been born as yet. They did, however, appear subsequently at Ordway Hall, on or near the site of the old Province House. I used to have some of their songs in the form of sheet music, the title page of which bore a picture of the company "as they appeared at Ordway Hall." In this same hall the Morris Bros. gave their performances at first, but after they grew prosperous they replaced it with their own "Opera House." After they had become firmly established as one of the institutions of Boston Buckley's Serenaders came and played a few weeks' engagement in a hall on Tremont street back of the Music Hall (Bumstead Hall?), which was afterwards transformed into a theatre and called the Tremont. They were so well received by the public that they returned later and set up a rival establishment to Morris Bros. on Summer street. But Boston was too loyal to the old favorites to give the newcomers permanent support. Dave Reed was with this company when they first appeared, and his rendering of "Sally Come up" was one of the star features of their program. When they returned Swayne Buckley had made it his own specialty and introduced it on every program for more than a year.

"Sarah's Young Man" is specially associated with Bishop Buckley (a far better singer of comic songs than Billy [illegible]), and "Nicodemus Johnson" with [illegible] Pettingill, of the long legs. The [illegible] named (an agreeable young man, of good family, but with vagabond instincts) first appeared with the Buckleys, then with Morris Bros., and finally with a company of his own, which was a failure.

One of your correspondents speaks of having heard the "Song of Songs" sung by Tony Pastor at the Museum. I think he is mistaken. Billy Morris made a specialty of it, and I do not think he would have repeated one of Pastor's hits in the same city. That famous vocalist came to the Museum during the summer recess, with "Bob" [illegible] Variety Troupe, from "444 [illegible]." This company was, I think, the first [illegible] in variety (though they did not call it by that name), and they took the town by storm. It was a very large company, containing many stars of national fame in their respective lines. But that is another story, upon which I must not enter. Tony Pastor's earliest visit to Boston was as a singing clown in a circus.

The Magic Semi-Circle.

My parents, like yours, did not allow me to attend minstrel shows, which was perhaps why I went. I well remember my first visit at Ordway Hall. The price of admission was 25 cents; reserved seats (of which there were only a limited number), 35 and 50 cents. There was no drop curtain and no scenery. The stage showed a semi-circle of empty chairs, and there were three closed doors at what would be right and left first entrance and at the back in the centre. When the bell sounded (much like the "call bell" which we used to have on our dinner tables) there was a moment of tense and expectant silence on the part of the audience. Then a second bell, and the left door opened, and the company marched in headed by Johnny Pell, with his striking wig brushed up to a point in the centre, a la Pecksniff, and a frilled shirt bosom from whose centre shone a large diamond pin, and Billy Morris bringing up the rear with his tambourine. Lon Morris was interlocutor. Performers were not addressed by their real names, as became the fashion afterward. Billy Morris was always "Sam," Pell was "Mr. Bones" and Lon Morris "Mr. Johnsing." During the "olio," in all acts requiring musical accompaniment, the musicians sat on the stage at one side.

I think the reason why the minstrels of those days made so much stronger an appeal to the public than their successors of today was that they were so much more "niggery." It was a genuine attempt to portray the comicalities and the pathos of the southern Negro, and before the days of emancipation the Negro was a much less familiar character in the North than he is now. It was good clean fun. I would like to see them all over again. Wouldn't you?

Dec. 26. G. F. D.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Robert Mantell in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The principals of the cast:

Macbeth	Mr. Mantell
First Witch	Miss Genevieve Reynolds
Second Witch	Miss Virginia Bronson
Third Witch	Mr. Edward Lewers
Duncan	Mr. Frank Peters
Malcolm	Mr. Guy Lindsley
Banquo	Mr. John Burke
Fleance	Miss Ethel Mantell
Macduff	Mr. Fritz Leiber
Lady Macbeth	Miss Florence Auer

There was a fair sized, but very enthusiastic audience. Mr. Mantell and several of his colleagues were called before the curtain many times.

The performance had many brilliant moments, despite the fact that Mr Mantell pitched his performance in too low a key; nor were the others of the cast free from this defect, with the single exception of Mr. Leiber.

Mr. Mantell's physique is admirably suited to the purposes of Macbeth, and yet it is the least important factor in all other admirable interpretation. His performance last night was obviously free from theatricals, and there was the sound tragic note ever present without the slightest evidence of the melodramatic. From the moment that his dagger was plunged into Duncan there was ever present the remorse that found its outlet not alone in speech, but in intelligent facial expression and repose, and there was always manifest the unrest of impending evil.

His art found a splendid outlet at the banquet table. There was the consternation of the guests and the concern of Lady Macbeth, as he beheld the apparition. He argued well with himself, and as his courage rose he tore the air as to destroy the vaporish spirit.

The Lady Macbeth of Miss Florence Auer was conspicuous for her positive authority over Macbeth. She was the arch-conspirator with a well studied program. There was no wavering on the part of her lord while she was present. The objective must be completed. Her sleep-walking scene was intelligently dramatic. There was no ranting or screeching.

One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the Macduff of Fritz Leiber, whose admirable Adrian de Mauprat and Antony are pleasant remembrances of last year's engagement. The splendid diction of the scholarly actor was again evident. His voice is full throated, his enunciation clean, and there is authority in his every move. In his duel with Macbeth there was the vigor and virility of the warrior.

For once the gruesome chatter of the witches was given without disturbing the tragic note of the play. The many scenes were appropriately mounted and there was the added pleasure of the performance ending within a reasonable hour owing to the short waits between the acts.

"Across the Border" Melodrama Mixed with Mysticism and Religious Fervor.

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Across the Border," a play in four scenes, by Beulah M. Dix. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, Nov. 24, 1914.

The Senior Lieutenant	Paul E. Bliss
The Corporal	H. H. Harbour
The First Trooper	Clarence G. Howes
The Second Trooper	Parker Fennelly
The Third Trooper	Norman Clark
The Junior Lieutenant	Robert Stowe Gill
The Master of the House	Aubrey Beattie
The Woman With the Baby	Dora Sass
The Little Boy	Eva Pearl Barnes
The Girl	Kathleen Patch
The Dark Man	Parker Fennelly
The Man Who Prays	H. H. Harbour
The Man Who Curses	Norman Clark
The Surgeon	Parker Fennelly
The Orderly	Dale L. Kennedy

This play might be described as a zealous tract against the horrors of war. The late Francisque Sarcey would have had no patience with it. He would have cried aloud that it is not for the theatre. It is indeed a curious piece, in which melodrama in its most aggressive form and well seasoned with oaths rubs elbows with mystical dialogue and religious fervor. There are strong contrasts, which would have been still more effective last night if the waits had not been inexcusably long, so that the impression made by each scene faded from the mind before the curtain rose on a contrast.

A young lieutenant is with a few of his comrades in a hut. Food is scanty. There is need of help. He volunteers to make his way through the enemy's lines to his own headquarters. Though there is not one chance in ten for him, he coolly takes leave. His comrades hear rifle shots. He had no rifle. The scene is well contrived; as powerful in a quiet way as the opening of "La Navarraise" is in the unusually boisterous manner of Massenet.

The lieutenant is dead, but he does not realize it. He enters "The Palace of Quiet." Men, women and a child are in a room that has no ceiling. Though spirits they are clad in every-day apparel. A grave person questions the lieutenant, who snatches the child and draws a revolver. The spokesman of the company bids him be at ease. He asks him about his calling. The lieutenant boasts of his nation, of its civilization, of its warring for humanity. He entered the war school when he was a boy. His mother first showed affection when she saw him in his uniform. Little by little the questions and the comments of the inquisitor disquiet the lieutenant. The girl, whom he had seen and loved only in dreams, turns from him, for he smells of blood. Fain would he stay in this peaceful place; but the Questioner compels him to go out with him.

"The Place of Winds," the place of Purgatory. Chilled to the bone, weary, he is forced to enter a cottage that had been ruined in war. He sees the charred remains of the inmates. He hears in his mind the wailings of countless sufferers. Thousands of warriors had passed by the Questioner. They all, according to their story, had fought for a righteous cause. Remorse takes hold upon the lieutenant. He is now ready to go to some other region, where he can rest, but he insists on returning to earth that he may urge his comrades to put an end to slaughter. The Questioner warns him in vain that he will suffer; that no one will listen to him.

He is in the hospital about to die. One near him prays. The language of another is "painful and free." Every other word is an oath or a curse; now at his fate; now because he cannot be in the trench to do the bloody business. The lieutenant begs the surgeon and the others in the room to give up fighting. They think he is delirious, pity him, and are glad when he is out of his agony. While he is still conscious, the spirit of the dream girl enters and tells him that all he had previously experienced was nothing but a dream. In death will he begin to live.

It is hardly necessary to say that the purpose of this play is admirable. The dramatist has imagination and sympathy. The sincerity of the appeal might fall upon dull ears if there were not undeniable force and a singular ability in making the unreal real for the moment.

In the performance of such a play there is but one step to the ridiculous. It speaks well for the players last night that the attention of the audience was not distracted by any slip in action or dialogue, that minds [illegible] by the realistic features and by the [illegible] revelation of a spiritual world had no [illegible] opportunity of finding relief in laughing at some accident or misconception on the [illegible].

The play was followed by "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," a comedy in three acts, by St. John Hankin, played here for the first time. The cast was as follows:

[illegible]

The first act [illegible] the [illegible] present [illegible] in a conventional [illegible]. The [illegible] was not brilliant. The [illegible] was almost feverish. It is to be [illegible] that the performance last night [illegible] within reasonable hours.

He walked beneath the moon,
He slept beneath the sun,
He lived a life of "going-to-[illegible],"
And died with nothing done.

Night Air.

This is the epitaph written by James Albery, the playwright, for himself. "Handsome Jack" Barnes was never tired of quoting it when he was in Boston, and it now is on a page of his entertaining memoirs. It came to our mind as we were skimming a volume of "Menagiana." any volume of which is an excellent bed-side book. A certain Beraut was looking for lodgings in Paris. He heard of an apartment to be rented. Meeting de la Rebretiere-Fe[illegible], a gambler, who was giving up the apartment, he asked him if it was well lighted. The gambler answered: "I assure you that during the nine years I lived there, I always went out so early and came back so late that I never saw daylight."

On the other hand, Theodore Hook, going home at daybreak from a dinner at Horace Twiss's, told J. R. Planché that he had been very sick. "My doctor told me never to be out of doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at 4 o'clock every afternoon, dine at Crockford's, or wherever I may be invited, and never go home till this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months."

Worse Than Thieves.

"L. E. C." writes to us: "I lent a book that I value highly to a friend some six months ago. He shows no sign of returning it, although I have spoken to him about it several times. He always answers: 'I enjoyed reading it very much. I am glad you reminded me. I'll send it back to you.' What can I do?"

A French gentleman by the name of Toinard once remarked that the reason a borrower of a book seldom returned it was because it was easier to keep it than to retain what was inside of it. Be patient. You speak of six months. Vossius kept for four years a copy of Lucretius loaned to him by Pomponius Lactus. Menage lent his Pa[illegible] to a friend and recovered it after three years, but only by writing a Latin epigram reflecting on his conduct. In spite of epigram after epigram Menage could not recover books lent to Lantin.

The Bottom of the Cup.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of tea—and if tea is as acrimonious as some recent remarks about it, I prefer rum, thank you—I once heard of a party which was given on a ship in Boston harbor. Quite a while ago, it was. What did they dance. The maxixe, tango? The hesitation? The [illegible]. No. It was more in the nature of a war dance.

Now I am about to propound a question which is worthy of Miss [illegible] Pride's mettle; but as a compliment I shall put it to you first.

How long would it take us, if we dumped in everything which now makes us peevish, even as tea peaved our forefathers, to convert Boston harbor into dry land? H. J. I.

Medford, Dec. 27.

We prefer the spelling "peeved." It seems to us more expressive of the state of mind.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

You ask me "what has your [illegible] to do with the question before the meeting." The Cambridge gentleman stated that Souchong "was a coarse tea made from the longest leaves." I quoted a dictionary definition of Souchong: "Made from the youngest leaves of the earliest picking." I am not clear as to the question before the meeting. I first wrote to the "How to keep Well" department asking the doctor if Souchong was a less harmful tea than others, as had been claimed by physicians long ago. For reasons probably known to you, but not to me, no attention was paid to my inquiry in that department, but to my surprise I saw my letter printed in your department, and followed by the editorial (not my) inquiry: "Is it true that Souchong is not now obtainable?" you called for replies from "tea tasters." They have replied with wide differences of views [illegible] a number of [illegible] of different [illegible] [illegible] remarks [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] certain [illegible]

"H. M. A." not only [illegible] he is talking about, but [illegible] states facts without res[illegible] to s[illegible] he confirms what I have always suspected, that in these [illegible] days the English tea trust is branding Ceylon grown teas as "Souchong" and "Orange Pekoe," while the true "Souchong" and "Orange Pekoe" of fifty years ago were from China and Assam, respectively.

D. O. N.

So there has been wrangling among our contributors. And is not "D. O. N." the senior wrangler? How suave "the Cambridge gentleman"! How amiable and informing the other contributors! There is no longer any question boiling or lukewarm before the meeting. The meeting is adjourned sine die. Dr. Evans should have answered your inquiry. How and why he sent your note to us is a mystery. Sometimes we suspect that As the World Wags is regarded as a Maison des refuses, not to say a dumping ground.—Ed.

War Note.

An outraged Briton sent this note to the editor of the Daily Telegraph:

Sir: The citizens of Shrewsbury are to be insulted next Thursday, the 17th, by invitations to a concert given by the interned German prisoners of war to provide themselves with "comforts." Can nothing be done to stop this revolting exhibition?

Surely Lord Kitchener cannot approve of such entertainments or of this method of trading with the enemy.

Is Belgium already forgotten, and the bestial brutality of her oppressors so lightly forgiven? Yours, &c.,

CIVIS BRITT.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Shylock	Mr. Mantell
Salarino	John Gibbs
Salanio	Francis Macleod
Antonio	John Burke
Gratiano	Guy Lindsley
Lorenzo	Walter Gibbs
Bassanio	Fritz Leiber
Balthasar	Ida Laurence
Old Gobbo	Frank Petere
Launcelot Gobbo	Edward Lewers
Tubal	Harold Skinner
Duke of Venice	Frank Peters
Portia	Genevieve Hamper
Nerissa	Florence Auer
Jessica	Virginia Bronson

Mr. Mantell's Shylock, which was seen yesterday afternoon, is always interesting. His impersonation is not conspicuous for wolfish greed or relentless cruelty. Perhaps the most striking features are his dignity and cynicism, his racial pride and patriarchal exaltation, his constant suggestion of Semitic martyrdom. Indeed, the note of pathos was insistently emphasized.

Mr. Mantell does not attempt to be extravagantly picturesque, nor does he in this part rise to heights of tragic eloquence, but his conception is sane, intelligent and well sustained.

In the opening scene with Bassanio he was scornful, without fawning and cringing during the delivery of the famous speech, and his irony was the more biting for its dignity. He was then, as a shrewd financier, meditating a hard bargain, mindful of his own and Antonio's mutual contempt.

In the trial scene, too, he was impressive. Here his facial play was remarkably effective, varied, even subtle, and his exit striking.

Miss Hamper was a comely Portia, an unsophisticated and romantic girl. Her performance lacked force, maturity, the sparkling wit and suggestion of worldliness essential to the character.

Mr. Leiber's Bassanio was in the picture, an honest and commendable impersonation. Mr. Burke was a solemn Antonio. Mr. Lewers, as the younger Gobbo, excited the usual laughter with conventional antics.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Robert Mantell and company in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The principals of the cast:

Hamlet	Mr. Mantell
Horatio	Guy Lindsley
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Walter Gibbs
Polonius	Frank Peters
Claudius	John Burke
Laertes	Fritz Leiber
An Actor	Harold Skinner
A Gravedigger	Edward Lewers
Ophelia	Miss Genevieve Hamper
Gertrude	Miss Genevieve Reynolds

Last evening there was a fair-sized and very enthusiastic audience. There were many curtain-calls.

Mr. Mantell's Hamlet is already familiar to us. There is the absence of any attempt on his part to reveal the character in a melodramatic vein. This Hamlet is a pulsating human being, one who hugs the earth closely. The slightly romantic tinge is the work of the author rather than the actor.

Mr. Mantell's conception, too, is strikingly individualistic. There is no evidence of the sedulous imitator. "The play's the thing," too often shouted after the manner of a trumpet, was striking in its whispered intensity; the purposes for his simulated manners and oddities had now found the means to a successful conclusion.

His speech to the First Player was spoken as a matter of business between two men, off-handedly, rather than with measured declamation.

The Laertes of Fritz Leiber was striking in its spiritedness, and again in the poignancy of his grief over Ophelia. Miss Hamper, who was the Ophelia, was a [illegible] and in her final incoherent moments with her brother she played the part understandingly. A word of praise should go to Mr. Lewers as the Gravedigger, an interpretation free from the conventional, yet always in the picture.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! Our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

The Book Borrower.

We spoke yesterday of carelessness in returning borrowed books. We should then have quoted a passage from James Howell's letter to his nephew at Oxford, Aug. 1, 1633. "When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sorts of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assign'd, and in the interim to swallow of them, as much as made for my turn; this oblig'd me to read them thorow with more hast to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them, had they been my own books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose."

Operatic Notes.

The Messrs. Aborn, managers of the Century Opera company, that has come to grief, make unpleasant remarks about "sassiety" in Chicago. "Society does not take very kindly to grand opera except at very high prices. Only 10 per cent. of the elite really like grand opera, and the rest attend only as a social function. As one society woman said recently: 'You don't know what a relief it is not to have to go to opera this year. Last year we had to go, but it got to be an awful bore, and most of us were relieved when the season was called off this year.'"

Have not the Messrs. Aborn, with all their experience, learned that grand opera, if it is to be pecuniarily successful, must be subsidized by Emperor, King, grand duke, prince, municipality, or be liberally supported by the rich in the world known as "society"? Opera is a gorgeous and expensive show. "Opera for the great public" is all very well for a cry, but the great public in this country has never been able or willing to support grand opera worthy the name. And opera, unless it be well performed, is a boresome thing.

The show is on the stage for the lovers of music, but the real show to many that can afford to support the manager is in the boxes. The thing to do then is not to "cultivate a taste for opera in the masses" but to improve the taste of the amiable rich, so that they will regard opera as a necessity, and by paying liberally for boxes give men and women of humbler means the opportunity of hearing music that they appreciate.

Students and artists arriving recently from German cities say that Germans laugh at the thought that opera is given up in Boston and Chicago "on account of the war." "Why, the war is here in Germany, yet our opera houses are open. And in rich America only one city, New York, can afford to have opera!" They say this, not knowing the true state of operatic matters in Boston.

We regret to say that we have heard two men rejoicing in the fact that Boston is now without opera: Mr. Golightly, who positively dislikes music, and will never forget that Mrs. Golightly insisted on his going with her to "Pelleas et Melisande"; and Mr. Boanerges, the critic, whose laundry bill is much less this season than it has been for the last five years.

Boatman's Dance.

Mr. William H. Watson "'49er" asks for the words of "Old Dan Emmit's" Boatman's Dance. As sung by the Virginia Minstrels (1843) it began:

Ober de mountains, slick as an eel,
De boatman slide down on his heel;
He hop in de long boat brisk as a flea,
Den hoist up Anchor and put to sea.
O, dance de boatman dance,
O, dance de boatman dance;
Dance all night,
Till de broad daylight,
Den go home wid de gals in de morning.
De boatman dance, de boatman sing,
De boatman up to eberry ting;
When de boatman gets on shore,
He spende his money as works for more.
De Oyster boat should keep to de shore,
De fishin smack should venture more,
De schooner sails befors de wind,
De Steamboat leabes a streak behind.
I went on board de odder day,
To see what do boatmen had to say;
Dare I let my passion loose
Dey cram me in de Callabooze.
I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
Let me loose I'll go on shore;
Sez dey ole hoss we're a bully crew,
Wid a hoosier Mate and Captain too.
When you go to de boatman's ball,
Dance wid my wife or don't dance at all;
Sky blue jacket and tarpolin hat,
Look out my boys for de nine-tail cat.
De boatman is a thrifty man,
Dar's none can do as de boatman can;
I nebber see a putty gal in my life,
But dat she was a boatman's wife.
When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out old man, your hog is gone,
He cotched my sheep, he cotched my shout,
Den put 'em in de bag an toat 'em to de boat.

Mr. Watson also asks for the words of "Shoo Fly." He should be able to obtain the song at a music shop. "I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star." It's a good song. Gen. Ben Butler thought so when he quoted it in the House of Representatives. The song reached its 100th performance at Bryant's Minstrel Hall in 14th street, New York, on Jan. 22, 1870.

Posthumous Spite.

As the World Wags:

The warning given by an English probate judge to testators not to indulge in slanderous and libellous statements in their wills throws a sidelight on one aspect of human nature. Posthumous spite about living persons once a will has been admitted to probate can be read by the whole world.

One recalls a classic instance of acerbity of late years when a testator referred to his relict as a "perambulating vinegar cruet." He wrote:

"My estate would have been considerably larger if I had not been associated with this perambulating vinegar cruet and the cleverest known daylight robber."

A Spanish lady not long since included all her relations. "Nothing shall come to them from me but a bag of sand to rub themselves with."

A startling bequest was three-and-a-half pence to a son "for the purchase of a rope for his wife to be used as soon as possible."

But a pleasanter note is from a mother's will. "I leave all my fortune to my sons, fully relying upon their kindness of heart to carry out as in my own life-time the assistance which I gave yearly to —— hospital." It is safe to assume that such final wishes when they come to be performed do not fall on deaf ears.

D. W. H.

Boston, Dec. 31.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." Cast:

Cardinal Richelieu	Mr. Mantell
Gaston, Duke of Orleans	John Gibbs
Baradas	John Burke
De Beringhen	Walter Gibbs
Adrian de Mauprat	Fritz Leiber
Huguet	Harold Skinner
Joseph	Frank Peters
Francois	Guy Lindsley
Louis XIII	Edward Lewers
Julie de Mortemar	Miss Genevieve Hamper
Marion De Lorme	Miss Ethel Mantell

The house was only fairly well filled. Few celebrated New Year's eve, 1914, by a glimpse into the 17th century. Mr. Mantell's performances are dignified, finished, dead-in-earnest, but "Richelieu" is—stagey.

Lovers of the romantic drama revelled in the play—the conspirators outwitted, lovers reunited, the sonorous lines, the smattering of history, the castles, satin cloaks, rhinestone buckles and wigs that never were.

One cannot criticise Mr. Mantell's "Richelieu," always popular in Boston. The character of the cardinal is ever picturesque. He is wedded to the fleur de lys, ruler of France in all but name, trembling, racked with cough, broken in body, but brave in mind.

Fritz Leiber, fitted easily into the scarlet doublet of the adventurous de Mauprat—it's an easy role. Mantell, by the way, began his career as Mauprat—appeared in an amateur performance soon after leaving school in Belfast. Mr. Burke as Baradas chanted his lines. Miss Hamper and Miss Mantell were dainty, flower-like—but too modern. Mr. Lindsley acted well, but did not forget he was acting.

The difference between the ages of Richelieu and Louis XIII. seemed too pronounced. Richelieu was born in 1585, Louis in 1610, but the cardinal appeared as a tottering old man and the king as a stripling with a bit of down on his upper lip.

The play was given in five acts and the waits were satisfactorily short. Mr. Mantell answered countless curtain calls.

Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony Never Heard Here Before in Full Beauty—Kreisler Plays.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. A male chorus from the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor, assisted in the performance of the symphony. Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was the soloist. The program consisted of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin.

There have been performances of Liszt's symphony in Boston, with and without the final chorus, during the last 35 years, but the music was never heard here in its full beauty and dramatic power until yesterday. Nor was this due to the fact that Dr. Muck conducted from a score revised by Liszt a few years before his death, a score that hitherto had not been used in a concert hall and knows no publisher.

The glory is to Dr. Muck himself and the superb instrument on which he played, an instrument that included a chorus, which had been well prepared, and in the performance showed fine tonal quality and impressive volume. Dr. Muck was the first to make us realize and appreciate the organic whole, the imposing structure, the close relationship between the three movements, the dramatic characterization of Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles; and for the first time the final chorus had marked significance.

Not only was there constant evidence of the infinite pains taken in the rehearsal of the symphony; there was the poetic, the dramatic, the imaginative, ruling spirit that vivified the music and removed all thought of pedagogic drill.

The symphony is not so familiar that an audience would easily note the excisions, changes and strengthening of voices in the revision. Musicians themselves could note all the material changes only by comparison of the two scores. In the version of yesterday there is more color; voices that otherwise were obscured came to a hearing, measures of irritating repetition were omitted.

For the first time within our recollection the music itself made a deep impression on the audience. Maeterlinck in his essay on Silence remarks: "It is idle to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another." Music such as the Faust symphony fills this silence: it speaks the truth that otherwise would remain unspoken. In comparison with Liszt's characterization of Goethe's figures in the mighty drama, how paltry and contemptible appear the singing puppets of opera. It might be said that Liszt's maiden is more the ideal Gretchen than Goethe's. The themes alone evoke a vision of pure and pathetic maidenhood. The first movement portrays the inquiring, philosophic Faust, restless with the restlessness that vainly seeks satisfaction. It matters not whether Liszt borrowed the idea of Mephistopheles's bitter mockery of the Faust motives from Berlioz's "Episode in the Life of an Artist." Here he went beyond the earlier master. The metamorphoses are the expression of the Spirit that denies; they are the Fiend's arch-mock; witness the satanic irony in the transformation of Faust's triumphal motive, first given in its splendor to the brass; afterwards debased, humbled in the dust.

It would be impertinent after this amazing performance for one still obsessed by the symphony to speak of its historical importance, of its influence on Wagner in opera; of its influence on symphonic writers of modern and ultra-modern schools. There is music by Liszt that is sheer bombast; music that in sentiment is mawkish, puling; music that has the glitter and the sawdust of the circus; music that is artificially and pretentiously naive. For Liszt wrote much, and no composer has the birthright of plenary inspiration. The "Faust" symphony puts Liszt among the immortals.

Mr. Kreisler was warmly welcomed. It is to be regretted that he chose Mendelssohn's concerto. It is not one of the war-horses on which he rides securely to glory. Yesterday his performance of the first movement was rather perfunctory. In the remaining pages he showed qualities that have made him famous, and yet the music seemed as something exterior, not intimate, not convincing.

This, perhaps, was not so much the fault of the admirable violinist as it was that of the composer. The violinists say that the concerto is wonderfully made. They mean—for the violin. No doubt it is finely contrived, laboriously polished. The expression is smug. The music recalls an old portrait of Mendelssohn with his genial smile—when he was not listening to the music of another; with his voluminous shirt front and huge and glittering pin; also the picture of Mendelssohn by Aubrey Beardsley, priggish, impeccable, ready to talk affably with Queen Victoria's consort or to make a neat sketch of an admired view on the smoothest Bristol board.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Jan. 15-16 will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony in C minor; Fried, Prelude and Double Fugue for strings; Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kettledrums; Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute."

'AS YOU LIKE IT'

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible]TON OPERA HOUSE—Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Performed by the Henry Jewett Players.

[illegible]	George Relph
[illegible]	Leonard Mudie
[illegible]	Claude Beerbohm
[illegible] the Wrestler	L'Estrange Millman
[illegible]ind	Viva Birkett
[illegible]	Vivienne Whitaker
[illegible]	Max Montesole
[illegible]stone	Frank Conroy
[illegible]	H. Asheton Tonge
[illegible] Frederic	Lionel Braham
The Banished Duke	Norman Arnold
[illegible]iens	Ernest Cove
[illegible]	Frank Conroy
[illegible]	Charles Combe
[illegible]es	Viola Compton
[illegible]	Vera Fuller Mellish
[illegible]	Ernest Cove
[illegible]	L'Estrange Millman
[illegible] de Bois	L'Estrange Millman

The Henry Jewett players began their [illegible] last night with the delightful [illegible] that is surpassed among the [illegible] Shakespearian plays of this class only by "Twelfth Night." There was a large and deeply interested audience.

The production was in many ways [illegible]. Scenery, costume, stage [illegible] showed care, good taste [illegible] the desire of the management to [illegible] plays in a fitting manner. The [illegible] proved that the intention of [illegible] to provide a capable [illegible] had been fulfilled. Minor [illegible] as a rule, well taken. We [illegible] gladly have welcomed a de[illegible] from unwarranted tradition; we [illegible] have preferred an Audrey that [illegible] a guy to the eye, for even [illegible] is comparative; on the other [illegible] Miss Compton did not fall into [illegible] of turning her into the Bet[illegible] of "La Mascotte" as played by [illegible]-Marie. Mr. Conroy was an un[illegible] good LeBeau. The courtier, the [illegible] the world, was not sunk in the [illegible]. Miss Mellish was a pretty Phoebe, [illegible] an object les[illegible] to her [illegible] in the more important [illegible].

[illegible] Miss Birkett was physi[illegible] a convincing Rosalind, graceful in [illegible], not too conscious of her sex [illegible] was in man's apparel, alert, [illegible] although she proved herself [illegible] in the essentials of bear[illegible], vocal inflection, gesture, much that [illegible] spoke was unintelligible. Not that [illegible] voice was weak, not that she did not gauge the acoustic properties of the theatre: her enunciation was at fault. In this respect Miss Whitaker as Celia was even a more conspicuous sin[illegible]. It was a pity, for the performance [illegible] the two with this exception was re[illegible] intelligent. Yet if the speech [illegible] heard, of what avail the poet's [illegible] and expression, of what avail [illegible] personal charm and the physical [illegible] of the actresses?

Mr. Relph was a manly Orlando; di[illegible], plain spoken, a sympathetic figure, rather than a matinee idol lost in the [illegible]. Mr. Beerbohm was not too melo[illegible] as Oliver. We have seen actors [illegible] played the wicked brother in the [illegible] Iago vein. Mr. Combe thank heaven, did not recite the famous speech of [illegible] as a popular elocutionist; he spoke it simply, and therefore the more effectively. But the Banished Duke did not lose a trick. His remarks about the [illegible], tongues in trees, sermons in stones, were accompanied by a wealth of lyceum gesture. What shall be said of Mr. [illegible]'s Touchstone? It was human, [illegible] read his lines effectively, but we [illegible] of this jester as a gentleman with [illegible] wit, a little more cynical, find[illegible] truthfulness and good sense only in Audrey, bored alike by the court and [illegible] nature; at heart melancholy, while Jaques was a poseur.

The wrestling scene was for once ex[illegible]ting. The forest pictures were pleas[illegible] and the management of the lights [illegible] to their beauty. The songs were [illegible] to the old music. The perform[illegible] was singularly smooth for a first [illegible] and the waits were commendably [illegible]. Late comers disturbed those [illegible] during the whole of the first act.

[illegible] who read [illegible] are well aware [illegible] tr[illegible] [illegible] Falstaff, extolling his rouge [illegible].

For the New Year.

[illegible] one has mailed to us the circu[illegible] of a lecture entitled "Facts About [illegible] Topers and Topplers of Shakespeare." [illegible] lecturer is Mr. John W. Postgate, "the distinguished critic, Shakespearian [illegible], author and orator." We learn from the circular that Mr. Postgate [illegible] that William Shakespeare was [illegible] temperance advocate of [illegible], Falstaff and Sir Toby Belch [illegible] Lady Mac[illegible] is shown to have relied upon liquor [illegible] her courage to the sticking [illegible] for the murder of Duncan"; Mark [illegible] of Mr Quintard, [illegible] more than [illegible] in [illegible] before [illegible] the

[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] high[illegible], [illegible] was spent in [illegible] highballs. [illegible] Quintard world to [illegible]. There was then a lull. As the hour of [illegible] approached Mr. Quintard drank five or six cocktails before he was cham[illegible]pagne for dinner. "From then on," said Mr. Whann, "until the hour when it was impossible for him to drink any more, he continued to drink, sometimes champagne, sometimes highballs and sometimes both."

But what is Mr. Quintard or Sir Toby in comparison with one Canaterus Lo-gotheta, employed in the affairs of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople? He was of an excellent wit, happy in extemporaneous eloquence. "He was one of the greatest drinkers of all others, and though he used to drink wine excessively, yet was not his reason drowned, and at such times his reason and speech were more quick and elegant, as if in-kindled by those spirits." Once wagering with the Emperor that he would drink off a porphyry vessel that stood by full of water, "he immediately stooping down with his head and neck, after the manner of a beast, never left sucking till he had drawn it dry, though it held two congies." This did he win precious garments and money. Now a congius contained about seven pints.

Let Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity parish, Coventry, point the moral.

"The infusion of too great a quantity of oil immediately extinguishes the lamp; the light of reason, and the lamp of life itself are frequently suffocated, and put out forever, by such immoderate potations. If some have survived those infamous victories they have this way gained, the greatest of their rewards were but mean compensations for their hazards, nor is the valor of such men to be admired who have dared to outlive their own virtue."

Ad Ryman and Others.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "G. F. D." in today's issue—"an aged clergyman" not too retired, I suspect—says the old-time Negro minstrel shows supplied "good clean fun" and that is why they strongly appealed to the public. I agree. We all wish we could see and hear them again. As to the Morris Bros., many good minstrel shows have appeared in Boston since their day, as, for instance, the Georgia minstrels and Carncross & Dixey's (from Philadelphia), both of which companies I saw in old Beethoven Hall, where the Park Theatre is now, about 1876, and the way they sang "Sweet Genevieve" and "Sadie Ray" (the latter by Dick Little, a fine baritone) is well worth remembering. The later "Shoo Fly" referred to by one of your correspondents had a tremendous run all over the country. Then at the Old Howard were Harry Bloodgood, Luke Schoolcraft, George Coes and Billy McAndrews. Who that ever saw them can ever forget their didoes? Did any of your readers ever hear a stump speech by Ad Ryman of the San Francisco minstrels? WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston, Dec. 30.

Yes, indeed, we remember Mr. Ad Ryman. The story was that he left the bar in a western town to join the minstrels. He was not the noisy stump speaker with absurd clothes and an umbrella to pound the desk. Quiet, suave in speech, deliberate, with an instinct for the appropriate adjective, Mr Ryman was irresistibly funny. He was satirical, too. We shall never forget his oration about Samuel J. Tilden as a model for young men. "Be honest, young men, as Mr. Tilden says, and if you can't be honest go into railroads." It was at the San Francisco Minstrel Hall in New York, on the west side of Broadway, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets. Dave Wambold was still singing, a silvery, not a German-silvery tenor—"She Gave Me a [illegible]" and Backus "Pretty Red Rose." Birch and Backus were in fine form, burlesquing the last act of "Othello," with Backus as Salvini. Bernard was not then with them. He died a rich man. Wambold saved his money. Billy Birch outlived his [illegible], lost his savings in Wall Street and died in 1897 very poor. When the San Francisco Minstrels were at their hall at 585 Broadway in the Sixties—the hall that in 1868 was opened by Buckley's minstrels there were two "clog dancers on pedestals," Leggett and Allen. Are there any "statue clog dancers" today? They were the delight of our boyhood: Ajax Defying the Lightning, The Dying Gladiator. They were "interpretative" dancers long before Isadora Duncan was born. And while we are reminiscing," who was the author of the play "Pretty Panther"? Dolly Bidwell and her company used to play it with "Strathmore" in the town hall at Exeter, N. H., and charm the ingenuous youth of the Academy in 1870-71.—Ed.

Pastor and Morris.

As the World Wags:

In reading the article on "Minstrels in Boston," signed by "G. F. D.," I think he is mistaken in regard to Billy M[illegible] [illegible] Morris Bros. Pell & Trowbridge [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Tony Pastor [illegible] [illegible] of 44 [illegible] New York [illegible] "G. F. D." [illegible] Morris Bros. also at [illegible] T. P. W.

Boston, Dec. 30.

Pastor's great combination troupe was at the Boston Museum in the summer of 1863. Tony Pastor then sang "comic songs." The bills do not specify them. Mr. [illegible]t and Bartholomew produced pantomimes. The star dancer was Annetta Galetti. The show was a regular variety [illegible] with minstrel acts, songs, banjo solos, jigs. T. Gettings sang "Sally, Come Up." There was even a cannon-all tosser, Mons. La Thorne, executing extraordinary feats "with three large globes of iron, weighing 32, 40 and 64 pounds each, with as much apparent ease as a child playing with an orange."—Ed.

For a Greater Confirmation.

The multiple negative has stirred many correspondents to revolt against the absurd rule that two negatives make an affirmative. There are but two languages I know that realize the fact that the more "noes" you pile up the more "the answer is in the negative." The Greeks of ancient times knew this (not a stupid people), and our own peasants preserve that simple and reasonable notion—from Kent to Cornwall, whence comes the farmer's question "You don't know nobody don't want to buy no hog, do 'ee?"—Daily Chronicle (London).

Our Portland Contributor.

As the World Wags:

What a dismal and unattractive thoroughfare Emery street must be! How the staid, precise and unhappy residents thereof must mind their Ps and Qs!

What a sadness of heart it must bring one to realize that in painting a beautiful sunset nature has violated all the human rules of art.

Why not plagiarize a hit and sigh—O that these too, too tender nerves might melt, thaw and resolve themselves into a dew!

And then find fault because dew is not ordinarily a resolution of anything which has been melted and thawed.

Portland, Dec. 29. H. J. L.

Jan 3 1910

"Diplomacy," an English adaptation of Sardou's "Dora," which will be performed tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre, has had a curious history from the time it was produced in Paris.

Sardou was discouraged by the reception of "Le Roi Carotte" with music by Offenbach (1872), "Rabagas" (1872) and "La Haine" (1874). "Le Roi Carotte" was written before 1870 [illegible] a political satire, ridiculing a certain "prince who declared war against his neighbor on the assurance of his ministers that all was ready." After the siege of Paris the piece was revised, but the critics accused librettist and composer of attacking the deposed Emperor. Figaro was so violent that there was talk of a duel between Sardou and Lafevriere. The piece had a long run, but this did not console Sardou. "Rabagas," a satire on unprincipled politicians, was said by some, even Jules Simon, to be an attack on Gambetta. Others thought Emile Ollivier was the victim. The first performance nearly brought on a riot. Thiers ordered the governor of Paris to forbid a second performance, but the governor believed in free speech and disregarded the order. "La Haine," one of Sardou's strongest plays, failed utterly. The subject was too sombre for Paris that remembered the commune. Nor was "Ferreol" (1875) a success.

"Dora" was brought out at the Vaudeville, Paris, on Jan. 22, 1877. Dora was played by Miss Pierson; the Countess Zicka by Miss Bartet. The leading male [illegible] were thus assigned: André de Mauriac, Pierre Berton; Baron Van der Kraft, Parade; Tekly, Train; Toupin, Joliveard. The names of the characters, as we shall see, were changed in the English adaptation. Mauriac is transformed into Julian Beauclere, Van der Kraft becomes Baron Stein, the Austrian Tekly is changed into the Russian Orloff, the Princess Bariatine, played in Paris by Miss Montaland, becomes Lady Henry Fairfax.

The spy mania then raged in Paris and Sardou, ever mindful of the public, chose the year 1871 for the time of the action. Indeed, the first title of the play was "L'Espionne," but the censor hesitated, foolishly: for why suppress the word and yet allow the subject? Sardou yielded and chose "Dora," the name of the character who does not represent in any way the motive of the drama. Even then he fell into trouble [illegible] a certain Mme. F. Dora urged her [illegible] to protest against the name given by Sardou to his heroine. M. de [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in Dora; [illegible] [illegible] a woman [illegible] to the [illegible] Dora. He [illegible] who [illegible] from [illegible] the part [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] given that [illegible] at the [illegible]ville.

[illegible] always maintained that the [illegible] version of "Diplomacy" was a [illegible] and mutilated thing that did [illegible] great injustice. There is a long [illegible] of the production of this transla[illegible] or butchery, in "The Bancrofts," [illegible] monument to the colossal self-con[illegible] and snobbishness of Sir Squire Bancroft and his wife.

Bancroft, hearing of the success of "Dora" in Paris, could not see the play, [illegible] he was then acting in "Peril," a free [illegible] of Sardou's "Nos Intimes." [illegible] was in this comedy that he compared himself with Parade, who took the [illegible] of the simple-minded bourgeois in [illegible]. "If Parade [illegible] was ad[illegible] I, as the educated, refined aristo[illegible], was no less so. [illegible] The latter, as the elastic surface on which every [illegible] produced a rebound of equally sharp-pointed satire, delivered with [illegible] [illegible] art, and yet true to nature." The representative of the Bancrofts in Paris was B. C. Stephenson. He was [illegible] about the success of "Dora" [illegible] Bancroft found out that the English and American rights had already been sold to a theatrical agent. [illegible] he secured the refusal, and on [illegible] Wednesday he went to Paris. At the end of the scene of the three [illegible] he decided to take the play. He [illegible] the agent [illegible] the largest sum ever paid for a for[illegible] work."

The English arrangement was made by Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson, who worked under the name of Saville and Bolton Rowe, the Brothers Rowe. The original comedy is in five acts. Bancroft speaks of the tact and [illegible] required to retain just what was [illegible] from the French and yet [illegible] incorporate it with the first. He quotes a long eulogy of the work he did [illegible] by an editor, a eulogy [illegible] Scott. In London, as in Paris, there was trouble about the title. Charles Reade had written a "Dora" founded on Tennyson's poem. Other titles suggested were subject to the same objection. Eventually all the titles thought of were, one night at home, written on slips of paper and put into a hat. We [illegible] that the one drawn oftenest in a given time should be resolved on. The [illegible] turned to be "Diplomacy," which [illegible] out a long way ahead and was, [illegible] all, perhaps, fitted to the line we [illegible] in the play. The hero, a young [illegible] in the French had become our military attache at Vienna, while his brother was to be first secretary in our embassy at Paris. There was no [illegible] between these two important characters in Sardou's work, [illegible] and to [illegible] was a happy thought which was [illegible] great value to the play. Additional [illegible] as in regard to the stolen document, England was in the thick of the [illegible] question, owing to the political relations then existing between Russia and Turkey and discussion of the Constantinople defences was prominent at the time."

With what a smug air Bancroft describes the butchery. To quote Mr. Jerome K. Hart: "They recast the play, they cut it from five acts to four, they changed French army officers into English army officers, the Franco-German misunderstandings they changed into the Anglo-Russian differences. The contempt of the German chancellery to see Europe's foreign office [illegible] was transmogrified into the [illegible] eastern question; the theft of an official dispatch was made to hinge on Anglo-Turkish spheres of interest. In Sardou's play the man who discovers Dora's criminality is the friend of her husband; in 'Diplomacy' he is made the husband's brother. The scene in Sardou's play in which Dora resents the dishonorable proposals from Stramir is cut out. The adapters introduced the 'clock scene' at Berne,' which was devised and written by Mrs. (now Lady) Bancroft. In the last scenes of 'Diplomacy' sympathy is worked up for the female spy, the Countess Zicka; in 'Dora' she is painted in the blackest colors to the very end. Last of all, the title was changed for a time the adapters wavered between 'The Mousetrap' and 'Diplomacy,' finally selecting the latter." [illegible] This Bancroft-Scott-Stephenson version has since held the stage in English-speaking countries. Hundreds of writers in these countries have criticised this play as if it were Sardou's. But in the light of the preceding facts it scarcely seems fair to hold Sardou responsible for such a mutilated version of his work.

Before the production in London a librarian in Bond street offered to buy up every stall in the theatre at its full price for six months, and to write a check in full on the spot. The offer amounted to £16,000 or £18,000. It was refused.

This mutilated version was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, on Jan. 12, 1878. The [illegible] [illegible] birthday [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Baron Stein [illegible]
[illegible]
Capt. [illegible]
Algie Fairfax [illegible]
Markham [illegible]
Antoine [illegible]
Marquise de Rio-Zares [illegible]
Countess Zicka [illegible]
Lady Fairfax [illegible]
Dora [illegible]
Mion [illegible]

The scenes were elaborately [illegible] but the rumor that one set of furniture had been in the boudoir of the Empress Eugenie at the Tuileries was not true. The play triumphed at once. Sir Squire in his account of the performance soaps himself and his wife quotes from reviews and from letters written by Wilkie Collins and Clement Scott. Although Mrs. Bancroft "felt herself to be physically unsuited" for the part of Zicka, the Saturday Review declared that her performance surpassed in mastery and finish that of Miss Bartet. The play ran for over six months. Bancroft says elsewhere in his book that with the production of "Diplomacy" "what are now called matinees—afternoon representations of the regular evening performances—were really established. At the beginning they were much more costly than they are now." Bancroft had the courage in September, 1878, to call on Sardou at Marly-le-Roi. "He talked for a long while about 'Dora,' and dwelt with glee on being abused for the perfume incident by which Zicka's theft is detected, which he proved to have been a bit of real life." Some six years later at a revival of "Diplomacy" at the Haymarket Mrs. Bernard Beere played Zicka, Bancroft, Henry Beauclerc; Maurice Barrymore, Orloff; Brookfield, Baron Stein; Forbes Robertson and Eleanor Calhoun, the lovers, and Mrs. Bancroft, Lady Henry Fairfax.

There have been many revivals in London; perhaps the latest was at Wyndham's Theatre March 26, 1913, when the chief parts were taken by Mmes. Cooper, Jeffreys, Tree and Messrs. Du Maurier, Nares, Wontner and Forbes.

F. C. Burnand seeing "Diplomacy" in 1878 wrote a burlesque "Dora and Diplunacy," which was produced at the Strand Theatre. Here is a sample of the lines:

Or Julian! Julian! Don't you hear me clamoring?
Oh, don't you hear your Dora, door-a hammering?

The first performance in the United States was at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on April 1, 1878, with the following cast.

Henry Beauclerc.......................Lester Wallack
Julian Beauclerc.....................H. J. Montagne
Countess Zicka.........................Rose Coghlan
Lady Fairfax.............................Sara Stevens
Dora.......................................Maud Granger
Orloff.................................Frederic Robinson
Marquise de Rio-Zares..................Mme. Ponisi
Algie...W. R. Floyd
Baron Stein...........................J. W. Shannon
Cheven...................................W. A. Eytinge
Antoine...H. Ayling
Mion...Pearl Eytinge
Markham...................................W. J. Leonard
Francois...J. Peak

Shannon made up as Bismarck. The play ran to the end of the season.

The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Museum on Aug. 26, 1878.

Mr. Field had engaged H. J. Montague for the production of the version in which he had appeared in New York, but Montague had died in the mean time, having gone to San Francisco in a company playing "Diplomacy." Mr. Field, therefore brought out a version that was much closer to the original. French names were retained. The cast was as follows.

Andre Maurillac.........................Henry Crisp
Lucien Favrolle.....................William Warren
Moss Fekly.............................B. R. Graham
Baron von Kraft........................Alfred Hudson
Gregoire....................................James Nolan
Jean Lasco..............................William Morris
Louis.....................................Willis Melbourne
Pierre.......................................G. A. Schiller
Countess Zicka......................Marie Wainwright
Dora...Annie Clarke
Marquise de Rio-Zares..............Mrs. Vincent
Princess Dolgorsky...................Mrs. F. Williams
Mion..Sadie Martinot

The performance began at 7:45. The prices of admission were $1, 75, 50 and 25 cents. Children under the age of 10 were admitted for 15 cents. Marie Wainwright, it was stated, then played here for the first time. Miss Martinot "for the first time at this theatre." We learn from a review of the performance in a Boston newspaper that the orchestra, led by John J. Braham, was warmly applauded for playing "the fine overture of the famous old operatic ballet, 'La Bayadere.'" A new act drop curtain painted by Thomas B. Glessing was also favorably noted. In the centre was "a castle in an Alpine scene with a torrent and a chasm spanned by a bridge. There are but two human figures in the piece." The critic said of the play itself. "In the last act the humor is somewhat Frenchy—not broad—but in that alone it is shown. There is much quiet humor in the play, which at times lapses into low comedy. The language is good and natural, and the tone of the piece sufficiently pure to suit the most fastidious. Few of the modern pieces upon the stage are as free in this respect, notwithstanding its Paris origin. There are several strong situations and somewhat affecting scenes in it. There is nothing particularly profound or deep in the play, which partakes rather of [illegible]."

This version was originally announced here as "Dora." It was billed as "Diplomacy."

The first performance in Boston of the Bancroft-Scott-Stephenson [illegible] now known as "Diplomacy" was at the Boston Museum on Saturday evening, Nov. 2, 1878. The [illegible]

[illegible]
Orloff [illegible]
Henry Beauclerc [illegible]
Julian Beauclerc [illegible]
Baron Stein [illegible]
Algie Fairfax [illegible]
Count Orloff [illegible]
Algie Fairfax [illegible]
Mion [illegible]
Cheven [illegible]
Antoine [illegible]
Francois [illegible]
Mion [illegible]
Sheppard...........................W. Morris
Messenger.................................M. Brown

Mrs. Lloyd Williams
Harry Cash
R. R. Gregg
Alfred Hudson
Joseph Haworth
George Wilson
James Nevill
Willis Melbourne
G. A. Schiller
F. E. Shannon
Sadie Martinot

There have been more or less noteworthy performances of "Diplomacy" since then: one at the Park Theatre in May, 1885, with Annie Robe as Dora, Caroline Hill as Zicka and Lester Wallack as Henry Beauclerc.

Rose Coghlan's company played it. In June, 1901, the Empire Theatre company of New York produced the play at the Hollis Street Theatre: Margaret Anglin, Dora; Jessie Millward, Zicka, Mrs. Whiffen, the Marquise; Margaret Dale, Mion; William Faversham, Henry Beauclerc; Charles Richman, Julian; Guy Standing, Orloff; Edwin Stevens, Baron Stein.

At the Castle Square Mmes. Milford, Lawrence, Morgan and Messrs. Gilmour, Mackay, Seeley and Humphrey were seen in 1898, and Mmes. Chapman, Taylor, Bradley and Messrs. Craig, Mackay, Seeley and Reese in 1902.

By the superstitious actor "Diplomacy" is reckoned a play of ill omen. We quote from a dramatic journal an article undated, but evidently written in 1878. It is apropos of the disbandment in Philadelphia of the "Warde-Barrymore 'Diplomacy'" party.

"Diplomacy" was brought out at Wallack's last spring. It had an extended and quite profitable run of some weeks. The idea of taking it upon the road was then discussed, and from the day that the party started West till the present, it has been one of incessant tragedy and disaster. The company organized in New York, went directly to California, where the Julien of the cast, M. J. Montague, was suddenly taken ill, and met, many miles from home, death on the Pacific. His sorrowing colleagues brought his body East, some of them stopping at Chicago, where Warde and Barrymore, succeeding Montague, began playing this most ill-fated piece. When they reached Brooklyn, Barrymore, who played Julian, was suddenly taken ill with the same sort of trouble as had cost poor Montague his life, and it began to be accepted as a foregone conclusion by actors that the troupe was predestined to disaster. J. M. Hardie took Barrymore's place. The company started again, but everywhere bad luck pursued them. Business was poor everywhere, and the company quarrelled. An open rupture followed, and the Majeronis (Orloff and Zicka) withdrew. This was at Washington. Then the company divided in the hope of doing better with decreased expenditures, and one party went North and the other South. Next Mrs. Barrymore (Georgie Drew) fell sick, and still the business was bad. Warde struggled bravely in Canada, while Barrymore continued his road south till he reached Texas. Here occurred the terrible tragedy from which the profession has not yet recovered. A red-handed assassin shot dead Ben Porter and seriously wounded Barrymore. Money was raised and the two companies continued to play. They reunited, but without avail. Everywhere they had bad luck. Death has laid its grim, icy hand on two members, domestic dissensions have beset others, destitution has overpowered some. Toil, anguish and failure have gathered about them everywhere. The decision of Warde and Barrymore not to do the piece again is a wise one. Their losses this season have fallen but little short of $11,000. The play is again in the market, but who can there he found to play a piece so uniformly unfortunate? Even Rose Coghlan—for the only time during her connection with Wallack's—fell sick while playing Zicka, and the Dora was scarcely able to stand on the first night."

John Wilson, in the first Californian season and Sam Piercy in the second season of the play died soon after their performances.

We are now informed that Mr. Gillette has "brought 'Diplomacy' up to date for America"; Mr. Frohman in London cabled his assent "even without the authority of the owners of 'Diplomacy.'" The present text is "largely the work of William Gillette. The scene in which Baron Stein is compelled to give up the tracings is entirely a Gillette scene. The strengthening of the drama in the last act by a new suspicion fixing itself upon Dora is entirely of Mr. Gillette's contrivance."

Personal Random Notes

Miss Genevieve Hamper, the young wife of Mr. Mantell, now playing in Boston, went from Detroit to study for the stage in Chicago. (All jests on Chicago being the windy city are barred.) Mr. Mantell met her there when she was an amateur, but not spoiled for the reading of blank verse by training for modern colloquial plays. He first gave her small parts like Jessica. This was four seasons ago. He gradually gave her more important roles. Thus, early in 1913, at the Shubert Theatre, she was seen as Marie in "Louis XI" and Cordelia in "King Lear."

It is stated that Miss Emmy Destinn has applied for naturalization papers in New York so that she will be spared the annoyance of being called "Fraeulein." She objected some time ago to this prefix on the ground that as a good Bohemian she should be put in the bill as "Slecna Destinn," but at Covent Garden they insisted on the prefix "Mme." or "Mlle."

Apropos of a Philharmonic Society concert in London, Dec. 11, the Pall Mall Gazette stated that the Russian composer Liadoff died toward the end of the summer. His name was first made familiar to concertgoers in Boston by his "Music Box," played here by Mr. Siloti, in 1898. His "Baba-Yaga" for orchestra was performed here at a Symphony concert four years ago.

Mr. Collins of the Drury Lane pantomime says that he secured for "The Sleeping Beauty" Miss Ferne Rogers, "who has appeared in the United States in grand opera with conspicuous success." When, and where?

The Harrison sisters—May and Beatrice—violinist and violoncellist, are famous. It seems that Miss Margaret Harrison of the same family showed talent as a violinist at a Guildhall school of music concert, Dec. 11.

The Journal des Debats points out that the name of "the most illustrious German composer of the present time," Richard Strauss, is not included in the "too well known manifesto of the 93 intellectuals, by the side of his variously known colleagues, Humperdinck, Weingartner and Siegfried Wagner." As a matter of fact, says the Debats, Richard Strauss refused to append his signature to the document, thereby incurring serious criticism throughout Germany. It is true, adds the periodical Excelsior, that for some years the works of the composer of "Salome" have been published in Paris, where they have profited by the French copyright laws, so generous to authors, as compared with the German law.—Evening Post (New York).

Mr. Daniel Tovey, who is described as "a musician of encyclopaedic knowledge," is now Reid professor of music in Edinburgh University. He was appointed in the fall to succeed Prof. Niecks. Was not Mr. Tovey a visitor in Boston some years ago?

Mme. d'Alvarez, the contralto, sang recently in London in aid of the distressed musicians' fund. She should have sung con amore.

"Miss Gertrude Tomalin's reciting of the 'Story of a Faithful Soul' was somewhat hampered by a rather aimless organ obligato." In other words, the organ was unfaithful to her.

The soloist was Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch, who, presumably to counteract the effect of the German spelling adopted for his name, had donned a modified kind of Russian blouse. He played none the worse for this superfluous piece of affectation. In fact, his playing was so admirable that one could but regret that he had cared to attract attention by other means.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 14.

They said of Miss Katharine Goodson's performance of Grieg's concerto in London (Dec. 10) that she assumed license in lyrical moments and "relative rigidity in those which Sir Hubert Parry would describe as 'impish,'" but they excused her for the "dangerous precedent" because she had a "consistent conception" of the work.

As all that appertains to Belgian music at this moment is of primary interest, can anyone better versed than I in the music of that, at present, unhappy land tell me something about a Belgian composer named Jean Hanze? A correspondent has asked me for information, and incidentally has included in his letter a couple of publishers' circulars on which are printed the names of several compositions by this apparently illustrious musician. I confess my ignorance of even so much as his name. But his music bears in its titles a strong similarity to the titles of several well-known works by an English musician. Thus, Mr. Hanze, like Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, has written "The Red Masque" and "The Flame and the Moth." True, in the latter case the Moth and the Flame are transposed in the Belgian's list. Then, I note on one circular that Hanze's Opus 3 is described as "Four Futurist Dances pour Piano solo," while in the other the word dances becomes pieces, the opus numbers remaining the same. Also Hanze has, or is said to have, written a "Grand Prelude et Fugue pour Organ" (sic.). No doubt some Belgian musicians among the many now in London can enlighten my darkness and that of my correspondent as to the period of existence of the said Jean Hanze, whose French is so curious.—Daily Telegraph, Dec. 15.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the English baritone who has been heard here at Handel and Haydn concerts, is a resident pro tem. in Winnipeg.

Miss M. Gehrts is the author of "A Camera Actress in the Wilds of Togoland" (London: Seeley, Service & Co.). Miss Gehrts, a German girl, was persuaded by Maj. Schomburgk long before the war to visit Togoland to "film dramas as well as ethnological and anthropological subjects. "There was a skilled cinematographist who chatted incessantly, and treated his machine as a pet with all the luxuries, including a boy to give it frequent palm oil to prevent the wood splitting in the heat. Miss Gehrts tells of the long [illegible] of getting the natives to pose for the picture drama. No native would act dead before the white man's mysterious machine for fear of being really dead. At last a courageous man, at a price, died dramatically, lived through the night, and in the morning the environs were swarming with dead men posing. But Miss Gehrts had her personal dangers in carrying out the rehearsals for the 'show.' It was not only that in the middle of the bush the white woman had to 'don native dress' under a broiling sun, but bound hand and foot she must be carried off (just to make the story) by her captor, whose horse stumbled. He had insisted on carrying the heroine over his shoulder, and she was shot off within a foot or so of the precipice (a real one). That was only one of the many dangers that the youthful poseuse narrowly escaped in order to produce a film for the home staying public."

Miss Vesta Victoria sued Moss Empires, Ltd., for breach of contract. They stated that she had not sent 'bill matter' or attended rehearsals. The jury awarded her £3260. In the course of the trial she stated that she would not sing anywhere for less than £140 a week, and that her salary for a number of years had varied between £110 and £250.

Music and Musicians

Sir Henry Wood, conducting Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony last month in London, demanded silence at the close of each movement. "A work like this, with its strongly marked emotion, is utterly ruined by constant interruption of that emotion by commonplace applause out of due reason." It would be a good thing if applause for any symphony worth the playing were reserved until the end of the performance.

Mr. Herbert Waitely in a letter to the Daily Telegraph urging that bands be retained for military service and not give way to drums and fifes, quotes from a notebook of Napoleon, who put down the reasons for the failure of his Russian campaign to the Russian winter and Russian army music. In the notebook, he said: "The weird and barbaric tunes of those beastly Cossack regiments simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites to the maddest rage, and they wiped out the very cream of my army."

Mischa Violsky, a young violinist, made a good impression in London Dec. 11 "by his pure, pleasant tone, his fluent execution and his thorough musicianship."

One may not claim a refined wit for the chant, "It's the wrong, wrong way to tickle Mary," but he who wrote it had an ear, a grotesque ear. So had he who in years gone by bantered the popular song, "We don't want to fight," which was directed, one is sorry to remember, against one of our present allies, and had a refrain of "Constantinople." A wild dexterity it was that turned this into "Can't stand my nose pulled."—Daily Chronicle, London.

The Canadian national anthem, with a new accompaniment by Emerson James has recently been published. The melody was composed by C. Lavellee to words by L' Honorable Juge Routhier. The new version has words by Edward Teschemacher.

Is it really true, as was pointed out recently, that a descending interval of the perfect fourth has always been an "almost infallible device" for catching the popular ear? It was Mr. James Glover who ventured on that assertion, and in support of it several melodies that have enjoyed world-wide favor were cited. Thus, the mysteriously alluring interval, we are reminded, marks the beginning of the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," and figures prominently in the bell song from "Les Cloches de Corneville," and that painfully popular favorite of another day, the "See-Saw" waltz. But, as another authority has been at pains to discover, the ascending perfect fourth has been quite as great an "offender" in this respect as the same interval downward. Among other examples quoted by a writer in "Musical News" were "La Marseillaise," "The Merry Widow" waltz, "Auld Lang Syne," "The Minstrel Boy" and the captain's song in "Pinafore," all of which begin with the aforesaid "insidious" interval upward. It would be easy enough, no doubt, to unearth many other examples of the appearance of that very ordinary interval in tunes that have obtained ubiquity—not to mention other tunes less fortunate—and two instances that readily recur to the mind are the refrains of "Tommy Atkins" and "Oh! Listen to the Band" (or was the title of the latter "Soldiers in the Park"?). And, in a totally different category, how about the bridal chorus in "Lohengrin"? But, without any ransacking of the memory, it would be no less easy to recall dozens of other melodies for the "secret" of whose success a different reason would have to be suggested—melodies, that is to say, from which the "insidious" fourth is absent. No; we fear there is no royal road to the writing of a popular melody, either by way of the fourth, or any other interval.—Daily Telegraph, Dec. 12.

How many of the countless thousands of people familiar with the ubiquitous "Tipperary" know the name of its for-

[illegible] the matter [illegible] was the [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Judge a [illegible] and Mr. [illegible] the words and [illegible] but the former, according to the [illegible] chief author [illegible] We are not in the least [illegible] to learn that Mr. Judge is a [illegible]. But it does rather surprise [illegible] that Messrs. Feldman accepted the song for publication "after [illegible] rejected in several other [illegible]." And even after publication—[illegible] found that the sales hung [illegible] Mr. Feldman's faith in the [illegible] unshaken. "Take my word for it," he said to Mr. Judge, [illegible] the latter expressed disappointment with the results, "that all the [illegible] will ring one day with your song." [illegible] better justified" [illegible] "old" to the tune of "Tipperary" [illegible] million," Daily Telegraph.

[illegible] reminds us that a Humoresque [illegible] band on "Tipperary" composed by [illegible] Douglas was produced [illegible] on Dec. 9, "with the usual [illegible] on the bassoon unconvincing [illegible] of bagpipes and the like, and [illegible] of the 'kitchen' department."

[illegible] tearing up a vast accumulation of papers a few nights ago, I happened [illegible] mislaid letter dated last [illegible] from a correspondent, which even [illegible] of considerable interest. The [illegible] draws attention to the then forthcoming performance of Stravinsky's [illegible] "Le Rossignol," which was [illegible] of the [illegible] features of Mr. Thomas [illegible] Russian season at Drury [illegible]. The "book" of that opera, as [illegible] remember, was drawn from [illegible] Andersen, and the statement was [illegible] that the opera had been begun [illegible] years ago. My correspondent [illegible] seems a curious coincidence [illegible] I should have written a libretto [illegible] comic opera on the same theme, [illegible] the same in June, 1906 [illegible] the title 'The Chinese Nightingale.' [illegible] sent it abroad through an agent [illegible] My correspondent points out [illegible] he also introduced the [illegible] a character non-existent in [illegible] This latter point seems [illegible], and it would be of real interest to know if [illegible] correspondent and [illegible] happened upon [illegible] independent [illegible] had access [illegible] not knowing [illegible] the English [illegible] Does it remain [illegible] Daily Telegraph, Dec. 15.

[illegible] Festival March [illegible] Coming of Age Conference of [illegible] Independent Labor Party at Bradford [illegible] on April 11 has been published. [illegible] has written finer things." [illegible] Marching Song, "The Birthright," for [illegible] usual four voices, has [illegible] also a unison version [illegible] accompaniment of bugles and [illegible].

Jan 4 1915

[illegible] An intensitive. Cf. [illegible] Bleeding, Bloody, etc. 1892. Kipling, Barrack-Room Ballads, "Snarle you." [illegible] wheel was juicy, you may lay [illegible] head 'Twas juicier for the [illegible] when the case began to spread.

Rest, or Labor?

The Herald commented editorially on the fact that the industrial commission [illegible] Ohio had ascertained that more accidents happen on Monday—with slightly fewer employes on duty—than on any other day in the week. "Monday, and not Friday, is thus the 'unlucky day.'" And The Herald inculcated this moral [illegible] should utilize our Sundays and [illegible] and vacations in so wholesome [illegible] rational a way as to leave us to [illegible] smallest possible degree 'unsettled.'" [illegible] is the moral of a good song [illegible] in the early nineties of the last [illegible] reversed. We refer to the interesting case of Mr. Mike Gilligan as [illegible] by Charles Graham, Esq. It may be remembered that Mr. Gilligan had lived for many a year in "our ward."

He was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard
[illegible] made him an overseer.
As the boss of the roadgang he's in a good way,
[illegible] he's somewhat a divil-may-care;
[illegible] last Wedn'sday night when he got his pay
[illegible] went off on a glorious tear.
[illegible] came down the street, in his Sunday clothes,
[illegible] brand new hat and a cane,
[illegible] in his mouth, in his coat a rose,
[illegible] hear all the neighbors saying: What?

[illegible] on a tear again,
[illegible] stay till Saturday night,
[illegible] give him all the room he wants,
[illegible] raise a fight.
Tis once in ev'ry month he throws his money left and right,
[illegible] go to work again on Monday morning.

[illegible] Mr. Gilligan was fit and new on [illegible] morning, clear-eyed, strong [illegible] with his T. D. and dinner pail, [illegible] to honest labor. Compare the [illegible] of Mondayish: "When one [illegible] fagged and wearied, with nerves overstrained and altogether in that [illegible] condition that a parson, after a hard Sunday's work, terms Mondayish."

[illegible]
As the World Wags:

I am indebted [illegible] of the open-air theatre where "Pinafore" was played on "real water." I saw the performance at the time, and was reminded of it by the Shubert Theatre announcement, but the name Oakland Garden would not come back. I think I saw "Pinafore" as many as [illegible] times. In fact, to the best of my recollection "Pinafore" was the play the first time I ever went to the theatre alone. This followed some hour or so of strenuous labor with a piece of cardboard and a crockery penny bank, extracting coin by coin, the price of a front seat in the balcony at the Boston Museum. I had already seen "Pinafore" at the same theatre with older members of the family, and subsequently I saw the "Juveniles" and the "Ideals," several times each, to say nothing of other productions of "Pinafore" which came later.

Speaking of Oakland Garden will M. E. S. or somebody tell me the name of another open-air theatre which was running at about the same time? And am I mistaken in my recollection that tickets to both of the theatres, including car fares, were sold on the cars? And was the other "Garden" reached by the cars of the Metropolitan Railway Company?

Who remembers the highly decorated palaces on wheels with which the Highland and Metropolitan companies sought to outrival each other? Nothing like the cars which ran on Columbus avenue had ever been seen before. These belonged to the Highland Street Railway, and, as M. E. S. says, were painted in Scotch plaids. I was crazy on the subject of railway cars of all kinds from the time I first got my eyes open, and to me a ride in one of these magnificent creations was the height of rapture. The cars put on by the Metropolitan at about the same time were equally gorgeous, but they lacked the novel roof and ventilator architecture which gave the Highlanders their distinguished appearance. And those Highlanders were certainly durable. Some of them are still running, enlarged by sticking two bodies together and mounting the amalgamation on modern running gear. But the internal grandeur which appealed to us in former days has faded away or has been painted out.

How thoroughly the love of the highly ornate has disappeared! Most of us, if confronted by a long journey in a Pullman car of 25 or 30 years ago, would provide ourselves with smoked glasses.

I'm sorry that I made the "peaved"
When "peeved" We should prefer,
I'm painfully and deeply grieved
This error should occur!

But after all is done and said,
Drink hearty, We—Here's to you, Ed!
May Happy New Years come, ad lib.
To We, Us, Ed. and each contrib!

H. J. L.

Melrose, Jan. 1.

Dana's Spelling.

As the World Wags:

The editor is right in telling his "nervous contributor" of Dec. 29, "Emery Street," that Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" was not published till 1840. I happen to have a copy of the first edition, 1840. The author states in the book that he set out from Boston in the brig Pilgrim, Aug. 14, 1834, arriving in Boston on the return voyage in September, 1836, so that 1833 would be impossible for the date of publication.

Having the curiosity to look up, in that original edition, the words in question, I find them spelt correctly there, as one would expect, viz., "flour" and "pail." What sort of copy of the book could "Emery Street" have been reading? No wonder it gave him, as he says, "a grate on the nerves." B. F.

Cambridge, Dec. 30.

Anecdote for the Day.

Sometimes M. des Yveteaux was a long time without speaking. They say that Pluvinel and he journeyed from Paris to Nantes and back again, playing chess all the time without saying a word.

The Long Established Rule.

To "Biblical"—The Herald pays no attention to anonymous communications.

MME. GLUCK AND MR. ZIMBALIST

Mme. Alma Gluck and her husband, Efrem Zimbalist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Mr. Spoor and Mr. Chotzinoff were the respective accompanists. The program was as follows: Rameau, Rossignols Amoureux; Old English, "So Sweet Is She"; Haendel, "Oh, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me"; Haydn, "Mermaid's Song"; Shubert, "Du Bist die Ruh"; Schumann, "Der Sandmann," "Die Lotosblume"; Brahms, Botschaft; Horsman, "Bird of the Wilderness"; Little Russia Folk Songs; Cadman, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water", La Farge, "To a Messenger"; Haendel, [illegible] Liebesfreud, [illegible] Vivace, Goldmark, [illegible] Scherzo, Kammenoi [illegible] Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois.

Hitherto Mme. Gluck has excited admiration for her singularly beautiful voice. This voice is naturally clear, warm, expressive, with an added and distinguishing quality of its own. On former occasions the singer showed excellent training. Her voice was responsive. She was free to give full expression to emotions.

Lately, no doubt with a view to broadening her art, Mme. Gluck has evidently devoted much time to florid music. The results are not wholly fortunate. Yesterday she was not at ease in the first four songs on the program and her singing of them was uneven.

Although her voice is uniformly beautiful in quality, these songs made constant and detrimental demands upon her upper tones. There was a surprising lack of flexibility, often straining for effect, and Mme. Gluck was inclined to force tone, while her high notes were stiff and without their customary velvety softness and purity.

On the other hand, as in Haendel's "Sleep," the singer at times displayed an added excellence in the management of breath, and this was noticeable in other songs throughout the afternoon. Arnold Dolmetsch's arrangement of "So Sweet Is She" was the most effective number of this group.

In the German songs, and later in the English group, the singer's voice was heard again in its full beauty. The haunting, sensuous quality was again apparent, and particularly in the "Merchant's Song" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," which was fortunately added to the program. Mr. Zimbalist's arrangement of Little Russia folk-songs was effective. It was repeated. Mme. Gluck's interpretations were generally delightful. She has intelligence, taste, delicacy and a marked ability to differentiate in the expressions of sentiment. Throughout the afternoon her diction was excellent, and her enunciation in French, English and German was admirable in clearness. She sang the folk-songs in Russian.

Mr. Zimbalist is always welcome. His playing has poise, dignity, reserve. There was beauty of tone and nobility of style in his performance of Haendel's Sonata and the Airs by Bach and Goldmark. Two of his pieces, in lighter vein, were amusingly descriptive—the Papillons and Kreisler's ingenious Tambourin Chinois. With Mme. Gluck he played Massenet's "Elegy" and Braga's "Angels' Serenade."

The hall was crowded, many stood. There was hearty applause for both artists. At the close of the concert there were scenes of enthusiasm. Mme. Gluck sang several numbers and Mr. Zimbalist played her accompaniments. During Spross's "Will O' the Wisp" the singer suddenly broke down, seemed to forget her words, and although there was good-natured laughter and encouraging applause, her memory refused to respond and she substituted "My Laddie." Later, however, she recovered herself and sang the elusive song triumphantly.

Jan 5 1915

'DIPLOMACY'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Diplomacy," a play in four acts adapted from Sardou's "Dora."

Henry Beauclerc	William Gillette
Comtezza Zicka	Blanche Bates
Dora	Marie Doro
Julian Beauclerc	Elliott Dexter
Count Orloff	Montagu Love
Baron Stein	Gustav von Seyffertitz
Algie Fairfax	Norman [illegible]
Antoine	Robert McCleary
Shepard	Jean Carmichael
Marquise De Rio-Zares	Jeffreys Lewis
Lady Henry Fairfax	Bertha Fordyce
Mion	Mallie Sheridan

The play long known as "Diplomacy" in England and the United States was an adaption of Sardou's "Dora." It was made by Messrs. Scott and Stephenson for Squire Bancroft and his company. Sardou was bitcherer to make a Bancroft holiday, but the latter did not hesitate to call on the dramatist then living at Marly-le-Roi.

Mr. Gillette has adapted his "Diplomacy" from the English adaption. He has attempted to modernize a play of the 70's: to turn a romantic comedy with melodramatic interest into a realistic drama, in which the comedy element is too often that of farce comedy. His press agent assures us that the present text is "largely the work of William Gillette. The scene in which Baron Stein is compelled to give up the tracings is entirely a Gillette scene. The strengthening of the drama in the last act by a new suspicion fixing itself upon Dora is entirely of Mr. Gillette's contrivance."

Unfortunately M. Sardou is dead, and Mr. Gillette would go in vain to Marly-le-Roi for the purpose of congratulating him.

In spite of Mr. Gillette's revisions, improvements, additions and inventions there is a trace as the chemists would say, of Sardou's "Dora" in the double adaptation. This trace is the salt that gives the savor. Mr. Gillette [illegible] [illegible] wrote [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] furniture [illegible] chairs [illegible] to make [illegible] so dwell [illegible] part of the [illegible] spoken by Mr. Gillette [illegible] how [illegible] be misconceived [illegible] Beauclerc. The changes in the [illegible] are not for the better. The swing [illegible] in the last act on Dora merely [illegible] the action and protracts the [illegible] And the [illegible] We have [illegible] to Kitchener chauffeurs and [illegible] Tille.

[illegible] was a large and [illegible] audience. There were many curtain calls, but Mr. Gillette could not be persuaded to make a speech, and for this he can honestly be praised. In spite of the version presented, the performance of several in the company was exceedingly effective. These players and the dash of Sardouism that remained gave genuine enjoyment. The performance that deserved the hearty applause was the Baron Stein of Mr. von Seyffertitz, the Zicka of Blanche Bates, the Orloff of Mr. Love and the Julian of [illegible] Dexter.

Mr. von Seyffertitz gave a remarkable impersonation of the baron. He portrayed him as a polished man of [illegible] would be a rascal beneath the [illegible] alert, cool, unruffled, prepared for either fortune: a possible scoundrel of irreproachable manners, yet a man that might well be suspected at a game of cards, a bird of prey, but one with smooth plumage. Miss Bates had not the splendid audacity of Rose Coghlan, admirable in the part of Zicka, but she played with the savage spirit of the jealous woman, with mental comprehension, with a force that did not forbid the thought of sensuous fascination. Furthermore, she played with fine [illegible] and did not for a moment [illegible] way to exaggeration in melodramatic effects. Mr. Love was a simple [illegible] sympathetic Orloff. The word "authority" is loosely used in these days when there is talk of actor, fiddler, singer, pianist; but the three just named were convincing. They gave character to figures on the stage. They could be believed in their existence.

Mr. Dexter was excellent in the lighter scenes. In the one with Dora at the end of the third act he did not rise to the occasion. Miss Doro was pretty. [illegible] The spectator found pleasure [illegible] looking at her, heeded not her trouble and was not solicitous about her fate. Miss Jeffreys Lewis, as the Marquise [illegible] [illegible] Miss Sheridan [illegible] windmill gestures. Mr. [illegible] played as if in farce comedy.

Mr. Gillette turned a cool-headed, high-bred, cynical, ready-witted diplomat into an anaemic, hesitating, dawdling individual; an impossible man by his character, deportment, manner of speech for the dignified position he held. Having thus conceived the character of Henry Beauclerc, he wrote the lines to suit it. The impersonation excited laughter, but it was inadequate, tedious in the sluggishness of action, and without a touch of imagination or humor strength.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Midnight Girl," a musical comedy in [illegible] acts. Original book by Paul Herve. American version by Adolf Philipp and Edward A. Paulton. Music by [illegible] [illegible] and Adolf Philipp. First performance in Boston.

[illegible]

The Midnight Girl [illegible] and varied entertainment [illegible] the [illegible] lilting [illegible] comedy, clever dancing [illegible] costumes. The plot is economical [illegible] quickly [illegible] not mar the general enjoyment [illegible] fact that two gentlemen are [illegible] ing as Gustave Criquet, a famous [illegible] tor and the [illegible] of France [illegible] to impress their respective sweethearts is sufficient excuse for the [illegible] ments.

The first impostor played [illegible] MacFarlane, whose Helene [illegible] Girl, a cabaret singer who [illegible] time, [illegible] The second impostor [illegible] Count [illegible] [illegible] The confusion [illegible] the appearance of the [illegible] dentally [illegible] There are [illegible] a comic [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] lovers [illegible] Cabaret Carus[illegible] is [illegible] ing into song.

Then ther[illegible] women, bot[illegible] some, brazen and gospel-eyed [illegible] ing and unconvention[illegible] attire. These compel admiration, invite contemplation and add to the general gaiety.

Miss Margaret Romaine, the Midnight Girl and a sister of Hazel Dawn has a remarkable voice, rich, brilliant, sonorous. This voice has been admirably trained and Miss Romaine sang with marked facility, effectiveness and authority. Tall and slender she has a pleasing personality and the added charm of resplendent youth.

Mr. MacFarlane's manly and powerful organ also gave pleasure and blended sympathetically in the duets with Miss Romaine, "Ten o'Clock" and "Oh, Gustave," which were among the pleasing features of the score.

There were changes in the cast, for the cabaret Caruso was played in New York by Paul Ker, while last evening the part was capably taken by William Pruette. Lucille, too, was formerly impersonated by the affected and mincing Miss Eva Fallon, but last evening Miss Flynn was dainty and truly ingenuous. She and Mr. Delf, the pert Lieutenant, provided some amusing comedy, while Miss Franklin and Mr. Delf displayed extraordinary agility in acrobatic dancing.

There were attractive musical numbers for the various principals, while the chorus, large and well trained, sang with spirit.

Mr. Maley's droll impersonation of Pierre and Mr. DeVarney's vividly realistic performance of Maurice, the unctuous manager of Honeymoon Hall, were also features of the entertainment.

The stage settings, the home of Gustave Criquet I. at Chantilly, Honeymoon Hall, in the Pyrenees mountains, and especially the gardens of Honeymoon Hall with the elusion of distance and the mountains in perspective were both sumptuous and charming. A large audience was diverted and appreciative.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Shakespear's "King Lear." The cast:

Lear, King of Britain.....Mr. Mantell
Earl of Gloster.....Frank Peters
Earl of Kent.....Walter Gibbs
Duke of Cornwall.....John Gibbs
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster....John Burke
Duke of Albany.....Harold Skinner
Duke of Burgundy.....Lawrence Krey
King of France.....John Fritz
Edgar.....Fritz Leiber
Oswald.....Edward Lewers
A Fool.....Guy Lindsley
Cordelia.....Miss Genevieve Hamper
Goneril.....Miss Florence Auer
Regan.....Miss Genevieve Reynolds

There was a big audience last evening, perhaps the largest of Mr. Mantell's engagement, and there was much enthusiasm, particularly as he hurled the terrible invective at the shrinking Goneril; there were many curtain calls.

The performance last night takes its place with the best work in the already interesting gallery of Mr. Mantell. As a spectacle it is one of the most interesting in all Shakespeare; nor is it lacking in the fearfulness of its tragic note nor again in its stirring pathos, and the art of the poet is given fine play.

The mounting of the play is nothing less than sumptuous; there is infinite attention to detail. The storm scene on the heath is one of the most realistic seen in any performance on any stage in Boston. There are the rolling and lowering clouds, the torrents of rain, the streaking of the heavens with lightning and the crashing of the bolt into the tree upstage that comes with unexpected speed, and above all there is the awful jabber[illegible]g of Tom O' Bedlam and the pathetic moanings of the now senile Lear.

Most of us are familiar with the story. Yet there was a lucidity to the performance last evening even for the uninitiated. It was easy to grasp this Lear as a law unto himself. The three sisters were nicely differentiated: the doglike Kent was again banished but came back to succor his master, whom he loved. The Bastard again entertained himself with his queer philosophy, we all knew that Edgar was wearing the mask as Tom o' Bedlam, and we did not have to see the eyes plucked out of Gloster to know of his misfortune.

Mr. Mantell's Lear was a finished performance. In the distribution of the powers to Goneril and Regan there was the pleasure of the father and the authority of the king. The contrast between the two and the unfortunate Cordelia was nicely drawn. Latterly, as he perceived the motives of the rebellious Goneril, there was the terrible curse—not the ecclesiastical authority of the curse of Rome of his Richelieu—but the gathering together of all his waning strength, of his still healthy mind, in a fearful denunciation of the withering daughter. There was the facial play, the protruding eyes, the haunting look, the hoarse voice and the final exultant but throaty laugh. But with all this, with all the legendary atmosphere, Mr. Mantell succeeded in still portraying a Lear that was human, and through the entire performance, whether in his sane or senile moments, there was always the perfect majesty of the king before one—always "every inch a king."

The Edgar of Mr. Fritz Leiber was a splendid study. What a contrast between his moments as the [illegible] and his capering as Tom [illegible] His [illegible] was [illegible] finished performance, and his diction was ever a pleasure. Nor could his splendid delivery of the lines of the King of France be hidden under another name on the program. We hear him now:

"Child Rowland to the tower came,
This word was still—'Fie, foh and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.'"

Miss Genevieve Hamper was heard as Cordelia. Miss Hamper has both the ways and manners to create the inherent sympathies of this unfortunate girl. She was convincing in her earlier as well as her final moments and there was the gentle and tender solicitude for her father.

The Goneril of Miss Florence Auer was well interpreted. She was venomous, jealous, vindictive and obtrusive, and she made her face speak in repose as obviously as her chosen words. The Regan of Miss Genevieve Reynolds was less serpentine, though convincing.

The remainder of the cast all gave creditable accounts of themselves.

Tonight "King John" will be repeated.

BESSIE CLAYTON

Miss Bessie Clayton, who danced her way into popular as well as lasting favor several years ago, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, presenting a novel and altogether pleasing terpsichorean specialty in which she shows, first, the gavotte of 1830, then the dances of today as, for example, the Argentine and the Maxixe, finally giving dances of tomorrow, which show her at her best in the toe-dancing, at which she was always an expert.

Miss Clayton is graceful and charming in all her work and her exquisite costumes add to the effectiveness, while she has upon the stage her own sextet, which unites with the house orchestra in the dance music and plays selections of its own between the dances.

Entirely away from the beaten path of vaudeville sketches and refreshing in its newness is "A Telephone Tangle," in which Joseph Hart presents Dorothy Regel as the telephone operator attending to the calls as they come in from the five pay stations, each with its occupant, who are portrayed upon the stage. Of course, these patrons get the wrong parties more frequently than the right ones for their nickels, thereby affording opportunity for plenty of amusement.

Also novel and interesting is the sketch of Alberta Moore and Myrtle Young, as attractive as they are clever, in a series of songs and dances. Their dancing was particularly difficult and excellent and earned for them several encores.

Alice Teddy, the bear with almost human intelligence, proved the right to her distinction by doing some fancy roller skating, ending with a burlesque wrestling match that she apparently enjoyed rather more than the young man who was her opponent.

Conroy andd LeMaire, late stars of "The Passing Show of 1914," made a decided hit in "The New Physician." Mahoney and Auburn swung Indian clubs in all sorts of ways, but always without a miss; Cummings and Gladdings presented "A Night in a Cabaret" that was enthusiastically received, while the Four Melodious Chaps had a combination piano-playing and vocal act. The bill ends with the Robert DeMont Trio in "At the Hotel Turnover," an acrobatic act that is as productive of as much amusement as the title would indicate.

'AFTER THE BALL' AS PHOTO-PLAY AT BOSTON THEATRE

A new photo-play opened at the Boston Theatre yesterday with a scenario based on the old Charles K. Harris song, "After the Ball." The picture was made by the Photo Drama Company, directed by Pierce Kingsley, and features Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon.

The story is founded on the words of the old song, although some new incidents are added to complete the plot and make the story fuller. The play opens with the return of John Dale, an elderly bachelor, in the person of Mr. Kelcey, to the home of his sister in the South, after an absence in foreign lands for many years. The little maid of the household climbs on his knee and asks for a story, with the words:

Why are you single
Why live alone,
Have you no babies
Have you no home?

Then follows the old man's story of how he fell in love, late in his life, with the only sweetheart he ever had, Louise Tate, played by Miss Shannon. She loved him devotedly, but their happiness ceased when he found her in the arms of another. She dared not tell him that the man was her brother, an escaped convict, so he left her—"After the Ball." She tried to tell him, tried to explain, but he would not listen and her pleadings were vain.

He travels abroad and tries to forget. In the mean time Louise dies of a broken heart. Fate brings him face to face with the man who has caused him to leave Louise. The man, in an effort to save his sister's sweetheart, is shot, [illegible] before [illegible] the end of [illegible] affair. At the play ends with the [illegible] as in the song:

[illegible]
No home at all
I broke her heart [illegible]
After the ball

If a man talks German at all, he will always find some Germans who talk it worse.

Breitmann Redivivus.

The forthcoming complete edition of the Breitmann Ballads will of course contain "Breitmann as an Uhlan." This series of poems infuriated Germans in 1871. Leland in a marginal pencilled note spoke of the ballads as giving offence to many Germans "even to those who had been in the war. They were under far stronger discipline than in America, where they were the most outrageous plunderers and rioters of either side in the civil war."

There are six ballads in "Breitmann as an Uhlan." In "The Vision," Thor, the god of Breitmann's fathers, urges him to

"Go! mit shpeer and fiery muth!
Go! mit durst for bier and blut!
Go! mit lofe for Vaterland,
Into burning fury fanned:
Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
Vhere der Uhlan ist peen gone.

"Plazin roofs und mordered men,
Hell set loose on eart again;
Rush und ride in shtorm und floot,
Cannon roarin, pools of bloot.
* * * * *
Ja! On many a dorf und disch
Dou shalt pring a requisish.

In the second ballad, "Breitmann in a Balloon," we find the French using airships. Breitmann, in wonder, exclaims:

I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
De engels dalk in Sherman,
Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.
O nein—es sind kein' engeln
Vot sail so smoofly on.
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
In einem luft-ballon.

Breitmann took the town of Nancy and summoned the mayor. He glared at him for five minutes and then spoke. Leland gives the English of his first request:

"I require you to surrender:
I have thirty thousand men
Not far from her, parbleu!
But give me first champagne;
I've a wondrous thirst, you know—
About a dozen cart loads;
And then I'll let you go."

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
His segretaire—"Read
A liddle extra liste
Of dings de army need,
Und dell dem in Franzoesisch
Dey moost ebell de neet fool down
In less dan dwendy minudes,
Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town.

"Item—one tousand vatobes
Of purest gold so fair;
Dazu fnenf tousand silbern,
For de gommon soldiers wear;
Und tree dousaud diamant ringe
Dey moost make directly coms,
We need dem for our schweehearts
Ven we write to em at home!

"Von million cigarren
Ve'll accept ash extra boons
For not equeezin dem seferely,
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons."
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
Denn all dat he could say
Vas "O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu,
Nous voila ruinces!"

The series ends with:

Hoorah for der Uhlan
Der teufel's own child!
* * * * *
For dey frighten de country,
Dey ploonder de town;
Und when dey are oop
De Franzoseu go down;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
Weak Southrons moost flee,
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine!

A Patron of Art.

An admirable artist, honored throughout the country, received a few days ago the following letter from Mecaenas, now living in a town of Illinois:

Dec. 27, 1914.

My Dear Sir:

I am inclined to offer you the small sum of $100 for the choice I may make of one of the unsold "thumb-nail" sketches of the sea at the close of the exhibition in Chicago. This is my first and last and only offer. It is a matter of indifference to me whether you accept it or not—there are so many pictures in quest of buyers.

And, further, if not satisfied with the offer, there will be no need of a reply. Some of your pictures are very much admired by me, and some I would not have at any price.

You are not such a painter of the sea as was ——, whose every picture was desirable, and had lots of individuality.

Very respectfully yours, —— —— ——

P. S.—If you reply at all, do so immediately.

Anecdote for the Day.

The late M. de Guise had a baptized Tartar, named Augustin, who, they say, was so raging and so barbarous that he ate the whole of a live cat and tore off its skin with his teeth. He turned Christian without knowing exactly why.

The Patemans.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago in Lewiston, Me., I saw Edwin Booth in Hamlet, Merchant of Venice and Taming of the Shrew. The parts of Ophelia, Nerissa and Katherine were taken by "Kate Pateman" and the low comedy parts by "T. (?) Pateman." Was Pateman a misprint for Bateman, did the Batemans sometimes play under the name of Pateman or was there a family of Patemans?

E. A. P

Boston, Dec. 31.

There was a Pateman family as well as a Bateman family. Are you sure your "Kate" Pateman in Lewiston was not Bella? For Bella Pateman supported Edwin Booth in the early seventies. She was Julie to his Richelieu at Booth's Theatre in New York early in 1871; also Beatrice to his Benedick, Ophelia to his Hamlet. Late in that year she played Portia to his Brutus. She was in J. B. Booth's company at the same theatre in 1873. Robert Pateman at Booth's Theatre played Verges, first grave-digger; a busy actor of many parts. If we are not mistaken, he was leading man in "The Dumb Man of Manchester" and "The Spitalsfields Weavers" at the Bowery Theatre before he went to Boston. In 1897 he was playing Giulio Scarli to the Emma of Olga Nethersole.—Ed.

Multiple Negatives.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the item from the London Daily Chronicle in this morning's Herald regarding multiple negatives, I have been told by a good Greek scholar that the hymn "How Firm a Foundation" translates with great accuracy the multiple Greek negatives of the text on which it is based, while avoiding anything repugnant to our English sense.

The last stanza (R. Keene, 1787) runs:

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Boston, Jan. 2.

H. B. M.

Jan 6, 1915

AUTOMATIC PURIFICATION

Many efforts have been made to cleanse the stage; to free it from all vulgarity and profanity; to make it an educational force. Most of these attempts, however sincere and praiseworthy they have been, were chimerical.

In the theatres of European cities boxes are reserved for crowned heads, princes, grand dukes, and their families. When these boxes are occupied, the utmost decorum is observed on the stage and throughout the theatre.

Why should not there be in every playhouse of this city an extensive and gratultous reservation for the mayor and other officials, their families, henchmen, retainers, sworn supporters, who by their very presence would at once forbid the thought of oaths and curses on the stage, or any labored intrepidity of scanty costume and misbehavior? Then there would be automatic censorship; the automatic sprinkling of authority.

The oath that was intended to cap a doubtful jest would then freeze on the lips of the comedian who faced the guardians of law and order. The shortest skirt would lengthen itself to the ankles. The revealing bodice would rush to the boldest wearer's chin. Thus would municipal austerity purify the passions of the stage as tragedy according to Aristotle purifies the passions of the spectators.

THIRD CONCERT BY KNEISELS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its third concert of the season last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Letz, the second violin, was again with his colleagues, after war experiences in Europe. The quartet was assisted by Messrs. Harold Bauer, pianist, and Ludwig Manoly, double bass. There was a large and enthusiastic audicuce. The program included these compositions: V. Tommasini, Quartet in F major (first time); Brahms, Sonata in E minor for violoncello and piano, op. 38; Schubert "Forellen" Quintet.

This concert was a delightful one. The new quartet was curious and interesting, and the performance of it and the more familiar chamber works was admirable.

Tommasini may justly be classed with the ultra-moderns. Here and there were traces of Debussy's influence; indeed, there were moments when the thematic thought and harmonic mood were eminently in the manner of Debussy, but Tommasini is by no means merely an imitator. He has a delicate fancy all his own. The opening measures of the first movement are fascinating by their vague questioning [illegible] the interweaving of the voices.

... while the ... Menuetto ... perhaps too ... in the ... it and the third are best suited ... beauty. The Vivace is original and ... as regards treatment, but the themselves have less value and there is a suspicion of too deliberate ... The following Adagio is more frankly melodious in the obvious form, but it has a more pronounced emotional character and to a layman would ... the movement to be at once appreciated. The Finale falls below it and ... the least attractive portion of the work.

Messrs. Willeke and Bauer gave an excellent performance of Brahms's sonata, which originally had a fourth movement, an Adagio. Why Brahms dropped it is not known even to the laborious biographer Max Kalbeck. Brahms was mysterious about this Adagio. He would not even show it to the friend who was honored by the dedication. As the sonata stands, there is music enough, and music in Brahms's happiest spirit. Especially pleasing was the reading of the Allegretto.

Schubert's great—and long—Quintet, played with loving care and beauty of tone, brought the end of a concert that gave more than ordinary pleasure.

This little world is full of wonders. Here in our village, thought fondly by some that have not yet descended from their family trees to be the microcosm of the universe, it appears that an actor cannot cuss and damn in an eminently serious play, a zealous tract against the horrors of war, without exciting protest. On the other hand, in farces and leg shows where vulgarity reigns, comedians barb the arrows of their wit with "damn" and "hell" and "My God" and no one says a word against it. The name of the deity is also used freely in detective melodramas, and many laugh.

We are not so sanguine as to think that if "Across the Border" were played throughout the land parents would refrain from giving guns and tin soldiers to their boys; that militia companies would say "Dear me! This is all wrong!" or that Mr. Roosevelt would lie down with the lamb. Du Maurier's play, "An Englishman's Home," was the talk of two continents for a week, but not an Englishman took warning from it. Is the practice of the Third Degree abandoned because the contemptible cruelty of it was forcibly shown in melodrama? A novel like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may awaken the conscience of a nation. Is there any record of a theatrical piece that worked a reform? Vereschagin's pictures were shown in many European cities and in this country. Did they ever induce a soldier to put down arms or prevent a civilian from enlisting? Yet they were more terrible than Mrs. Dix's drama.

Let us be consistent. If cussing and damning are allowed by our paternal government in farces, why should oaths be tabooed in a realistic play of a high moral purpose? Boston has the faculty of making itself ridiculous in its censorship of the theatre. This city is one of the few large towns in the musical world that have not been permitted to see Richard Strauss's "Salome." We all remember the fate of "The Easiest Way," a moral play if there ever was one. And what a fuss was made about "Damaged Goods"!

Incidentally "Across the Border" is well advertised. Those always wishing to be shocked may now pay good money to see the show, though they were deaf to the recommendation of clergymen, philanthropists, and other hot gospellers of peace.

It may also be said that profanity is not especially a horror of war. We regret to say that certain persons curse and blaspheme out of the sheer joy of living and in the piping times of peace.

Shocking.

Mrs. Lucia Freeman, protesting against a bar near her "society ball room," says, or is reported as saying: "Among those who come to dance here are young men and women who, although of the best character, would dislike the presence of a saloon, be it ever so quietly conducted."

Do we infer that many of the "best character" feel the need of a boozing-ken near a "society" ball room? The revelations concerning our "best people" are more and more appalling.

Anecdote for the Day.

Apropos of women who have come back to life, they tell of one that fell into a lethargy. She was supposed to be dead. As they were bearing her to earth, at the turn of a street the priests knocked the coffin against a post, so that the woman recovered. Some years afterwards she died for good and all. The husband, who was well pleased, said to the priests: "I beg you, be careful at that turn of the street."

An Orientalist in Music

Carl Goldmark, who died in Vienna last Sunday in his 85th year, is best known in Boston by his "Sakuntala" overture, which was once as popular as Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony in its early years. His "Rustic Wedding" symphony was also popular. The late John P. Lyman, an admirer of Berlioz and Brahms, wished that it could be played every season. Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" was performed by the National (English) Opera company at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 10, 1888. Clara Poole, who took the part of the Queen, is now living here. It was Mr. Gericke who conducted the first performance in Vienna. Goldmark wrote other operas, five at least. Four or five other overtures, the violin concerto and some chamber music are known here, but in the minds of many his name is inseparably associated with "Sakuntala": music that might be heard in dreams of the eaters of leaves and flowers of hemp; music that with its augmented fourths and diminished sixths and restless shiftings from major to minor, is as the stupefying odors of charred frankincense and grated sandalwood. No wonder that to the Viennese this composer of the overture was as the disquieting Malay who knocked at De Quincey's door in the peaceful mountain region.

Through the Alphabet.

As the World Wags:

It is rather singular how the list of destroyed British warships is filling up the alphabet. For the first eight letters there is not a break and then it begins again at M for four more letters.

Amphion, AE-1, Aboukir, Audacious, Bulwark, Cressy, D-5, E-3, Formidable, Fishguard II., Good Hope, Hogue, Hawke, Hermes.

Monmouth, Niger, Oceanic, Pathfinder, Pegasus.

Speedy.

Warrior.

HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Boston, Jan. 3.

Potato Cake.

As the World Wags:

I have never seen in New England—reverting to matters gastronomic—"potato cake," and have been unable through inquiry to find any one hereabouts who knows anything of it. In the North country, by which is meant old Upper Canada, it was a well known article of food in the days when people spoke of kerosene as "coal oil" or "rock oil"; when "fluid lamps" with round cotton wicks were common. In those days pure maple sugar was plentiful and people were not afraid to go out autumn mornings to pick mushrooms and cook and eat them. Around Boston nowadays the generality of mankind look upon the mushroom gatherer as a brave and venturesome person trifling with death and destruction.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston, Jan. 3.

Was that "potato cake" made after the recipe favored in certain English provinces, as Cheshire? A tea-cake was made of mashed potatoes and flour in equal parts, buttered and eaten hot. The "grathert tater-cake" (grated potato cake) is made thus: Raw potatoes are grated on a large grater and mixed with flour, occasionally currants, and milk to the consistence of batter. The batter is then poured on a backstone and baked over the fire. The English provinces also know potato bread, potato fritter, potato oaten (bread made of potatoes and oatmeal), potato pot. Potato pie never appealed to us. A meat and potato pie was more to the purpose. Potato flour is used in Boston, especially by Swedish cooks, for making a light cake.—Ed.

ELLEN TERRY AIDS BELGIANS

Miss Ellen Terry appeared in "Scenes from Shakespeare" at Symphony Hall last evening for the benefit of Belgian refugees.

Dressed in gray flowing robes, Miss Terry stood or sat at a large table, handsomely draped and covered with flowers.

After a few general remarks about Shakespeare's "pathetic" heroines, which Miss Terry thus distinguishes from his "triumphant" women, the famous actress read and acted scenes from "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet." Again Miss Terry exercised her wonted spell. The gracious presence, the familiar spontaneity, the poetry and fire of her eloquence remain the same through passing years.

"Juliet," she said a little later, "is the first fruit of a change in Shakespeare's ideas about women. Hitherto he had been fond of painting such types as Katharine, the shrew, or those ... who seem to enjoy being ill-treated by the men they love. It is the theory of some that this change came about through the influence of Mistress Mary Fytton."

Miss Terry made further comments upon Lady Constance, Cleopatra, Cressida, Lady Macbeth, Imogen, her favorite among Shakespeare's women, while she read and acted scenes from "King Lear" and "Hamlet."

Because of her familiarity with the characters, her years of study and wealth of experience Miss Terry's comments were well worth hearing, while each of the women which she chose for the moment to impersonate was vitalized with extraordinary vividness.

An audience of fair size was deeply interested and appreciative.

1-7-1915

We have received many letters with reference to theatrical performances on real water, early minstrel shows, once popular songs, etc. The letters are too long for this column. Those written by "Balze," "W. B. H.," "P. H. B." and Mr. David B. Woodbury will be published in The Herald of next Sunday. We make room today for a letter written by one whose name is well known to many of the older theatregoers in Boston and to all students of the history of negro minstrelsy.

Quorum Pars Magna Fui.

As the World Wags:

Like the old cavalry horse which has been sent to the paddock to enjoy his well-earned leisure, and hearing the band of a passing circus, neighs a welcome as he tries to "fall in," so I, at the age of 78, am moved to get in somewhere while old-time minstrelsy is being discussed. I have had my own checkered experiences in the burnt-cork profession, one week as prosperous as our old friend Croesus, the next probably "on my uppers," but never have I seen the time when clean wit was not the best and safest and when I would not hesitate to bring my mother, wife or sisters to enjoy an evening with the true Ethiopian artists.

Your correspondent, "G. F. D.," asks if we would not like to hear them all over again. I certainly would.

The allusion to "that's what's the matter with Hannah" is somewhat incomplete in the last part, which had reference to the then prevailing female fashions. It ran thus:

That's what's the matter has been thumped about
Like the keys of an ancient piano,
While each girl must now flirt
In a fifty-yard skirt,
And that's what's the matter with Hannah!
Then ring out the chorus, both sweet and sonorous,
Let smiles fall upon us like manna;
To please old and young is the aim of our song,
And that's what's the matter with Ha-annah!

My first experience of minstrelsy was an entertainment by the Buckley Serenaders at the Rotunda in Dublin, Ire., in the early '50s, playing through an entire winter, during which they brought out no less a spectacle than "Semiramide" in black. The Irish metropolis went fairly wild over this company, which evidently was the predecessor of that which later had its "opera house" on Summer street, Boston, where "La Sonnambula" in black was produced in great style. The vocal staff of this company was the best in minstrelsy in the United States, the principal artists being Frederick, G. G. Swayne and Bishop Buckley, Sig. Roberts, Myron Whitney and John Murphy.

Of the Morris Bros.' company, Billy was good in his way, but was not original; Lon Morris was the brains of the party. Then came Trowbridge, Pell, Wild, Barney, Jim Kelly, Hughey Doherty and later Dan Maginness, etc. A grand piano in front of the stage enhanced the musical effect.

In 1857, Perham's New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera company toured the country to great business, 25 in the circle. The next great company to appear was Sharpley's minstrels from Philadelphia. To have seen Sam and his "Iron-clads" means not to forget them. But the greatest of all was Cotton & Murphy's California troupe, which located at the old Tremont Theatre, opposite the Granary burying ground. It was generally acknowledged to be the most artistic straight minstrel show ever seen in Boston.

There have been many other good companies since, but the gradual introduction of white-face specialties, giving to the performance a sort of vaudeville flavor, has weakened and to some minds spoiled the old-time pleasant evenings spent while listening to genuine negro minstrelsy.

H. M.

Dorchester, Jan. 4.

Gerville-Reache.

Many will mourn the death of Mme. Gerville-Reache, whose voice reminded one of Thomas Hardy's Eustacia Vye, bringing by her presence "memories of Bourbon roses, jacinths and rubies, a tropical midnight." When this daughter ... Mr. ... Mapleson's ... was on Dec. ... was the ... played an ... disturbed the coolest of the ... audience. She sang at a ... concert in February of the next ... when she thrilled the audience and ... measured by pedagogues for better ... dramatic on the concert stage. In ... she came to the Boston Theatre ... Mr. Hammerstein's company. She was then heard as Genevieve in "Pelleas et Melisande," Amneris, Anita in "La Navarraise." A few days afterwards she sang in concert with the ... at Gilbert. At the Boston Opera House in 1911-12 she took the parts of Brangaene and Delilah. Only last month she sang at a People's concert in the Boston Theatre.

The voice was an unusual one, with the contralto quality that years before her had moved Theophile Gautier to write his famous poem. In concert hall and opera house she was first of all passionate. Her Delilah was an admirable impersonation; her Anita for tragic force surpassed the Anita of Emma Calve; but even more memorable, and perhaps her supreme triumph as an artist, was her reading of the letter in Debussy's opera. It is doubtful whether any woman will give Debussy's music and Maeterlinck's words the like significance, or so quietly dominate the scene.

Thrift, Horatio.

It is said that the New York Times paid Sir J. M. Barrie 50 cents a word for his one-act play, "The Day." The report led the Pall Mall Gazette to remark: "Any but a Scot writing a play at 2s. 1d. a word might be sorely tempted to make the stage directions very numerous and long, and to shun 'Exeunt' always in favor of 'They go out.' Does he (Barrie) ever reflect on his early days when a generous publisher offered to bring out his three-volume novel if the author paid him £100? Barrie had not 100 shillings, but what hurt him most was that the publisher referred to him as a 'clever lady.'"

This reminds us that in Vesta Victoria's action for damages, Mr. George Foster, the agent for Harry Lauder, testified that on one occasion when he went with him in a taxi to rehearsal, "Lauder said he could not stop, as another artist was rehearsing, and the taxi was registering against him."

Disguised Germans.

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph (London) received a letter from a German who dated it "Pagan-Germanic Halgadom 5 Jue 2027 Germanic Chronology." He received it sometime last month. "The amazing part of the letter, which is of 'heavenly length,' is the claim that is made that Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Giordano Bruno, and a host more besides, were Germans.' According to my correspondent, Da Vinci's real name was Leonhard von Vincke, while 'archival researches and the citizen registers of their birthplace have proved their German descent.' Dante Alighieri is said in the same letter to be 'descended from a noble Goth Aliger,' Giordano Bruno (German Bruhn or Braun) from a German lansquenet, his mother being Fraulissa Savolina, ... Lisa that is, Savolina being a Gothic name.' But perhaps the most exalted heights are reached in the description of Shakespeare, 'A cross-breed, a mixture of the prehistoric Mediterranean and Gallo-Alpine, Moorish-Briton, Dunish-Gaelic Celt.' Phew!"

MAJESTIC THEATRE — Robert B. Mantell in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

Romeo	Mr Mantell
Capulet	Frank Peters
Capulet	John G...
Paris	Guy Lindsley
Benvolio	Fritz Leiber
Mercutio	Edward Lewers
Peter	Walter Gibbs
Tybalt	John Burke
Friar Lawrence	Miss Genevieve Hamper
Juliet	Miss Florence Auer
Lady Capulet	Miss Genevieve Reynolds
Nurse	

In these days of eugenics and clinical dramas it was a pleasure to look on again at the tragic romance of the immortal lovers of Verona. Mr. Mantell's Romeo is a capable, finely sustained impersonation by an experienced actor, but the interest yesterday afternoon was largely centred about the Juliet of his young wife, Miss Hamper.

Her youth and personal attractiveness make her physically well suited to the part, and there were many excellent features in her performance. The charm and innocence of the early scenes; the awakening of womanly emotion and passionate love; Juliet's anguish at the match, which her parents would force upon her, her despair until consoled by Friar Lawrence's remedy; her vision of horror in the potion scene—all were expressed with befitting delicacy, tenderness, warmth and intensity. Above all, this Juliet was refreshing in girlishness, sweetness and sincerity.

Miss Reynolds's Nurse was sympathetic, motherly, rather than droll and comic. Mr. Leiber's Mercutio was spirited, admirable in distinction and humor. An audience of good size was generous in applause.

The play tonight will be "Richelieu."

When the curtain w[illegible] close of the usual evening's performance at the Toy Theatre last night it went down only for another shifting of the scenes. Both before and behind the footlights this shifting took place. One audience filed out, and another filed in, one company of players went home, and another took possession; and a large contingent of citizens had gone to bed when the curtain was rung up again on the Twelfth Night ball given for the benefit of the Women's Emergency Corps of London, under the auspices of the Equal Franchise committee. The revels began at 11:30, with a special entertainment in which Cyril Maude, Miss Elsie Mackay and Miss Maude Andrew of the "Grumpy" company, Mr. Beerbohm of the Jewett Players, and other English actors took part; and lasted far into the morning. Dancing on the stage at the close of the program and a breakfast served at 2:30 were features of the festivities of a memorable night.

No one who has seen Mr. Maude as Grumpy would recognize the actor as he appeared in J. M. Barrie's one-act sketch, "Platonic Friendship," with Miss Elsie Mackay, or as the young man in the clever "one-word" sketch, which he played with Miss Alma Tell of the "Peg o' My Heart" company. "Platonic Friendship" has already been given here; but the other little play was produced last night for the first time in this city. Perhaps, for purposes of record, it would be more correct to say that it was produced this morning. It was written by Frank Egan of Los Angeles, and was produced by Mr. Maude with great success in New York last year, when Miss Laurette Taylor, then playing in "Peg o' My Heart," played opposite him. A whole story is acted out, in which each speech consists of only one word. Both pieces had a "succes fou," for the audience was predisposed to be friendly, plays and acting were extremely clever, and the bonds of conventionality were dropped under the influence of time, place and circumstance.

"Swank," a little cockney comedy by Roland Pertwee, presented by Miss Maude Andrew and Mr. Beerbohm, also scored a hit, and so did the monologues of Miss Esme Biddle, who understudies Miss Mackay in the role of Virginia in "Grumpy." The program included also costume dances, a minuet, a pavane and the "Ta-tao," by Mrs. Lucia Freeman and Dart M. Thorne, and modern dances by Miss Margarite Souther and Clarence Waugh.

Mr. Maude, who has a brother at the front, is intensely interested in the work of the Women's Emergency Corps of his country; and he and his English colleagues gave their services enthusiastically for the cause.

Jan 8 1915

MR. COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George Copeland gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall last evening for the benefit of French and Belgian hospitals. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

First movement of MacDowell's Sonata Tragica; Scarlatti, Pastorale—Capriccio; Nocturne, Valse Etude, Valse of Chopin; Etude by Liszt; Finale to Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; Copeland—Debussy, Prelude to L'Apres—midi d'un faune; Debussy, Poissons d'or, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Danse de Puck, La Cathedrale engloutie, "Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses," Canope (first time), Feux d'artifice; Albeniz, Tango, El Polo; Jongen, Soleil a midi. Mr. Copeland also played some Spanish Dances by Granados, and other pieces.

This program was unusually arranged. Few pianists of even Mr. Copeland's reputation would have the courage to begin a group of pieces with the first movement of a sonata and end it with the Finale of Schumann's Etudes. The experiment was wholly successful. The movement from MacDowell's sonata, played with superb breadth and in nobly tragic spirit, made an impressive beginning. The Finale was the triumphant close of a series of admirable performances, admirable for clarity, exquisite gradations of tone, a touch now liquid, now velvety, now warmly brilliant, a mastery of rhythm.

It was a still more dangerous experiment to transcribe Debussy's Prelude to Mallarme's poem for orchestra. The piano can hardly even under Mr. Copeland's hands, be expected to reproduce the effects of colour, the sensuousness, the idyllic charm. Mr. Leonard Borwick has transcribed this Prelude and another of Debussy's orchestral works, and he played them in London last season. Mr. Copeland's transcription is ingenious and often effective [illegible] like all transcriptions of [illegible] orchestral pieces it tires the h[illegible] a desire to listen again t[illegible]al

"Canope" [illegible] the second [illegible] Debussy's Preludes is an [illegible]able [illegible], not so interesting as [illegible] associates. 'Soleil a midi,' by the Belgian Jongen, is a show piece with unimportant musical ideas. It served to display Mr Copeland's technic.

Mr. Copeland among pianists is as Swinburne said of Coleridge among poets, lonely and incomparable. He belongs to no school, he is no one's disciple. Playing Debussy's music more poetically and fantastically than any pianist we have heard, he yet cannot be called a specialist, for he played last night the music of MacDowell in the epic manner; his performance of Scarlatti's Pastorale, beautiful in every way, had the right touch of archaism; his Schumann was Schumannesque, and his interpretation of Chopin's pieces would surely have won the approval of Vladimir de Pachmann.

How did he obtain his inimitable touch? How did he acquire the peculiar technic that sets him apart from all other pianists?

There come, but rarely, pianists, singers, violinists, who impress their individuality upon the most hardened hearer. Then is the time for unalloyed pleasure, for admiration without a "but" or a "however," for the recording of aesthetic enjoyment, not for critical inquiry. Mr. Copeland's performance is sensuous when the music makes that appeal, but his sensuousness is never lush. It is now romantic, now nobly classic. This pianist who brings before you the scorching sun and the languorous and fiery dance rhythms of Spain, sings in the twilight of Chopin and interprets the fancies of Debussy in shadowy dreamlands. For him, too, the fairies are exquisite dancers; for him the moonlight has secrets for the terrace; he hears the bells of the engulfed cathedral, as the Briton sailor hears beneath the waves the chimes of the sunken city Ys.

MME. ELISABETH VAN ENDERT IN SONG RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Elisabeth van Endert gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Richard Epstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Widmung, Roeselein, Mondnacht, Fruehlingsnacht; Schubert, Ave Maria, Heidenroeslein; Brahms, Feldeinsamkeit, Vergebliches Staendchen, Wiegenlied, Botschaft; Rogers, Autumn; Old English, Phyllis hath such charming graces; MacDowell, Long Ago, A Maid Sings Light; Leoni, The Leaves and the Wind; Reger, Waldeinsamkeit, Maria Wiegenlied; Wolf Der Gaertner; de Lange, Dutch Serenade; Strauss, Staendchen.

Mme. van Endert, who sang here last season at a Symphony concert and at a Sunday afternoon concert where she sang with orchestra and also with a piano accompaniment, was heard here last month at an operatic concert. Yesterday she gave her first recital in this city.

That operatic singers are seldom accomplished Lieder singers has passed into a familiar saying, yet there are noteworthy exceptions, as Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Sembrich, Miss Farrar, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Edmond Clement, not to mention others. The fact is that many operatic singers, relying on their reputation, do not take the trouble to study the art of Lieder singing. Then there are opera singers of whom it may be said, vox et praeterea nihil; singers who on the stage make their effects chiefly by bellowing and are therefore wildly applauded. Turn them loose on the concert stage and they are fearsome cattle.

Mme. van Endert before she visited this country was known in concert as well as in opera, though her pronounced success was chiefly in the theatre. She is now making an extended concert tour. It may be said at once that her singing yesterday was of a higher order than on former occasions. Her interpretation was more varied and more significant.

The program while it was an agreeable one, was made up chiefly of well-worn songs. The words of "Autumn" might well inspire a composer, and Mr. Rogers was fortunate in the invention of his music. Leoni's pretty trifle pleased at once, and Mme. van Endert was obliged to repeat it. De Lange's "Dutch Serenade" and the singer of it deserved the same compliment. As a whole, the program was conventional.

Mme. van Endert's voice has beautiful quality. It is a pure, but not cold soprano of liberal range, lyric and flexible, well suited to Lieder of emotional, idyllic, contemplative and frolicsome character. The lowest tones, as heard in the last verse of Leoni's song, are peculiarly rich not the hollow shells of tones that often [illegible] operatic [illegible] effects when she is required to sing below her working voice. Her technic is adequate her control of breath, her handling of a phrase, her legato are all worthy of praise.

She was more expressive yesterday in the songs of tender sentiment and joyous mood than in those that demanded emotional intensity, passion and dramatic force. There is more in "Mondnacht," "Feldeinsamkeit" and "Botschaft" than was expressed by the singer. The interpretation was not convincing. To say it was superficial would, perhaps, be going too far; but in these instances the hearer was left unmoved. Even the interpretation of the too familiar "Serenade" of Strauss was comparatively pale. But in the songs of lighter sentiment, in the mocking "Maid Sings Light," in the songs of Reger, the singer gave full expression to the various moods of the composers.

Mme. van Endert was warmly applauded by an audience of good size. Recalled at the end she sang Brahms's "Schmied."

Mr. Epstein played here for the first time. He has a most agreeable touch, marked facility, fine musical taste, with sympathy and support for the singer. If we are not mistaken, he is a son of Julius Epstein, the celebrated piano teacher of Vienna.

CONCERT BY MR. BISPHAM AND MISS MYRNA SHARLOW

Boston Opera Soprano and Metropolitan Baritone Sing.

The third concert of the third season of the Tremont Temple course was given last evening. The soloists were Myrna Sharlow, soprano of the Boston Opera company, and David Bispham, baritone of the Metropolitan. Tremont Temple was well filled and the audience liked the singers.

Mr. Bispham and Miss Sharlow sang alternate numbers, ending with "O, Figlia Mia," duet from "Rigoletto." The concert began with an organ number by Mr. O'Shea.

Mr. Bispham is on terms of easy familiarity with his audience. Each number was prefixed with a few explanatory words in humorous vein. Mr. Bispham is a Philadelphia Quaker and recognizes the absurdity of an American's singing Italian to an American audience which does not understand Italian. All his selections, with the exception of the duet and the "Erl King," which has no satisfactory translation, were given in English.

His songs were divided into groups of classic airs, request numbers and three selections, including "Calm Be Thy Sleep," "The Pirate Song" and Kipling's "Route Marchin'." The last was written for Mr. Bispham and is so stirring that a small boy in the gallery was unable to keep still. Of course, the encore was "Danny Deever," which evoked so much applause that "Drink to Me Only" was also given. Another popular encore was Storace's "Pretty, Pretty Creature."

Critics who declare Mr. Bispham has passed his prime found him in excellent voice. His program was varied. He is always dramatic.

Miss Sharlow is remembered as the plucky girl who sang "Mimi" at a moment's notice when Mme. Melba was indisposed. The incident occurred last March. Miss Sharlow is unaffected and attractive. Her voice was not quite smooth on the low notes—a bit ragged at the hem. She sang the prayer from "Carmen," but was most pleasing in a group of familiar songs—"I Know Where I'm Goin'," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."

The Tremont Temple audiences always demand encores and last night the soloists were most generous.

On Tuesday morning we published in this column extracts from Charles Godfrey Leland's "Breitmann as an Uhlan." We published them because the looting in the Franco-Prussian war was not so flagrant as it has been in Belgium and France: because the "requisish" of Hans Breitmann when he summoned the mayor of Nancy to stand in his awful presence was moderate in comparison with the demands made by Germans upon Belgians whose country they ruthlessly invaded. We published the verses for another reason: they are amusing. Leland was well acquainted with the Germans as far back as the Forties. He was a student at Heidelberg and Munich and most friendly disposed toward the German people though he was not blind to peculiarities and foibles. He was the first to translate Heine's "Reisebilder" into English (1855); and nearly 40 years afterwards he translated and edited for Heinemann in London the works of Heine.

It appears that the publication of these extracts disturbed a sensitive soul. The letter of an anonymuncule goes into the waste basket as a rule, but the following letter should be printed as an example of courtesy in argument, as a fine flower of German "Kultur."

Somewhat Personal.

"For one thing, 'Philip Hale,' you deserve credit—once in a while you have the courage to show your real nature—and expose its low and vulgar inclination, and wallow in the exhibition of what it delights in. Did not the many years of 'Boston culture' (not German Kultur) surroundings penetrate your elephant's hide by this time? Evidently not, since this is your taste in literature. What has your 'note' to do with the verses? What has how a 'man talks German' got to do with it? Were you drunk when you sent the article to press, or had you a 'brain storm' because your beloved 'British' were being exposed??

"Since you published these beautiful (sic) verses won't you also reprint 'The Truce of the Bear,' by Kipling? It was printed in The Herald right after the 'Disarmement' (sic) question. Its at least decent poetry and is not an insult to your readers to submit it to them. Compulsory, ANON.

"We would advise your reading a bit of Goethe, Schiller and Heine—it might help you."

Note and Comment.

As you put our name in quotation marks, the inference is that you regard it as assumed. We are not fussy in this matter. Call us Plantagenet Fitz Roy Mortimer or Zenas T. Field, it matters not. The surname is our own, and the Christian name was only given in baptism, for we were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, who, by the way, is not the "tribal deity of the Hohenzollerns."

We thought that in this column we had been as frank in revelation as a child rolling on the carpet, unreserved and as loose as ashes, for many years, but we now learn that on Jan. 5, 1915, we threw off the mask and exposed our hideous deformity.

"Elephant's hide." Our correspondent is evidently thinking of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, elephant folio, sold only by subscription (as yet unpublished).

We were not drunk, most noble Festus; we were plumb sober, deplorably sober. Not that we belong to the band of total abstainers. Now and then we take a mild snifter, a modest quencher, a febrifuge. We look kindly on pots of ale. But in working hours, when we are laboring to raise the moral tone of the community, when we are moulding public thought we abstain rigorously from fire water, the hot juice of the Tuscan grape, vintages of New Jersey, and gross and sensual beer. In these hours of unselfish toil our fare is that of Goldsmith's Hermit:

> A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
> And water from the spring.

We were looking over Goethe's conversations with Eckermann and a volume of Heine only the other day. It would be easy to quote from them passages that would distress you. Look for example at Goethe's words on national hatreds. Is there a statue of Heine allowed to stand in any part of Germany?

Anecdote for the Day.

This la Folone, a gentleman of Touraine, was the greatest eater at the court. When others said, "What a fine day to hunt!" "What a fine day for a walk!" "What a fine day for tennis!" he would say: "Ah, what a fine day for eating!" Leaving the table, his grace was this: "Lord grant me to digest thoroughly what I have eaten."

Our Contributors.

Ah, our contributors! "Orion" of Noddle island appreciates them. "Between them they truly seem, as 'Mikros' said today, omniscient. Questions, grave or gay, simple or complex, ancient or modern, yield to the combined erudition of the editor and his loyal admirers, among whom I hope to be numbered if found deserving of an occasional corner. To be permitted to share even in an humble way in a work which is occasionally adorned by contributions from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, a man who seems to combine in his person the most admirable traits of some of the best characters rendered dear to us by Dickens, Thackeray and other favorite writers, is sufficient to call forth the best that is in us so as to justify so high a privilege."

Good work, Orion! As soon as we find out where Mr. Herkimer Johnson is now pursuing his sociological studies we will forward your "appreciation." Will he say, "Why lug in Thackeray and Dickens?"

Meanwhile "G. F. D." thinks that our contributors are all "good sports." "And in spite of my venerable age and my natural (as well as professional) sobriety of character, I shall be satisfied if nothing else than that be said of me when my epitaph comes to be written. Could we not all be brought together under the kindly assistance of the editor of this department and form an exclusive little club? What jolly times we could have 'reminiscing' without space-limitation, or listening to the old Salts as they fought over nautical terms, or to those literary or philosophical pundits who occasionally rush fearlessly in where the more modest angels among us fear to tread. And perhaps we might sometimes be permitted to look over the advance sheets of that great sociological work, in elephant folio, to which numerous references have been made."

We fear that "G. F. D." would be disappointed. Take Mr. George P. Bolivar for example. He is an elderly gen-

[illegible] who wears green glasses, puts [illegible] closes even when the sidewalk [illegible] in winter, does not know the [illegible] of strong waters, eats dry [toa]st and apple sauce for his supper [at] 10 P. M. Few would find Mr. Lucien Henderson congenial, for he is of statistical turn of mind. As for Mr. Herkimer Johnson, he is a variable quantity. Fine fellows all—but not always wholesome companions for grown persons.

Causerie—Hot Air.

Here is "H J L." writing: "In the Boston Herald this morning (Jan. 4) [unde]r the caption 'As the World Wags,' [I s]aw what purported to be a letter, [en]titled 'Causerie.' Will you please tell [me] if 'Causerie' is the French word for [hot] air?"

You ought to know. The letter that [was] headed "Causerie" was written by [illegible].

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Common Clay," the Harvard prize play, a [dram]a in three acts, a prologue and an [epilo]gue, by Cleves Kinkcad. First performance on any stage.

PERSONS OF THE PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

Judge Samuel Filson	John Craig
Hugh Fullerton	Alfred Lunt
[illegible] Fullerton	William P. Carleton
Penelope Gail	Miss Mary Young

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Judge Samuel Filson	John Craig
[illegible] Fullerton	William P. Carleton
[illegible] Fullerton	Alfred Lunt
[Arthur] Coakley	Dudley Hawley
W. P. Ya[te]s, attorney	Al Roberts
Edwards	Irving Pichel
Mrs. Richard Fullerton	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Anne Fullerton	Miss Marion Tanner
Mrs. Neal	Miss Mabel Colcord
Miss Warren	Miss Sylvia Cushman
Ellen Neal	Miss Mary Young

In the prologue Hugh Fullerton, a well-to-do young man, proposes marriage to Penelope Gail, a famous actress, a guest at his father's house. Miss Gail, to whom he has been a perfect suitor questions his chivalry toward other women, Ellen Neal, for instance. It is evident that Miss Neal [ha]s [been] unpleasantly talkative. Urged to confession, young Hugh begins the story of his past as the curtain falls.

In the next act, in the same house 10 years earlier, Ellen Neal is a maid. She wants to be straight, but the first person she meets is Arthur Coakley, a drunkard and the cause of her first misfortune. He assures her that she cannot keep straight. She slaps his face and he promptly informs his host, Hugh Fullerton, that the new maid was the belle of a well-known dance hall. Hugh is interested, tries his luck and [kisses] Ellen under the mistletoe. He [has] always been her hero, for she is [conne]cted with names in the social [colum]ns, and she speedily succumbs to [his] rapturous wooing.

A year later. Hugh's father rushes [to] Judge Filson, the family lawyer. Hugh is the father of her son and Ellen [has] engaged a lawyer. Hugh, fresh from Europe, only wishes to forget his escapade. Young Coakley, anxious to [ma]rry into one of "our best families," offers to prove Ellen, a dissolute girl during her period of service at the Fullerton's. In his zeal he triumphantly announces that it was he himself who caused her downfall. Ellen's lawyer chuckles. Young Coakley must answer for himself in court to a penitentiary offence for Ellen at the time [illegible].

In the trial scene Mrs. Neal makes surprising revelations. Ellen in not her daughter, but the child of a fallen woman who later killed herself to save the father of her child from notoriety at a critical moment in his career. Ellen, moved by her mother's sacrifice, is unwilling to have Coakley sentenced. It will take the "hush money" for the child from the Fullerton's. Incidentally the Fullerton's lawyer, Judge Filson, is her father. Left alone in the court room he offers her assistance on condition that she keep his name a secret.

In the epilogue Ellen, for it is evident that it is she, has mysteriously become an actress. She demands that Hugh marry the woman he wronged 10 years ago. He consents to win her regard, and sends for Judge Filson, who Penelope informs him is Ellen's father. The mystery is solved amid general rejoicing.

Mr. Kinkead's drama is a vigorous [play] of absorbing interest. It contains excellent material. "There are only two problems in life," says Judge Filson, "the problem of sex and the problem of property." The young author has written of one phase of the first with a frankness which proclaims his sincerity and honesty of purpose. Mr. Kinkead, however, appears to judge men [sev]erely, with the violence and intensity of prejudiced youth. It is true that there are pathetic cases, that the most [ar]dent protestations are soon forgotten, that women are often left to face the despair and bitterness of increasing indifference and downright neglect.

Every man, however, is not a reprobate and in "Common Clay" no man escapes unsullied. Judge Filson, who has sacrificed a woman's life to his career, is a coward. Coakley is a [illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] although he [illegible] [illegible] where [the] boy is [con]cerned [th]ere should be some law to protect the [illegible] of gentlemen from such [sc]um of [illegible] [illegible]ty." Even Edwards, the smug English butler, has a nervous air.

On the other hand these characters, if they are villainous, are well drawn and cunningly contrasted as are the women of the play. Mr. Kinkead is shrewd and observing. His people are human beings. The socially ambitious Mrs. Fullerton is to be met with every day.

The dialogue is of the utmost frankness and modernity. It is often crisp and sometimes brilliant, but would bear pruning in places. Young Coakley's jag in the first act is unreasonably prolonged. Mrs. Neal's revelations are long-drawn out. The epilogue would gain by shortening.

The piece was excellently acted. Miss Young added another portrait to her gallery of well-defined and admirably sustained impersonations. Mr. Craig displayed sharper sense of characterization, greater poise and quiet force in his performance of Judge Filson than he has of late exhibited. Mr. Carleton was altogether realistic as collegian and grown man. Miss Barnicoat was distinguished as Mrs. Fullerton and Miss Colcord's acting in the trial scene was genuine in emotional intensity. The other characters were individually well acted, including Mr. Hawley's performance of an ungrateful part.

In spite of Mr. Kinkead's gloomy views of men the play is unconventional and well worth seeing and should prosper.

A large audience was warm in expressions of approval. The author spoke, but not briefly, after the third act.

Jan 9 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Louis XI.," a drama in four acts, adapted by H. R. Maxwell from Casimer Delavigne's tragedy.

Louis XI	Robert Mantell
Tristan L'Ermite	Walter Gibbs
Philip de Comines	John Gibbs
Jacques Coitieh	John Burke
Francois de Paule	Frank Peters
The Dauphin	Guy Lindsley
Marcel	Edward Lewers
Duke de Nemours	Fritz Leiber
Oliver de Dain	Harold Skinner
Marie	Genevieve Hamper
Jennie	Mary Barnes
Martha	Genevieve Reynolds

Mr. Mantell's very melodramatic impersonation of Louis XI. is well known here. Theophile Gautier said of Delavigne that in this tragedy he borrowed from Mercier and Sir Walter Scott. No one of the four could have imagined such a scene as that of Mr. Mantell's king flopping on the floor, kicking up his heels, squirming and writhing and uttering strange, discordant cries at the end of the third act. It is a pity that Mr. Mantell gave way to exaggeration here as in the scene of his entrance. The entrance itself was highly dramatic, but the trembling hands, the twitching fingers, the shaking legs—all this was overdone until the effect was grotesque rather than impressive. Much to be preferred was his craftiness in plying the innocent Marie with questions, also his talk with the rustics. And throughout the drama there were capital bits of business; there was a general intelligence that made one wonder at the jumping into the wildest melodrama. It might well be asked whether Mr. Mantell has any warrant for making Lewis so hideous as to the face. Lewis was no beauty—but the Lewis of last night looked like some badly scorched demoniacal figure in a pantomime.

Miss Hamper was a simple, trustful Marie. Mr. Walter Gibbs played Tristan with the voice and sepulchral air of the Ghost in "Hamlet." Mr. John Gibbs was well made up at Comines. Mr. Leiher, a manly, stalwart Nemours, was often too vociferous. His voice is a pleasant and virile one, when he does not force it. How he did shout in the throne room! And in the King's bed chamber his voice would have at once called in the melancholy Tristan, not to mention Oliver and the guards. The rest of the support was "from fair to middling—ranging toward middling," as Uncle Amos remarked when asked about his health.

Mr. Mantell's engagement will close tonight with a performance of "Macbeth." "The Merchant of Venice" will be played at the matinee this afternoon.

Dr. Arthur Lynch, "warrior, metaphysician, bard and M. P.," has written "Sonnets of the Banner and the Star" with an essay on "The Sonnet as An Instrument of Poetry." He thinks well of the sonnet, for he writes one to some unnamed wretch, who despises them, and in it he calls him a hound. "I do not find Shakespeare a great sonnet writer." Dr. Lynch fills the sonneters, Milton and Wordsworth, full of holes, and though he worships Keats he finds flies on his sonnets. An English reviewer says that the book, "to change the application of two lines from his 'Cantatrice.'"

> Is impregnated with those odors warm
> That bland exhale from love's soft burning smart.

From this we have a right to infer that Dr. Lynch's volume is hot stuff.

W[illegible] Go?

[illegible] quote [illegible] p[illegible] paragraph from the "[illegible]" column of the London Times:

"Can any recommend a broken-hearted, life-long worker in the cause of peace some habitation in which the evening of his days can be passed unsullied by news of the horrors of his perpetual nightmare?"

How different the behavior of our workers in the cause of peace! They go to the Toy Theatre to revel in the horrors of "Across the Border."

War Notes.

Those who lightly wonder why the British fleet does not control the North sea so that raids on the British coast would be impossible should remember that a moderate estimate of the sea's area places it at 140,000 square miles, while a German statistician puts it at 211,528 square miles. "To ensure every square mile of the North sea itself, from the Shetland to the mouth of the Thames, being kept under observation, at least 600 scouting vessels would be needed, for under the most favorable atmospheric conditions barely 300 square miles can be swept from the crow's nest of a cruiser; and the German fleet can select its own time and place for its heroic bombardments of undefended towns." And the watch of the British fleet now extends to Iceland.

A Scottish journal calls the people of Scarborough Scarborians. The people of Glasgow are Glasgovians or Glaswegians. Liverpudlians inhabit Liverpool; Mancunians, Manchester; and in Leeds there are Leodensians. Is there a noun for the people of Edinburgh? The term "Edinborians" is not known.

Open-Air Theatres.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Jan. 4, H. J. L. inquired for "the name of another open-air theatre which was running at about the same time" as Oakland Garden. The latter garden, which was at Blue Hill avenue and Columbia street, ran from 1879 to 1891, and perhaps to 1892, as I infer from its being listed in the Boston directories of 1880 to 1892 (inclusive) as a place of amusement. Webster Garden, which was at Washington street and Wells avenue, ran in 1880, and perhaps in 1881, being listed in the directory of 1881 as a place of amusement. Forest Garden, which was on Forest Hills street, near Washington street, ran in 1879, and perhaps in 1880, being listed in the directory of 1880 as a place of amusement. Perhaps Webster Garden or Forest Garden was the open-air theatre (other than Oakland Garden) for which H. J. L. inquired. INO.

Boston, Jan. 7.

We are indebted also to "M. E. S." of Roxbury for mentioning Forest Garden. The Herald will publish tomorrow some interesting letters concerning these old gardens.—Ed.

An Old Song.

And while we are in a thankful mood we acknowledge the receipt from "N. F. R." of Wiscasset, Me., of an old copy of the once famous song, "The Flying Trapeze." It is the edition we remember well: "Hitchcock's Half-Dime Series or Music for the Million," published by B. W. Hitchcock, 98 Spring street, New York, "under St. Nicholas Hotel." This particular song was published in 1869. Other comic songs listed on the back page are "Capt. Jinks," "Not for Joseph," "Champagne Charlie," "Riding Down Broadway," "Up in a Balloon." These are among the first 40 songs. There were many others later. Has any one a complete set. There should be one in the Public Library. Let no one despise the songs of the music hall and the street. They mirror contemporaneous life in all its phases. They furnish rich material for a sociologist like Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Nor need the musician shrug his shoulders. Take the opening phrase of the Trapeze song. "He'd fly thro' the air with the greatest of ease." When this phrase is properly sung you can see "Signor Bona Slang" flying and hear the shouting.

Tresses or Locks?

As the World Wags:

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infernal old.

This was how a facetious friend of mine used to quote it. When I saw these lines at the head of the column a few days ago I was reminded of what I have long thought was the singular inappropriateness of the word "tresses" in such a connection,

> His wither'd cheek and tresses gray,
> Seem'd to have known a better day.

I have always loved Walter Scott ever since that distant time—how long it seems!—when I first got hold of Nimmo's Edinburgh edition of his poetical works and was fascinated with the pictures as well as by the simple narrative style and the free swing of the lines. I would not vex his shade with any ultra-critical analysis of his homely and charming periods, but that word tresses has always stuck in my guzzle. The application of it to nature's head-covering of a minstrel old or young or any other male human is absolutely unwarrantable.

Why not "locks of gray," which has only the same number of syllables and this would agree with the metre of the lines. Love locks, not tresses, was the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] entirely [illegible] [illegible] to accompany [illegible] feminine youth and beauty. [illegible] like a real princess [illegible] one of the Savoy operas. What [would] be thought of Shakespeare if [Macbe]th were to apostrophize the apparition of the murdered Banquo with.

> Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
> Thy gory tresses at me.

Boston, Jan. 3 ORION.

Yes, but the monosyllable "locks" suits the metre. When the word "tresses" is used by extension to mean a long lock of hair without any sense of its being plaited or braided, it may refer to the hair of either man or woman, but it refers especially to women, as in the old song we used to sing in school about roaming Alfaretta, the Indian girl. "Loose her tresses flying."—Ed.

Jan 10 1915

JOSEF HOFMANN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a large and very applausive audience. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Intermezzo, F major; Bird as Prophet; Der El Contrabandista (Tausig's transcription), Fantasie in C major; Chopin, Fantasie, F minor, Impromptu, F sharp minor, valse, E flat major, valse, F minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Dvorsky, Le Sanctuaire, East and West, Penguine; Tschaikowsky, Reverie du Soir; Moszkowsky, La Jongleuse; Liszt, Rhapsodie, No. 12.

Schumann's Intermezzo in F major is seldom heard in Boston. It is beautiful in itself and as played by Mr. Hofmann it was one of the chief features of the concert. Tausig in the Fifties did all sorts of things, thus he went about playing Liszt's Fantasies on "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Robert le Diable" and he was joyful at the prospect of "Il Trovatore," furnishing material for a virtuoso's holiday. He also wrote music that he regretted. Only a few of his own transcriptions are now in the pianist's repertoire. "El Contrabandista," an ornamentation of Schumann's song, is one of the best. Tausig, by the way, was familiarly known to Liszt and Buelow as the "Hidalgo," and now and then he would so sign his letters to them. Of the three pieces by Dvorsky "Le Sanctuaire" has the most musical character but Debussy has done this better. "East and West" is orientalism in the familiar "patrol" manner. The third is laboriously eccentric.

Perhaps Mr. Hofmann made Schumann's bird a little too deliberate—this bird sings more willingly for Vladimir de Pachmann—but there was fine tonal quality. The first and third portions of Schumann's Fantasie were well played. In the middle section Mr Hofmann's fortissimo went beyond music. His chords were harsh and without body. And again it was proved that when the best piano is treated so violently, it ceases to be a musical instrument and is only an exasperated box of jangling strings. So, too, in the Fantasie and Scherzo of Chopin the pianist's strength was too often violence. His performance of the waltzes was delightful.

There are pianists less famous and not so well equipped as Mr Hofmann who are more interesting. He has indisputable gifts. These gifts are acknowledged by the hearer, they are admired at the time; but Mr Hofmann is not emotional, or he has not the faculty of expressing his emotion. His performance cannot justly be called cold or mechanical. He is not pedagogic in the dissection of a composition. The problem is a curious one. Perhaps the drudgery of his boyhood and the exploitation of talent in early years killed what musical enthusiasm was within him. We hear of his delight in machinery, electricity, etc., etc. Perhaps his enthusiasm has gone into these tastes or passions. He was an infant phenomenon. Now that he is a man, he is still more of a phenomenon.

Not long ago a dramatic critic in New York expressed the opinion that Shakespeare's humorists, clowns, professional wits, are not funny. He said nothing about Falstaff, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Slender the amateurs of Athens—he put them all in a bunch and dismissed them. He named Touchstone and quoted his [illegible]ning speech.

Of a certain [le]ngth that [illegible] by his honor they were g[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]y his honor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]t now, I [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] was good [illegible] forsworn."

The eminent critic who [illegible] today would laugh [illegible] these lines. Yet the large audience that saw the first performance of "As You Like It" in the Boston Opera House did laugh. Not uproariously; not so that the walls trembled. The spectators did not beat their sides. But they laughed. Did this show a degree of "culture" superior to the New York brand, or a deplorable adherence to tradition? Did the simple hearted spectators argue: "Touchstone is a clown, clowns are funny; therefore we must laugh?" Perish the thought.

Probably no one today swallows Shakespeare in bulk, as Victor Hugo, in a famous page, declared his willingness to accept everything in the "divine Williams." Nor do we purpose to discuss in academic fashion whether Shakespeare's deliberately funny clowns are really funny. Touchstone is no more a clown in the common acceptation of the word than is Chicot in the novels of the elder Dumas. He is the more amusing. It is a pity that prudery cuts his conversation with the shepherd. When we saw James Lewis in the part, the year was not so mealy-mouthed. Adelaide Nelison was the Rosalind. O happy days!

If Touchstone is a club wit, bored in the forest as at court, and seeking relief in an amazing marriage, what shall be said of other clowns? We would gladly have been with Sir Andrew and the clown that night when the latter "spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of Queubus." Sir Andrew is no longer amusing certain quarters. It is true he has one of the saddest speeches in all Shakespeare. When Sir Toby says that Maria is a true-bred beagle, "and one that adores me," Sir Andrew answers: "I was adored once, too."

The performance of "As You Like It" at the Boston Opera House moved a theatregoer who has seen for many years the best that the stage in Boston has afforded to write the following letter to Messrs. Macdonald and Jewett:

Gentlemen: I feel so grateful to you for what you are doing and trying to do in the revival of classic and modern drama at the Boston Opera House, at prices suited to the overwhelming demands of the times, that I wish to express my sense of personal obligation, in the first place, and then to say as a citizen that I believe what you are doing, from an educational point of view, is very far-reaching. I cannot myself discover any medium for transferring to the young high thoughts, intellectual development, literary discrimination and encouragement to reading for one's self so effective as to present to the eye, the ear and the understanding, all at once, the beautiful creations of Shakespeare. Lives will become beautified and every day will be stimulated by these "picture-people," who will come at one's call. I know—for I have grown gray with them—but they have preserved all the glories of youth and have never grown old after an acquaintance of nearly threescore years and ten.

To a population made up of probably from 25 to 50 languages or dialects daily spoken in our streets, is it not well worth while to let English, the spoken language of our country, have the right of way and have a school where it is illustrated?

May I congratulate you on the success of your opening night and thank you and your co-workers for the finish of their initial performance?

Believe me, with the desire to be of any service to you, youre very truly,

HENRY M. ROGERS.

Boston, Jan. 2.

Early Gardens in Boston

About a week ago "H. J. L." inquired in The Herald about an open air theatre, not Oakland Garden. Several answers have been received. As they were too long for the As the World Wags department they are published here with other letters pertaining to theatrical matters, Negro minstrelsy, etc.

To the Editor of The Herald.

Be it known to your correspondent, H. J. L., that the Forest Garden on the Peter Parley estate was flourishing during a part of the time when Oakland Garden was in existenes. It was reached by the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad on Washington street, and was to the left of that thoroughfare, going out, between Egleston Square and Jamaica Plain. Mr. Goodrich, the author, once lived there in rural enjoyment, and, by the way, he was not the author of all the juvenile uplifters that bear his pen name. Mr. Kettele, the editor of the old Boston Daily Courier, wrote some of these slips for the young-uns, but he was paid for them, and Peter Parley, no doubt, gave them his own coloring. There are authors who, like the elder Dumas, dress up skeletons and give them flesh and blood. As I remember Forest Garden it had an open-air theatre, menaged circus, after the old fashion, fireworks and other attractions for young and old. If I mistake not Jenny M[illegible] [illegible] in the early days of [illegible] authorship.

I do not think that its period of life was as long as that of Oakland Garden, where the late manager, Isaac Rich, lived in a house on the grounds for a time during the summer. I recall that in the little theatre in the garden was once produced a piece called "The Adamless Eden." All the characters in it except one were women. Yet it was not what the boys call a howling success. It was too much of a good thing, and it is sad to reflect that the only male impersonator in it afterward jumped the life to come, not because of his appearance in the play, but for the reason that existence was a riddle that he could not guess. "Pinafore" on the water I saw there, and perhaps the novelty of seeing a war vessel on a pond added to the ridiculosity of Mr. Gilbert's lines, and perhaps not. Anyway they were laid in pleasant places.

But public amusement gardens do not flourish forever in big cities and their neighborhoods. Way back in the recesses of my early childhood there existed a garden run by Johnny Lee, a local confectioner. It was situated between Winter and Bromfield streets on Washington street. I was taken there from my home, not far from the locality, to see Miss Mary Ann Lee. I have the faintest kind of a recollection of seeing her floating in the air as it were, and I did not recall what the play was about until I saw Moriacchi many years after in a revival of "La Bayadere" at the Boston Theatre. I suppose that the first mentioned dancer was seen here a few years after the Fanny Elsler craze. But what a prosaic name she had. It smacked more of domesticity than the stage. Nevertheless, she was accounted a fine illustration of the poetry of motion, although I cannot speak critically of her myself.

Then we had the Apollo Garden. It flourished for a time as a German beer garden with music by a good orchestra, and was patronized for a time by the swells who had been abroad. Then it degenerated into indifferent vocal exhibitions and eventually drifted out of existence to be replaced by the Continental Theatre under the management of Lon Morris. He did not make a success of it, and it then passed into the hands, among others, of B. F. Whitman, who produced there "The Black Crook" for the first time in Boston, and there have been other gardens of less pretensions, but where are these gardens now?

I wonder if there is anyone now living who remembers when Castle Garden in New York was a place for concerts and the like, and when Niblo's was really a garden and not an enclosed theatre? But surely there are many who recall with delight the Thomas garden in New York, where the finest of orchestral music was given when good fellows got together with a stein on the table.

Dorchester, Jan. 4. BAIZE.

Forest Garden and Kennedy

To the Editor of The Herald:

I would like to say for the information of H. J. L. of your column, that the other open-air theatre he speaks of as running at the same time as Oakland Garden was located on the Forest Hills line of the Metropolitan railroad and was somewhere between Egleston Square and Forest Hills. It was called "Forest Garden," I think, and the railroad company did sell railroad tickets with admission coupon; but as I remember it never was as much of a success as Oakland, to which it was run in opposition. It seems to me it was located in what we used to call "Amory Grove" and was a picnic grove before the railroad took it. I remember the last night of "Pinafore" at Oakland Garden, the "ship" was set on fire and burned on the lake as final sensation of the season. Donald Kennedy of Roxbury was the first president of the Highland road; he was a Scotchman, and the name and the Scotch plaid cars originated with him. He was in the patent medicine business. "Kennedy's Medical Discovery" made him rich.

Braintree, Jan. 4. G. C. B.

Old-Time Gardens and Songs

To the Editor of The Herald:

In answer to "H. J. L." I will say that the resort he refers to was known as "Forest Garden," and was quite a way to the west from "Oakland." The plaid decorated cars of the Highland company ran on Shawmut, instead of Columbus avenue. This was in genuine competition with the Met. St. R. R. Co., and was largely promoted by Donald Kennedy, a patent medicine manufacturer.

As for the old minstrels, no one has referred to Eph Horn and his whitewash kit; and was not Maffitt the originator of the "Lone Fisherman," who was always present in every act of "Evangeline" at the Museum? One always got something good and up-to-date at Morris Bros. There was a mix-up one day in old Scollay square, when a family from the country got separated in rival horse cars for Chelsea and South Boston, and the next night at Morris Bros. there was a side splitting scene where passengers were being shaughied as it were into waiting cars.

Does anyone remember a song that was probably sung before the civil war and referred to the difference in pay of soldiers and congressmen, and had a refrain like this.:

Seven dollars a month and get shot at that
Is the common soldiers' pay,
While those who send the poor fellows there
get eight dollors a day.

Or this one of a little later date?

There's a famous fabled country never seen
by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins are a growing and the
sun is said to rise;
But where it is none koweth, neither mortal
man nor beast,
But of one thing all seem certain that 'tis
way Down East."

There were several verses telling of a man from Indiana taking a trip to New York, Boston, etc., in search of the "fabled country." P. H. B.

Concord Junction.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Forest Garden, an open air theatre flourished at the same time as Oakland Garden. It was situated on Washington street at about Green street on the road to Forest Hills. Barry and Fay played "Murdoon's Picnic" at Oakland Garden, so did little Corinne, and the old Alhambra Theatre at the same time flourished at City Point.

The Alhambra Theatre was a covered theatre, but it ran the same class of shows as the ones above mentioned. Long before City Point was taken over by the park commission the theatre furnished amusement to thousands, and there seems to be a prejudice at the present day, for what reason I am unable to state, against allowing a theatre adjacent to the reservation at City Point. J. M. SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Buckleys' Ethiopian Melodies

To the Editor of The Herald:

It may be a little late to write you about old-time minstrels and songs. I may be able to give you some early history of them as I have a good copy of Buckley's Ethiopian Melodies, copyrighted in 1853 by Philip J. Cozans. A biographical sketch of the Buckleys (a well-preserved song book of 72 pages) containing about 1000 words (I'll not push much of it to you) gives their history up to that time. It says the Buckleys consist of James Buckley, the father, and three sons, Richard, George Swaine and Frederick. Of course at all times they have been assisted by some of the best talent they could command. Their first appearance before the public took place in Boston in the year 1842, under the title of Congo Melodists, which name they retained until the year 1844. They claim to be the first to harmonize Negro melodies.

In 1844 they used their legitimate name, the Buckley family, and gave concerts under that name in all the principal southern cities. They opened in New Orleans in December of that year. They and the public were so well pleased that they were induced to change their name to the "New Orleans Serenaders." They stayed there about a year and a half, then sailed for Europe, arriving in Liverpool in 1846. They travelled over England two years. Then they came to New York after an absence of two years.

They were there in the Bowery Theatre. They then performed 150 consecutive nights at the Society Library. They then went to Philadelphia, and opened at the Musical Fund Hall, where they performed for six weeks. They then went from there to New Orleans, then to Mexico, and arrived in San Francisco in 1852, arrived back in New York in June, 1853, where they intended to remain.

I have another old song book (64 pages), "The Little Brown Jug," printed in Montreal and Toronto, that contains 'The Song of Songs." Air—"Cottage by the Sea."

Childhood's days now pass before me,
When this old hat was new:
We are coming, sister Mary,
Have you seen the boys in blue?
Let me kiss him for his mother,
Underneath the greenwood tree;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
In the cottage by the sea.

The above is the first verse. There are three more. I think I have the verses of the first "Song of All Songs" mentioned, but haven't it at hand. I like it better than this. I think this the older one. DAVID B. WOODBURY.

South Paris, Me., Dec. 30.

The Buckleys under the name "The New Orleans Serenaders" were at the Bowery Theatre in November, 1848.—Ed.

Barrie's "Der Tag" in London

The Pall Mall Gazette reviewed and commented editorially on Barrie's play, "Der Tag," produced at the Coliseum on Dec. 21. Mr. Walbrook wrote the review, which is as follows:

Sir J. M. Barrie's play, "Der Tag," proves to be a very noble comment in dramatic form upon the German Emperor's unloosing of the dogs of war in the beginning of last August. We are shown him being urged by a soldier and a statesman upon the course he half fears and half desires, and we hear and see the Spirit of Culture warning him of what the consequences may be for Germany as well as for the progress and civilization of the world. We see him, in a dream, shivering at the vision of Rheims Cathedral in flames; and in the end we learn that, as the celestial vision had foretold, Belgium has defeated him. Belgium, now bare and ruined, yet over which a divine light hovers. 'And is Germany to be destroyed?' cries the Emperor in anguish; and the perfect answer comes from the Spirit of Culture revisiting him, If God is with the Allies, Germany will not be destroyed!

"Such is the outline of the play, and, as we have said, it forms a nobly expressed comment upon the stupendous event of official Germany's madness of four months ago. Its nobility lies in its perception of the deep things which became living forces in that moment of crisis—insane ambition, sublime chivalry, the glory of duty and obedience (of which we hear in a picture of the phantom armies of Germany still saluting the Kaiser as they pass him in ghostly procession as the war draws to its tragic end), and the innate patriotism and valour of the British race, which years of ease had caused to dwindle, but which at the summons of the mighty living and still more mighty dead have burst forth in their old-time glorious energy again. The dialogue is charged with a solemnity and a poetry worthy of the author and not unworthy of the theme, and, delivered with admirable intensity by the actors, particularly by Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the Spirit of Culture and Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Emperor, it was listened to with rapt attention by an audience that crowded that great house in every part.

"The whole program at the Coliseum this week is one of the most remarkable we have ever seen in a music hall, 'turn after 'turn' being of the highest quality. Above all, let Miss Wish Wynne's exquisitely artistic impersonations of humble life on no account be missed. Her last, that of an unfortunate little girl who is always getting into trouble, quite innocently, and suffering tortures quite unnecessarily, is a masterpiece of delineation, and the house, greatly to its honor, rose at it, recalling the actress again and again."

And here is the editorial comment published in the same issue of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Sir J. M. Barrie has done well in permitting the text of the play presented at the Coliseum last night to be printed in full in the Daily Telegraph and the Daily Chronicle. Apart from one false touch—the placing of the pistol in the Emperor's hand by the Spirit of Culture as the curtain is falling—it forms as lofty and finely impassioned an essay on the war as anything we have read, and no man or woman can read it without being illuminated. As the dramatist suggests, Germany's defeat has already been wrought, not by the fleets and armies of the great powers, but by the chivalry and sacrifice of a little one. The stand which Belgium has made for her independence against a mighty and ruthless invader has already inflicted upon Germany the most terrible moral humiliation any great state has suffered in the modern world. Again, as Sir J. M. Barrie suggests, there is no thought among the allies of destroying Germany. There is a deep and stern determination to do all in their power to destroy the German militarist spirit which has been a danger to Europe for more than 30 years; but the real soul of Germany—that which all Europe has loved in the lives and works of its thinkers and artists and the sober virtues of its peoples—the allies hope to see come into full life again. Of late it has been stifled almost to extinction by the brutal voice and arm of the Prussian spirit at its worst; but the real soul of a people cannnot be conquered. Here Germany stands level with Belgium.

"After the vulgarity and 'cheapness' of so many of the plays dealing with the war hitherto produced in London, it is refreshing to come upon this stately composition; it is interesting that it should have been produced in a music hall; and it is honorable to the music-hall public that it should have been received, as would appear to have been the case last night, with every sign of deep appreciation and approval. Here again the soul of a people is at work. Up to four months ago there were many signs of a certain damp and spurious supineness clogging the soul of old England. All that has been shaken away and England is alive once more, and, as we hope and believe, with the old energy and constancy as strong as ever."

London's Dramatic News

The Daily Telegraph (Dec. 15) says of H. B. Irving as Corporal Brewster in "A Story of Waterloo" that it possesses noteworthy qualities. "True, it never reaches the emotional depths nor rises to the comic heights to which his celebrated predecessor attained. He lays less stress on the senile side of the principal character, a circumstance of which few probably will complain. On the other hand, one misses in his performance the full force of that abounding humor which was so marked a feature of Sir Henry's conception. In the more solemn passages of the play Mr. Irving was distinctly at his best. Yet the final impression remains that, cleverly as he acts the part, he just fails in convincing us that he is the man himself." There was a little sketch by Constance Campbell, "My Friend,

[illegible] T[illegible] [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible] ve [illegible] to [illegible] n [illegible] tro[illegible] T[illegible] very dramatic [illegible] when the effect of the denouement [illegible] discounted by reason [illegible] vious nature."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 11 begins a review of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," by [illegible] Worrall and J. E. H[illegible] (the Royalty Theatre), by saying "We have more than once during [illegible] four months expressed the opinion [illegible] the less the theatre comments [illegible] the war the better it will be for [illegible] for, in commenting in any [illegible] way upon a reality so stupendous it is almost impossible for a medium like the stage to avoid giving the [illegible]ion of trifling—and no impression could be less acceptable at a time [illegible] the present." It then says that "The Man Who Stayed at Home" is harmless [illegible] many moments that are frankly [illegible], with a few serious moments that [illegible] The authors "transcend [illegible] the limits of comic fancy when [illegible] their chief German villain a [illegible] in the admiralty.' The London [illegible] of the [illegible] 'Why didn't he [illegible]?' His sweetheart was very vexed [illegible] about it, and another damsel [illegible] offered him a white feather. The [illegible] he was otherwise engaged. Mr. [illegible] and [illegible] soon saw, from his per[illegible] himself that no one [illegible] ing [illegible] his little way of tapping round the wall for hollow places, that he was engaged in being a spy-catcher. That is why he wore an eye[illegible] and assumed an air of extreme [illegible]. He was on the track of German spies who appeared to have learned the tricks of their business from the [illegible] stories' in the English newspapers. [illegible] a t[illegible] did they omit, from the concealed wireless (would you be surprised to hear it was behind the fire-grate?) [illegible] the [illegible] pigeon (with all the [illegible] pres[illegible] tied to its leg) to [illegible] timed to go off at midnight [illegible] the house on fire (as the most [illegible] signal the spies could think [illegible] submarine U-11 in the offing). [illegible] of course, the spy-catcher was up [illegible] every trick—spotted the wireless in a [illegible] put it out of action, shot the [illegible] pigeon with an airgun, and had [illegible] a game over the bomb, a game which ended in the chief spy being arrested by a corporal's guard. How revolvers, one loaded and the other unloaded, were exchanged between spy and the spy-catcher (like the foils in 'Hamlet'), how each party cried 'Hands up' in turn, how the female spies were [illegible]d into motor cars by the spy-catcher's lady-help, and driven straight to the police, how telephones were fastened to curtains and German waiter-spies were gagged with handkerchiefs belonging to innocent third parties—all these wonderful [illegible] were to be seen last night at the Royalty, and provided a crowded house with innocent amusement. Perhaps the heartiest laugh of the evening was won by the glimpse of an elderly [illegible] in his nightgown, while the [illegible] of the triumphant spy-catcher embracing his sweetheart (with her hair down) to the accompaniment of guns outside (putting an end to submarine U-11) afforded that combination of patriotism and the domestic affections which all honest British playgoers find irresistible."

In "Mon Amour," produced at the Oxford Dec. 7, a composer of an opera reading the notices of his work and [illegible]ing in an amusing manner on [illegible] who have slated it, is interrupted [illegible] a prima donna. He dances with her, sings with her, breakfasts with her, flirts with her and finally kisses her fervently. The Telegraph adds that the piece is an "irresponsible trifle to any one who takes it too seriously."

The story of "Beauties," produced at the Victoria, London, Dec. 14, "deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of one Donovan Drew, an artist who has been commissioned to paint a masterpiece to be entitled 'The Peace of the Nations.' He sends 'Skinny' Langton to ransack the four corners of the earth for the most beautiful models that he can find, and that his confidence in his [illegible]'s taste was not misplaced any one who was present at the Victoria Palace last night must frankly and freely admit. He was sent to find beauties, and he found them in America, in Holland, in Spain, in the countries of the allies, including the colonies, and even in Eldorado. At Donovan Drew's studio they duly arrive in their national costumes (that of Eldorado, by the way, appears to consist chiefly of leaves), and a very gay and pleasant spectacle they made. How the hero was nearly brought to ruin [illegible] the evil machinations of a wicked [illegible]le, and how the situation was saved by the most beautiful model of them all, who proves to be the little English servant at Drew's studio, is unfolded with plenty of entertainment and with a con[illegible] quite unusual in a music hall [illegible]. The part of the hero is capitally played by Mr. Louis Bradfield. Miss [illegible] June makes a fascinating heroine."

Mr. H. C. Lukach, in his "City of Dancing Dervishes," just published by Macmillan (London) describes Konia in Asia [illegible] the headquarters of mystics, who [illegible] their way into communion with the [illegible] a [illegible] of the book [illegible] Daily Telegraph: "[illegible] dervishes are [illegible] though in a rohe to [illegible] to extract money from [illegible] strangers, but at Konia, where the Chelebi or Pope of the sect, dwells, the [illegible] strictly devotional. Mr. Lukach thus describes the ceremony, the dancers wearing dresses consisting of long pleated skirts and zouave jackets, green or white, and the music coming from flutes and drums:

"The flutes broke into a melancholy wailing tune, and the dancers proceeded to revolve, their skirts opening with the motion like those of a ballerina. For 20 minutes or so they continued, while one of the senior dervishes, whose function was evidently to supervise, walked about among the dancers like a sort of drill sergeant seeing that all was well. Then a pause; then a fresh tune, rather like a catchy Italian waltz. Another pause, and the musicians struck up music more weirdly melancholy than that which they had played at first. This was the tune set apart for the rare occasions when the Chelebi himself deigns to dance; and a notable thrill went through the assembly as the Chelebi moved slowly to the middle of the floor, and with a dignity which few occidentals could emulate—none, certainly under the same circumstances—became the pivot around which the others gyrated. After the ceremony I heard a man, evidently a well-to-do countryman, say to his neighbor: 'Do you know what I was thinking when the Chelebi Effendi commenced to dance? I thought he was going to fly.'"

A costume piece, "Mistress Wilful," founded by Ernest Hendric on Frank Barrett's novel, "The Obliging Husband," will be produced at the Strand Theatre, London, this month. It was played about 18 months ago in the English provinces, under the name of "Peg and the 'Prentice." The action is toward the end of the reign of Charles II. The King, Pepys, and the young Duke of Monmouth are in it. The play is a comedy. Fred Terry will play the part of a raw-boned apprentice, and Miss Julia Neilson that of a lady of the period. Mr. Terry wishes to revive "Much Ado About Nothing," but not till "the war is over."

Miss Elizabeth Asquith, speaking at a concert in aid of the arts fund, said "she did not think people realized what the managers were doing in keeping their theatres open, in many cases at a heavy loss, for not only were the services of actors and actresses being retained, but the humble scene shifter and a mass of other people whose work was directly connected with the theatre were kept in employment. When one was kept in a state of vibrating anxiety and one's mind was assailed by constant fears, it was, perhaps, difficult for them to bring themselves to a state of mind where they could attend a theatre, but it was curious that people engaged in the war on returning from the front went straight to a theatre or music hall. Perhaps they had secured a better perspective of the state of affairs than those who were haunted by various spectres. So they owed a debt to those who were keeping things going till a happier state of affairs arrived. Artists had been accustomed to give to others help with a lavishness such as was given by no other profession, and now it was the turn of the public to help them when they were badly hit."

Jan 11 1915

Touch the stomach of the people in a caressing manner and heart and brain will respond. Some wonder why in this column we frequently speak of food and drink. It is because our sole desire is to please the great public. When Artemus Ward and Billson went about playing "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," the play was not successful and Billson said: "Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy." Artemus answered: "No, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind." Let Artemus tell the story:

"'Says he, yes I have, old hoss-fly' (he was a low cuss)—'yes I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind.' I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the state of Vermont."

We knew when we published Mr. William B. Wright's question about potato-cake that public interest would be aroused. Letters are arriving daily—almost hourly. There is talk at the Porphyry about the nationality of this cake. Here are two letters. By the way, Mr. Wright says that the recipe we printed is the one observed in Canada. Now this recipe was one from Cheshire, England.

Potato Cake.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of potato cake, it has been a standard dish in at least one New England family for many years, but I suspect it was introduced by the mistress of the household, who comes herself from northern Ireland. It is associated especially with Halloween, served at the supper, and the penny-ring and thimble that determine fate, are cooked in the batter and, hidden into suddenly, cause excitement among small folk. Only it is a dime, not a penny, that is used, silver being considered [illegible] potato cake [illegible] and very [illegible] in the [illegible] a [illegible] in [illegible] way [illegible]. A delicious [illegible] it is heavy, heavy [illegible] over your stomach and [illegible] a dreamful night on Halloween.

CAPE CODDER.

Boston, Jan. 7.

Is the Cake Irish?

As the World Wags:

Having in mind a stomachial anguish, lately suffered, after having partaken not wisely, but too well, of that succulent—when generously smeared and soaked with butter while hot—edible, to which Mr. Wright refers, I would remark that a more vindictive spirit than mine, biased by bitter and painful memory, might easily be pardoned a voicing of sentiment, not altogether eulogistic of the virtues and qualities or even the mentioning of potato cake. However, the magnanimous within me rises trimphant, and with the aid of a cook of Milesian extraction, I am able to furnish Mr. Wright with the information he desires.

Potato cake is first distinctly Irish, and forms just as necessarily a part of Irish cuisine as does soda cake, but it is more generally used on festive occasions, especially Christmas, when it may be associated with corolers, "potheen"—drinking, and the inevitable roast goose.

In England, people of Irish descent accompany their eating of potato cake (at Yuletide only) with copious draughts of tea, flavored by a goodly "squib" of Jamaica rum per cup. The effects of the combination beggar all description, and if the combination is indulged in at a late hour, the dreams of De Quincey will be as mere dim shadows in comparison.

Now as to the making of the potato cake: The potatoes are boiled and mashed, with a little salt. They are then kneaded with the addition of a small quantity of flour (not an equal portion), into one large piece, cut into smaller pieces, these rolled to about one-half inch in thickness as in the making of tea cake, and cooked after the manner of the griddle cake, though a much slower heat than in the browning of the griddle is advisable. Serve piping hot, well buttered. Some people use caraway seed in the making.

If this contributes to the knowledge of my fellow man, then my purpose is well served.

JOHN B. LEONARD.

Boston, Jan. 8.

One or two Englishmen indignantly deny that potato cake came into England by way of Ireland. They have eaten it in Devonshire, where it has long been known, and Devonshire was the home of daring, sea-faring adventurers in Raleigh's time. They have eaten the cake in Bermuda, and the old English families on that island came from Devonshire. We are glad to see Mr. Leonard using that good old dialect word "squib." Has he ever seen a "squib-glass"?—Ed.

Mr. Sala's Recipe.

George Augustus Sala knew potato cake, and he, too, had a receipt for it. As Mr. Squeers remarked: "Here's richness."

"Pare half a pound of steamed or well boiled dry potatoes and pound them in a mortar; add butter and milk in which sugar has been dissolved; when the potatoes are well beaten and mixed, set the paste on the fire and boil it; stir it into a basin to cool; then put to it the yolks of eight eggs, a sufficient quantity of sugar, the whites of four eggs beaten to a snow, and two spoonfuls (sic) of orangeflower water. Take a mould, butter the inside well, sprinkle the sides over with bread crumbs, and pour in the above preparation; bake till nicely colored, when it may be turned on to a dish. Serve with some sauce."

Reading this, we are reminded of a common inscription on old tombstones: "Reader, prepare to meet thy God."

At New Orleans.

As the World Wags:

Just now when at New Orleans they are beating the cymbals and pounding the drums in commemoration of the victory of Jan. 8, 1815, it may be admissible to return to that matter of Wellington's—not Waterloo—veterans and their defeat at the hands of Andy Jackson. Among the British soldiers who fought there were the King's Own Foot, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the Essex Foot, the Bucks Light Infantry, the Sutherland Highlanders, the 95th Rifles, the Monmouth Light Infantry, the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, the Dublin Foot, the Duchess of York's Own Light Dragoons, and, not to mention all the high-sounding names, two regiments of Negro, West Indian, Foot. These were the men who had overrun Spain, and "carried the lion flag of England triumphant through France to Bordeaux." In serried phrases the historians talk of their prowess, how "some of them had braved the deep-moated castle of Badajos," and how "they had swarmed over the dark walls of Ciudad Rodrigo in mockery of French bayonets and in contempt of French cannon." The great Duke is himself reported to have said of them that "they could go anywhere and do anything." Theodore Roosevelt has called attention to the more sinister side of their story, this in comment upon the watchword that is said to have been passed down the Brit[illegible] [illegible] Spain [illegible] stories they are [illegible].

[illegible] thing [illegible] little history [illegible] referring to them as Waterloo [illegible]. D[illegible] recently referred [illegible] us" to the "old error" in the [illegible] [illegible]dia Americana. In the article referred to by the librarian of Trinity College, Hartford, there is a reference to "Wellington veterans," which is entirely correct. The defeated troops returned to England and were at once re-embarked for Belgium to join Wellington's army for the Waterloo campaign, and Gen. Lambert, who succeeded the slain Pakenham and Gibbs in command at New Orleans, was knighted for gallantry at that final Napoleonic conflict.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston, Jan. 7.

KREISLER IN SYMPHONY HALL

Fritz Kreisler gave in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, the second of his recitals since his return from service in the Austrian army. The program was Concerto in C major, Vivaldi; Corelli's "La Folia"; Beethoven's romances in G major and F major; Bach's Sarabande Double and Bourree for violin alone; Kreisler's arrangement of Dvorak's three Slavonic dances and Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois." Carl Lamson was accompanist and his playing added much to the pleasure of the audience.

Every seat in the hall was filled, all standing room along the walls was occupied and the stage was crowded with occupied chairs, only enough room being left for the violinist and the piano.

If at his first recital Mr. Kreisler showed any recession in skill, in emotional sensitiveness or power of expression, no such phenomenon was visible yesterday. Rather there seemed an intensification of the qualities that have placed him almost in a class by himself and given him an extraordinary place in the affection and admiration of Boston's music-loving public.

Despite the spiritual intensity that has in the past been one of his marked characteristics, he has always kept so tight a rein on his own emotions that a coolness which seemed at times almost austerity has marked his manner. He has now loosened the rein somewhat. Entire command of himself is still plainly in evidence and he is still wholly without trace of cheap sensationalism or extravagance or pose. [illegible] he shows outwardly a trifle more of the inward fire that burns in his tone and expression. One seems to see more clearly than before that the artist himself feels the musical thought of the composer, makes it his own and gives it forth to the listener as something original and spontaneous. To that extent there is gain for the hearer, who gets more Kreisler than formerly.

This was particularly marked in the andante of Vivaldi, with its poignant note of sorrow, in the pathos of some of "La Folia," in the soaring aspiration of the Beethoven romance in F major, and in the delightfully quaint Slavonic dances.

K. P.

The audience apparently felt an added power in the spell of his playing, and gave him a keen attention and a heartiness of applause even more intense than usual.

In response to insistent demands he added many numbers to the program, mainly of dainty, deft, elusive, sweet and purely beautiful pieces in lighter vein.

Jan 12 1915

PRESENTS 'SUZI'

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Suzi," a comedy operetta in three acts. Founded on a Hungarian operetta by Franz Martos. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach. Music by Aladar Renyi. Produced by Mr. Lew Fields at Providence Oct. 26, 1914.

Count Emerich............Melville Stewart
Countess Rosetti............Fritzi von Busing
Signor Pigliani............Arthur Lipson
Herr Horn............Lew Hearn
Lena Balzar............Connie [illegible]
Stephan............Robert Evett
Dr. Herring............Tom McNaughton
Suzi............Jose Collins
Tronbador............Fred Sidney

No one should be deterred from seeing this operetta because it is advertised as "classy," a vile word, a hideous word, that may be found in the vocabulary of the press agent with "vehicle," "offering" and "pretentions" used as a synonym for sumptuous. Nor would it be fair to speak of the humor in "Suzi" as "wholesome," for when stress is laid on the "wholesomeness" of a farce or musical comedy, the dialogue is generally dull.

Now "Suzi" is not "classy"; it is clean; and it is reasonably entertaining. It has a plot, not a [illegible] or [illegible] but a plot, with a b[illegible] a [illegible]

v[illegible]opment [illegible] opera singe[illegible] [illegible] t [illegible] f[illegible] love with youn[illegible] S[illegible]e[illegible]an, who [illegible]f re [illegible] met her cared n[illegible]t for wo[illegible]n. [illegible] father, a count, also a colon[illegible]l, [illegible] him to marry the Countess Rosetti, [illegible]ut the boy, he thinks, has no heart and so he induces the tut[illegible]r, Dr. Herring to take Stephan to Sorrento where so[illegible]e woman may turn his thoughts towards love.

Suzi's stage mother, Lena, has offended Pigilonl, a composer, and the angel of the theatre. Suzi, needing money, is given a purse to go to Sorrento where she is to meet a man whose name is not mentioned. In Sorrento the lovers come together. Stephan loves Suzi and will not see the unknown fair one. Suzi loves Stephan and she too is rebellious. As happens in operetta, the countess, the colonel, the impresario, and the composer, all turn up, and there are complications. Suzi thinks that she has been tricked; that Stephan will marry the Countess. The impresario disguises himself as Suzi's betrothed, a Hungarian Count. All that he needed for the purpose was a silker and a false mustache. In the third act the lovers are made happy and Countess Rosetti weds the Colonel, who on several occasions declares that in his heart there is a young Lieutenant, and at Sorrento on account of the invigorating air and the sight of spooning couples, shows that he is still inflammable.

The plot will serve, while it is not particularly fresh or ingenious. The first act is the best, and it contains material that might be better developed. Perhaps in the original the second act is more lively. We do not know how much of the original dialogue is preserved, or how much of it is due to Miss Ediss, Mr. McNaughton and those who fatted their parts.

The music is not too Hungarian. There are some pretty pages, among them the duet "Oh, Fascinating Night," sung by the lovers. It ends the first act in an unconventional and agreeable manner. There are other numbers that pleased the audience, but this was the most conspicuous for melodic charm. The ensembles have character and are not merely boisterous. Mr. Augustus Barrett, the conductor, supported the singers without drowning them and showed musical taste and appreciation in bringing out the effects in the score.

The company is a good one. Miss Collins sang with spirit. In the lighter moments she was gay without forced merriment, and when she thought she had been tricked she did not rush into melodrama. She is not nimble-footed, and her dancing was the least agreeable part of her performance.

Miss von Busing was a fascinating Countess. Why Stephan did not woo her and why she married the Colonel is one of the mysteries of operetta. She has a seductive figure, and she sings better than is expected of a noblewoman.

The tenor in operetta is usually an unpleasant person. If he acts with spirit, he shouts. If he sings sweetly, he is a "beeper" and a stick. Or his face and bearing are anything but romantic. Mr. Evett is an exception. He is young, his voice is pleasing, he sings simply and does not try to persuade the audience that he should be in grand opera. He carries himself like a man.

Mr. Stewart made the most of a conventional part. Mr. Horn was excellent as the impresario. He looked like a manager, and talked like a manager. Some of his lines were amusing, especially to those who are acquainted with operatic life.

Mr. McNaughton was very funny in a grotesque way. His sudden inability to control a leg, his scientific attainments, his views on the conduct of life, his remarks without bearing on the subject or situation, his choice of the inevitable word—all this was delightful. Miss Connie Ediss was again herself, this time as the vulgar stage mother.

The operetta is handsomely mounted. The costumes are in good taste, especially by choice of colors and in contrasts. The women were not old friends of long standing and many hard winters, but fresh and comely. Nor did the chorus men look as if they were wearing good clothes and plug hats hired for the occasion.

Mr. Barrett was too good natured in granting encores. In some instances he granted them before they were demanded. If Mayor Curley, in his paternal supervision of theatrical life in Boston, really wishes to please the public, he should issue an edict against encores in the performance of a musical comedy. The audience at large would not then grow sick of a tune that pleased it at the first hearing, and the final curtain would fall at a more reasonable hour.

The title of this operetta should be "The Awakening of Stephan." Suzi might be billed as a "chauffeuse."

TOY THEATRE—"Story of the Willow Pattern Plate," a pantomime by Clayton D. Gilbert, with music by Charles P. Scott. Cast:

A Wealthy Mandarin	Everett Glass
Koong-See	Miss Margaret Gullesian
Chang	Harold Stewart
A Young Handmaid	Miss Elizabeth Cohen
An Old Domestic	Miss Mia McNemer
Ja-Gin	Ronald Greene
A Gardener	Lee Estabrook
Property Man	H. Read Wilkins
Attendants	Mr. Penshorn, Mr. Goodrich; Mr. DeBruyn, Mr Farnsworth

Pantomime is the most difficult thing in all the world of make b[illegible]eve to endow with a seeming of rea[illegible]t[illegible]; and let it be said at once that t[illegible] [illegible]yers at the Toy Theatre [illegible] night were able to carry their audience into the spirit of "The Story of the Willow Plate," in spite of the exotic character of this adapted Chinese fancy.

The story is simple. It is all to be seen on the great painted plate that decorates the back centre of the stage throughout the six tiny acts. A Chinese maiden loves her wealthy father's secretary and elopes with him in order to escape marriage with the Viceroy, to whom her father would give her. The end is tragedy in this world and comedy in the next. The lover is killed and the maiden kills herself. Their souls go together to the next world in the form of doves.

There is little opportunity for powerful acting, but unlimited opportunities for over-acting. Few of these latter opportunities were taken advantage of last night. Miss Gullesian played the daughter with simple and convincing grace, and Mr. Stewart did his part quietly and well except for one clumsy moment, when he broke one of the stage properties.

The whole effect was somewhat marred, however, by the property man. This personage in Chinese theatres is wont to lug stage properties about in full view of the audience and, although Mr. Wilkins preserved all due decorum in performing this manual labor, the effect was low comedy and remarkably out of tune with the spirit of the play.

The pantomime was preceded by a "translation and adaptation" of the Spanish playlet "A Morning of Sunshine," by S. and J. Alvarez. Cast:

Dona Laura	Mrs. Lucretia Xavier Floyd
Petra	Miss Frazer
Don Gonzalo	Robert S. Sturgis
Juanito	H. H. Harbour

If the smooth flowing Spanish words that make this piece effective have English equivalents, Mrs. Lucretia Xavier Floyd, the translator, has failed to find them. The little tragedy would have been ruined last night in any case, because the principal players did not know their lines. Each knew the lines of the other, and they traded their knowledge in full view of the audience.

The main feature of the bill continues to be the anti-war play "Across the Border."

Hughey Jennings, Emma Carus and Imperial Opera Company Please Audiences.

Hughey Jennings, extending to the stage his fame won on the baseball field, follows the Imperial All-Star Opera Company at B. F. Keith's Theatre, this week. After Jennings comes Emma Carus, who has been in music, song and dance for these several years. These three sketches head the bill which is rounded out with a number of other excellent acts. Altogether it is a rattling good show and Jennings, aided and abetted by Ben Smith, contributes his full share to the program.

Jennings appears to really good advantage, acting much more at home than the average ball player who turns to vaudeville. He sings a song or two with good effect but is best in reciting a poem that he has dedicated to the ball players of old. Hugh Duffy, Tommy McCarthy, Herman Long, and others who wore the Boston uniform and were Boston favorites are mentioned in the poem. When an encore to his closing song failed to appease the enthusiasm of the audience, Jennings made a curtain speech last night, congratulating Boston fans on having the world's champion team.

Emma Carus, gorgeously gowned as usual, and with the assistance of Carl Randall, has a catchy, thoroughly pleasing sketch in which she sang several selections. Mr. Randall is an extremely graceful dancer and Miss Carus entered into that part of the sketch enthusiastically.

The Imperial All-Star Operatic Company—there are 12 in the cast and all good singers—gave, with appropriate stage settings, scenes from "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Miss Dolly Connolly, dainty singing comedienne, was assisted by Percy Wenrich, author of "Silver Bell," "Moonlight Bay," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" and others, the choruses to which he played on the piano. Miss Connolly did a clever impersonation of Julian Eltynge and concluded with singing "When You Wore a Yellow Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose."

Ed Correlli and Charles Gilette as jesting tumblers proved very agile. Alan Brooks, appearing here for the first time in "Straightened Out," proved immensely funny. Frank Mullane, combined song and monologue. The LaVars gave specialty and novelty dances, and the Aerial Buds showed mid-air feats of daring.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Henry Jewett Players in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

Chorus	Alexander Calvert
Peter	Max Montesole
Benvolio	Claude Beerbohm
Tybalt	Frank Conroy
Capulet	Charles Combe
Lady Capulet	Vivienne Whitaker
Montague	George Bridge
L[illegible] Montague	Agnes [illegible]lliot S[illegible]ott
R[illegible]	George Relph
[illegible]aris	L'Estrange Millman
Nurse	Viola Compton
Juliet	Viva Birkett
Mercutio	Leonard Mudie
Friar Laurence	H. Asheton Tonge

The production was the second of Mr. Jewett's admirable venture at the Boston Opera House, where the public may now see Shakespearian plays and classic dramas, presented by a competent company, at prices within the reach of all.

The play, last evening, admirably staged, was given with the utmost attention to detail. The cast was well balanced nor was there the disturbing contrast of two pampered stars exploiting themselves at the expense of the minor characters. Mr. Beerbohm, for instance, made much of the small part of Benvolio. As played by him with intelligence and spirit the young man's personality was well-defined. He was not merely a foil for Mercutio, a lay figure, useful only to permit the eloquence of others.

Miss Birkett's frail beauty suggested the heroine's tender years and in other ways her Juliet was singularly childlike, immature. She was gentle, dutiful, affectionate, but there was no suggestion of the flaming intensity of awakening passion. In fact, her impersonation might justly be characterized as conventional.

On the other hand, Mr. Relph's Romeo was an ardent lover. In the garden scene he rose to amorous ecstasy, while his cry "I am Fortune's fool" and his subsequent behavior in Friar Laurence's cell were the expressions of veritable and not merely theatrical frenzy.

Mr. Tonge was a beardless and ascetic Monk. Miss Compton's Nurse was motherly and sympathetic. Mr. Mudie as Mercutio acted with becoming distinction and read his lines effectively.

The other roles, including Mr. Calvert's Chorus, were capably filled. There was an audience of good size.

The play next week will be "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

It is idle to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another.

Table Strategists.

Certain landlords in London have notified guests that if there is drawing on the table cloth to illustrate an episode in the war, or the general scheme of operations, there will be an additional item in the bill. This illustration at table is no new thing. Penelope in the letter to Ulysses that Ovid imagined describes the return of the other chieftains. "The wife hangs on the lips of the husband while he talks. Some trace on the table the plan of frightful combats and with drops of wine picture the whole Pergama: 'Here the Simois flows; here is the Sigeian promontory; the proud palace of old Priam stood there; here was the camp of Achilles, and there that of Ulysses; further off the mangled Hector frightened the horses that dragged him.'"

We all know the bore that begins: "I'll show you how it was; it was this way." And he uses the pepper-box, salt cellar, knives, forks and spoons to make it clear. Meanwhile you say "Yes, yes," with a petrified smile and are thinking of something else.

Once Famous.

As the World Wags:

As "H. M." says in Friday's issue of The Herald: "The gradual introduction of white-face specialties, giving to the performance a sort of vaudeville flavor, has weakened and to some minds spoiled the old-time pleasant evening spent while listening to genuine Negro minstrelsy."

That hits the nail, and I think explains the failure of several so-called minstrel shows in the past 20 years. We want a straight minstrel show all through, not merely Part I. black-face and the remainder "variety" features.

I remember Oakland Garden, though dimly, for I went there only a few times and didn't see "Pinafore." I do recall Barry and Fay, and I think later "Billee Taylor, the Virtuous Gardener," was there produced. Do you recollect Budworth, the Dutch comedian, at the Howard, who sang (or was it Gus Williams?) "The Tassels on the Boots," and also the old negro character who sang "Old Black Joe" and Will Carleton's "Over the Hills to the Poor House"? Sam Lucas and Young Jose (of the wonderful falsetto), who played in a show in Park square about 1880, were, I think, remnants of the old Georgia Minstrels alluded to in one of my notes.

One show company in Toronto back in 1865 was Duprez and Benedict's minstrels, another D. C. Larue's, already named, and one man, especially, in it had a great vogue, Charlie Gardner, who danced a manoeuvre to the song called "Hop light low, possum in de bakerham," which is all I can remember of the words. They seem utterly senseless; but, queerly enough, I remember the tune very well!

A "lead" for you, possibly, if not long since used and exhausted, is recollection of patriotic southern songs like "The Bonnie Blue Flag," well known in the North; "The Conquered Banner" (which I saw on sale in Toronto music stores), "The Southern Refugee," "Belle Mahone" and one the name of which was, I fancy, their [illegible] Red, [illegible] and Blue." It [illegible]s sung [illegible] Tex[illegible] at least with these lines.

> On the banks of the Pot[illegible]a[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible]
> so grand
> As a fight with the Yankees, they [illegible]ver will
> stand.
> We whipped them at Manassas and Big B[illegible]
> too,
> While bravely defending the red, whit[illegible] and
> blue.

Boston, Jan. 7. W. B. W.

The two great songs of Gus Williams were "Pull Down the Blind" and "Don't Give the Name of Bad Places." Others were "Crime" and "That Little German Band." They were published here in the Seventies by Mr. Louis P. Goullaud. Were these lines in "Crime"?

> The thief on the corner stands grinning
> And yet you will wonder at crime.

The incomparable singer of "Old Black Joe" was Barlow. The song was thus announced on the bill: "Milt G. Barlow, in his great impersonation of the Aged Contraband."

"W. B. H." writes that he remembers seeing Dick Deadeye thrown overboard in the performance of "Pinafore" at Oakland Garden.—Ed

Disillusionized.

As the World Wags:

I asked Miss Pride a question as to the meaning of the word "Causerie" which I found as the title of a letter or something. She referred it, without answering, to this column. It is still unanswered. I am informed that I ought to know because I wrote the letter. I admit that I did write the letter. But the onerous burden of choosing a title fell on other shoulders. Is not the curiosity of an author justifiable, when on the completion of a great work, he seeks to know what the word is? Assume, for example, that I were an artist and that I had painted a picture of a lady somewhat scantily attired standing near something that might be taken to represent a puddle or a stream. And assume that a Frenchman had entitled the picture "La Source." How could I tell whether or no the Frenchman was sincere in his choice of a title?

I am bitterly disappointed. I have heretofore looked upon "As the World Wags" and "Everyday Questions" as inexhaustible wells of information. Now they are but fallen idols!

Another cause of grief is the failure of the author of that literary gem which appeared this morning to disclose his identity. He who so gracefully expresses his contempt for the low and vulgar in language fairly reeking with elegance, courtesy and refinement was never "born to blush unseen." It is as if Mayor Curley had merely whispered his disapproval of the shocking profanity at the Toy Theatre without letting anybody know whose disapproval it was. H. J. L.

Melrose, Jan. 8.

P. S.—If this is entitled "Plus de Causerie" I shall be plunged into still deeper dejection.

As the World Wags:

Can Herkimer Johnson, out of his wealth of information on matters sociological, enlighten us in regard to Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, and the cargo of warming-pans he shipped to South America once on a time?

Roger Babson, in an article in the Saturday Evening Post, speaks of this, but has mixed up the warming-pans with the footstoves that were used in the old New England meeting houses.

The reference to old salts in "As the World Wags" reminds one of the definition of an old salt current in the times of Herman Melville: "Every finger a fish-hook, every hair a rope-yarn, and blood of Stockholm tar."

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Jan. 9.

It is rather late in the day to awaken interest in Lord Timothy Dexter. We recently saw a reprint of his book with the punctuation marks, for pepper and salt, all at the end. This reprint had a picture of his castle and a biographical sketch. The wonder is that Lord Timothy's name is not in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.—Ed.

Jan 13 1915

BEN HUR WINS APPLAUSE AT BOSTON THEATRE

BOSTON THEATRE—Retu[illegible]n engagement of Ben Hur. Leading members of the cast.

Ben Hur	R[illegible]hard Buh[illegible]e
Messala	John Milton
Simonides	Walter M Sherwin
Ilderim	Leslie Stowe
Iras	Virginia Howell
Esther	A[illegible]ice Haynes
Mother of Hur	Mary Condon
Tirzah	Martha Boucher
Amrah	Maud Ream Stover

Stimulating acclaim, well deserved, from a large audience greeted the opening performance of "Ben Hur" last n'ght. Considering the brief time al-

[illegible] was [illegible] of [illegible] the midst of the [illegible] in a few [illegible] places [illegible] built be [illegible] with the state.

[illegible] of the story of Lew [illegible] was placed as usual [illegible] effects. The major charac[illegible] carried their parts with ease. The [illegible] lack of training, but [illegible] hard. The singing lacked the [illegible] of [illegible] and volume.

[illegible] Barker has grown since his [illegible] in Boston as Ben [illegible] tendency to over-emotion [illegible] appears to have been largely [illegible] and especially in the later [illegible] tered his work. Favored [illegible] a [illegible] worth of a [illegible] with a voice that might com[illegible] still he was a slave, Barker [illegible] himself in this part till he [illegible] it. He is not a Ben Hur of the [illegible] he can be a hero of emo[illegible]

[illegible] such as that of last [illegible] plot of the story is thoroughly [illegible] before the first rising of the [illegible] Ben Hur is an institution. [illegible] the symbolic prelude of Roman [illegible] Jewish life, illuminated by the [illegible] star of Bethlehem, through [illegible] of arms aboard the [illegible] the race, and the dark [illegible] of leprosy to the final healing [illegible] the griefs of the innocent and the [illegible] of the wrong, the history of [illegible] Hur was enacted as it has been [illegible] a generation.

[illegible] Milton as Messala typified the [illegible] He was excellent in his [illegible] in his [illegible] un[illegible] in his defeat. Frequent ap[illegible] proved him popular with his [illegible]

[illegible] Paynes made of Esther a beau[illegible] Jewish maiden. She was a sweet [illegible] the face of the alluring [illegible] played by Miss [illegible] The two women were in ex[illegible] contrast. Miss Iras raised her [illegible] tragedy.

[illegible] to whom all the sym[illegible] the listener must go, Simonides [illegible] conscientious, true. Simoni[illegible] well given by Mr. Sherwin. As [illegible] the news to his loving daugh[illegible] that, after all, she and he [illegible] to this son of Hur, he [illegible] highest success of the even[illegible]

[illegible] lives, where a late sunshine [illegible] the darkest clouds [illegible] and prison, the mother of [illegible] sister [illegible] proved them [illegible] Miss Boucher made a [illegible] but one whom [illegible] devotion was felt. [illegible] scenes of highest sadness [illegible] emotions were cleverly re[illegible]

[illegible] there was a gen[illegible] chariot [illegible] was [illegible] the failure of one of the drops to [illegible] time to [illegible] the horses in the [illegible] dashing. Several of the pillars [illegible] to slow the outside of the [illegible] the act just preceding the race [illegible] the view of the chariots till [illegible] was [illegible] to fall from his [illegible]

[illegible] orchestral music was well played [illegible] the direction of Gustav [illegible]

[illegible] the heavy rainfall at the [illegible] the [illegible] of the performance, [illegible]

[illegible] earthly pliss?
[illegible]
[illegible] kinds of dings?
[illegible] happiness?
[illegible] in de shtreed!
[illegible] preak!
[illegible] our outsides in.
[illegible]

"Fairy Tales, Fairy Tales."

[illegible] Bonaparte [illegible] in London [illegible] that in 1791 or [illegible] in George street, Adelphi [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] who had lived in [illegible] square for a century, and sev[illegible] of the Strand [illegible] him during his [illegible] weeks. It was reported that [illegible] his time in walking [illegible] Occasionally he [illegible] at a coffee house, [illegible] himself in reading [illegible] provoking [illegible] room [illegible] of intelli[illegible] in a country house [illegible] swears that he saw train [illegible] carrying Russian sol[illegible] the uniform and reco[illegible] Bostonian [illegible] happened [illegible] Russian troops [illegible] the myths [illegible] there were Irish[illegible] Ireland, and [illegible] believed that De Wet was [illegible] than Charles Ste[illegible] The two [illegible] death [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] life of [illegible] It [illegible] any [illegible] others accept the Rev. Eleazer Williams [illegible] what a stir the article, "[illegible] Among [illegible]" made about sixty years ago when it was published in Putnam's Magazine. And in 1854 the Rev. J. H. Hanson published 'The Lost Prince,' proving to his satisfaction the identity of Louis XVII. and the blameless missionary to the Indians. The common people at Trieste and Pola, during Sir Richard F. Burton's consulship at the former city, believed that the Archduke Maximilian was not executed in Mexico, but was a prisoner there, guarded by three jailers, captains in the English, French and Austrian navies. And so Nero was not in his coffin of porphyry when his funeral cost 200,000 sesterces. He appeared in revolt among the Parthians even while Suetonius, the scandal monger, was alive and writing down his sniggering gossip about the emperors.

Eph Horn's Song.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent (P. H. B.) in today's Sunday Herald, alluding to the old-time minstrels about the time of the civil war, says:

"As for the old minstrels, no one has referred to Eph Horn and his whitewash kit."

I remember Eph Horn well when he was connected with the Morris Brothers, particularly in his then popular song in which a woman bewails the loss sustained by her son of his two legs, lost in a naval battle. The mother says:

My son Teddy he was tall and thin,
He had a leg for every shin;
But now divil a leg has he got at all,
Och, why didn't he fly from the big cannon ball?

Chorus—Musha ding, da, day, etc.

The son tells his story thus:

As I was standing all by the quarter deck,
Standing by the gunner just for to see the wreck,
Sure, I got in the way of a big cannon ball,
And the divil a bit of mercy did it show me at all.
Musha ding, da, day, etc.

I wish I could recall all the words of this song. Perhaps some reader may be able to do so. C. F. A.

Roxbury, Jan. 10.

Rather Fussy.

As the World Wags:

The following sentence in President Wilson's speech at Indianapolis on Jan. 8 is a good example of what grammarians and rhetoricians call the "squinting construction": "If we think of the United States, when the time comes, we shall know how this country can serve the world." In order to determine whether in that sentence the expression "when the time comes" modifies what precedes it, or what follows it—in other words, whether it looks backward, or forward—it is necessary to carefully examine the context in connection with which the expression is used. I suppose that proofreaders and other experts in the art of punctuation would, from the presence of a comma after "States," at once see that the expression does not modify what precedes it, but what follows it, but very few of us are experts in the art of punctuation.

Some might claim that the President's use, in another part of the same speech, of "has got" in the sense of simple "has"—"Now there is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about"—is solecistic. CRITIC.

Boston, Jan. 11.

Richard Grant White remarked many years ago: "It is said of a man that he has got this, that, or the other thing or that he has not got it; what is meant being simply that he has it, or has it not. * * * the use of the word 'got' being not only wrong, but if right, superfluous. * * * It is quite correct to say that by such and such a business or manoeuvre the man has gotten a large estate. Possession is completely expressed by 'have'; 'get' expresses attainment by exertion."—Ed.

Literary Note.

As the World Wags:

In Putnam's book notes reference is made to two foreigners who have written two noteworthy books in English, namely, "Inazo Nitobe" and "Vivanti Chartres." It is noted, however, that both of these authors have afflictions with the English-speaking nations, the former having married an American wife and the latter an English husband. Are American wives and English husbands really "afflictions," or is this a slip of the proofreader? H. G. K.

Boston, Jan. 11.

How does the old epitaph run?

Afflictions sore
Long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain. [illegible]

At Oakland Garden.

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler of Boston sends to us the cast of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at Oakland Garden, "on board ship in real water." The bill is dated Monday, July 26, 1880.

Sir Joseph Porter, William Forrester; Capt. Corcoran, Percy J. J. Cooper; Ralph Rackstraw, James E. Conly; Dick Deadeye, James A. Gilbert; Bill Bobstay, Harry H. Haskell; Bob Beckett, E. S. Tuttle; Tom Bowline, W. E. Freeman; Tom Tucker, Little Gertrude [illegible]

[illegible] Jackdaw [illegible]

Dr. Harris's Version.

[illegible] J. [illegible] The [illegible] of the [illegible] on [illegible] was to the late Dr. [illegible] who in those days did much work for Mr. [illegible], the manager. Dr. Harris's version was more directly from the original French, and was much closer than the one adapted for the Bancrofts in London by Scott and Stephenson. Dr. Harris's name did not appear on the bill as the translator.

A Wild Derivation.

As the World Wags:

Today, in the magazine section of the Sunday Herald, there appeared an article concerning the derivation of the word "news." The writer states that the word "news" originated from a combination of the letters standing for the cardinal points of the compass, which formerly appeared "on the first page of each issue" to show "that the paper published happenings from all parts of the world."

How absurd and pernicious a statement of this sort is!

But why—unless he wants in English to distinguish between news as a title and as a synonym for tidings—does he not show the Germans how they ought to write "news" instead of "neues"? Poor mischief maker! Perhaps he never heard of the Latin "novus." Or, after all, does he promulgate for money what he knows to be false? TARBELLUS.

Boston, Jan. 10.

"The news is, etc." News is plural. Old English writers often gave it a verb in the plural and spoke of "those news." Later Dryden, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used the plural, but Dryden was careless in the matter. In one poem he has the verb in the singular and also in the plural. Sir Walter Scott was equally indifferent. Shelley in a letter wrote: "There are bad news from Palermo." The word "new" goes back to the Sanscrit "navyas" and "navas." So lexicographers inform us.—Ed.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS SECOND CONCERT

Dr. A. T. Davison at the Organ—Leland Powers Reads.

Several hundred people went to Jordan Hall last night, shook the rain from their coats, checked their umbrellas and heard the second concert of the Apollo Club's 44th season. Dr. Archibald T. Davison played the organ, Frank Luker [illegible] a piano solo and Leland Powers read two selections.

Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, mounted his green baize platform. Sixty members of the club rose and the concert opened with Arthur Foote's adaptation of Tennyson's "Bugle Song." The club sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" without accompaniment and the audience listened sentimentally with its eyes shut.

Mr. Powers's selections were from [illegible] worthy's "Pigeon" and Dickens's "Bleak House"—the scene between Tulkinghorn, the attorney, and Hortense, the vicious French maid. His encore was "Mother o' Mine."

W. Burton Piersol gave two [illegible] songs in a full, sweet voice. The closing number was the chorus from "Alcestis" with organ and piano accompaniment.

Jan 14 1915

"You can't deceive Jupiter, me, nor any other planick. You may swim same as Leander did, but you can't deceive the planicks. Give me your hand! Times ain't so easy as they has been. So—so, but 'tis temp'ry. 'Twont last long. Times will be easy soon. You may be tromped on to onct or twict, but you'll re kiver. You have talent, me child. You kin make a Congresser if sich you likes to be. Me child, HER hair will be black—black as the Raving's wing. Look out for the darkish man! He's yer rival! Beware of the darkish man! Me child, there's more sunshine than clouds for ye, and send all your friends up here."

Peculiarly Qualified.

As the World Wags:

I notice that in one of our daily papers a clairvoyant states, as a particular qualification for her profession, that she is a "seventh daughter." Will you please tell me what special virtue there is in being a seventh daughter? One particular "seventh daughter" in yesterday's paper states that for 50 cents she will "advise you on business, sickness, all affairs of life, gives sea-sponge baths, electric treatment, Swedish massage."

Another clairvoyant advertises in the same paper that she is a "seventh daughter, born in a veil." I should like to know definitely what special virtue lies in it. However, if this question embarrasses you, please refer me to Dr. Evans, as I presume you would not wish to discuss physiological or anatomical matters in your column. MAIN STREET.

Worcester, Jan. 11.

[illegible] seventh son [illegible] the [illegible] it [illegible] seventh son of a seventh son [illegible] "having [illegible] of the [illegible] diseases [illegible] sometimes the faculty of performing [illegible] cures by touching only." In France, as in England, it was thought, and, according to some, it was proved by experience that "The seventh male child, by just order (never a girle or wench being born between) doth heal only with touching (through a natural gift) the King's Evil, which is a speciall gift of God, given to kings and queens." And in Yorkshire it is generally believed that if any woman have seven boys in succession, the last should be bred to the profession of medicine in which he would surely be successful. As for the seventh son of a seventh son—to him the stars tell secrets and the palms of men and women are as a printed book. He too is a natural healer and bonesetter, a revealer of springs of water hidden treasure, stolen property. If you wish authorities, consult Smith's "Life of William Marques Berkeley," J. B. Thiers's "Traite des Superstitions," Philo the Jew de Legis Alleg.; Hippocrates, Bodin de Republica; "The Practice of Piety"; Censorinus de Die Natali; Varro in Gellius; Bucholcer, Jerom in Amos; Delrio's "Disquisit. Magic." These volumes are easily obtained at your bookstore or circulating library. In the last century no gentleman's library was considered complete without them. Censorinus (chap. vii) says much about the number seven having a mighty influence in everything pertaining to the life of man. Ponder also the saying of Pythagoras that the heptad, a number seven, has a powerful influence for good or evil. In the French fairy tale of Sleeping Beauty six fairies gave good gifts to the baby princess; it was the seventh fairy that foretold that she would prick herself to death with a spindle. In the German version the wicked fairy was the thirteenth.

Seventh Daughters.

In like manner the last of seven daughters born in succession without a boy's coming into the series is wonderfully gifted. She can see spirits and hidden treasure; she enjoys second sight of things invisible. She is often a gypsy. In 1883 one Danku Niculai, the leader of the Kukaya tribe, offered Pale Boshe 100 ducats if she would persuade her seventh daughter to marry him. Let us quote Charles Godfrey Leland: "In the United States of America there are many women who advertise in the newspapers that they also are seventh daughters of seventh daughters at that, and who make a good thing of it as fortune-tellers, but they have a far more speedy, economical and effective way of becoming the last note in an octave, than by awaiting the slow processes of being begotten or born, inasmuch as they boldly declare themselves to be sevenths, which I am assured answers every purpose, as nobody ever asks to see their certificates of baptism any more than of marriage." Leland, mentioning the seventh son in a footnote refers to Pipernus, "De Effectibus Magicis"; Vairus, "De Fascinatione"; Del Rius; Garzonius nel Serraglio and that familiar author, J. Caesar Baricellus, secundus scriptor in hort. geniale. These witch-wives in Hungary are known as "wise women," or "sweet" or "charming" women.

Born with a Caul.

"Born in a veil." This being interpreted means that the fortunate woman was born with a caul. It is not necessary to appeal to Dr. Evans, nor do we shrink from discussing anything physiological, anatomical, psychological, anthropological or ethnological in this column.

The amnion or inner membrane enclosing before birth sometimes at birth envelops the child's head. This is supposed to be of good omen, and a preservative against drowning. In "David Copperfield" we read: "I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale in the newspapers, at the low price of 15 guineas." See Hood's "Sea-Spell."

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul.

But of what avail was it?

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er and covered all;
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall.
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his caul.

That the caul is a good omen is a very old idea. Diadumenus, who came to the throne, was born with one. St. Chrysostom inveighed against the superstition and was [illegible] against [illegible], a clergyman who bought one [illegible] lucky. Lawyers [illegible] the [illegible] request, and [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible]

[illegible] ul born [illegible] [illegible] ight in H[illegible] [illegible] sees ghosts, w[illegible] [illegible] and he cannot [illegible] [illegible] but he must [illegible] carry [illegible] with him. In [illegible]land the [illegible] a "how," a [illegible]y how, a [illegible] how, a sely how. In Germany it [illegible] Glueckshaube or W[illegible]mutter-haue[illegible]lein. In France they say that a boy is "ne coiffe." "Main Street" will find curious information about the caul among savage tribes in Frazer's "Golden Bough." Stephen Weston thinks that the superstition of the caul came from the east. The Arabians have several words for the membrane. Sir Thomas Browne concluded gravely that "significations are natural and concluding upon the infant, but not to be extended unto magical signalities, or any other person." Cauls have brought as high a price as 30 guineas in London. They have been advertised there within the last dozen years.

Jan 15. 1918

We are indebted to Oliver Ditson Co. for a copy of an old song, "The Increase of Crime," to which we alluded a few days ago. The title page bears the motto:

I've been thinking of late, I've been thinking,
My thoughts I can scarcely define,
I've been thinking why people should wonder
At the fearful increase of crime.

The verse to which we made special reference runs as follows:

Can you wonder at crime, can you wonder?
When you see the police on their beat,
Arresting the poor hungry fellow
For earning his bread in the street,
While a thief on the corner is grinning,
In the broad open light of the day,
Our pockets he'll pick for a shilling,
And the law cannot touch him, they say.

Chorus—
While he laughs with contempt and derision,
Defies the whole police division,
The poor fellow you'll throw into prison,
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

The date of the copyright is 1873. "Words and arrangement by J. C. J." Who was the poet that showed the modesty of mere initials?

Mr. Ferguson's Floors.

As the World Wags:

What, if you please, are living room floors made for—to look at or walk on? To walk on, certainly, just as old Bacon asserts that houses were made to live in, not to look at. Why, then, do women insist on giving living room floors a hyper-Ciceronian finish? The floors in my house are so slippery that, if it wasn't for fear of what the neighbors would think and say, I'd wear roller skates, or hob-nailed boots or spikes at home, or have the floor sprinkled with sand. To walk securely on my floors, a man must change his pace from one of reflex action to one which makes him look as if he were mincing along in an invisible tight shirt.

Curse matched boards! Curse hard wood floors! Curse rugs that slip under one's feet and destroy manly dignity! Curse floor wax—and may the curse wax! Curse that crepuscular hour of a languid summer day when I let a scrawny architect convince me that "they" always have hard wood floors now, and that carpets are unhygienic! What is one to do? What would Mr. Herkimer Johnson do? Won't you have him paged? Looming ahead of me, unless I get counsel and solace, is a stone floored sanctum sanatorium.

BARTHOLOMEW P. FERGUSON.

Chestnut Hill, Jan. 11.

Mr. Ferguson should strew sand on the floor of his dining-room. A square box or two filled with sawdust might add to the local color. For the other rooms we suggest green rushes, as in Elizabethan days, but a little wormwood should be scattered over them, otherwise there might be an undue accumulation of fleas.—Ed.

An Enthusiast.

Our correspondent, Mr. John B. Leonard, found potato cake indigestible. Perhaps if he were to try the recipe sent to us by Antoinette Palmer Jones of Falmouth he might change his opinion.

"Potato Cake or Bread—An English-Scottish colonial recipe. Hot boiled potatoes mashed with a portion of flour, salt, a little sugar, bits of butter, milk, to make of the consistency of yeast bread dough. Set it in a warm place to rise like yeast bread. When light, but not sour, form into biscuit. Crispy, sweet and digestible. Eat hot with butter. Also baked in a round pan like coffee cake. Beats beaten biscuit. The ingredients practically form a yeast."

Home Cooking.

As the World Wags:

Potato pancakes, which seem to be analogous to Mr. Leonard's description of potato cakes, are common in German restaurants, served, I think, with beef a la mode or braized beef.

I have always associated this delicacy (?) with Germans, because I do not remember meeting it in public outside of German restaurants; and also because I was first formally introduced to a potato pancake by a German, about 23 years ago. His name was Vieth, and he was not only a hotel proprietor, but an excellent chef.

It happened at a small boarding house. The landlady was a good sort—she supported her [illegible] by ta[illegible] [illegible]rders [illegible] at home. [illegible] Vieth therefore was allowed to [illegible] over the kitchen range at midnight suppers. One of his specialties was potato pancake. He used grated raw potatoes as his basis, and in my opinion, at that time, the pancakes were delicious without the (?) I inserted above. Youth and its attendant appetite must be taken into consideration, but I do not think they were wholly to blame.

Subsequently, I made potato pancakes myself with success, but after a long cessation of culinary activity I lost the trick. Two or three years ago I tried it again, but without success.

Nevertheless, your pesky contribs, bringing up this subject, have aroused in me a foolish desire for a potato pancake. Consequently—although I am afraid that my jaded appetite will not respond with enthusiasm—I am going to try it again when nobody is looking.

My prognosis of the experiment is as follows: Grated raw potato, ad lib; flour until consistency suits me; possibly some more flour to upset consistency; in which case water or milk to restore it; a little sugar; a little salt; baking powder, quantum suf; perhaps an egg or two—cannot tell until I size up the looks of the mess so far as it has gone. Fry on a hot griddle.

What is the consensus of opinion as to the result?

H. J. L.

Medford, Jan. 12.

P. S.—Please don't label me "Melrose." I am proud of the town which is famous for its rum. They stopped making it when I came here—I don't know why.

"From Missouri."

As the World Wags:

When a new phrase enters our language, it seems well that its origin and early history should be authoritatively set forth; and so I turn to you for information.

As I somewhat faintly recall, the expression, "from Missouri" originally occurred as part of an anecdote about a man who sought to buy a pair of stockings for his wife. Can you enlighten me further in regard to it?

The enclosed clipping from last Sunday's Herald shows its use in a "scare head."

HARVARD '74.

Cambridge, Jan. 12.

Two Pieces by Fried, a Stroller and Bohemian, Are Without Reckless Thoughts.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor......Brahms
(a) Prelude and double Fugue for grand orchestra of strings, Op. 10.
(b) Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kettledrums, Op. 2 (first time at these concerts). ...Fried
Overture to "The Magic Flute"....Mozart

Fried's Adagio and Scherzo were played here at a Longy Club concert in March, 1910. They were composed when Fried was about 20 years old, a horn player in the orchestra at Frankfort-on-the-Main and studying and associated with Humperdinck. The Prelude and Double Fugue were published in 1904, after Fried had studied with Philipp Scharwenka in Berlin. It was in 1901 that Dr. Muck brought out in Berlin the "Trunkne Lied" of Fried and thus made known the composer's name. In 1907 Dr Muck produced Fried's Prelude and Double Fugue in Boston.

This Oskar Fried has led a stroller's life. He has known abject poverty. A wanderer in Russia, Germany, Italy, France, wherever he sojourned, he was in Bohemia. In Munich his co-mates were Hamsun, Wedekind, Bierbaum, whose divorced wife Fried married, and Heine, the caricaturist of Simplicissimus. In Paris he was intimate with Felicien Rops, who had a devil. It is said that as a man, he is impossible. It is also said that of late years he neglected composition, for which he has talent, to conduct, for which he has little or no talent. We have not heard his more important works. Having heard those performed yesterday, we should say it was his duty to conduct. If we should hear a work conducted by him, we should perhaps beg him to compose.

For this wanderer and Bohemian has written in an eminently orthodox and respectable vein. There is not a wild or reckless thought in these pieces for strings, in those for wind instruments, harps and drums. The music might have been written by any prim, ascetic professor. This is not surprising. Singers of the freest life are often icicles on the operatic stage. The Swinburne of "Laus Veneris" and "Anactoria" was not in daily life an amorist.

The Prelude contains pages that are not without a certain dignity, a certain compelling seriousness. The Adagio is at the best conventionally pretty. The Scherzo that follows is not rich in ideas, nor does the combination of instruments bring piq[illegible]nt or striking effects. A composer is not to be judged [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Fried's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] were [illegible] here, there would do [illegible] le[illegible] be need of more [illegible] [illegible]ous discussion of his musical gifts and acquirements.

There was an eloquent performance of Brahms's symphony. The symphony has been underrated and overpraised. Even friends of Brahms in Germany and at Vienna were disappointed or perplexed when it was first played. Mr. John S. Dwight, 37 years ago, wrote that it was not to be mentioned in the same day with any symphony by Schumann or Mendelssohn. On the other hand, some now put it by the side of Beethoven's greatest. The first movement, the Andante and the Introduction to the Finale are conspicuous for lofty thoughts and intimate confessions. The structure of the whole is admirable. There is too often an austerity that is forbidden—not the proud defiance of a composer conscious that he is breaking a new path, but an exhibition of dry self-satisfaction. There are emotional moments; moments of lyric melancholy. One cannot help admiring the firmly knit first movement with its spirit of unrest and rebellion, with the pathos of its close, a tragic movement throughout. There is a peculiar charm in the melodic outburst that occurs in the Andante and rises above the prevailing sombreness. The Introduction to the Finale is highly imaginative with its suggestion of Alp horn, icy peaks and glacier tracks. Would that Brahms had found another theme for his Finale! The one he modelled after Beethoven's brings the thought that Brahms, an arrogant person, deliberately attempted to rival, if not outdo, the composer of the Ninth.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony in E minor, No 1; Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; and if Mr. Busoni arrives and is ready, Liszt's piano concerto in E flat major, No. 1. If Mr. Busoni does not play, Beethoven's overture "Leonora," No. 3, will be substituted for the concerto.

The newspapers published a story that Leon Vigio, arriving in New York from Vera Cruz, threw open his vest in the custom house and displayed a silver waistcoat. "He had $50,000, American value, in Mexican pesos sewed into his waistcoat. It weighed 100 pounds, but Viglo preferred to carry it that way."

Mr. O. E. Borden of Fall River asks for enlightenment: "As $1000 American silver weighs 60 pounds, the amount this athlete carried in his vest would in Yankee money weight one and one-half tons, or in Mexican money about twice that amount. Will you kindly figure out for me how it is? Did the change in climate inflate the value of his hoard or deplete the weight?"

Mrs. O'Graw.

As the World Wags:

Having read "C. F. A.'s" inquiry in this morning's Herald, I take the liberty of sending the first stanza of the old Irish song, "Mrs. O'Graw." The melody is familiar to me, for my mother, who was a singer of note years ago in Boston, frequently sang this old ditty for the amusement of the young people.

Mrs. O'Graw sat a watchin', on the shore,
For the space of seven long years, or more,
She spied a ship sailing o'er the sea,
And cried, "Hally loo, pilly loo, clear the way,
Which in tru ri ra, fol de rol de rol,
Fol lol lol de rol de ru ri ra."

BETTY.

Dorchester, Jan. 13.

"Put It Over."

As the World Wags:

I had supposed that the phrase "put it over" was a modern Americanism derived from baseball, and was accordingly surprised to find the following instance of its use in "The Compleat Angler":

"But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth until the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees."

Possibly it may be a baseball term after all, for ball games go back to Atalanta and beyond—the lady in question having been so drilled to follow the ball that she lost a famous sprint in consequence. During the middle ages solemn ball games were played at Easter time in cathedrals in various places. So Sir Izaak may have put some over in his youth.

JOSEPH LEE.

Boston, Jan. 13.

"Put over" was originally a term in falconry. A hawk was said to put over when it passed the food on from the gorge or crop to the stomach. We find Bishop Hall in a satire writing: "Death did but taste of Him, could not devour him, much less put him over." Walton's phrase is evidently that of falconry. In Australian slang, "put over" means to kill.—Ed.

Boston Turkey in 1570.

A. D. L. sends to us the following extract from the journal of the Royal Society of Arts (London), Dec. 25:

"Cortez, so we are told, brought the fowl to Spain in 1520, and as an addition to the feasts of the nobles it was so widely appreciated as to be introduced into all European countries. In France his first appearance seems to have been on the occasion when Charles IX. married Elizabeth of Austria on June 27, 1570, the piece de resistance having been imported all the way from the [illegible] village of Boston in the wilds of America. Time was, they say, when a turkey in America could be bought for 25 cents, or a shilling, whereas now, says the flesh costs that much per pound."

Our contributor adds: "I have not yet seen any reference to the cam[illegible] although they seem to be slowly extending their activities. Why do Boston cambists so invariably and sometimes indignantly deny that they are cambists, and why are there no women cambists?"

It is believed by some that the turkey found its way to England in 15[illegible]. Baker, in his Chronicle, says: "About the 15th of Henry VIII. it happened that diverse things were newly brought into England, whereupon this rhyme was made:

Turkies, carps, hoppes, piccarell and beere
Came into England all in one yeare.

Turkeys are not named in the long list of dishes for the court of Henry VIII. in 1526, nor in 1532, nor in the Household of Prince Henry in 1610. Learned men think Baker was wrong, for carps are mentioned in the Privy Purse expenses of Elizabeth of York. Venner in 1650 advised baking or roasting turkey and to stick it full of cloves in the roasting." He says turkeys were brought from Numidia into Turkey and then into Europe. The prevailing opinion is that they were first found in America. Oviedo, who wrote about 1525, described them minutely, and said they were reared and domesticated by the Europeans in New Spain, and then carried to New Castle and to the West India islands.

As for "cambist," it is a good word. No one need be ashamed of following diligently that business.

More Fairy Tales.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of "fairy tales," I have met a number of British soldiers who "know as a positive fact" that Gen. Sir Hector McDonald did not commit suicide, but later became Gen. Kuroki of Japan. One of these men had served under McDonald and said he stood near Kuroki in Japan and immediately recognized him. This is quite a common myth in the British army.

CONCORD.

Boston, Jan. 13.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the passing of Russian troops through England, have you seen in the January Scribner (page 41) the mention of Cossacks at the station at Norton bridge last September?

ADONIRAM BANGS.

Boston, Jan. 13.

Welcome, Gallant Captain!

As the World Wags:

It is a curious coincidence that "H. M. S. Pinafore" should happen to be revived just at a time when one of our leading lights has declared himself to be the "privatest of private citizens."

"Ah, taking one consideration with another,
The policeman's lot is *not* a happy one!"

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Jan. 12.

The gallant captain, who recently asked about Lord Timothy Dexter, now writes:

"I'll promise to mend my manners in future, and be more forehanded. As a matter of fact, however, I have just made port after a year's deep-sea cruising and plundering. Then, again, the inquiry was prompted by an honest thirst for information. I only heard of Lord Timothy the other day, when one of my friends "put me wise" to him. Odd as it may seem, there are plenty of things of which I have no knowledge. And on top of all, I don't like to butt into any man's game unless I feel I have something to say."

Worthy, as well as gallant, captain! Would that some others were as considerate!

We are indebted to "Little Relevancy" of Reed's Ferry, N. H., for the familiar story of Lord Timothy Dexter and his warming pans sent to the West Indies; how the joke of a neighbor enriched Dexter, for the West Indians used the pans for dipping hot molasses.

"I understand that the 1-cent clay pipes, the 'T. D.' pipe which we used, as children, to blow bubbles with were first sold by Timothy Dexter and were named for him. And they are still making money for somebody." No. The "T. D." pipe was named years ago after the first manufacturer in England—or Scotland—we think England.

Stoughton Bottle.

As the World Wags:

I have sought everywhere I could think of for a definition of a "Stoughton Bottle." I cannot even find the quotation "Dumb as a Stoughton bottle," though the phrase used to be heard occasionally.

A. C. A.

Boston, Jan. 13.

The question was discussed at length in this column some years ago. There are two explanations: (1) A bottle of peculiarly stolid appearance, made at Stoughton. (2) The bottle that held Stoughton bitters. These explanations are conjectures. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate. But was Bacon sure that Pilate was jesting?

Gus Williams Again.

We spoke of Gus Williams' song "Don't Give de Name of Bad Places" [illegible] linotype insisted on "Palaces." [illegible] words are not the same, not the [illegible]. We have received the following:

To the World Wag:

I note some of the great songs of Gus Williams, but omit one that, in the early 70's, was the prime favorite at the Howard Athenaeum, and never failed to inspire frantic calls for more of the same. This was the opening verse:

> [illegible] I vent to a party,
> [illegible] being gvite fond of der dance.
> [illegible] I felt gvite delighted,
> [illegible] entirely joomped at der chance
> [illegible] ladies all dressed oop so hansom,
> [illegible] I had on a vite vest
> [illegible] I thought outrivaled der res'

And the chorus.

> You've got the belle of the hall, Charlie,
> You've got the belle of the hall, Charlie,
> You've got the best of them all, Charlie,
> You've got the belle of the ball!

Newtonville Jan 12. H. S. K.

Jan 17 1915

JULIA CULP GIVES FIRST RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Julia Culp gave her first song recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a very large audience. Many sat on the stage, and some stood. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Brahms, Minnelied, Nachtigall, [illegible] Forster, Schwalbe Sag' mir an, Feldeinsamkeit; Indian songs by Thurlow Lieurance, The Weaver, Her Blanket, Lullaby, J. H. Rogers, Wind Song, The Star, de Lange, Dutch Serenade; Strauss, Befreit, Morgen; Wolf, Sie blasen zum Abmarsch, Ihr jungen Leute, Mausfallen-Spruechlein, Heimweh.

The Minnelied and "Schwalbe, Sag' mir an" were interesting chiefly through Mme. Culp's interpretation. The Indian songs of Lieurance were unfamiliar. A program note informed the audience that the melody of "The Weaver" is a Crow tobacco dance melody, that the returning warrior signals [illegible] wife crooning a lullaby, his coming, and plays on the flute the love song of wooing. This is interesting ethnological information, but the songs themselves are the more interesting because there is so little Indian in them. They had yesterday a certain charm, but that again was chiefly due to the interpreter. Mme. Culp's singing of "Her Blanket" was singularly impressive.

The songs of Rogers were out of place on the program: not worthy the labor bestowed on them by the singer. It was a pleasure to hear de Lange's Serenade again—Mme. Van Endert put it on her program a short time ago—and yesterday it was sung with an amazing control of breath and in exquisite taste. Strauss's "Morgen," sentimental in itself, was sentimentalized by the singer and the accompanist on the other hand. The interpretation of "Befreit" was admirable.

Of the songs by Wolf, only one is in the most familiar "Wolf-Album." "Heimweh" was sung by Mme. Sembrich as far back as 1902. "Mausfallen-Spruechlein" was sung at one of Mrs. McAllister's Morning Musicals in January, 1910. Mme. Culp, born in Holland, has made Berlin her home for many years. The first two of Wolf's songs are of war and the departing lover, and the second is in a jocose vein that is hardly suited to the present year. In time of peace it would be amusing. "Ihr jungen Leute" and "Mausfallen-Spruechlein" reveal the humorous side of Wolf's character. The latter, with its realistic portrayal of the movements of mice, was composed when Wolf was only 22, but it is the first of his songs in this [illegible].

The poet, Moerike, put his verses in the mouth of a little girl, who, according to his directions, "goes round the trap three times and then speaks." "Heimweh," with the verses by Eichendorff, was composed six years later. There is another "Heimweh," with words by Moerike. "Ihr jungen Leute," poem by Paul Heyse ("Italian Song Book"), was composed in 1891. Would that Mme. Culp had put more songs of Wolf on her program, for he is still little known in Boston, and to many he is only the composer of the conventional "Verborgenheit."

The audience was justly enthusiastic over the supreme art of the singer. It is not necessary at this late day to inquire curiously into the qualities of her art, or to praise the perfect control of breath, the pure legato, the expressive phrasing, the wealth of nuances, the refinement that does not forbid the expression of delightful humor, the intelligence that is warm human, not merely [illegible] that seized [illegible] has not been seized it. [illegible] now for opera singers [illegible] to favor audiences in [illegible] but the Lieder singer does [illegible] come up in a night like Jonah's gourd, nor has every singer in opera a voice like the voice of Mme. Culp.

This also may be said: few singers in opera with the aid of costume, scenery, action and orchestra are so able to establish and maintain a mood, to make a definite and sure impression as Mme. Culp, relying on herself and a pianist. Her pianist is Mr. Bos, and it is not easy to think of the singer without his sympathetic, beautiful, poetic accompaniments.

There are some interesting concerts this week, choral performances, chamber music and piano recitals.

The People's Choral Union will give its mid-season concert tonight. The program is varied. Verdi's Pater Noster has been sung here before. The text is a paraphrase by Dante of the Lord's Prayer. The music is for a chorus of two sopranos, contralto, tenor, bass. The work with an "Ave Maria," by Verdi, was performed for the first time at a concert at the Scala Opera House April 18, 1880. Bruch's "Fair Ellen" is known to many. It is the first of his known choral works and was produced at Koblenz in 1867. Geibel sent his poem to Bruch in 1863, but the composer did not gird up his loins to the task until 18[illegible], when he was moved by the battle of Koeniggraetz. The music was originally conceived for a voice and piano accompaniment. The poem itself tells of Lucknow. It will be remembered that the air, "The Campbells Are Coming," is introduced. "The Legend of Granada," by Henry Hadley, who was born in Somerville, is for soprano and baritone, a female chorus and orchestra. "The American Flag," a new cantata, by Frederick W. Wodell, conductor of the People's Choral Union, is a cantata for tenor and baritone solos, male chorus and orchestra. It will be performed for the first time in Boston. Mrs. Marie Stapleton-Murray, soprano, will sing "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon." Charles Harrison, tenor, of the Fifth Avenue Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, will sing "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and "In Native Worth," from "The Creation." The solo baritone will be Bernard Ferguson, who took the part of Elijah when Mendelssohn's oratorio was performed here by the People's Choral Union.

Hans Ebell, pianist, and David Hochstein, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Ebell is already known and appreciated. Mr. Hochstein, who comes from Rochester, N. Y., or its neighborhood, studied in this country with Tirrka, later with Sevcik. He was graduated in Vienna, where he won the first prize and the Austrian State Diploma. He has played in leading cities of Europe. Samuel C. Colburn will be the accompanist next Tuesday.

At the Longy Club on Wednesday night a piece for four flutes by Wooters, a Belgian composer, will be performed here for the first time. Another novelty will be Volbach's quintet for piano and wind instruments. Volbach is known here by his "Raphael," performed at a Handel and Haydn concert, and the symphony played at the last Christmas concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. Volbach has also written a quintet for piano and strings, one of his latest compositions. Gounod's Petite Symphonie for wind instruments was composed in 1888, but it was not published until 1904. It is Gounod's last symphonic work. John McKnight, who will play the fourth flute, is the son of Dodge McKnight, the famous water-colorist.

The program of the Cecilia concert on Thursday night is of a miscellaneous nature. Loeffler's "For one who fell in battle" poem by Thomas W. Parsons is peculiarly appropriate at this time. The first performance was by the Choral Art Society Dec. 13, 1906. An admirable performance has already been given by the Cecilia. Vincent d'Indy's "St. Mary Magdalene," composed in 1885, was produced here by the Cecilia Society Feb. 6, 1906, when Miss Rose O'Brien was the mezzo-soprano. The cantata describes Magdalene at the feast and at Calvary. It includes a prayer for the Church and France, since the saint "found in our land of Provence a home evermore." For, according to the Golden Legend, Mary Magdalene after the crucifixion of Our Lord went to Marseilles. Later she performed miracles at Aix, but, "desirous of sovereign contemplation, sought a right sharp desert, and took a place which was ordained by the angel of God, and abode there by the space of 30 years without knowledge of anybody. In which place she had no comfort of running water, ne solace of trees, nor of herbs. And that was because Our Redeemer did so show it openly, that he had ordained for her refection celestial, and no bodily meats." Anatole France's strange story about Mary may also be read with profit. Bantock, who is represented in this concert, has written several choruses for male voices: "Cavalier Tunes" [illegible] Browning's verses; "The Piper of [illegible]" "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," [illegible] of Co[illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

The program at the Symphony concert [illegible] is given here [illegible] will give a recital on Saturday afternoon, is a baritone of promise.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Gossip of Stage and Life

Recent references made in these columns to the songs of long ago brought to mind the four Georges—George Swayne Buckley, George MacFarlane, George Frothingham and Dan Maguinnis, who, at the beginning of his career, was gas-man at Morris Brothers, and, later on, first grave-digger to Edwin Booth's "Hamlet" at the Boston Theatre. Speaking of George the third, I vividly recall a song of his, entitled "Rum, Rum, Jamaica Rum," which went the rounds in by-gone days, possibly about the time when Moody Merrill had charge of the Highland Street Railway, and Oakland Garden was in full blast. As a regular patron of the Highland plaid-car outfit, I remember the first venture on Shawmut avenue of a "double-deck" horse car of this line, when some of the joyous crowd on the maiden trip were swept off the roof in passing beneath a large American flag which hung across the street in honor of the festive occasion. * * * By the way, what is it that Joseph Cawthorn says? "I came in here for a cup of tea!" But when he gets it he doesn't drink it, does he?

> Not for Joseph, if he knows it!
> No, no, no! Not for Joe!

Who used to sing that song? Can anyone remember?

I see by the papers that a mammoth amusement house is to be built by the Keith people in Scollay square. That used to be a rather quiet locality, reminding one now of the lines.

> "There, where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea."

Perhaps not quite so bad as that, but almost. My forebears used to worship in the Brattle Square Church where the British cannon ball stuck, which was fired during the siege of Boston. From near there the 'buses called the Cambridge "hourlies" started on their perilous trips to Cambridge. One of them was named the Jared Sparks, always pronounced in one syllable "Jarr'd," by the old-time Bostonian, who, when a passenger, was pretty thoroughly shaken up before landing at Harvard College. I took the trip once in my mother's arms when teething, and have good cause to remember it. Charlotte Cushman once lived in Brattle street, where her people kept a boarding house. Somehow or other, the professionals were always plentiful as blackberries at the West end, before they became millionaires and patrons of the swell hotels. "O tempora," etc.

The other afternoon at the Shubert I heard George MacFarlane sing: "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," while the audience joined in the chorus. It gave me a curious feeling, half pleasure and half pain. What I most wanted to hear him sing was the Mikado's song: "My Object All Sublime," preceded by that rollicking laugh. It was somewhat the same at the Colonial when Julia Sanderson sang her Alice in Wonderland song in "The Girl from Utah." Now, "the girl" is an extremely graceful, sprightly being, but my memory carried me back to those earlier days at the Tremont when Miss Sanderson sang that song in "Kitty Gray":

> If Love is but Life's story
> Then Friendship is the rest.

I recall between acts going down into the smoking room behind a tall young fellow who wore a pair of noticeable spats. Much to my amusement he was unconsciously humming to himself:

> "When the lights have turned to shadow,
> And the dreary nights are long,
> I shall listen for her footsteps
> Like the echo of a song."

This was several years ago, but I'll wager he is still listening, and looking, too, for that matter, with all his eyes. Why can't Mr. Frohman give us "Kitty Gray" again? J. W.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Minstrels and Their Song Books

A short time ago you published in a letter a "Song of Songs," composed of titles of Petrie Ballads, as sung by (Antonius Pious) Tony Pastor.

I have recently received from Dick & Fitzgerald of New York, several small song books of Negro minstrel songs, "Woods" and "Christy's," etc.

In one of them, "Christy's Bones and Banjo Melodist," I find another song of songs which I send you herewith. The Woods song is dated 185[illegible]; some of the others 1862, 1863, 1864, but the two Christy song books are not dated. Among the singers in Christy's troupe appear the names of Harry Howard, James Bryant, Byron Christy, W. Lawrence, W. Herman, M. Campbell—can this be Sherwood Campbell, who afterwards went into grand opera?—Thomas Vaughan, W. A. Christy, D. Meldum, George Christy, Nelse Seymour.

In the Woods minstrels I find the names F. Wincell, J. A. Herrmann, M. Campbell, E. H[illegible], F. Briggs, L. [illegible]

[illegible] T. [illegible] W. [illegible] Negro [illegible] Wilson [illegible] names also appear: Mrs. W. J. F[illegible], Nose Case, John Wilkins, [illegible] Reeve, James Dunn, Mrs. W. [illegible], George E. Edeson, Ed Berry, [illegible] later came to New York city, [illegible] troupe in Tammany Hall, Fourteenth street, later in Twenty-[illegible] street and the San Francisco [illegible] Wamhold and Backus, are not likely to be forgotten. J. M. L.

Wareham, Jan. 11.

THE SONG OF SONGS

(As sung by the Christys.)

> I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
> With the dark gal dressed in blue,
> And didn't she seem to like it,
> When early falls the dew.
> My Jane, my Jane, my pretty Jane
> I liked my lager-bier;
> Then pour out the Rhine wine,
> For I'm a muleteer.
>
> I wish I was with Nancy,
> Far away where angels dwell;
> So early in the morning
> I hear the murmur of the shell
> Come where my love lies dreaming,
> Far far away upon the sea;
> I'm a young man from the country,
> But you don't get over me.
>
> Come into the garden, Maud
> Underneath the willow tree;
> In such a moment I'll but ask
> That you'll remember me.
> Let me like a soldier fall,
> In a garret near the sky,
> Troubadour enchanting,
> Beef, pork, mutton, will you buy?
>
> In this armchair, my father sat,
> With Nan of Battersea.
> He said my own, my guiding star,
> We'll get married on next Wednesday.
> The boy of the Bowery goes
> The whole hog or none,
> And so does Isabella with her gingham umbrella,
> Who lived at Weehawken.
>
> 'Twas rank and fame that tempted me
> To be a young recruit;
> When Nelly Bly did leave me
> For the shepherd with his lute.
> Then take this cup of sparkling wine,
> There is some one knocking at the door,
> If you'll lull this tempest of the heart
> I'll ask for nothing more.

Russian Proper Names in English

Now that the war is bringing the whole nation into much closer relationship with the Russians and all that is Russian than before, it is high time, I think, that we took some trouble to discover a right and consistent method of transcribing Russian words and especially names. From time to time desultory efforts have been made to this end, but they have obviously come to nothing substantial, since, if you read the writings of half a dozen authors on Russian subjects, as music for example, you will find that they vary to the most amazing degree. We are all now familiar with the name of Tschaikowsky. That is as we have written it since the name of Tschaikowsky became familiar in England some [illegible] years ago. Yet, to put the matter as gently as possible, that transliteration is no transliteration at all. Let me confess that I speak as one open to any amount of correction, for I have no Russian knowledge, not so much even as the alphabet. But in respect of the name of the Russian composer just mentioned I am told that at best the "s" is tautological, while no such letter as "w" exists in the Russian alphabet at all.

Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, than whom no one has worked so hard or so well to the point in English musical life to urge the adoption of some methodical system of the writing of Russian names and words, and who possesses a wide knowledge of the subject, has generously placed at my disposal the final scheme drawn up by the School of Russian Studies in the Liverpool University, where, if I remember rightly, Mr. Pares, who is at present with the Russian army in the character of an eye-witness, holds the Russian professorship. I fear that for general purposes the scheme is too elaborate, since it presupposes a very considerable knowledge of Russian, even in an elementary and alphabetical form. But one point Mrs. Newmarch makes is of peculiar interest, since it shows, or so I think, that even the doctors disagree to some extent. "Personally," writes Mrs. Newmarch, "there are things in the Liverpool scheme which offend my eye and my ear, but there lies the great difficulty of coming to a definite conclusion." Exactly. Mrs. Newmarch cites the Russian character "ch" with the inverted circumflex accent. This, she says, is, in the case of initials, most simply rendered by ch, yet who would recognize Tchaikovsky as Chaikovsky? Incidentally it was rumored last [illegible] during the season of Russian opera, at Drury Lane, that when Chaliapine returned to this scene of many a triumph he intended to write his name [illegible] Mrs. Newmarch [illegible] who some [illegible] Prof. Morfill [illegible] the [illegible]

... ri...
There ne... the ... as taught and in whi... during ... two ...

Even ..., on one point Mrs. Newmarch is as insistent as any other writer with whom I have come in contact, namely on the total abolition of the grossly offending (made-in-Germany) "w" or the terminal in all names ending "ov," (of off, or ow). "The terminal of all such names is really the third letter of the alphabet enclosed (the Liverpool scheme), v, Russian b. It is pronounced rather more like f than v at the end of a word; but to render it as ff is a mistake which leads people to emphasize the last syllable of a word unnecessarily. For the use of one f there is a shadow of reason, Perof for Perov, for example, but none whatever for ff save an old pernicious habit! W must be absolutely abolished.

Again, the letter j may be transliterated zh, says Mrs. Newmarch, who confesses that she usually writes j and chances the pronunciation, as Jukovsky for Zhukovsky. And the letter in the alphabet which resembles a capital R written backwards should be transliterated ya, if only for reasons of correct pronunciation, as in Lya-dov, not Li-a-dov. All this, however, says Mrs. Newmarch, may give way and so disregard if only the public and those who write for the public can be persuaded to give up, totally renounce, for ever the hideous German combination of witsch for vich. Karlowitsch should be Karlovich, for example. One difficulty in the way of even quasi-systematization, I quite agree with Mrs. Newmarsh—for I, too, have happened upon more than one example in my searching after truth—is the curious idea prevalent among people who are not Russian scholars that a system of transliteration which differs from Prof. Busfuz's or Mme. Whom-u-please's "system" must of necessity have something of originality (however incorrect) in it, and therefore suggests a more "knowing" attitude. There, for the time being, I must leave the matter, though I would urge all it may concern to note the chief error, or the error that most constantly leaps to the eye, namely, the writing of w for v.—Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph (London).

Japan's National Anthem

Mr. Robin H. Legge in his interesting column entitled "Music of the Day," published in the Daily Telegraph (London) wrote as follows about the Japanese Hymn:

"In response to several inquiries made to me for information as to the origin of the Japanese National Hymn and its history, I am in the proud position of being able to quote the following letter, received in reply to my questioning from the Japanese embassy. Mr. Isaburo Yoshida says: 'So far as we know, our national anthem was taken from a poem contained in a book entitled, "Kokinshu" (literally translated, "Collection of Poems, Old and New"), with its slight modification in the first phrase. The original poem ran as follows:

Wagakimiwa chiyoni yachiyoni
sazareishi no iwao tonarite koke no
musu made.

(May our gracious Emperor reign
Till a thousand, yea, ten thousand, years shall roll,
Till the sands in the brooklet grow to stone,
And the moss from these pebbles emerald makes.)

The first phrase, "Wagakimiwa" was modified to "Kimiga yowa."

"'The above-mentioned book was compiled by Kinotsurayuki, one of the most famous Japanese poets, in deference to the imperial order, in the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Daigo (906 A. D.), while the author or authoress of the poem is not known. The poem was set to music during the reign of our late Emperor, Meiji Tenno.' I am much obliged to Mr. Yoshida for his courteous answer to my request."

A few days later (Dec. 8) he wrote:

"Interest in the Japanese national anthem seems to have been increased rather than decreased or satisfied by my paragraph the other day. A correspondent now tells me that there exist two translations into English of the text, by Clara A. Walsh, in a volume entitled, 'The Mastersingers of Japan.' Frankly I confess that I prefer that which was printtd in this column last week, because of the, to me, more poetic suggestion of the final phrase. Miss Walsh suggests that the Japanese empire 'may live till tiny pebbles grow into vast bowlders covered with emerald mosses.' That is the literal translation. In her freer version the idea comes out thus: 'Till by each streamlet, waterworn, the tiny pebbles that each morn scarce in the sunlight shadows cast, grow into bowlders, mossy, vast.' Does that not read too much like the conventional translation from which we suffer so much in England, a suggestion, that is, of the wordy meaning, but almost entirely devoid of the 'spiritual' meaning?

"Mr. W. W. Yeomans, who was himself for a considerable time a resident in Japan, states that the music sung as the Japanese National Anthem was composed by a French musician attached to the Imperial Court at Tokio about 20 years ago. If that is the case it should be a matter of no insuperable difficulty to discover his name and the circumstances under which a Frenchman came to write the national hymn, or a tune that should be adopted as ... therefore ... In ... the suggestion ... correspondent ... that the melody is a mild perversion of a choral by John Sebastian Bach. I have no knowledge of the old Japanese musical modes. Perhaps some correspondent who has will further enlighten us on the subject of the Japanese national hymn."

Sundelius is known here and in many other cities as a most accomplished singer.

Mr. Bauer's program for Saturday afternoon is peculiar in this: He will play two and three part Inventions by Bach, which are commonly regarded as exercises for technic; but when Bach wrote them at Coethen it was his purpose, as he said, "to show how to play clearly and well in two and three parts, and above all to attain a cantabile manner of playing."

The Future of English Music

The following open letter written by Henry Coates to Thomas Beecham was published last month in the Daily Chronicle (London). It will be observed that Mr. Coates declares Mr. Beecham the professor of genius:

"Those who know you and your work recognize you as one of the very few original forces at work in English music today. But your speech at Manchester a few days since on English music shows you with a tendency toward becoming a sort of musical Bernard Shaw. Please do not be content to allow yourself to be merely a sort of 'enfant terrible,' with a passion for destruction, in our musical life. We have so few brilliant men in music here that we badly want your genius for a constructive policy.

"The things you said at Manchester are so easy to say because they are so obviously true. But does it do any good to say them? Nobody is ever convinced that he is doing a thing wrongly unless he can be shown the right way of doing that thing. We all know you are perfectly right in condemning the English schools of music. They are atrociously bad. But you know very well that the conservatories of Paris, Leipsic, Milan, and other continental cities are, in exactly the same way, systematic stiflers of genius. Schools of music will always be so, and perhaps it is a good thing, for very young musicians thrive upon a policy of repression. After all, it is only part of a larger policy by which the world only gets the best out of its geniuses through treating them badly.

"Then you were also right about the badness of English singers in opera. But have you realized that you cannot expect anything else, considering the very rare opportunities (usually in totally unsuitable roles) which they get in opera here? Have you also remembered the scores of atrociously bad foreign artists who have sung here—some of whom you yourself have imported? I defy you to find any English singers worse than the worst of these. Any foreign artist asked to take part in opera under the conditions which English singers have had to endure would die immediately from shock.

"Of course, you would have been more than human if you had resisted the temptation to belabor the critics. Your condemnation of them is quite right. The bulk of criticism is hopelessly bad—often owing to circumstances which I will not go into now—but you know, from your own personal experience, that it is no worse than that written in Germany and France. And it rests with men like yourself to insist upon something better. Even so, you contradict yourself, in your speech, on the subject of critics. You say that you brought forward, for years, artist after artist of English blood, and that the critics 'invariably' pointed out that nothing English could be any good. Among these artists, of course, there must have been some singers. Yet you condemn the singers 'en bloc,' so the critics were right, in this matter, after all! You say they (the critics) are now hailing British artists as geniuses. Will you give the names of any British artists suddenly discovered as geniuses by the press since the war began?

"Your praise of the English orchestras was splendid, but you might have pointed out some of their faults, since you are so hard upon those poor unfortunate singers. Your praise of English composers was equally splendid, and you are owed much gratitude for your championship of them. Your work on behalf of Delius will be acknowledged one day (probably in about 50 years' time), but I doubt then whether you will get any thanks from posterity for your championship of that industrious composer, Mr. Holbrooke. There are others to whom you will now perhaps extend a helping hand.

"The 'expulsion of accomplished foreigners' to which you refer gives a great opportunity to English music, especially if we can also manage the expulsion of the unaccomplished foreigners who so often take jobs away from the better (but unfortunately native) musician.

"English music needs a strong leader now, to take this opportunity. Mr. Beecham, now is your chance to come forward to gather together English musicians and inspire them to work, to win complete musical freedom, and to ... to the ... It should ... work must be done now, ... when the public once more has ... to spend, and time to give to m..., we may be ready to conquer them. I don't venture to suggest ideas or schemes to you. You have genius and can do so far better than I can. But I believe you are perhaps the one man in England today who can do this great work."

Bands and Enlistment

We are in sympathy with those who ask for the employment of a little more pomp and circumstance in our recruiting efforts. The horror of anything like "mafficking" is, perhaps, causing us to go too far to the other extreme. Human nature remains the same through the ages, and it has ever allowed to blare of trumpet and tuck of drum a large place in the kindling of the martial spirit. The Germans recognize it today. They bring their bands to the towns they occupy and their music is heard nightly behind their fighting lines by our soldiers. May it not be that if a little more attention were drawn to our new army in this way recruiting would be more brisk than it is at present?

To say truth, the marching of detachments of the new army through the streets is marked by a lack of public interest which must be depressing to the men. We have something else to do than to loiter about in groups and cheer. That is not denied. But some form of public greeting to the young fellows who are offering their lives for their country would hearten them and encourage others to follow their example. Martial music would call attention to their passing, and would, we think, prompt that friendly recognition which they deserve. They cannot be fitted out of course with regimental bands; but kettledrums and bugles are as inspiriting a form of music as can be desired. It might possibly be arranged that every considerable unit engaged in route-marching should be played through the streets in this manner. And we think it would be an excellent thing if several battalions could be marched through London and other large centres of population with regular bands at their head, so soon as they are properly equipped with uniform and arms.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. People's Choral Union, Mr. Wodell conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—448 Beacon street (Mrs. Slater's house), 3 P. M. Second of Miss Terry's concerts. Debussy, quartet, played by the American String Quartet (Miss Marshall, Miss Stickney, Miss Packard, Mrs. Susan L. Brandegee); songs sung by George Mitchell, tenor; Barthelemy, Trieste Ritorno; Leboffe, Visione; Widor, Il primo amore; Weckerlin, Nanette, Bergere Legere; Bemberg, Il Neige; Loehr, Where My Caravan Has Rested; Wilfred Davies, Land O' Hame and Purple Heather; F. H. Warner, We Two Together; Wolf, Italian Serenade (American String Quartet).

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Hans Ebell, pianist, and David Hochstein, violinist. Schumann, Carnaval (Mr. Ebell); Bach, Sonata, G minor (unaccompanied, Mr. Hochstein). Brahms, Intermezzo, B minor, Capriccio, B minor; Chopin, Etude; Liszt, Gnomenreigen, Mazeppa (Mr. Ebell); Tschaikowsky, Meditation; Paganini, Caprice, E major; Sgambati, Gondoliera; Sinigaglia, Rhapsodie Piemontese (Mr. Hochstein). Samuel C. Colburn, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Longy Club's second concert. Volbach, Quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Wooters, Adagio and Scherzo for four flutes (Messrs. Maquarre, Brooke, Battles, McKnight); Gounod's Petite Symphonie for 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society, Dr. Mees, conductor. Bach, Motet, Blessing, Glory and Wisdom; Gevaert, The Neighbors of Bethlehem, Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus; Loeffler, For One Who Fell in Battle; d'Indy, Saint Mary Magdalen; Bantock, March of the Cameron Men; Stewart, The Bells of St. Michael's Tower; Brahms, Drinking Song. Mme. Marie Sundelius, solo soprano.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Harold Bauer. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Minnie Hayden's invitation concert, at which Almon Oakes, baritone, will sing songs by Secchi, Pergolesi, Handel, Massenet, Cornelius, Lehmann, Elgar, Cantor, Salter, Rogers, Huhn, Cadman, Tours.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, a pianola recital will be given in Steinert Hall, with Ethel Frank, soprano, and Karel Havlicek, violinist, as the soloists.

Jan 18 . 915

An appalling disaster has befallen Italy. One of her most beautiful and picturesque sections, which only a few days ago was very prosperous and happy, is today a heap of ruins.

Thousands of men, women and children find themselves homeless and in dire need of immediate help.

In the name of the Italian Red Cross, I appeal to the public, who have responded so generously on similar occasions, to help alleviate the suffering of the homeless thousands.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by

G. L. PERERA.
382 Commonwealth avenue,
Delegate of the Italian Red Cross
for New England

Whiskerage—

The Smart Set for February published "Contributions to a Thesaurus of American Synonyms for 'whiskers.'" The compiler is James P. Ratcliffe, Ph. D. We regret to find these synonyms omitted: "Galway Sluggers," "Piccadilly Weepers," and "Zymos." Some spell the last word "Zymoes," but we do not approve. "Zymos" is nearer to the original Greek word meaning "Shrubbery."

The Diamonds of Balkis.

Mr. A. Antokadjian of Constantinople arrived at the Custom House in New York bringing two immense diamonds, "antiques," which it seems belonged originally to the Queen of Sheba, and therefore, being "more than 100 years old" are not dutiable. This question came up: Is there any record of the Queen having worn ear rings formed of emerald, an inch square, with diamond pendants? Mr. Stuart, the special deputy collector, said that the information concerning her was traditional, that nobody even knew her first name.

Unfortunate Mr. Stuart! You have never read the books of the Rabbins, romances by de Nerval, Flaubert and Anatole France; you have never heard Goldmark's gorgeous opera!

It is true that the Queen of Sheba in the Old Testament has no name, but we are told there that she "came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bore spices and very much gold and precious stones. • • • And she gave the king 120 talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones."

The name of this remarkable woman was Balkis. Some say she was the daughter of Hodhad Ebn Sharhabil; others that her father was Sharabil Ebn Malec; but all agree that she was a descendant of Yarab Ebn Kahtan. Dr. Pocock puts her the 22d in the list of Yaman's kings. We also know that her throne at home was made of gold and silver and crowned with precious stones. Jallalo'ddin informs us that her presents to Solomon were 500 young slaves of each sex, all dressed alike; 500 bricks of gold, a crown enriched with precious stones, besides a large quantity of musk, amber and other things of value. Now Solomon had heard that this radiant queen had legs and feet covered with hair like those of an ass. He therefore ordered that the floor of the palace in which he welcomed her should be made of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. When she saw this floor she lifted up her robe to pass through the water; whereupon Solomon said unto her: "Verily this is a palace evenly floored with glass." Now Solomon had thought of marrying her, but he could not resolve to do it till the devils had used successfully a depilatory. There are some, however, who say that Balkis did not marry Solomon, but a prince of the tribe of Hamdan. Menelek swears that he is descended from Balkis and King Solomon. Mr. Antokadjian should hand over the diamonds to him, or at least give him the opportunity of recovering them.

When Balkis appeared, as Flaubert tells us, to St. Anthony in the desert, her robe was flounced with pearls, jet and sapphires. One of her high pattens was black and sown with stars of silver; the other was white and covered with little drops of gold, and in the middle of them was a sun. Her full sleeves were garnished with emeralds and feathers. She had a bracelet of ebony. Her fingers were loaded with rings. A chain of gold passed under her chin. On her breast was a scorpion of diamonds. A huge pearl was in each earlobe. On her left cheek was a natural beauty spot. She told the holy man strange tales; she tempted him to go with her to her own country. They would journey elsewhere together: "I go to the land of diamonds, where my friends the magicians allow me to choose the most beautiful." As she herself said, she was a gay thing. "I pluck the lyre, I dance like a bee, and I know a lot of stories to tell, each one more diverting than the other. • • • We will sleep on down softer than the clouds; we will sip cold drinks from the skins of fruits; we will look at the sun through emeralds." Yes, Balkis had diamonds. St. Anthony could tell Mr.

[illegible] many [illegible] things about the [illegible] of Sheba. [illegible] Quine of Chicago the other night at a banquet—"banquets are still tendered" in Chicago—spoke disrespectfully of Solomon. "When he went before his own little family circle he had no more wisdom than a rabbit. I need only refer to the episode of the Queen of Sheba." But who would not gladly exchange an hour with any advanced woman of Chicago, even the honorable and famous Miss Jane Addams, for only the sight of Balkis in all her splendor. Besides there are Rabbins that say Balkis was maligned; that Solomon's floor of glass vindicated her, and the accusation of her foes wishing to prejudice the King turned to her glory.

Not a Parlor Trick.

We sympathized with Police Lieut. Bernard McConville of New York defending a separation action when he said that he objected to his daughter Anna going on the stage. "I didn't want her to paint her face all kinds of colors and lie abed reading Hall Caine while her mother worked over a wash tub." But sympathy fled when his daughter Marguerite swore: "I scolded him when he insisted on taking a bath in the parlor right after I cleaned up." Even if the bath tub is full of coal or potted plants, no thoughtful husband will take his bath in the parlor. There is no running water. The soap may fly against a vase or the piano. The flunish servant may usher in a visitor. There's no knowing what may happen in a parlor.

Eph Horn's Song.

As the World Wags:

Being a Boston boy I often attended the old Morris Bro. Minstrels and recollect Eph Horn in many of his songs; the enclosed two verses as I remember them run:

Tim, oh, Tim, why did you go and enlist
  in the war with Mexico,
Terra Tim, were you drunk or were you
  mad;
And what became of the two legs you
  had.

CHORUS.
Musha, ding, di day, etc. (repeat).
Oh, mother, dear mother, I was naythur
  drunk or mad,
But I'll tell you what became of the two
  legs I had:
As I was a-fighting again a wall,
I was knocked down by a Frinch cannon
  ball.
Musha ding, etc.

Ed.—probably some other old-timers can add to these verses. As a song was considered fine in those days which had a dozen or more verses, these two may help out C. F. A. of Roxbury.

ED. C. NORRIS.

Brookline, Jan. 13.

"Thirmutis."

The London Times recorded the death of Miss Thirmutis Baker. A reader of Notes and Queries asks for information about this Christian name. What is the meaning of it? "What nationality of the lady's godparent does it suggest?"

WODELL'S CANTATA SUNG BY THE CHORAL UNION

"The American Flag" Well Received at 12th Concert.

The 12th mid-season concert of the [illegible]'s Choral Union of Boston last night. Mr. Wodell conducted a cantata, "The American Flag," of his own composition. At the close of the cantata, which was well received, the vice-president of the society, in its name, made a brief speech thanking Mr. Wodell for his efficient work as conductor.

The other things on the program [illegible] Hadley's "Legend of Granada" [illegible] undoubtedly the least well known [illegible] ... Hadley's cantata is [illegible] written for soprano solo, baritone solo, four-part chorus of women's voices and orchestra. It tells with considerable dramatic power the story of a [illegible] bull-fighter lured by enchantment to a Moorish castle, where he remained for 20 years forgetful of his beloved. The music has warmth and [illegible] and in the second part, that in the Moorish castle, a good deal of sensuous charm. Mr. Hadley's Spain is not an amazing country of Debussy or Chabrier, but is nevertheless a pleasant, [illegible].

[illegible] Stapleton-Murray, whose voice [illegible] very agreeable tones, acquitted [illegible] creditably, as did Messrs. Harrison and Ferguson. The chorus also sang [illegible] very fine "Pater Noster" and [illegible] with Max Bruch's out-dated "Fair [illegible]"

'PEASANT GIRL'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Peasant Girl," an operetta in three acts based on "Polenblut," book by Leo Stein, music by Oskar Nedbal. Adapted by Edgar Smith, with lyrics by Herbert Reynolds and H. A. Atteridge, and additional music by Rudolf Friml. G. Merola conducted. Produced by Messrs. Shubert at Albany, N. Y. on Nov. 12, 1914.

Mirski	Ernest Hare
Bronio Von Popiel	Clifton Crawford
Count Bolo Baranski	John Charles Thomas
Wanda Kwadinskaja	Letty Yorke
Jadwiga Pawlowa	Ethel Houston
Pan Jan Zaremba	Francis J. Boyle
Helena	Emma Trentini
Wlatek	Henry Mack
Von Gorski	Charles Guidon
Von Senovica	Stanley Henry
Celeste	Frances Pritchard
Baroness Petroffski	Lucille Blair
Countess Napolska	Edith Kingdon Hallor
Fraulein Drygalska	Karen Krischner

Oskar Nedbal, a Bohemian viola player, was 15 years a member of the celebrated Bohemian Quartet. He was known also as a conductor and a composer for his instrument. He forsook the viola, as Mr. Herbert forsook the violoncello, for more lucrative musical work. "Polenblut" had marked success in Europe. Was it the operetta that led Richard Strauss to kiss Nedbal on the brow—or was it on the cheek?—with the hysterical remark that he wished he could write such an operetta? In like manner years before Brahms used to praise Milloecker of "The Beggar Student" extravagantly, especially when any composer of serious music was in the room.

The Messrs. Shuberts have dressed "The Peasant Girl" handsomely. The costumes are rich and are plausibly rational, i.e., for operatta purposes. The stage settings are well conceived. The chorus girls are becomingly clad and unclad, and while they are attractive, they do not constantly interfere with the action. The orchestra is reasonably large.

The story, like all good librettos for operetta or opera, is simple. The high-tempered Count Bolo has lived extravagantly. His estate has been mismanaged and parasites have helped him to squander his money. He laughs at the idea of marrying Helena, the daughter of Pan Jan Zaremba. His friend Bronio and the daughter plot against him for his own good: the daughter because she loves the count; Bronio because a dancing girl, Wanda, whom he fancies has attracted his spendthrift friend. Helena is passed over to the count as Bronio's housekeeper who by her frugality and shrewdness saved his estate. She enters into service, persuades the count to let wine and fire-water alone; drives out the parasites who are as hungry and thirsty a lot as Penelope's suitors. The conclusion of the story is not far to seek.

This story is told pleasantly as far as the main plot is concerned. The dialogue of the comedians—for Bronio is a semi-humorous fellow and so is Mirski—was perhaps written by Mr. Edgar Smith to suit American taste, but surely Mr. Crawford is responsible for many of his lines. Would that we could say they were amusing! Mr. Crawford's answer would be: "The large audience laughed." It is true that many in the audience did laugh. They went to the theatre for that purpose and were bound not to be disappointed. But to some Mr. Crawford's lines were for the great part flat and foolish, and his vaudeville business with Mr. Hare in the second act was exceedingly pointless, long-winded, boresome.

There are pages in the score that have national rhythm and color. As a whole the music is that of an expert musician, well trained in operetta routine of the Austrian order. There are few melodies that are irresistibly spontaneous, and the dance numbers, while they are agreeable, have little sensuous and compelling charm. It may here be said that Mr. Merola, the conductor, was more vigorous than discreet, and the singers and the players were almost constantly in Ercles' vein.

Miss Trentini has been a favorite here since she first visited Boston as a member of the Manhattan Opera Company. Last night she was as nervously energetic as ever. Her range as an actress is limited. There is little variety in her facial expression or in her play; but the volume, the intensity and the freedom of her voice aroused hearty applause as in past seasons. The part of Helena admits of a more coquettish and a more fascinating impersonation.

Miss Yorke was an interesting Wanda in the first act. Her voice and action gave character to the part of the opera dancer. A chief feature of the performance was the graceful and free dancing of Miss Frances Pritchard in the first act, dancing that was as the natural exuberance of a light-hearted, swift-footed maiden. The dancing of the gypsies in the second act was anything but gypsy-like, although the music for it had color and Hungarian rhythm. Mr. Thomas has a robust voice. Mr. Boyle, a familiar figure, brought his sonorous bass with him. The singing of the chorus was sturdy. In the course of the performance there were many encores.

[illegible] music and was a [illegible] to [illegible] had the [illegible] of performance one of his symphonic [illegible] symphonic poems. This [illegible] has been paid in Boston to some. No notice has been taken here of Goldmark's death, yet there was a time when his "Sakuntala" overture and "Rustic Wedding" symphony were among the most popular pieces in the repertoire. Perhaps the symphony is now too old-fashioned, but the "Sakuntala" overture is peculiarly individual and characteristic, and there are other overtures by Goldmark, "Penthesilea," "Prometheus," "Sappho," that are far superior to many of the more modern German compositions performed here within recent years.

"Quake."

As the World Wags:

I regret to see the word "Quake" used freely in The Herald with reference to the recent distressing calamity in Italy. I suppose the abbreviation is made to suit the convenience of head-line writers. "Phone" for telephone is bad enough, and I cannot conceive of any self-respecting person using it. "Quake" is not much better.

HOWARD JESSUP.

Jamaica Plain.

"Phone" is not pretty to the eye or to the ear. To the ear it has a "phony" sound. "Quake" is a legitimate, dictionary word. It meant originally the act of quaking or trembling, and with this meaning was used in the 14th century: "The day of wrath, of quake and sorrow." The use of the word for earthquake is recent. A writer in Nature (1881) described a great shock as consisting of "two quakes and several smaller, but distinct, vibrations." Yet the poet Suckling wrote about the middle of the 17th century:

As the Earth may sometimes shake,
(For winds shut up will cause a quake.)

"Quake" also means a stretch of quake-ooze. The work "quey" meaning a heifer of any age up to 3 years, or until she has had a calf, is "quake" in Aberdeen.—Ed.

A Willing Martyr.

Gentleman, 30, perfect health, magnificent physique, absolutely fit, offers himself for vivisection experiments to any one who would care to infect him with complaint known as the embarrassment of riches. Box N 510, the London Times.

Seriously Wounded.

Some one has sent to us a copy of the Radcliffe News of Jan. 16. It contains a description of "Melissa, the Wandering Bride," performed by the Idler Club. This sentence occurs in the description: "Hank appears to save Adolphus accidentally again, and gets shot in his stead." There is this pencilled marginal note: "A terrible place to get shot in."

A Quiet Inn.

As the World Wags:

Not since I frequented the pothouses of Albion in quest of good ale have my eyes beheld a "squib-glass." It is nothing more than a tumbler in miniature, with a capacity varying from one to two fluid ounces. From this, it is obvious that it is designed to hold only liquors of exceeding potency.

Pothouses recall to my mind a certain Anchor Inn, which thrived, and was more familiarly known to its patrons as "Paddy Gollochers." (I have spelled this phonetically in order to give an idea as to its pronunciation. The "ch" is pronounced like the "ch" in the word "loch.") The inn was once kept by a man named "Paddy" Gallagher, hence the sobriquet. In the taproom was a piano presided over by a mountebank who answered to the name of "Bob," and masqueraded as a pianist, thundering magnificently between drinks, with an utter disregard of phrase, color, tempo or pedal effect. As long as his fortissimo was heard above the clanking of the pint pots, loud-voiced argument and sundry other noises, he was perfectly satisfied. Then there was a skinful tenor, whose falsetto enabled him to soar to A flat above the staff with a minimum effort, and which he usually held until the tremendous applause this feat occasioned had thoroughly subsided. A basso profundo with a fathom-deep voice of raucous quality completed the most remarkable trio of tinker-musicians that I have ever seen or heard. He always sang with the tenor "Life's Dream Is O'er, Farewell" and "Larboard Watch."

The landlord of the place was a man of brawn—a veritable Colossus, well versed in the lore of cross-buttocks, hammer-locks, strangle and toe-holds. When it was necessary to eject forcibly a too boisterous customer from the premises—and such procedure was not uncommon—Colossus just rolled up his shirt-sleeves about an inch higher, spat in his huge hands, and carried the objectionable character bodily from the place, depositing him like a sack of flour in the middle of the street.

And the ale that was served there! O if only the eminent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, could immerse his lips and plunge his august nose in the foam of a pint pot of this superlative great tenpenny ale! What an admirable treatise would be given to an expectant

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] Jo[illegible] his [illegible] sung [illegible] his [illegible] when he drank [illegible] held a quart [illegible] him he called for [illegible] "bod' I habod! The [illegible] ed. In the brave old days [illegible] would not have been for him. The [illegible] now sing the fourth verse of "The Pewter Quart."—Ed.

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galilee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with
  beer;
Pleasant it is when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you wish to demolish a
  brute,
Politely the man to good manners exhort
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.

Once in 20 Years.

Mme. Emma Calve said last week in New York that she did not intend to sing in opera. "I do not want to spoil the reputation I have made here. To sing Carmen one must be young and beautiful. One Carmen in twenty years is what the world is entitled to expect. I have had my turn and I am glad to see that Miss Geraldine Farrar has taken up the role." From this we infer that for the next twenty years Miss Farrar will hold undisputed sway. For twenty years no other Carmens need apply. This will be pleasant news for Marguerite Sylva, Maria Gay and other audacious singers, pretenders to the throne. Some of us remember Miss Marie Tempest as Carmen at the Tremont Theatre. It was on April 3, 1891. Her performance was interesting throughout. Her entrance was singularly effective, and her stage business in its artistic realism was beyond praise. Unfortunately, her light voice did not fully second her instinct and her understanding. She was singing that season in "Dorothy" and was as fascinating in that operetta as she was in January of that year in "The Red Hussar" at the Globe. Her voice was light but well trained and she sang musically and intelligently. This admirable actress was a pupil of Manuel Garcia. She was first seen on the stage as Fiametta in a revival of "Boccaccio" in 1885.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Debutante," an operetta in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert; book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. First performance in Boston.

The Hon. Spencer Cavendish	Sylvia Jason
Lieut. Larry Sheridan	Robert G. Pitkin
Mrs. Zenobia Bunker	Maude Odell
Ezra Bunker	Will West
Godfrey Frazer	Frank Doane
Elaine	Hazel Dawn
Armand, Marquis de Frontenac	Stewart Baird
Philip Frazer	Carl Gantvoort
Irma	Zoe Barnett
Teatlevitz	Theodore Heinroth
Nina	Sylvia Jason

This piece is chiefly pleasing by reason of Mr. Herbert's delightful music. The plot is flimsy and the dialogue far from scintillating. Much of the comedy is provided by Mr. West, whose make-up excited laughter. As a futurist composer his trials, both conjugal and professional, were many and his sufferings grotesque.

Mr. Herbert's music is melodious, expressive, dramatic. Whether it be music of sentimental or of a light and frivolous nature, it has character, distinction. The liveliness is not vulgarity. In the dance music and in the rollicking ditty there is always the consciousness of a well-graced musician amusing himself yet respecting his art. If there is danger of a tune's becoming commonplace, a harmonic progression, a cunning touch in the orchestration at once removes the reproach.

It were difficult to pick and choose among the many ingenious and attractive numbers last evening. There were effective duets, stirring ensembles and pleasing songs for the principals in the cast. There was also captivating and sharply rhythmed dance music, besides the expected waltz, which made its appearance early in the evening only to recur at intervals, and in the last act a clever burlesque on music of the ultra modernists.

"Love is a Battle," "The Golden Age," "The Love of the Lorelei," "Peggy's a Creature of Moods" and "Call Around Again" might be mentioned as among the most effective numbers.

Miss Dawn appeared as Elaine, the debutante daughter of a mysterious Sir Francis Vane, who was much honored by the navy in the first act, but did not appear on the stage. Grieved at her fiance's infatuation for a Russian dancer, Elaine flies to Paris with a marquis. Here she exchanges the ingenuousness of youth for a siren's wiles and wins back her wandering lover at a masquerade. Miss Dawn's blonde beauty has shone before in "The Pink Lady" and "The Little Cafe." She sang, played the violin and disported herself in becoming costumes with her customary amiability, grace and vivacity.

Mr. Baird played the complaisant Marquis with a certain distinction and gallantry. He delivered his perversion of familiar quotations and proverbs fluently while he was at Elaine's [illegible] command and [illegible]

Miss Barnett [illegible] forced. As Irma, the [illegible] tions were [illegible]

[illegible] Falstaff's fiance. Mr. [illegible] the Irish lieutenant was capital and [illegible] acted with a quiet sense of h[illegible] which was not without effect.

Mr. Herbert himself conducted with his usual energy and authority. He made a little speech after the first act. The piece is handsomely staged, the costumes are striking and the chorus efficient.

A large audience was enthusiastic and insistent upon repetitions.

The next attraction at the Colonial Theatre will be of a dramatic nature, Leo Dietrichstein in "The Phantom Rival."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merry Wives of Winsor." The cast:

Shallow .....H. Asheton Tonge
Slender .....Leonard Mudie
Sir Hugh Evans.....Ernest G. Cove
Master Page.....L'Estrange Millman
Sir John Falstaff.....Henry Crocker
Bardolf.....Frank Conroy
Nym .....Malcolm Morley
Pistol .....Claude Beerbohm
Robin .....Vera Fuller Mellish
Mistress Page.....Viola Compton
Anne Page.....Viva Birkett
Mistress Ford.....Vivienne Whitaker
Host of the Garter Inn..Reginald Bertrand
Fenton .....George Relph
Dame Quickly.....Agnes Elliot Scott
Dr Caius.....Max Montesole
Master Ford.....Alexander Calvert

When the comedy was played here June 4, 1802, with Bates as Falstaff, the bill stated that the performance was the first in five seasons. In October, 1886, W. H. Crane played Falstaff at the Boston Theatre. The last performance of the comedy was at the Tremont Theatre, March 25, 1895, and at the following Wednesday matinee. Beerbohm Tree was the Falstaff. Others of the cast on that occasion were Frances Ivor as Mrs. Ford, Lily Hanbury as Mrs. Page, Mrs. Tree as Anne Page, Henry Neville as Ford, Maurice as Page, Herbert Ross as Slender, and Wigley as Sir Hugh Evans.

As will be seen Boston has seen little of this comedy, but the infrequency of its presentation should not be regarded as a barometer of its worth. The comedies of Shakespeare are seemingly neglected for the tragedies, and yet the former are none the less favored with the art of the poet than the latter. Perhaps Mr. Jewett has this in mind, and that his intention is to give a classical repertory that is to be generous in its scope. For this he is to be congratulated.

As a comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a splendid evening's entertainment. The humor is delightful. The two wives acted as on a lark. Given last night with the briskness and snap that should characterize all true comedy, the baiting of Sir John was cleverly done. For this Falstaff was self-opinioned, he was something more than a shouter, a blusterer and champion of good ale.

How subtly contrived was the lure of Falstaff to the house of Mistress Page! And the predicament of the ponderous egotist! Is there not inspiration and something to learn for the "prolific" 20th century playwright in the simple and convincing—and consistent—dovetailing of this comedy? When Falstaff was carted off in the huge basket to be dumped into the Thames there was no bungling. Ford was convinced and already looked sheepishly at his wife. Nor was Sir John's escape as the Witch of Brentford as loosely handled as to compromise Mistress Ford in her husband's eyes.

We have already had something to say of Mr. Crocker's Falstaff. With the exception of the hitchiness in his lines in the opening scenes the performance was well rounded and convincing. Ponderous in his makeup he was always in the picture. There was always the pleasurable anticipation in front of the audience of seeing this fellow—to use an everyday colloquialism—made the "goat."

Much of the pleasure of the performance is to be credited to Vivienne Whitaker as Mistress Ford and Viola Compton as Mistress Page. Upon these "merry wives" and their team work hinges the success of the comedy. With one indifferent, a laggard, the perception of Master Ford would spoil the intentions of the author. Their keen enjoyment in their own capers never lagged; their enjoyment at the plight of Sir John is something to be remembered.

Whether wearing the mask as Master Brook or as Master Ford, Alexander Calvert played discreetly. There was the loathing of Falstaff as he interviewed him as Master Brook, and the consuming jealousy as he feared his wife's inconstancy.

In a word, it might be truly said that the treatment of the comedy was individually artistic, though the Dr. Caius of Max Montesole and the Sir Hugh Evans of Ernest G. Cove at times descended into horseplay.

There was a large and appreciative audience, and there were many curtain calls.

TOBY CLAUDE SEEN AT KEITH'S

Miss [illegible]de, appearing [illegible] in Boston [illegible] the first time in sev[illegible] years and never before in vaudeville, the headliner of a capital bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre, this week. It is a good bill all the way through, an even better one than it looks on paper; one of the best of the season, in fact.

Miss Claude, in her "La Petite Revuette," as the program has it, received her full share of the applause, but there were numerous other acts that were equally well received. Miss Claude, in series of sketches, arranged by William Smythe, who appears with her, is seen first as Fifi in "The Belle of New York," in which she appeared 14 years ago, even though she does not look it; then as Fi-Fi three years later, in "A Chinese Honeymoon." As Mlle. Tinquere at the Follies Bergere, some years later, Miss Claude is seen, perhaps, at her best. She gives bits from one or two of her later successes, in which, as in her earlier efforts, she displays great versatility and sings with pleasing effect.

"Milk" is the rather prosaic title of the human interest comedy in which Miss Una Clayton introduces a capable company of six. It is the story of the wealthy milk dealer who is selling untested, non-Pasteurized, tubercular milk, with hundreds of babies dying in consequence. Frank Kilday as John Henry Hammond, the milk dealer; Herbert L. Griffin as P. F. Doran, the newspaper man assigned to wage a pure food campaign, and Miss Margaret Prendergast, as the dealer's daughter, were all good, as was George N. Price in the role of the lawyer. Miss Clayton does a bit of admirable character work as "Dooley" of the Little Mothers' League.

A team not appearing on the printed program, but receiving a tremendous ovation at the close of its work, was Cooper and Smith, the best black-faced pair at Keith's for many a week. They have a porter and bell-hop act that is replete with brand new stuff and several first-class songs. John and Mae Burke in "The Ragtime Soldier" are by no means strangers to Keith's audiences, with Mr. Burke's ragtime playing as admirable as ever. Morton and Austin, eccentric comedians, are first time visitors, and they made an instant hit by their dancing, all-around agility and numerous novel specialties.

"Knight and Day," presented by John H. Gordon & Co., is the story of the first Mrs. Knight marrying Mr. Day and of the first Mrs. Day marrying Mr. Knight. One couple of the combination is moving out of a flat as the other couple is moving in, and of course each husband meets his divorced wife with all of the expected complications arising ere the curtain falls. Lohse and Sterling, wizards on the Roman rings; Cecelia Wright, the adopted daughter of the navy, and former prima donna of the Savoy Theatre, London, in several songs, and Omar's 14 Arabs, a great troupe of sons of the desert in acrobatic and pyramid work, displaying wonderful strength, round out the bill.

Miss Clayton will lecture this morning at 11 o'clock at B. F. Keith's under the auspices of the Consumers League and the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association. She will show some motion pictures dealing with the pure milk movement. Several thousand invitations have been issued.

Jan 20 1915

David Hochstein Heard in Boston for First Time—Hans Ebell at Piano.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Hans Ebell, pianist, and Mr. David Hochstein, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Hochstein played here for the first time. Mr. S. C. Colburn accompanied him. There was an applausive audience of good size. The program read as follows: Schumann, Carnaval (Mr. Ebell); Bach, sonata in G minor for the violin alone (Mr. Hochstein); Brahms, Intermezzo, B minor, Capriccio, B minor; Chopin, Etude, Ballade in G minor (Mr. Ebell); Tschaikowsky, Meditation; Paganini, Caprice, E major; Sgambati, Gondoliera, Siniagaglia, Rhapsodia Piemontese (Mr. Hochstein).

Mr. Ebell gave an interesting reading of the Carnaval. In some respects it was an unusual one, as in his treatment of the Pierrot, Arlequin episodes, to which he gave a peculiarly dramatic character. He did this by legitimate means. He had a greater command of dynamic gradations than at his first recital, and also judged more shrewdly the acoustic properties of the hall. Only at the end of the Carnaval and once or twice before did he force tone until it lost quality. In the Carnaval he appreciated both the dreamy Eusebius and the fiery, fantastical Florestan. He gave a delightful interpretation of Paganini's Capriccio—the Intermezzo in itself is less interesting—and Chopin's Etude. His conception of the first pages of the Ballade was individual; in the choice of a slower tempo than is customary, and in the general treatment.

Mr. Ebell as an interpreter thinks for himself.

Mr. Hockstein is a young violinist who was born in or near Rochester, N. Y. Having studied in New York, he became a pupil of Sevcik and was graduated with the highest honors. He and Mr. Ebell recently gave a concert in New York.

The sonata by Bach was the one including the fugue that is known to organists. By his performance of it Mr. Hochstein showed that he is a violinist, not merely a glib fiddler. His tone was broad, pure, firm; his technic amply sufficient; his phrasing musical; and, young as he is, he already has a certain style. It was a serious and engrossing performance. The dignified and modest bearing of the violinist enlarged the pleasure of hearing him.

Nothing escapes the vigilance of our contributors. Nothing transcends their knowledge. Last Monday we quoted an inquiry published in Notes and Queries concerning the name Thirmutis. We received that day an answer from a hawk-eyed omniscient friend, saying, "Was not Thirmutis, or Thermouthis the name of Pharaoh's daughter, who asked that question about Moses: 'Which of yiz owns the child?' See Josephus."

Now we have not the works of Josephus, the learned Jew, on the shelf or table, but we have consulted the wisdom of the Rabbins, who have supplied a much-needed "Who's Who in the Bible." It will be remembered that in Holy Writ the daughter of Herodias, the Witch of Endor, the Woman of Samaria, the Queen of Sheba, the unfortunate wife of the Levite, the sweetheart of Samson in Gaza, the daughter of Pharaoh, and other noble and humble dames are not named by name.

Thermutis (or Thirmutis) was indeed the daughter of Pharaoh, and we are informed that as she was afflicted with leprosy she went to the Nile for healing baths. She had pity on the baby Moses and would have nursed him, but he rebelled. We are also informed that Moses when he was three years old was remarkably large and strong for his age.

Others say that the name of Pharaoh's daughter was Tarmut. There are some who insist that her name was Bithiah.

In like manner there are variants of the poem to which our contributor alludes, and who shall say which is the earliest version. We like the one told by Michael Moran, who was born off Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, in Faddle Alley. He told it to Mr. W. B. Yeats.

In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
"'Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns
the child?"

"E. L. J." quotes from Miss Yonge's book about Christmas name: "The name Thermuthis has been found on a tombstone, given apparently in honor of Pharaoh's daughter, whom Josephus thus denominates."

Spattering.

As the World Wags:

Covered from head to foot by the obscene slush of the gutter, as the motor dashed unheeded by, I cried, half aloud: "Is there no redress?" Echo only answered: "Re-dress!" THE OLD 'UN.

Boston, Jan. 18.

Who Was Whitehead?

As the World Wags:

In the Rev. Herbert S Johnson's sermon yesterday, he said that if Billy Sunday "comes to Boston, he will preach to the largest crowds since the days of Whitehead." Who was the Whitehead to whom reference was thus made? I heard Mr. Johnson's sermon, and his thus referring to Whitehead mystified me, as I have never heard of any distinguished evangelist (or revivalist, as such peripatetic preachers used to be called) of the name of Whitehead. I wondered whether the intended reference was not to the famous evangelist George Whitefield, but the above-quoted passage from the sermon is in the report which this morning's Herald has of the sermon, and I see that, as in the case of the sermon as it was delivered, so in that printed report of the sermon, it is "Whitehead," not "Whitefield," who is spoken of. I understand that the newspaper reports of Mr. Johnson's sermons are prepared for and furnished to the newspapers by Mr. Johnson himself, so, as "Whitehead" was the word which he used both when delivering the sermon from his pulpit and when writing the report of it which he furnished to the newspapers, it would seem that, when he used the word "Whitehead," it was not a case of heterophemy, the intended word being "Whitefield," but that "Whitehead" was the word which he intended to use. Who was the Whitehead whose preaching, according to Mr. Johnson, drew such crowds? M. S. C.

Boston, Jan. 18.

"Put One Over."

As the World Wags:

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Mr. Joseph Lee had in mind the expression "put one over" rather than "put it over." And "put one over," in my opinion, is spontaneous American slang.

"Look out for him, old man; he's trying to put one over on you," is gratuitous advice frequently heard; and this use of the expression may logically be traced to baseball. The pitcher "puts one over" the plate, and the umpire calls a strike when the batsman expects him to call a ball. Of course, "it" is frequently used instead of "one," but such a substitution, although making the language identical, does not make the sense identical with the words used in "The Compleat Angler."

"Put it over," as thus found by Mr. Lee, and "put over," as explained by "Hon. Ed." (as H. Togo would call him) do not seem to be responsible for the modern expression. These words cannot always be literally interpreted. Do you remember the Frenchman who got hit with a brick or something because he stuck his head out of the window when somebody shouted "Look out"?

Medford, Jan. 17. H. J. L.

We explained the term of falconry used by Walton and quoted by Mr. Lee. We did not attempt to trace any connection with the modern slang phrase. —Ed.

Jan 21 1915

BY LONGY CLUB

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club, assisted by A. Battles and J. McKnight, flutes, gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. There was an interested audience of good size. The program was as follows: Volbach, quintet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano, op. 24 (first time here); A. Wooters, Adagio and Scherzando for four flutes, op. 77 (first time here); Gounod, Petite Symphonie for flute, two obies, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

Volbach is known here by his choral work, "Raphael," performed at a Handel and Haydn concert, and by the symphony played under Dr. Muck's direction at the Christmas Symphony concerts. This quintet for piano and wind instruments is a respectable composition by a respectable composer. We can easily think of its success at a Liedertafel concert, with beer drawn from the keg. The chief theme of the first movement is developed in orthodox fashion; the second movement is a sentimental romance with a melting theme announced by the horn; the third movement—we frankly confess that we have forgotten what it was. It sounded like many other finales for this combination of instruments.

Those who look askew on the flute as a water logged instrument and compare the most accomplished virtuoso to a man eating with relish green corn on the cob after it has been thoughtfully buttered and salted, might well have shuddered at the thought of four flutes playing together. Kuhlau and Reicha have written such quartets, and possibly they are played in some barbaric city. The quartet by Wooters was an agreeable surprise. The Adagio was not too pretentious and the Scherzando was delightful by reason of its simplicity and graceful vivacity. The performance was admirable. The audience was quick to appreciate it and the recalls were more than a perfunctory tribute.

Gounod wrote his little symphony for wind instruments in 1888 for a club in Paris. It was practically the last of his compositions for orchestral instruments.

The four movements are simple, incodious, and written with an intimate knowledge of horns and wood-wind. How much clearer, how much more effective, is Gounod's treatment of this combination than that of many of our German laborers in the vineyard! The first movement recalls the Gounod of the first act of "Faust." The Andante is tuneful; the Scherzo, with its hunting calls and relieving trio, is effective—the whole work, in fact, is agreeable music. It is needless to say that the performance by the Longy Club was excellent. The last concert will be on March 3.

Writing in old age, he is in that subdued mood, a mood not necessarily sordid, in which (the shudder at the nearer approach of the unknown world coming over him more frequently than of old) accustomed ideas * * * sometimes regain what they may have lost, in a man's allegiance. It is a sort of madness, he begins to think, to differ from the received opinions thereon. Not that he is insincere or ironical, but that he tends, in the sum of probabilities, to dwell on their more peaceful side; to sit quiet, for the short remaining time, in the reflection of the more cheerfully lighted side of thing; and what is accustomed—what holds of familiar usage—comes to seem the whole essence of wisdom, on all subjects.

Eccentrics and Centrics.

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that in spite of your remark, "It is rather late in the day to awaken interest in Lord Timothy Dexter," Capt. Brassbound, with the courage and determination characteristic of seafaring men, still persists in obtaining information about the worthy "lord."

Although I am not a sailor, I also have a thirst * * * for information, and would like to see the point about Dexter's warming pans, or stoves, satisfactorily settled. I remember seeing somewhere that he sent his cargo not to the West Indies, but to India. The destination, of course, matters not, provided the joke is on Timothy. Personally, I am inclined to think that the story is merely a spiteful attempt to belittle a man of very excellent qualities, who himself had several jokes at the expense of his neighbors. The best that can be said of it is: "Se non e vero e ben trovato"

But supposing the story is a true one, it reflects great credit on Timothy. He had the courage of his convictions. He thought the pans would sell and he immediately shipped them. Compared to him, the modern merchant stands in a very unfavorable light as witness the manufacturer of electrical vacuum cleaners who advertises his machines in a magazine issued for South American consumption. He is as foolish as Timothy was in sending warming pans to a hot country for, who would buy electrical vacuum cleaners in countries where electricity is a luxury, carpets are scarce, and, moreover, a girl with a broom can be had for next to nothing? But he lacks Dexter's enterprise and nerve, he does not ship the cleaners, he merely throws money away advertising them.

Dexter was a Superman, a seer, and his eccentric actions, if properly interpreted, should be taken as a reproach to the present money kings for their attempts to attain notoriety.

If—as Sir Oliver Lodge would have us believe—the spirits of the departed are floating around in close proximity to those who still cling to the perishable clay, I can easily imagine Lord Timothy putting up his ethereal fingers to his no less ethereal nose at Andrew Carnegie. Andrew has spent a fortune in order to obtain worthless titles—worthless because they cost money—Timothy "lorded" himself without the expenditure of one single cent. Carnegie had a palace built for the housing of a chimera, Dexter built a residence for the habitation of a reality; himself. Carnegie's palace may be an architectural jewel—I doubt it—but it was designed by some one else. Dexter made his own design. Now, I can, on occasion, sympathize with an assassin who has done his own job, but I have no sympathy for the man who hires an assassin. Carnegie has contrived to have his statue erected in Dunfermline at someone else's expense. Dexter saved his admirers the trouble and the [illegible] and erected his statue at his own cost, not in an aristocratic and [illegible] sh solitude, but in company with [illegible] of thirty-nine famous men. Carnegie wrote a "Life of James Watt" [illegible] which task he had no other qualification than having been asked to do so by an enterprising publisher. Dexter wrote a book without receiving any encouragement whatsoever and, incidentally, perpetrated a joke which will [illegible] repeating for years to come.

[illegible] means, let us take an interest [illegible] Lord Timothy Dexter! He was an [illegible], but it is precisely to the eccentric that man owes his greatness. [illegible] "centrics" count for nought in the [illegible] of the world, and, as far as [illegible] are concerned, we would still be [illegible] ing in the ground to keep out of the way of mastodons and dinosauri.

Lynn, Jan. 18. M. J. L.

The story about Lord Timothy Dexter sending warming pans to the West Indies is true. "M. J. L." should read the [illegible] of Lord Timothy prefixed to Dexter's [illegible] but unpunctuated book. —Ed.

Friends and Blubber.

This reminds us that we have received a long letter from Capt. Brassbound. [illegible] an extract

[illegible] ask me for my friends. I have [illegible] in Chicago: a business man [illegible] paints pictures: a man who has [illegible] a great and far-reaching business [illegible] from toys a man who has rendered good account of his stewardship. I [illegible] strongly that while speech is silver, silence is golden, and so accordingly. A [illegible] a shrug, and a hint; a word to the wise.

"Blubber hunting is a curious profession, very, very curious. The lookout marks whales where they blow; then 'tis out boats, slip up, lay in, and lance to [illegible] deck. This is play; but, by Heaven, [illegible] play was ever grimmer; it likes me not; I would fain stay out of it and play a silent part; yet, come what may, I will do my best to play my part through to the bitter end.

"[illegible] amanship, Mr. Hale; speed, science, skill, strength, silence. Log, lead, and lookout. Strong gales and heavy seas."

"Complement."

As the World Wags:

I am puzzled by the use of the word "complement" in the illustrated supplement of today's Herald. Will you kindly explain its exact meaning in the heading "Notable Additions to Boston's Complement of Mural Decoration." I have consulted the dictionary without getting any satisfaction. Does it mean exactly the same as "Notable Additions to Boston's Mural Decorations"? M. A. W.

Brighton, Jan. 17.

Complement is the full number required to complete a company, to fill a conveyance, to man a ship; it is also something which when added completes or makes up a whole. In heraldry it means fullness (of the moon). Complement—that which completes; the completion. There are other specific meanings; in astronomy, optics, navigation, fortification, music. At the same time, a ship may have troops on board above her complement; so that although Boston, perhaps, had her complement of mural decorations, one or two more decorations may be crowded in.—Ed.

Familiar Quotations.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me where I can find the poem containing the following lines:

Like the struck eagle stretched on the plain
Ne'er among rolling clouds to soar again
Views with pain the dart * * *
That his own feather winged the shaft that pierced his heart.

Also:

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be—
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea.

Boston, Jan. 19. E. A. TRUE.

Tho first lines read in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," line 826.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

The second quotation is from Thomas Hood's sonnet, "Silence."

Jan 22 1915

Some have endeavored to explain why, when they sat in a theatre unmoved by a laborious comedian, men and women, clad and apparently in their right minds, were laughing wildly. Coleridge commenting on the German word "Schwaermerei" for enthusiasm, noted how the sympathies of mere numbers, as such, "the random catching on fire of one here and another there, when people are collected together, generated as it by mere contact, some new and rapturous spirit, not traceable in the individual units of a multitude." (We quote here, not directly from Coleridge, but from Pater's reference to the passage.) So in a theatre, the hair-trigger laugh of one thoughtless spectator incites the laughter of others. One active "guffoon" is enough to arouse a score of persons near him, wishing to believe that they are really amused.

Anecdote for the Young.

Charles de Fontenay en Brie, surnamed Coup d'Espee, and some other extravagant fellows wished to find out how a man falls from a tree when it is being felled. It is not recorded whether any one of them was hurt.

Where Is He?

As the World Wags.

I am considerably interested in the present location of Old Doc. Henk Johnson. I have followed the waggings of the World since time immemorial, but have seen no mention of Mr. Johnson for some time. Has he departed to some distant clime, leaving his monumental work (elephant folio) in embryonic stage?

For I have a problem which he would do well to consider in his opus a problem which has puzzled the followers of science and art.

Imagine, if you can, a pugilist, stripped for action, sitting in his corner of the squared circle. Now why is that pugilist, and every other pugilist, served with aqua pura from a bottle, which, in its more useful and aesthetic days, served as a receptacle for Booth's Old Tom Gin? Why a gin bottle, and never a previous container of whiskey, beer, brandy or other spirituous or malt liquors? JOS. GISH.

Boston, Jan. 20.

We do not know where Mr. Johnson is at present, nor have we heard from him for some weeks. There was a rumor last month that he went to Belgium as war correspondent for the Peace Association. There was another report that he was in Atlanta, Ga., studying the working of justice in that state as exemplified by the Frank case. Mr. George P. Bolivar, on the other hand, is sure that he saw Mr. Johnson with false whiskers entering a moving picture show a few days ago. But Mr. Johnson is not a man of disguises, even when engaged in the most dangerous sociological investigations.—Ed.

Eph Horn's Song.

As the World Wags.

I have a feeling that Mr. Norris's memory is playing him false in today's

[illegible]

[illegible] O get down O couldn't wait at all
For the [illegible] were behind me on the other [illegible] wall

Chorus—[illegible]

While the above words may have been divided into two verses of four lines each, with an intervening chorus, my strong conviction is that they formed one continuous verse of eight lines which in the rendering gained added humor by the prolongation of the words and the reiteration of the musical phrase. F. S. S.

Boston, Jan. 18.

The Herald will publish next Sunday letters about this song, also a letter from "W. H. W." about the decay of Negro minstrelsy.—Ed.

Whitby and Scott.

As the World Wags:

In all that I have seen in the papers as to the Germans firing on Whitby, not a word has been said of the associations which the name should bring up to every one. Can it be that Scott's poems are not read nowadays and that the older generation was forgotten Marmion? When I spoke to a lady the other day of associations connected with the place she said, "Oh, yes, Whitby jet," and a man answered in the same way!

Does no one remember Lady Clare and how she took refuge at "high Whitby's cloistered pile" to escape from Lord Marmion, and how the abbess of St. Hilda's convent there was summoned to Holy Isle (Lindisfarne) to serve with "Tynemouth's haughty prioress," and St. Cuthbert's abbot in the conclave which condemned Constance to be walled up alive?

Only the practical side of things seems to be looked at now. From Black's Picturesque Tourist and Baedeker one learns that the adjacent country for thirty miles along the coast, and for some ten miles inland, is an almost uninterrupted alum rock, and that Whitby formerly carried on an extensive trade in alum and coal and also in shipbuilding, and that at present the main industries are the manufacture of jet ornaments, and the herring fishery. They do speak of the beautiful and romantic scenery, and Baedeker goes so far as to tell us that the poet Caedmon was a monk in Whitby Abbey, in the 7th century, and that Capt. Cook, whose house is still standing, was a Whitby apprentice and made one of his voyages round the globe in a Whitby vessel, but no mention is made of Scott and his many allusions in Marmion to "Fair Whitby," "Whitby's Fishers," "St. Hilda's Shrine" and "Whitby's Shade." B. F.

Cambridge, Jan. 19.

CECILIA SOCIETY

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees, conductor, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, and William Lester Bates, organist, were the assisting artists.

The program was interesting. Beginning with Bach's motet: "Blessing, Glory, and Wisdom, and Thanks." There were pieces by Gevaert, "Les Voisins" and "Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus." In both of these the tonal quality of the chorus was agreeable. Other numbers were D'Indy's "St. Mary Magdalene," Bantock's "March of the Cameron Men," Stewart's "Bells of St. Michael's Tower" and Brahms's Drinking song.

A feature of the concert was Loeffler's "For One Who Fell in Battle," impressive and beautiful, emotional with elegiac tenderness, but music which requires skilled interpretation, singers who are sensitive to nuances. There have been more inspired performances of the work, and the intonation of the society was by no means faultless. The composer, who was in the audience, bowed in response to prolonged applause.

Mme. Sundelius's songs were unconventional and included numbers by Pergolesi, Mozart, Wolf-Ferrari, Sibelius, Sjogren, Coleridge-Taylor and one in manuscript by Carpenter, "The Player Queen." She was in the vein and her singing was as usual fluent, graceful, intelligent and expressive.

A large audience was enthusiastic.

The next concert will be in Jordan Hall, Thursday evening, March 18. Robert Maitland of New York will be the soloist.

Jan 23 1915

12TH PUBLIC SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Busoni [illegible] playing in [illegible] "two [illegible] to [illegible] of 14 days fr[illegible] [illegible]'s "Leonore" overture [illegible] substituted for Liszt's piano [illegible] in E flat. The program [illegible] as fo[llows]: Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 E minor; Strauss, tone-poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3.

Nearly 10 years ago Mr. Gericke produced the second symphony of Sibelius, the one in D major. The composer was then unknown in Boston except by name. The reception of the work by the public was so cool that Mr. Gericke dropped Sibelius. Mr. Fiedler was favorably inclined toward the Finn, but he did not bring out the symphony in E minor. The performance of yesterday was the third under Dr. Muck, who put it on the program in 1907 and in 1911.

It is an extraordinarily romantic work; to us the most imaginative and effective of the three symphonies that have been performed here. M. Weber, for years the music critic of Le Temps, once wrote an article in which he proved neatly to his own satisfaction that there is no such thing in music as local color. He argued that when we find the contour of a melody, or some strange harmonies and unusual rhythms exotic, Persian, Egyptian, what you will, it is because we have been told that these musical characteristics are associated with some particular country; but a land is not to be musically described.

This depends a good deal on the hearer. The introduction to the third act of "Aida" may remind us of a sultry night on the Nile on account of what has gone before, the stage-setting and the entrance of Egyptian priest, princess, and slave. Perhaps we might not realize the loneliness and immeasurable distance of a Russian steppe from Borodin's orchestral piece, unless the word "Steppe" were in the title. Yet in other instance the music is peculiarly suited to the scene. So hearing the symphony of Sibelius, knowing that he is a Finn, knowing also something about the scenery of Finland, the history of that land, its sagas, and the "Kalevala," it is very easy to find the full, wild, tumultuous expression of what we conceive Finland to be in this music of Sibelius, and we find it here to a greater extent than in the second symphony, or in the fourth in which Sibelius seems to have wandered far from his country and his true self in search of strange gods and strange mental conditions. In this respect the first symphony is to be ranked with the violin concerto and "The Swan of Tuonela."

The first movement is surely one of the frankest and most emotional outpourings of the composer's soul. It might stand alone as a tragic overture, fiery, passionate, inexpressibly sad. There is only a slight taint of formalism, of pedantry. In this movement, the desire of a composer to show in his first symphony that he knows his counterpoint and all the tricks. In the second movement this fault is more noticeable, for it is more deliberate and more extended. It is as if the composer were saying to the audience. "Now I'll prove to you that I have studied diligently." These faults, however, are negligible when the sweep and pathos of the whole symphony are taken into consideration. The performance was superb.

Sibelius gives no program, no clue to the contents of his symphony. Strauss furnishes an introductory note, a passage from Nietzsche's book, to his "Zarathustra," and there are sub-captions in the score: "Of the Dwellers in the Rear World," "Of the Great Yearning," etc. He is reported as having said that he put "freely after Frieda, Nietzsche" in the title, because he would otherwise have been accused of translating Nietzsche's book into music with a view of doing the same thing later with Kant and Schopenhauer. When there are such guide-posts in a program-book, the hearer, if he is not content with simply listening to the music, is apt to take the wrong direction or miss a post to his utter confusion. "Where are we now? Is this the 'Grave Song' or the section about 'Science'?" There is no mistaking the "Dance Song," but we like to think the girls met by Zarathustra danced to a more seductive tune. The inherent cheapness of this tune—and Vernon Blackburn defined a tune as a melody that is overripe—is atoned for by the amazing treatment of it, and yesterday by the brilliance of the general performance and the remarkably incisive playing of the solo violin passages by Mr. Witek.

The introduction is impressive, the section "Of Science" sounds as though Strauss had wished to show the aridity and endlessness of much scientific teaching; the music towards the close is very beautiful, to be put by the side of a few pages of "Don Quixote" and the domestic symphony. As a work of pure art and a complete realization of a composer's intention no one of the so-called colossal tone-poems of Strauss equals "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Don Juan" With them and "Death and Transfiguration" Strauss ceased to be purely [illegible] constantly m[illegible] as a writer [illegible] symphonic poems. The [illegible] of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Z[illegible] speaks too much. N[illegible] in Strauss's [illegible] called as [illegible]

t[illegible]mpt [illegible] verse; but t[illegible]s r[illegible]d[illegible] [illegible] t[illegible] sounds from [illegible]colo, flut[illegible] violin or two altern[illegible]ting with [illegible] notes of do[illegible]bl[illegible] ba[illegible].

Beethoven, f[illegible]r [illegible] comparatively [illegible] orchestra, wrote his "Leonore" Overture No. 3 over a hundred years [illegible], a work that by the loftiness, the nobility of the ideas and by the dramatic expression still sways the hearer and purifies the passions.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 5, 6 will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Spohr, Concerto for string quartet with orchestra, op. 131 (first time at these concerts); Mahler, "Lays of a Travelling Journeyman" (Paul Draper, singer); Dvorak, "Carnaval" overture.

Here is a fine episode of the war. M. Maurice Donnay of the French Academy received a letter from a friend in the trenches. Not a word of complaint, no foolish boasting: the writer was troubled about a word that might come before the revisers of the French dictionary during the war, if the letter "I" should be reached. The man in the trenches protested against "inlassable," and he begged M. Donnay to use all his influence to insure the word being written "illassable." This was the soldier's only care. Now he is happy, for M. Donnay wrote him that the Academy has reached so far only the letter "E," and the war will be over, even if Kitchener's prediction turn out to be true, long before words beginning with "I" come up for discussion.

To "Baize" and Others.

To "Ino": Your interesting letter about Oakland. Forest and Webster gardens is too long for this column. It will be published in The Herald of next Sunday. We now quote, however, the final paragraph: "In The Herald of Jan 10 'Baize' spoke of 'the Apollo Garden,' but did not say when or where it was. Will he please give some information on these points? He also mentioned a garden (but did not give its name) 'situated between Winter and Bromfield streets on Washington street.' Will he also please give the time when that garden ran its career? Was that garden an open-air one? I don't understand how space could have been found there for an open-air garden."

Some one asked last Sunday who used to sing "Not for Joe." "A. de Q." answers "Joseph Vance, a Music Hall singer of the '76-'80 period, London, Eng." But is "A. de Q." sure that "the Great Vance" was named "Joseph"? Was not his stage name "Alfred Glenville Vance" and his real name Alfred Peck Stevens? Vance, born in 1840, fell at the wings in a music hall (Dec. 26, 1888), while singing "Are You Guilty," and died before the cab reached the hospital.

To Mr. James Lee, Chelsea: Thank you for the page of a London newspaper.

Sam Sharpley.

As the World Wags:

It pleased me to learn through one of your correspondents that Sam Sharpley penetrated as far north as Boston. I heard him play the banjo in Hartford, Ct., in the '60s. Those were the days of encore fiends. After Sam became tired he would lay the banjo down beside his chair and drone.

"My son, think on your father's death,
For on St. Helena his body lies low,
His name was Bonapartee,
And he fought for the bonny bunch of roses, O."

Boston, Jan. 18. J. D. K.

For January, 1915.

Ruskin once wrote to Charles Eliot Norton: "When I begin to think at all I get into such states of disgust and fury at the way the mob is going on (meaning by mob, chiefly Dukes, Crown Princes, and such-like persons) that I choke: and have to go to the British Museum and look at penguins till I get cool. I find penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous, one can't be angry when one looks at a penguin."

A Boy at the Theatre.

As the World Wags:

A boy who had been left at his "home lessons" when his parents went to the opening performance of the Boston Theatre, as soon as a safe interval had elapsed, seized his cap, ran across the Common and arrived at the gallery entrance in time for the rush up the long spiral staircase to the place of the gods, to be injected with a velocity which almost shot him down the steep aisle and over the rail!

There was considerable patience required to listen so attentively as was necessary up there to Dr. Parsons's poetical introduction and the "Rivals," though the glimpse of the unconscious heads of father and mother in the pit were stimulating, but every thought was swallowed up when Mrs. John Wood, alas! no more, filled the stage, the house and a jejune heart with her rollicking [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] "wa[illegible]" recall a particular [illegible] one of this charmer, beginning [illegible] will be market day.'" THE OLD UN.

Boston, J[illegible] 20.

Mrs. John Wood and her husband appeared for the first time in America at the Boston Theatre, Sept. 11, 1854. Dr. Parsons's prize address was delivered by John Gilbert. This was the opening night of the Boston Theatre. There were 64 free tickets and there were 2915 people in the audience. Mrs. Wood's last engagement at the Boston Theatre was for the week beginning April 22, 1872, when burlesques and farces were performed.—Ed.

The Morton Myth.

As the World Wags:

In the editorial article in today's Herald entitled "Fifty Years Ago Today," the statement is made that Marcus Morton was chosen Governor of Massachusetts by one vote, the reference being to the election of 1839. The statement that in that election Gov. Morton was chosen by one vote is often made, but it is without foundation. The following exhibit of the gubernatorial votes cast in that election shows that Gov. Morton was not chosen by one vote, but by twice that number, or two:

Votes for Morton	51,034
Votes for Edward Everett	50,725
Votes for all others	307 51,032
Majority for Morton	2

If the votes for Morton had been one less, or if the votes for others than Morton had aggregated one more, Morton would, as The Herald stated, have been chosen by one vote. On Nov. 25, 1910, The Herald fell into this same error of stating that Gov. Morton was chosen by one vote, and I corrected the error in The Herald two days later. Myths are so very persistent that, after they once get a lodgement in the popular mind, it is difficult, if not impossible, to make them give place to the truth, and this myth to the effect that Marcus Morton was chosen Governor by one vote has so long been current, and has so many times been repeated, that probably it will continue to do duty as veracious political history till the Greek calends.

Jan. 15. ITERUM.

Compulsory Mispronunciation.

As the World Wags:

Please permit a native to say it is erroneous to state that "the word 'quey' is 'quake' in Aberdeen." The common pronunciation in that county is "koy," though in rural districts toward the Banff border you may sometimes hear "queh," which an Englishman (trying to repeat it) would call "quek," just as he says "lok" for "loch." As a rule, the English tongue cannot get hold of the aspirate, the "h" sound, at the end of a word, but must substitute "k"; as the Swede has to use "y" for "j," and many Americans have to say "oo" for the name sound of "u"—for instance, in a Boston drug store the other day, when a tube of something was wanted, the purchaser spoke repeatedly of a "toob."

AN ABERDONIAN.

Winthrop, Jan. 20.

We refer "An Aberdonian" to Dr. Joseph Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" volume IV., article "Quey" (London, 1903). In Buchan is not "quey" spelled "coy"? As Beattie had it: "Yese get a cow, an' a branded coy." See also Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, vol. III., article "Quey—Quy, Quoy, Quyach, Quoyach, Queock, Quyok" (Paisley, 1880).—Ed.

Stoughton Bottle.

As the World Wags:

In answer to A. C. A. in today's column I will give my version of the definition of the Stoughton bottle. In the old days when one visited a bar for liquid refreshment, if one wanted whiskey the Stoughton bottle was called to help out the drink. What the contents of the bottle were composed of I do not know, but think it something in the line of bitters. As the years went on and different fluids came in and tastes changed, the phrase came in "as useless as a Stoughton bottle," for the demand for it fell off. Take it for what it is worth.

T. E. HILL.

P. S.—One could go into the old Museum Exchange and find the Stoughton bottle handy, till the bar and bottle bill abolished the old resort.

"Grumpy" Company and Jewett Players Give Two New One-Act Plays.

A Belgian benefit, under the management of Mrs. John C. Fairchild, was given yesterday afternoon at the Toy Theatre.

Two one-act plays were presented by members of the "Grumpy" company and the Henry Jewett Players. Both were seen for the first time in Boston.

"The Curtain," by Leslie Buswell, acted by the author, Claude Beerbohm, William Moore and Miss Beatrice Terry, was a tense little drama of married life. Henry Clifford angrily orders his wife's physician, Dr. Vale, to prescribe a change of air for her. He suspects their relations. After he has left the co[illegible]lt[illegible]n room Mrs. Clifford comes to keep an appointment with her lover. He shows her a ray of light which he has discovered. If it is thrown upon any human organism, death is certain. Dr. Vale leaves the room for cigarettes. Mr. Clifford returns, upbraids his wife and refuses to hear of divorce. His wife turns on the apparatus and Clifford staggers, dying, behind a curtain.

An interval elapses. Dr. Vale, dozing before the fire, is roused by his butler to dress for dinner. Mrs. Clifford telephones for medical attendance, but the butler does not recognize her as one of his master's patients. The doctor has been dreaming, but—he refuses to attend the sick woman.

Miss Esme Biddle next appeared in monologues. "A Dramatist at Home," by Keble Howard, played by Alexander Onslow and Miss Elsie Mackay, is an amusing incident in the life of a newly discovered dramatist. At a loss for a solution for his play, his wife comes to his rescue and supplies a scene by a mock quarrel, which is taken seriously by the frantic playwright. Both plays were charmingly staged.

A welcome addition to the program was George Copeland, who played three Spanish dances in his customary delightful manner.

A distinguished audience was interested, diverted and enthusiastic.

Jan 24 1915

A French company coming from New York will produce Brieux's "Blanchette" at the Toy Theatre tomorrow night. Miss Marie Tempest and her company will be seen at the Majestic Theatre tomorrow night in "Mary Goes First," by Henry Arthur Jones.

Brieux as a playwright is known in Boston chiefly by "Les Avaries" ("Damaged Goods"). This is to be regretted because "Damaged Goods" is a zealous tract but a poor play. There was an absurd fuss made over the production at the Park Theatre. Some objected to the play on account of "moral grounds"—which was eminently foolish, for Brieux is a serious man and an honest man and there is no denying the sincerity, the philanthropy of his purpose. Others objected to it because it was not a good play, and their objections were well taken.

"Blanchette" was not Brieux's first drama, but it was the first that excited attention. The play was produced at the Theatre Libre, Paris, Feb. 2, 1892, when Jeanne Dulac took the part of Elise Rousset and Antoine that of the father. The girl was Elise on that bill. When the piece was brought out at the Theatre Antoine on Sept. 29, 1897—the third act was rewritten for the sake of a happy ending—the wine seller's daughter was named Blanchette. The part was taken by Miss Mellot. Antoine was again Rousset. But at the Comedie Francaise (Oct. 9, 1908) the daughter, played by Miss Pierat, was again Elise. The father was played by Feraudy.

It was "Blanchette" that made Brieux famous. Rejected at first by all the theatre managers until it found a stage at the Theatre Libre, it had been played in Paris nearly 300 times before it was produced at the Comedie Francaise. In spite of many later plays that attracted attention, Brieux was long known as "the author of 'Blanchette.'"

According to Brieux, a dramatist should be a commercial traveller of ideas. To him the theatre exists only for aiding humanity.

Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. of Boston have published two volumes that should be read by those wishing to understand and appreciate M. Eugene Brieux and his mission. The first of these volumes "Blanchette" and "The Escape," translated by Frederick Eisemann, was published in 1913. It contains a preface by H. L. Mencken, which tells of Brieux's life and also his aims as illustrated by the character of his various plays. The extracts from the address of the Marquis de Segur in receiving Brieux into the academy—this was in 1910—are not the least interesting portion of this preface. "Accustomed to the methods of the usual playwrights," said M. de Segur, "the manager of the Theatre Libre was filled with astonishment when he read your play. For this maiden effort of yours had a startling freshness and showed a daring that verged upon extravagance. Would you believe it?—the author actually championed sound morals as against folly, and the family as against chaos. He went the length of depicting a prosperous home that was not befouled by all conceivable vices. He asserted that virtues could exist, even outside the purlieus of want and starvation. Alongside these audacities the play was not lacking in dramatic power. It comprised several delightful scenes. The spectators, though amazed at first, decided to overlook its scandalous decency."

"The Plays of Eugene Brieux," by P. V. Thomas, published by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co., is indispensable to those who would know thoroughly the mission of Brieux. The analysis of the plays is clear and the criticism is not too dogmatic. Mr. Thomas is of University College, London. As originally prepared, the extracts from the plays and the greater number of quotations from French critics were in French. In the present volume they have been translated by Mr. Henry M. Wing of the [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] preface contains an extract from Brieux's address before the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York last year. Then follows a short biographical sketch of the man. But we are now concerned chiefly with "Blanchette."

In 1892 Brieux dedicated "Blanchette" to Andre Antoine. "My Dear Friend: For 10 years I have hawked my manuscripts at all the theatres of Paris. Usually they have not even been read. Thanks to you, thanks to the Theatre Libre, I at last had the opportunity to learn my 'metier' of dramatic author, and here is the second play which you will have produced for me in only two years. It is my desire to thank you publicly."

The plays before "Blanchette" were not important. "Bernard Palissy," one act in verse, was produced at the Theatre Cluny, Paris, late in 1879. This is the only play of Brieux in verse. "Le Bureau des Divorces," vaudeville, has apparently never been played. "It is very thin stuff, stale and not amusing—cheap farce; but it indicates an interest in social questions." "Menages d'Artistes," a comedy in three acts, a satire on the Symbolist poets, was produced at the Theatre Libre in 1890. It was not a success. "La Fille de Durame," a long melodrama, was played at Rouen in 1890.

The plays of Brieux from 1892 to 1900 were attacks on various public institutions of society. "Blanchette" is concerned with education.

Blanchette is the daughter of Peer Rousset, who keeps a wine shop in a village. Her success at school flatters the pride of her parents, who spend their money in furthering her ambition. She obtains a teacher's certificate. At 18 she returns home, expectant of a position promised by the government. This position is long in coming. The father begins to regret the money he has wasted. Blanchette puts into practice the "science" she has learned, and thus blunders to the detriment of her father's crops. She is sulky and will not serve customers. She looks down on her simple lover. Finally the father declares that if she will not do what he orders, she must leave the house. She leaves.

In the original version, she becomes a governess, a companion, etc., but she is always obliged to leave on account of the men in the family who court her without the intention of marriage. Unable to find a position as a teacher, she takes up sewing. At last in despair she becomes a prostitute.

As the play was brought out at the Theatre Antoine, Blanchette returns home, tells her story, how she was tempted and insulted. She finds happiness only at home. She waits on an old customer, agrees to wed honest Auguste, and there is this "happy ending."

Rousset—And am I a stranger here? Won't anyone embrace me? (Blanchette throws herself into her father's arms.)

The moral is that the state is criminal in preparing more teachers than there are positions for them; in unfitting humble girls for life in their own station, and giving them nothing in return. Mr. Thomas, admitting that the original version had more point, inquiries into any influence on public opinion. "The author has this end in view: My plays are designed to influence the public. This to him is the purpose of playing. Even granted on its own merits, especially on the merits of the first two acts, seldom is the life of humble folk been rendered on the stage so truly. M. Brieux is at his best when interpreting such people; he is most at home with them; he thoroughly understands their life and their point of view. By a hundred significant little details, grasped with unobtrusive skill he manages to convey a vivid sense of the reality of their lives, their surroundings, their soul states. There is no singularity, no accident in the case of 'Blanchette.' The close observation and skilful arrangement of details remains characteristic of the best work of M. Brieux."

Mr. Thomas's final chapter on "Brieux and the Social Play" contains much in little. According to Prof. Lanson: "When different passions are at strife within a given sphere of social interests, and attention is naturally centred upon the social interests rather than upon the individual passions, the play is a social one." For a model Brieux went back to Augier, with whom the social play began, but Mr. Thomas points out clearly the fundamental difference in attitude. "It cannot be too emphatically stated that M. Brieux is not a Socialist party politician. * * * On the whole the influence of M. Brieux seems to be reactionary rather than progressive. He has been called the 'policeman of letters.'"

"Blanchette" was produced in New York Dec. 14, 1914.

Miss Tempest and Jones's Comedy

"Mary Goes First," a comedy in three acts and an epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones, was produced at the Playhouse, London, Sept. 18, 1913, when Miss Marie Tempest took the part of Mrs. Whichello and Mr. Graham Browne that of Felix Galpin. The two were seen in the play at the Comedy Theatre, New

[illegible] the middle-class [illegible] provincial life. The [illegible] dramatic [illegible] begins in a dispute between two women over a question of precedence. Mary Whichello, who has been the undisputed leader in her social set for years, suddenly finds herself put in the background by a grocer's daughter whose husband has secured a knighthood. "My lady" goes in to dinner before "Mrs.," and Mary, realizing this painful fact, revenges herself by declaring that her triumphant rival looks like an "Impropriety." "This dreadful epithet, like a spark in a powder magazine, creates a terrible explosion, in which old friendships are imperilled and domestic foundations shaken to their centre. The complications spring naturally from the clash between circumstance and character, and combine to make an interesting climax for which an ingenious and humorous solution is found."

[illegible] the bill at the Playhouse in London [illegible] quotation from Fettleworth's "[illegible] dentials of Merit" was printed as a [illegible] key to the comedy. "Thus it appears that the Honours and Dignities [illegible] by the State serve often but to [illegible] the Stratagems and Pretences [illegible] have been obtained; and [illegible] to precedency is shown to be [illegible] of those who have no other [illegible] to our Admiration and Esteem." [illegible] and such book, by the way? [illegible] the only copy in Mr. Jones's [illegible]?

Mrs. Whichello cannot endure the thought of the wife of a rich grocer, [illegible]worth, who has been knighted, [illegible] social precedence of her and the [illegible] of Warkenstall. She is very rude to Lady Dodsworth at a dinner [illegible], where she declares, in the presence of her victim, that with her wig, [illegible] powdered face, Lady Dodsworth [illegible] like an "Impropriety." The epithet travels, and within 24 hours Dodsworth demands a written apology or he will sue for slander. Mrs. Whichello is [illegible] daunted. "Apologize? Never! [illegible] second after that woman all my [illegible] Never! I'll go into court, and I'll [illegible] her produce that wig and dress!" [illegible] Dodsworth hears of the threat. [illegible] action is stopped. Meanwhile, Whichello, for political services to his [illegible], has been made a baronet. Mary [illegible] "going first" when the curtain falls on the last act.

Miss Tempest was first known in Boston as Kitty in "The Red Hussar," a comedy opera" by H. P. Stevens and Edward Solomon produced at the Globe Theatre Jan 12, 1891. Late in March of that year she was at the Tremont Theatre, where she was seen as Dorothy in [illegible] and Cellier's operetta, and [illegible] in [illegible]'s opera.

The Music of the Week

[illegible] public interest in Mr. Kreisler is unabated. There will probably be another great audience in Symphony Hall this afternoon.

Mrs. King-Clark, the widow of the [illegible] singing teacher, who died recently in Berlin, will sing here for the first time tonight at the Toy Theatre, when she will be assisted by George [illegible], pianist. Mrs. King-Clark has been favorably criticised in foreign cities and in New York. The concert will be given in the evening on account of [illegible] Curley's objection to afternoon concerts in theatres. Yet no objection was made earlier in the season when afternoon concerts were given in the Boston Theatre.

Miss Julia Heinrich, daughter of Max Heinrich and a leading singer at the Hamburg Opera House, will sing to her father's accompaniments Wednesday afternoon. She made her debut in Boston on Jan. 8, 1897, when her father and mother also sang. On that occasion she [illegible] songs by Dvorak, Grieg and Franz, and she sang with her mother three duets by Schumann. Visiting in this country, the war prevents her re[illegible]. During her sojourn in Europe for several years she has won success in opera and in concert. She has been dramatic soprano at the Hamburg Opera House for three years.

The feature of the Flonzaley quartet concert Thursday night will be Reger's quartet in D minor, op. 74. The Scherzo of this quartet was played by the Flonzaleys on Feb. 3 1910. (The later quartet op. 109, E flat major, was performed by the Hess-Schroeder quartet, also by the Kneisels in 1910). "When this work (the quartet in D minor) appeared in 1904 the composer was 31 years old. In spite of his originality, Reger in his D minor quartet shows his classical leanings by the retention of the traditional sonata form in the first movement. The second movement is a scherzo in which he shows a characteristic capriciousness of mood that expresses itself both in rhythm and dynamic surprises. The third movement affords an example of the composer's devotion to the time-honored scheme of theme and variation. In the energetic Finale the composer returns to the animated mood of the scherzo. Haydn's quartet in D major, the only other work on the program, was written toward the end of the composer's life and just before the first performance of 'The Creation.'"

Many will undoubtedly be glad to hear Mme. Bernice Fisher again. She will [illegible] with Mme. Swartz-Morse, her com-

[illegible] and Gretel" [illegible] Opera [illegible], Thursday night at [illegible]. Before her marriage [illegible] was one of the most valuable members of the opera house. Few, if any, visiting Boston have excelled her Micaela, and who was excellent in other roles.

Lady Gregory in Boston

Lady Gregory, passing through Boston last week, had an ingenious excuse for the absence of the Irish Players from the front. She claims that actors, with their training of sham fights and mock duels, in which every precaution is taken that the contestants may escape without a scratch, make but poor soldiers. So the members of the Abbey Theatre are all at home, in Dublin, busily producing new plays in anticipation of an American tour next year.

Lady Gregory herself has not been idle. She has just finished a new play which will be produced during her absence. It embodies the belief of the Irish in spirits. A dead woman whose husband is falsely accused of murdering her comes to the court room in his defence. The man is acquitted and the real murderer brought to justice.

At present on a lecture tour, and as ever alert in the interest of the Irish theatre, Lady Gregory is ambitious for an American national theatre. She would have a state theatre in each state, where plays by local playwrights with local settings could be acted by local players. As the Abbey Theatre players make yearly trips to London, Liverpool and Manchester, she would have the players of each American state theatre go once a year in rotation to New York to present their plays at a central theatre.

Incidentally, the Irish Players are prospering, and as yet no salaries have been cut.

Poetical Tribute to Kreisler

Milton wrote verses Latin "Ad Leonoram Romae Canentem." Musset eulogized Malibran, Gautier, Mme. Viardot. F. S. Saltus paid poetical tribute to singers in opera and Richard Watson Gilder sang the praise of Paderewski and Miss aus der Ohe. Mr. Edward Redcliffe Chapin of Cambridge was thus moved by the playing of Fritz Kreisler:

The moss-grown rocks on a castle wall,
The foaming white of the water fall;
Bright spots of gold on the sun-lit grass,
And the deep blue sea where white sails pass,
I see, when you play, Fritz Kreisler.

The silver note of the lark at dawn,
The mellow sound of the hunter's horn;
The bubbling laugh of a woodland rill,
And the bright, pure tone of the thrush's trill
I hear, when you play, Fritz Kreisler.

The fragrant breeze of a summer noon,
The clear crisp cold of the winter moon,
Impulses that quicken and mount and tower
To a finer world, a sense of power
I feel, when you play, Fritz Kreisler.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Decay of Negro Minstrelsy

I suppose some will tire of our old minstrel discussion; they are the cynical and testy anyway; but may I say that among the songs heard in 1874 were "Love Among the Roses," "We Don't Give Bread with One Fishball," "Landlord, Trust Me for My Beer," which are remembered no doubt by several of your readers. "Don't Give the Name of Bad Places" I never heard, which is doubtless true of dozens of other songs contemporaneous with that song. Gus Williams, poor chap, suddenly shuffled off the mortal coil the other day, despite **Hamlet's oft-quoted admonition.** He sang scores of well known songs, made well known because he sang them when and where he did, and moreover he was a civil war veteran and had hosts of friends and many chums all over the United States and Canada.

Minstrelsy, if I may further expatiate upon what all know, had its hold, I think, essentially on its pre-avowed nonsense—its lightninglike bones and tambourine novelties, its plaintive southern songs, its easily comprehended music, its side-splitting stump speeches, the graceful single and double clog dances on mats and marble, in pretty spangled tights; its banjo picking—a lost art?—and its varied portraiture of the levees, the Mississippi steamers and the cotton fields, the mules and the watermelons, and the moonlit swamps of the South. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," read by millions, helped it mightily. The 40 years of slavery discussion aided, too. Then another cause of at least my own personal thrills. I always had a boy's admiration for the dignified, erect, clear-spoken, well-poised interlocutor. "Some persons are so ignorant that they don't understand the grounds of the late war in Europe," remarks the Bones, whereupon the interlocutor says merely "Yes." "Were those grounds fenced in?" asks the other end man, as the leans forward with a face hungry for an enlightening answer. Nothing but an attraction like Tom Thumb, Mrs. T., Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, with their tiny horses and barouche, could draw us away from the minstrels and their street parades.

When I saw "The Octoroon" played in J. C. Meyers's Royal Lyceum in Toronto in 1864, "Den" Thompson, Charlie Thorne, Joe Banks, Richardson, Flora [illegible] in the [illegible] comprehend them [illegible] fathers them this [illegible] what [illegible] that I heard the [illegible] and [illegible] opia did spread forth her wings [illegible] not in vain, not in vain you may be sure.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston, Jan. 18.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Oakland, Forest and Webster

Edward H. Savage's book, entitled "Boston Events," states that Oakland Garden was opened on June 17, 1879, and the same date of the opening of that garden is given in the book compiled by the Boston street commissioners, entitled "A Record of the Streets, Alleys, Places, etc., of the City of Boston." A map of Boston accompanies each number of the directory, and Oakland Garden, which, as I stated on Jan. 9, was listed in the directories from 1880 to 1892 inclusive, appeared on the maps which accompanied the directories from 1880 to 1893 inclusive, so it is seen that the garden continued to appear on the maps a year after it had ceased to be listed in the directories. The directories gave the location of the garden at the junction of Washington street and Columbia street (now Columbia road), but that was not precisely correct, was it? The garden consisted of the tract of land bounded by Columbia street, New Seaver street, (now Seaver street), Erie street and Michigan avenue, and that tract does not touch Washington street, the part of it nearest the [illegible] being the part at the junction of Columbia road and Michigan avenue, which is 125 to 150 feet from Washington street. Will some one please state just where the entrance to the garden was?

Edward H. Savage's above-mentioned book entitled "Boston Events," says that Forest Garden was opened on July 17, 1878. In The Herald of Jan. 9 I stated that that "garden * * * ran in 1879 and perhaps in 1880, being listed in the Directory of 1880 as a place of amusement." In thus impliedly saying that the Directory of 1880 was the only one in which that garden was listed, I was in error, for, instead of its being listed in only that Directory, it was also listed in the directories of 1881, 1882 and 1883. As the garden was opened on July 17, 1878, it should have been listed in the Directory of 1879, but the Directory of 1880 was the first one in which it appeared. As the garden continued to be listed in directories until and including the Directory of 1883, it would seem to have run until and including 1882 and perhaps 1883. Of the above-mentioned maps of Boston, the first one on which Forest Garden appeared was that which accompanied the Directory of 1881, and the garden continued to appear on those maps until and including the one which accompanied the Directory of 1885, so it is seen that the garden began to be listed in directories a year before it began to appear on the maps by which directories were accompanied and that it continued to appear on the maps two years after it had ceased to be listed in directories.

Edward H. Savage's above mentioned "Boston Events" says that Webster Garden was opened in August, 1879, and, accordingly, one would naturally expect to find that it was listed in the Directory of 1880, but the Directory of 1881 was the first one as well as the last one in which it appeared. According to that Directory of 1881 the proprietor of the garden was Frank P. Stone, who, I think, now resides in Wellesley. The garden did not appear on the map which accompanied the Directory of 1881 or of any other year. That garden, which consisted of a part of the George D. Welles estate, approximately included, I am told, the area bounded by Welles avenue, Harley street, Walton street and Washington street. The Henry L. Pierce schoolhouse now stands on a portion of the tract of ground which the garden embraced. The garden was given the name of Webster garden because the Welles mansion was, it is said, occupied one season by Daniel Webster.

The fact that the years in which the above-mentioned gardens were listed in **directories did not in all cases agree** with the years in which they appeared on the maps which accompanied directories was due, doubtless, to carelessness on the part of those by whom directories and maps were published.

Neither Forest Garden nor Webster Garden is mentioned in the above-mentioned "Record of the Streets, Alleys, Places, etc., of the City of Boston."

As "Pinafore" was given at Oakland Garden "on board ship in real water," I would like to inquire what that "real water" was. Did the garden consist in part of a natural pond? No trace of such a pond is now to be seen there.

I. N. O.

"Tipperary" Expression of Democracy

Our enemies have much to say about British decadence. Methodical officials collected the evidence for it over many years until pigeonholes were filled to bursting, and hardly had the war broken out when our soldiers chose as their battle song "Tipperary." What further need of witnesses? [illegible] this, say they, [illegible] the anthem [illegible] a jingle [illegible] a [illegible]

[illegible] Tipperary [illegible] children [illegible] Nor is it even [illegible] organization [illegible]. They [illegible] first; and when they are [illegible] reveals the secret of the life [illegible] once was theirs; only the material [illegible] remain—the proverbial [illegible] salts and bucket of water. And [illegible] in this fashion "Tipperary" is [illegible] Rob it of the associations [illegible] give it life and what our enemies [illegible] about it is true—as true as that the carroccio was just a cart. But when the forbears of the men who have tramped on Belgium were devastating Italy after the manner of their kind, they learned at Legnano that a cart may mean as much as a Kaiser. Peaceful burghers set such store by this affair of spokes and planks that for it they shed their blood, and not their own blood only.

The worship of form is idolatry, the cross itself is but wood and was once infamous; emblems are vessels [illegible] men charge with the spirit which [illegible] themselves against the time th[illegible] it. And just as a vessel must be [illegible] to be filled and emptied easily, [illegible] emblem must be simple if all [illegible] to understand it.

Judged by this standard "Tipperary" is telling. The sentiment appeals to the men who sing it; it does not glorify some abstraction of blood and [illegible] which they can only conceive as a juggernaut if they can conceive it at all. It speaks to them of the things they [illegible] about. What is more it corresponds [illegible] reality as they themselves [illegible] it. Technically, in their war songs [illegible] in their whole military organization the Germans are our masters. But these songs are not picked up by the rank and file; they are served out to them by their literary superiors like rations. There is nothing deleterious in the ingredients. The swelling words seem to give warmth and comfort inside, and since they can be digested they serve their purpose. But it is noteworthy that in this as in other matters the Germans can assimilate what does not correspond to reality. Last August they hurried to defend "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine," when no one wanted to attack it; whereas it was difficult for us to persuade our people that a nation with which we had never been at war could contemplate aggression.

Now our songs, like our institutions, are not imposed on us from above. For good or for evil they are chosen by the people themselves; both abound in defects and crudities which any professor can detect, and both typify a "Kultur" which we maintain to be superior to that of Germany. Since those who never make mistakes never make anything we resign ourselves to the mistakes of young democracy in the hope that our [illegible] will rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things. We are breeding a race which shall govern itself wisely, the Germans aim at breeding a race which shall submit to a wise government. Before our people there [illegible] possibilities of progress precisely because they are not trammelled by leading strings; and if they can survive the ailments of political childhood they should furnish a higher percentage of capable men than a nation in which responsibility is reserved to the few. [illegible] political capacity is founded on a sense of proportion, and it may be objected that there is little of that in men who in moments of danger find comfort in the humors of "Tipperary."

What we have here—and still more in defiant "Jack Johnsons" and "Black Marias"—finds its analogy in the grotesque carvings which characterize the gothic churches of the time when faith was alive and fertile. In its vitality it is the self-expression of such men as the stone masons of the 13th century. They were not learned architects to render their religious aspirations in soaring jets of stone; they were men of mother wit—dexterous fellows with ideas of their own and the liberty to assert them. Believing in the devil and in his power to destroy, they flouted him in gargoyles, just as our soldiers hurl "coal-box" at the most fearful instruments of destruction which science can devise. To such a man as the mason religion was not like a formal call paid in a high hat at stated intervals on a superior whom he believes to be out, it was an inseparable part of his daily life—to be regarded, therefore, from all the standpoints of that life, including the humorous. Never doubting that real animals had filed into a real ark, he saw no irreverence in making his monkey behave like a real monkey; and so he would carve him, shinning up the the rigging. His sincerity is embodied in Rheims Cathedral, which the Germans have been bombarding. On the other hand, Cologne Cathedral—which was built almost anew to commemorate the victories of 1870—is modern Germany-made stone. Imposing in bulk, consistent in design, a triumph for the engineer, it is splendidly null. It looks as if it had never been prayed in, and its stiff tracery recalls nothing so much as a made-up tie. The patriotism of the English soldier is like the religion of the mason. He is at ease with it. To him it stands for places that he himself knows well—not Westminster Abbey, but Piccadilly, the Strand and Leicester square. And that is why he sings "Tipperary."—London Times [illegible].

Eph Horn's Song "My Son Ted"

"C. F. A." [illegible] some days ago in The Herald about an old song sung by Eph. Horn of blessed memory. We have received several answers. It is interesting to see the variants. Even the mother's name is not the same.

"Orion" of Noddle Island writes as follows:

No one has yet given the first verse. Let me supply it, with parts of the rest such as I can recall them.

"Now, Mrs. McGragh," the sergeant said.
"Wouldn't you make a soldier of your son Ted,
With a scarlet coat and a fine cocked hat.
Now, Mrs. McGragh wouldn't you like that?"
Chorus ad lib.

The son is enlisted and is immediately shipped off to the continent, where "Bony" is making things hot for the British and their allies. The mother patiently awaits his return, rich with spoils of war and promoted to a general at the very least.

So Mrs. McGragh sat down by the shore
For seven long years and something more,
'Til a great big ship came over the say,
With a faugh-an-ballagh*, clear out of the Chorus.

*Anglice: Make way! or, Clear the road!

The description of the ship is unique:

Three sticks in the middle all covered with sheets,
And she walked on the water without any feets.

The poor mother has a rude shock awaiting her and finds it hard to recognize her whilom stalwart son:

Sure my son Ted was tall and slim,
An' he had a leg for every limb.

Her grief and indignation find vent in a torrent of remonstrance:

"Yerra, Ted, agra, why worn't you cute,
An, why didn't you run from the Frinchman's shoot,
Or wor you deaf or wor you blind
To lave your two fine legs behind.
"Or wor you dhrunk, or wor you mad,
Or did you lose the sinse you had,
Or was it walking over the say
That wore your two fine feet away?"
"Osh, mother, I was neither dhrunk nor mad,
But this is what happened to the legs I had:
As I was fightin' aginst a big wall
They wor both blown away be a Frinch cannon ball."

The following letter is from "Martinus Scribierus" of East Boston:

"I heard it sung in Brooklyn in the early 60s. It had the usual nonsensical chorus which accompanied the ballads of those days and also of the century preceding it. Perhaps in no manner has the style of ballads changed so much as in the dropping of the long and ridiculous chorus with which each verse ended, as in "Vilkins and His Dinah." Writing on this subject conjures up before my mind the kindly old face of my Uncle Toby as he softly whistles the refrain of 'Lilliburlero,' the song which proved no small factor in the dethroning of James II. of England.

"Oh, Mrs. Magrah," the sergeant said,
"Wouldn't you make a soldier of your own son Ted,
With his long swoord and his three cocked hat,
Arrah, Mrs. Magrah, how would you like that?"
Chorus, To my tural la, etc.

With his three cocked hat nnd his red scarlet coat,
She bid him good-by at the door of the boat,
Saying, "When shall I see my son Ted again?
When he kills all the Frinch and marries the young Queen of Spain."

Now Mrs. Magrah, she sat upon the shore
For the space of seven long years or more,
Till one day she spied a big ship sailing on the say,
"Och! here comes Ted, neighbors clear the way."

"Oh, captain, jewel, machree," she said,
"Have you lately come over from Madrid,
Have you brought any tidings of my own son Ted,
Is the gorsoon living or is he dead?"

Now Ted is landed without any legs,
And in place of them he had two wooden pegs,
After giving him a dozen kisses or two,
"Arrah, blood an' 'oun's, Ted, sure that's not you."

"Oh, were you drunk or were you mad,
When you lost the two fine legs you had,
Or was it walking across the salt hay
That wore your two fine legs away?"

"Oh, I was not drunk, nor I was not mad,
When I lost the two fine legs I had,
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of last May
Came and took my two fine legs away."

"Sure my son Ted was tall nnd slim,
And he had a limb upon every limb,
Oh, it couldn't be himself that was there at all
Unless he'd run away from a big cannon ball.

"Oh, mavrone asthig, mavrone astore,
Your two fine legs I will ne'er see more,
You big omadhaun, you poor, silly brute,
Why the divil didn't you hide from the Frenchman's shoot?

"Now a mighty war I will proclaim
Against Don Carlos and the young Queen of Spain,
And I'll make them surely rue the day
They shot your two fine legs away."

Walter Pater in his essay on Rossetti inquired into the poetic value of the refrain. In Rossetti's "Troy Town" and "Eden Bower," terrible in theme, "the refrain serves, perhaps, to relieve their bold aim at the sentiment of terror. In 'Sister Helen' again, the refrain has a real and sustained purpose (being here duly varied also) and performs the part of a chorus, as the story proceeds. Yet even in these cases, whatever its effect may be in actual recitation, it may fairly be questioned, whether, to the mere reader, their actual effect is not that of a positive interruption and drawback, at least in pieces so lengthy; and Rossetti himself, it would seem, came to think so, for in the shortest of his later ballads, 'The White Ship' * * * he w[illegible]ed with [illegible] of the refrain given out by the keynote or tune of a chant."

"An Old Timer" of Portsmouth, N. H., also wrote to us, but as he did **not give his name we cannot publish his letter.**

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Third violin recital of Fritz Kreisler. See special notice.

Toy Theatre, 7:30 P. M. Concert by Mrs. King-Clark, mezzo-soprano (her first appearance in Boston), and George Proctor, pianist. Songs: Paradies, Quel ruscelletto; Rontani, Le bel rio; Granger, Willow, Willow; Old English, My Lovely Celia; Schumann, Du bist wie eine Blume, Der Nussbaum, Jemand, Widmung; Gretschaninov, Triste est le Steppe; Tschaikowsky, Pendant le Bal; Leoni, Leaves and the Wind; Beach, Ah, Love but a Day. Mr. Proctor will play these pieces: Bach, Gavotte and Rondo from the 6th violin sonata; Chopin, Berceuse, Ballade in G minor; MacDowell, Etude de Concert, Sgambati, Gavotte Moderne; Stcherbatcheff, Marionettes from Mosaique, op. 15.

MONDAY—48 Beacon street (Mrs. H. N. Slater's house), 3 P. M. Third and last of Miss Terry's concerts. Miss Loraine Wyman will sing French and English folk songs in costume.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Julia Heinrich, Max Heinrich, accompanist. Handel, Care Selve, from "Atalanta," Lusinghe piu care; Schumann, Mondnacht, Seldatenbraut; Franz, Fruehling und Liebe; Ach wenn ich doch ein Immchen Wier; Brahms, Wirwandelten, Botschaft; Schubert, Die Allmacht; Max Heinrich, Ueber die Heide, Herbstabend, Deine Stimme; Bizet, Vieile Chanson; Palmer, Si Fetais Dieu; Debussy, Romance; Bachelet, Chere Nuit; MacDowell, What's His Heart?, Confidence; Beach, Ah, Love but a Day; Colburn, Autumn Within; Elgar, Where Corals Lie.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Reger, Quartet in D minor, op. 74; Haydn, Quartet in D major, op. 76, No. 5.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Mme. Bernice Fisher, soprano (formerly of the Boston Opera House); Mme. Jeska Swartz-Morse, contralto (formerly of the Boston Opera House); Miss Ellen Keller, violinist, and the Lotus Quartet. Offenbach, Barcarole, from "Tales of Hoffmann," Lotus Quartet; Puccini, Musette's Waltz Song, from "La Boheme," Mme. Morse; Schumann, Die Lotus Blume; Strauss, Staendchen; G. Faure, Les Berceaux, Les Roses d' Ispahan, Mme. Fisher; Saint-Saens, Rondo, Miss Keller; Delibes, Duet from "Lakme," Mmes. Fisher and Morse; "Sweet Genevieve," Lotus Quartet; Ronald, A Little Winding Road; Bemberg, 'Tis Snowing; Clough-Leighter, My Lover He Comes on the Skee, Mme. Fisher; Del Riego, Hayfields and Butterflies; Old English, Long, Long Ago; Chadwick, Sweetheart, Thy Lips Are Touched with Flame; Humperdinck, Duet from "Haeusel und Gretel," Mmes. Fisher and Morse; Gounod, Soldiers' Chorus, from "Faust," Lotus Quartet.

HAROLD BAUER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program read as follows:

Bach, Toccata and Fugue in C minor; Beethoven, Sonata in F sharp major, op. 78; Brahms, variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel; Bach, Two Part Inventions, B flat major, F major; Three Part Inventions, F minor, B flat major, G minor, A major, B minor; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat major, op. 110.

To Buelow is creditsd the origin of the phrase, "the three B's—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms." He probably, when he first said it, hoped that the bystander would hastily say: "No, no; there are four; you forget yourself." And then Buelow, who was not wholly unaware of his own importance, would strike a sculptural attitude, and be silent, but consenting. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. Busoni, of course, has a right to play a program made up of pieces by the three. So has Richard Buel[illegible]. So has any other pianist whose surname begins with "B."

Why should not pianists in search of unusual programs thus go through the alphabet. "An afternoon with the three C's"—Couperin, Clementi, represented by his once famous sonata "Dido Forsaken," and Chopin. "An evening with the three D's"—Dussek, Duvernoy (or Durand), Debussy. Albrechtsberger, Alkan, Asantschewsky. Here is an agreeable indoor sport for earnest piano students on winter evenings; to see how many programs can thus be arranged, say up to "X."

We should have preferred from Mr. Bauer another program. He is eminently a player of Schumann's music. A group of pieces by Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti would have admirably displayed his peculiar technic and style. There are pieces by contemporaneous Frenchmen which would have been in agreeable contrast with those already named. Let the three "B's" be accepted—and of them as writers for a keyboard Bach is today the most modern of the three and the one that wrote the most intelligently for it; it might then be said that a more interesting program could have been drawn from these three.

It was pleasant to hear an Invention or two of Bach, pieces that too often are looked on by young students as dry exercises, but when Bach at Coethen wrote the "[illegible] Inventions" for two voices and "Fifteen Sympho[illegible] (for Inventions)" for three voices, he added a preface to the collection and explained his object, to show lovers of the clavier how to play clearly and well in two and three parts "and above all to acquire a cantabile method of playing." One or two of these Inventions, as interpreted by Mr. Bauer, are indeed delightful—the audience was so pleased with the one in F major that it laughed in joy, and Mr. Bauer repeated it but seven? It is true that seven is a sacred number. The toccata is a noble work and it was nobly played.

Why at this late day should one be forced to listen to the Handel variations by Johannes Brahms, especially with two sonatas by Beethoven and Bach's toccata on the program? Mr. Bauer has a keen sense of humor. Was he curious to test the "musical culture" of Boston? For there are some who, having successfully stifled their yawns during a performance of Brahams's Handel, or Paganini Variations, think that it shows acute musical appreciation to applaud rapturously as soon as the pianist strikes the last chord—the long delayed last chord. But how many know where Brahms found his theme in Handel's works, or are familiar with the Saxon's piece in B flat major that opens the second set of "Lessons for the Harpsichord," which under a French title were published in London behind the composer's back? With two sonatas by Beethoven, short pieces by Brahms in his more trivial moments might have been welcome. It goes without saying that Mr. Bauer played the Variation like the strong man of the Psalmist rejoicing to run a race.

Nor is the sonata in F sharp major among the best of Beethoven's. The analyst may be interested in the Rondo, because Beethoven did not bring in a characteristic second theme and perhaps had in mind the rondos of the 18th century, but Therese of Brunswick, to who this sonata was dedicated, certainly deserved a more beautiful tribute. The great sonata in A flat major is another matter, whether one accepts or does not accept the theory that it is a drama of the composer's soul set forth in music, a drama that could be dedicated only to Beethoven himself as an expression of convulsion in his own life. Such a work should not come at the end of a concert, when the hearer has been reasonably attentive for an hour or more.

We have spoken about the program rather than about the performance. Mr. Bauer's playing has long been appreciated in Boston; in fact, his abilities were gladly recognized here before they were in other American cities. The salient characteristics are lucidity, an intellectual conception, sanity, and, when the occasion demands, a certain nobility of expression.

Jan 25 9.15

MRS. KING-CLARK

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Frank King-Clark, mezzo soprano, and Mr. George Proctor, pianist, gave a concert in the Toy Theatre last night. Mrs. Clark sang for the first time in Boston. Miss Edna Siedhoff accompanied her. The program was as follows:

Songs: Paradies, Quel ruscelletto; Rontana, Se Bel rio; Granger, Willow, Willow; Old English, My Lovely Cecilia; Schumann, Du bist wie eine Blume, Der Nusbaum, Jemand, Widmung; Gretschaninov, Triste est le steppe; Tschaikowsky, Pendant le Bal; Leoni, Leaves and the Wind; Beach, Ah, Love but a Day. Piano pieces: Bach, Gavotte and Rondo from the Sixth Violin Concerto; Chopin, Berceuse, Ballade in G minor; MacDowell, Etude de Concert; Sgambati, Gavotte Moderne; Stcherbatcheff, Marionettes from Mosaique op. 15.

This was the first of a proposed series of concerts to be given at the Toy Theatre on Sunday evenings. The hour announced by the manager for beginning the concert was 7:30 P. M., but some of the newspapers gave the hour as 8 P. M. These editors of dramatic and musical announcements could not trust their eyes, knowing full well that at 7:30 on Sunday many music-loving Bostonians are either at dinner or high-tea, or on their way to either, unless they should attend a solemn function of the Handel and Haydn Society.

It would not be fair to speak at length of the performance of the singer or the pianist. The theatre was very cold, and they must have suffered with the small audience; nor was the sight of men in overcoats with collars turned up and women with protected necks a stimulus to free emotional expression. It is to be hoped that Mrs. King-Clark can be heard here under more favorable circumstances. She has an agreeable voice, though it is not one of unusual quality. She has acquired a certain technical proficiency. Her phrasing was musical and her interpretation was varied. Rontana's song has character and she sang it effectively. This might also be said of "My lovely Celia." On the other hand, her interpretation of the songs of Schumann was on the whole disappointing.

Mr. Proctor was heartily applauded for his playing of Stcherbatcheff's charming "Marionettes," and he was obliged to respond to the applause. He also played clearly and with elegance, the gavottes by Bach and Sgamoati. His interpretation of the Berceuse was too deliberate. The wonder was that he could play at all in a room of so low a temperature. He was not really himself until he came to the "Marionettes." It is surprising that pianists neglect the pieces of Stcherbatcheff. There is little about him in the books. Mr. Sloti once told us that this composer for the piano spent most of his time at Nice and like a good Russian tempted fortnue at Monte Carlo. When he had bad luck a doting aunt came to his rescue. There are songs by Stcherbatcheff that are original and interesting.

Next Sunday the concert will be given by Miss Emilie Bach of New York, soprano, and Mr. Guy Maier, pianist.

GERMAN-AMERICAN SINGING SOCIETY CELEBRATES

The German-American Singing Society has begun the celebration of its 25th anniversary, opening its exercises with a banquet, attended by over 200, at its clubhouse, 367 East Eighth street, South Boston, continuing with a jubilee concert last night in Arion Hall, and closing tonight with a ball.

President Louis Hofnauer gave the address of welcome at the banquet, and an anniversary poem was read by Paul W. Hoffman. Speeches were made by Mrs. Marie Winther, president of the German-American Women's Society; Karl Kauffman and Dr. Frederick W. Stuart, the program concluding with the singing of "The Star Spengled Banner." The artists appearing at last night's concert included Miss Bertha Lowell, soprano; Daniel Beckford, Jr., tenor; Bernard Ferguson, baritone, and S. Rosen, violin. The orchestral music was under the direction of Frank E. Fassnacht.

The society was organized Jan. 26, 1890, and built its present handsome clubhouse two years later. It has won many prizes in contests between singing organizations.

KREISLER DELIGHTS BIG SYMPHONY HALL AUDIENCE

Adds to Program in Response to Many Recalls.

Mr. Kreisler gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Bach, suite in E minor; Tartini, Fugue in A major; Corelli, Sarabande and Allegretto in D major; Pugnani, Prelude and Allegro in E minor; Viotti, Concerto in A minor, No. 24; Kreisler, Introduction and Scherzo for violin alone; Paganini, Caprices in B flat major and B minor; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavonic Fantasy.

Mr. Kreisler, wholly in the vein, delighted an audience which crowded the hall, while many stood. His flawless execution and interpretative genius were constantly in evidence. Throughout the program there was haunting beauty of tone, poetic phrasing, brilliance, fire. The unfeigned modesty of Mr. Kreisler's bearing, the simplicity and directness with which he expresses himself, are also irresistible.

A remarkably effective performance of Viotti's concerto was a feature of the concert, and in this the third movement was an extraordinary exhibition of virtuosity and "panache."

Pugnani's Prelude and Allegro, Paganini's two Caprices and the Slavonic Fantasy were other pieces in which the artist was heard at his best.

Recalled again and again, Mr. Kreisler lengthened the program.

The concert next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 will be by Miss Frieda Hempel, assisted by Emma Roberts, contralto, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist.

I write this romance in the French style.

Yes: Something that way.

The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.

Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.

I am paid by the column, and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

We will let this matter pass.

Household Hints.

A jackal requires boiling for 10 hours.

Elephant's foot is not ready to serve in its full succulence until it has been baked for 36 hours.

The mysterious being that sets the fashions in London has sent out a decree through the customary channel that white waistcoats must go. Sir Herbert Tree, who is said to wear immaculate evening dress, recently went to a public dinner and wore a waistcoat of black.

"Hoot Mon!"

We read yesterday that while "mon" is the conventional symbol of what a

[illegible] say [illegible] 'S[illegible] 'Mer[illegible] rese[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a[illegible] [illegible]sautries [illegible] Pu[illegible] is [illegible] Will some Scot [illegible]

The Pewter Quart.

[illegible] World Wags:

There is [illegible] d[illegible] of sorrow in [illegible] Leonard's letter. Likewise in your [illegible]sion to your friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. But why not have the [illegible] the third verse of "The Pewter [illegible]" as well as the fourth? You re[illegible]ber [illegible]. We used to sing it when we were boys in school together. It goes as [illegible]:

[illegible] so Dick Hovey [illegible]
[illegible] wealthier man plum on the head.
[illegible] Dick [illegible] membered or else he forgot.
[illegible] a st[illegible] not so good as an old pewter pot
[illegible] it [illegible] when a tale of worth
Has [illegible] a gale of hilarious mirth.
[illegible] and take, as good fellows are taught,
[illegible] draft from a pewter quart.

The [illegible]fth verse, as you will recollect—I cannot now recall the lines—went on to [illegible] the practical advantage of the pew[illegible] quart over the stein, the point being that the pewter is equally detrimental [illegible] skull but is less likely to be broken, and retains its utility even though dented. H. J. L.

[illegible]ford, Jan. 19.

H. J. L.'s' verse is ingenious, never[illegible] we prefer the song of "The Pewter Quart" in its original form as Wil[illegible] Maginn wrote it in 182?. In the [illegible] verses the Doctor showed why he preferred pewter. The choir will now sing [illegible] verse, the conclusion of the [illegible] matter.—Ed.

[illegible] take this handful of brass
[illegible] the Close and Gridiron pass,
[illegible] on the counter out,
And bring me a quart of foaming stout,
[illegible] not into bottle, or mug
[illegible] nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural Pewter Quart.

Question in Nomenclature.

As the World Wags:

Names befitting trade, profession or character are in real life almost as common as in eighteenth century fiction. Personally—forgive the triteness, I beg—I know of a Dr. Lance; a Taylor, who is a tailor; a Carter, a carter, and a Cross, a clergyman—to say nothing of a Billy Sunday. Is this fitting of vocation to [illegible] or is it "reversion to [illegible]"? TARBELL'S.

[illegible] Jan. [illegible]

"Complement."

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] the interpretation of [illegible] "complement" as used in The [illegible] of Sunday, the 17th ult. I am [illegible] with the definition, but not [illegible] the sentiment. It seems to me [illegible] or [illegible] should become so [illegible]isfied [illegible] can feel it has a [illegible] anything which will add [illegible] well-being of the [illegible]. Fancy the directors of the [illegible] folding their hands and [illegible] that they have a complement [illegible] papers offer little en[illegible] artists if they announce [illegible] are already com[illegible] even with the forlorn hope that [illegible] else may be "crowded in." M. A. W.

[illegible] Jan. 21.

Signs of the Times.

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] men's "Four-in-hands" [illegible] card prominently [illegible] one of Boston's leading de[illegible] and another establish[illegible] same class displays on one [illegible] a sign indicating that [illegible] laden with Shopworn [illegible].

[illegible] be men [illegible] the [illegible] waited [illegible] to [illegible] to select his tie, but I one [illegible]—but in heaven's name has our [illegible] oped a class of "shopworn [illegible]"? A. T. C.

[illegible] Boston, Jan. 22.

Pharaoh's Daughter.

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] from Faddle Alley pro[illegible] an egregious emulsion of [illegible] anent the discovery [illegible] there's nothing to do [illegible] the lyre by giving you the [illegible] the poem as transmitted [illegible] Bohan Born.

[illegible]

OTTO KRATZ.

[illegible], Jan. 19.

[illegible] the version published [illegible] last Wednesday, the [illegible] by Michael Moran, who [illegible] born about 1794 off Black Pitts, [illegible] of Dublin, in Faddle [illegible] the last of the Gleemen. [illegible] about [illegible] to is

[illegible]

War Note.

The Germans seem to be [illegible] a good time with "requisitions" in Belgium. They never pass a village without calling for cigars—so many or you die. One little village has just been ordered to supply 200 cigars for the men and an impossible amount of hay for the horses. From a personal knowledge of the two products I should elect to smoke the hay and give the cigars to the horses.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Jan 26 1915

"Mary Goes First" Fits Society in America as Well as in England.

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Mary Goes First," a comedy in three acts and an epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced at the Playhouse, London, Sept. 18, 1913, when Miss Tempest and Mr. Graham Browne created the parts of Mrs. Whichello and Felix Galpin, respectively.

Sir Thomas Bodsworth	Kenyon Musgrave
Richard Whichello	Franklin Dyall
Felix Galpin	W. Graham Browne
Mr. Tadman	John Alexander
Dr. Chesher	Herbert Ross
Harvey Betts	Guy Newall
Pollard	Norman Loring
Dakin	Horton Cooper
Lady Bodsworth	Kate Serjeantson
Ella Southwood	Lillan Cavanagh
Mrs. Tadman	Barbara Fenn
Mary (Mrs.) Whichello	Marie Tempest

"Mary Goes First" is a delightful comedy of manners, with refreshing satire in the dialogue and irony in the situations. The motive is a very slight one. Mrs. Whichello, an energetic, restless, shrewd, ambitious, little woman, has been the leader of society in a manufacturing town. She has ruled in committee meetings and in the drawing-room. It was her privilege to go in first at dinner parties.

But one Thomas Bodsworth has been made a Sir. His wife is now Lady Bodsworth—the name, by the way, was Dodsworth when the comedy was brought out in London. As Lady Bodsworth, she is chosen chairman or president of this or that charitable society, and at the house of Felix Galpin, a lawyer, who is in love with Ella, Mrs. Whichello's sister, she walks out to dinner on the arm of the host before Mrs. Whichello. It must be confessed that if Lady Bodsworth is pompous and insufferable, Lady Whichello is malicious and insolent. At last she describes her enemy's coiffure and color of hair as suggesting "impropriety." She puts it a little stronger.

How Sir Thomas demands a written apology; how Mrs. Whichello refuses, although threatened with a suit for slander; how she attempts to make something out of her rich and golf-loving husband, leads him to desert his party, stand for Parliament and apply for a baronetcy; how at the end, although he withdraws in favor of Galpin, he becomes a baronet; how Mary and Lady Bodsworth are at last reconciled—all this is told in a natural and masterly manner by the dramatist.

On the slight motive he has built up a comedy with uncommon skill. The workmanship would excite the admiration of the stanchest disciple of the French cabinet makers in the school of Scribe, but there is nothing artificial; the comedy is derived from the characters; the characters are not merely the puppets of a dramatic satirist pulling the strings and voicing his own opinions. The dialogue is constantly amusing, often brilliantly written; and this without labor, without anxiety for epigram.

The satirical comments on things that the English conservative holds dear, on the foolish trifles that mean so much to the Englishman and Englishwoman of the middle class, are in the mouths of the characters, who are unconscious that they are satirical. These men and women are natural; they play themselves; they speak their own thoughts. The dramatist, unlike Thackeray, is not heard by their side or in front of them as a moralist.

It might be thought that this comedy of middle class English life could not be fully appreciated where there are no titles, only an untitled aristocracy. But does New York, Boston, Philadelphia differ so greatly from Warkinstall? Are there not in Boston mothers heart broken because their daughters are not admitted to the sacred Sewing Circle? Do they not weep over the fact that their daughters' lives are "ruined?" Are there no women of the suddenly rich, no climbers pouting and raging because for some reason or other they are not invited to the Assemblies?

[illegible] Lady Bodsworth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] through [illegible] with her [illegible] and [illegible], however greatly we [illegible] [illegible] her [illegible], [illegible] of [illegible] inimitable [illegible] for she is [illegible], and Mr. Whichello's life is probably not wholly peaceful even after she "goes first." Before she dies she will possibly be a greater snob than Lady Bodsworth.

We have not seen so excellent a comedy as "Mary Goes First" for many months. Perhaps the lines are too good; perhaps there are too many good lines. Another dramatist would have been more sparing of them. He would have prepared his audience; he would have led up to this or that amusing remark, and, to make sure of the effect, repeated and repeated it.

The comedy was admirably played for the most part. Perhaps Mr. Musgrave overacted as Sir Thomas; perhaps Miss Serjeantson's Lady Bodsworth was at times played in the burlesque vein, but as a whole the performance was of well balanced and unusual excellence.

Miss Tempest was Gallic in her lightness, in her avoidance of the non-essentials, in her malicious wit, her roguishness. The freedom, the spontaneity of it all! Even the few familiar mannerisms known to us since she displayed her slim and graceful figure in "The Red Hussar" are not mannerisms in the accepted meaning of the word; they are not only the indispensable birthright of the actress, they give significance to the part she assumed.

And Miss Tempest is Gallic in her coquetry—witness the scene when she attempts to dissuade her husband from his withdrawal as a candidate. She is Gallic in the subtlety and finish of her technic. Her art escapes the spectator. In the scenes with Lady Bodsworth her barbed insolence would be unendurable if it were played by a more aggressive self-conscious actress. Perfect, too, the scenes with Galpin and her husband. What other English speaking actress could carry off so daintily the scene where synonyms for impropriety and the "improper person" are discussed? And here Mr. Jones gave the comedian rich material for exploitation.

Mr. Browne played capitally the part of Galpin. Mr. Dyall was the husband to the life, and with the exception noted, the tendency to exaggeration shown by Mr Musgrave and in the Epilogue by Miss Serjeantson, the other characters were fitly represented.

"Mary Goes First" will be repeated tonight, Friday and Saturday nights, and at the matinees. On Wednesday and Thursday nights the bill will be "The Dumb and the Blind" in one act and "The Marriage of Kitty."

William Faversham in Croisset's drama of modern French life, "The Hawk," will come to the Majestic Theatre next week for a month's engagement direct from six months in New York. In the company are Virginia Pearson, Conway T[illegible]le, Frank Losee and Grance Henderson.

TOY THEATRE—"Blanchette," a comedy in three acts, by Eugene Brieux. First performance in Boston.

Rousset	Claude Benedict
Le Cantonnier	R. Faure
Le Pere Morillon	Garet
Auguste Morillon	Renavent
M. Galoux	Louys
Georges Galoux	Jeoffray
Un Voiturier	Loret
Blanchette	Mme. Meurville
Mme. Rousset	Mme. Disk
Lucie Galoux	Mme. Revyl
Mme. Jules	Mme. Georgette

The Theatre Francais of New York began a two weeks' engagement at the Toy Theatre last evening. There was a brilliant and enthusiastic audience.

"Blanchette," the second play by Brieux to be seen in Boston, was first produced in Paris at the Theatre Libre, Feb. 2, 1892. It is interesting as a study of French peasant life, and in it the author has embodied the possible disadvantages of education.

Blanchette, the daughter of Pere Rousset, keeper of a village wine shop, has been successful at school. She returns with a teacher's certificate, hoping for a position promised by the government. Meanwhile her aspirations at school have made her wretched in her simple home. The boorish peasants irritate her. She insults an old customer and her father's hopes are ruined through her newly acquired learning.

Rebellious, she leaves the house. In the original version of the play Blanchette, after vicissitudes in Paris, becomes a prostitute. Last evening there was the sentimental ending afterwards added by the author.

This conclusion is weak and contrary to Mr Brieux's usual methods, for he seldom solves problems, but rather awakens curiosity and excites discussion. The character is distorted too, for however harrowing her experiences the girl of the first two acts, although submissive at home, would have hardly fallen with such readiness into the arms of the loutish Auguste.

The dialogue is interesting and often amusing. Rousset voices the stubborn and primitive philosophy of the peasant, as Blanchette is the mouthpiece for the hopes and ambitions of modern science.

The company, which unfortunately did not include two of its hitherto most distinguished members, Mme. Gorska and Mr Rasson, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] Mme. Meurville's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] were not [illegible] characterized as conventional.

Mme. Diska was [illegible] Mme. [illegible] Mr Faure's Cantonnier was a sharply drawn portrait of senility. Mr. Renavent, a stalwart Auguste, made the most of an ungrateful part and his proposal in the last act was cleverly managed.

Mr. Bonheur, general manager for the company, made a little speech after the second act. He intimated that the plays chosen for the engagement in Boston, "the most enlightened city in America," had been selected with particular regard for their fitness for young people and that owing to letters of protestation "Le Secret de Polichinelle" had been withdrawn and "Le Gendre de M. Porrier" substituted. Thus is this city again made ridiculous.

"Blanchette" will be repeated this afternoon and evening. The play tomorrow evening will be "Le Gendre de M. Porrier."

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Two Many Cooks," a comedy in three acts, by and with Frank Craven. The cast:

Alice Cook	Ines Pl[illegible]
Mrs. Cook	Lo[illegible]
Mr. Cook	Harry [illegible]
Louise Cook	Jennie We[illegible]
Emma Cook	[illegible]
Bertha Cook	Marguerite [illegible]
Mary Cook	Le[illegible]
Walter Cook	Charles [illegible]
Joe Cook	Harry Dav[illegible]
Louis Cook	[illegible]
Ella Mayer	Mary Blythe
Albert Bennett	Frank Craven
Frank Andrews	William [illegible]
George Bennett	Harry S[illegible]
Simpson	Jonathan Keff
"Uncle" Ben Wilson	George Williams
Pete	Ralph Howard
Bill	Tom Wilson
Tom	George [illegible]
Minnie Spring	Mary [illegible]

Yes, there were decidedly too many of them, but no, they didn't spoil it; instead, they dished up one of the most delicious theatrical broths ever served in Boston. And they all, cooks and the rest, had a hand in improving its flavor. That is why the whole cast is given above. Not one could be spared. For even the union carpenters, Pete and Bill, at work building Albert Bennett's love nest in a suburb—any suburb—carried the planks about at the proper speed and dropped them where they were, when the whistle blew, with delightfully realistic alacrity.

Now, Albert's love nest was in preparation against his wedding, which was to take place when the nest was built, and the Cooks' parents and other relations of Albert's birdie, Alice—all the Cooks apparently except the renowned "Doc"—came out to see the place and the foundation. Also came Albert's friend, Andrews; Ella Mayer, Alice's friend, and Albert's Uncle George, his employer.

It was charming to see Albert show everyone where the hall, the living room, the dining room, etc., were to be. He included a den. No, Alice said, it would be a sewing room. [illegible] [illegible] up and there was the [illegible] the late. No sooner was that [illegible] than all began to "advise" about the house, and one complication followed another till the Cooks and Uncle George succeeded, as Albert said afterwards, in turning his love nest into "a battlefield that made Europe look like a churchyard."

Well Albert finished the house despite a strike called by his prospective father-in-law. His friend Andrews became engaged to Ella. His uncle announced he would marry Minnie Spring, whom he had planned to have Albert wed. Albert learned wisdom and the courage to spurn all advisers. Alice came back to him, and when he told Simpson, the contractor who did not build the house, that he was going on a wedding trip and that worthy asked, "One of those Cook's tours?" the youth replied "Not on your life," or words to that effect. And the birds nested.

It is all novel, delicious, wholesome comedy, with trenchant, direct, apt and witty comment, all lived and spoken by real, every-day people with whom every one is acquainted. The actors know their types from the ground up, and they reproduce them with remarkable verity. Mr. Craven, the author of the piece, would be the life of it, if all the others did not help him so well. His enthusiasm, perplexity, weakness, courage, yielding defiance and other mixtures are displayed with the finest skill.

Inez Plummer as Alice is as pleasing in her happy love, her loyalty to her bossing mother and family, her wavering, and her final union with Albert in the decision to live their life together without interference from Cooks or Bennetts.

Harry [illegible]leight makes Uncle George every [illegible] the whole[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Louise Rial [illegible] the Cooks [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in defeat as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Mr. [illegible] Carpenter' [illegible]

[illegible] real [illegible]
end. [illegible] little [illegible]
or fact [illegible] and to these [illegible]
ever, while all the brothers [illegible]
[illegible] on [illegible] and aunt [illegible] variable
looks.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Henry Jewett players in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Julius Caesar." Principals of the cast:

Julius Caesar .... H. Asheton Tonge
Octavius Caesar .... Claude Beerbohm
Marcus Antonius .... George Relph
Titinius .... Frank Conroy
Popilius Lena .... Albert Le Roi
Marcus Brutus .... R. D. MacLean
Cassius .... Henry Jewett
Casca .... Henry Crocker
Trebonius .... Leonard Mudie
Decius Brutus .... Alexander Calvert
Metellus Cimber .... L'Estrange Millman
Cinna .... Frank Burton
Soothsayer .... Ernest G. Cove
Calpurnia .... Vivienne Whitaker
Portia .... Viva Birkett

There was a fair sized and very appreciative audience and there were numerous curtain calls. The performance last night must be regarded from a new viewpoint, yet it had its drawbacks. The incidental music might well have been omitted. Caesar's processional fell nothing short of a funeral march and called forth a visible demonstration of disapproval from Mr. Jewett.

Yet the performance last night strikes a new note in the general excellence of the entire cast, and the opera house permitted a staging at once magnificent, appropriate and yet not overdone.

Mr. Jewett chose the role of Cassius. As the chief conspirator, he was always convincing. His speech was often vitriolic and he was stubborn in his sincerity. One could imagine the part being more acceptable had he played more "asides" and showed a keen enjoyment in his plans. His gait was too measured and stagey. Yet he spoke his lines with the grand art of the old school, and he gave Brutus plenty of food for thought.

R. D. MacLean as Brutus was sympathetic in speech rather than in action, for he added to the butchery with a mighty stroke where it were better to stab as one reluctant to fill a horrible contract. His splendid diction was a pleasure, and his scene in the Forum was convincing alike to the audience and mob.

George Relph was the Antony and he spoke well of his dead friend in the Senate chamber. Later in his speech over the dead body in the Forum he played with telling force on the feelings of the mob and there was a well worked crescendo.

Miss Birkett was sweetly concerned over her lord and was convincing as the neglected wife. The text was changed to suit the censorious and Portia was Brutus's "mistress."

MARX BROTHERS AT B. F. KEITH'S

The Four Marx Brothers, supported by a company of 10, have a prominent place on B. F. Keith's bill this week, and entertained two large audiences yesterday for at least a half hour in each performance. The Marx family is as versatile, whether it be Julius Marx as Henry Schneider, the head of the house; Leonard as Toni Sareni, or Arthur Marx as the nondescript. The first scene pictures the docks and piers of a steamship company on the arrival of a vessel from Germany—Al Shean clearly wrote the play before the war—while the second scene portrays the party at Henry Schneider's villa on the Hudson. It is all replete with good singing and excellent character acting.

Another headliner is Cecil Lean, famous as a musical comedy star. He appears in "Songs of the Moment," all the music and lyrics being of his own composition. He is assisted by Cleo Mayfield, an attractive young woman with a fine voice, and by James Billings, who makes a capital bridegroom in the wedding scene with which the act closes. Mr. Lean himself, of course, serving as the justice of the peace.

The Leightons, famous minstrel men, have a not new but none the less interesting act in "The Party of the Second Part," dealing with the Negro porter who signs a contract to join a minstrel show. When told that his name on the program would be Lou Thunderstorm he brought down the house when he replied: "That's better than Hogan anyway." Sophye Barnard, who was the original Red Widow, appears in vaudeville this week for the first time, singing a number of selections, all excellently.

The Bird Millman troupe of tight-wire performers, including the "Eva Tanquay of the wire" as she is booked, were adepts in their line. Lou Anger, the neutral soldier, has a German dialect monologue full of bright lines. "Eloping" is the title of a novel farce, introducing a company of four, all of whom are good enough to get their names on the program, though not there, while Vandinoff and Louie open the bill with some rapid fire work in oil painting on glass and canvas.

Few among the [illegible] and even among those who de[illegible] to judge dispassionately and impartially, have beheld their contemporaries in those [illegible] in which they appeared a century later. The ancients have greatly the advantage over us. Scarcely can any man believe that one whom he has seen in coat and cravat can possibly be so great as one who wore a chlamys and a toga.

Mr. Ford.

Mr. Ford, according to his testimony concerning his net profit in a year, can afford to laugh loudly at the jokes, witty, stupid, indecent, about his automobiles.

The Concert.

By repeating 1086 Bible verses from memory, Helen Lynn, 10 years old, won the first prize in the annual church contest at Galesburg, Ill.

How this takes us back to our little village! We went to the Sunday school concert at night in our Sunday best. There were addresses. There was singing: "Shall We Gather at the River?" "Marching Along"; "The Pearly Gates Are Open Wide"; "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother"; "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By"; "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Then came the recitations. Little Willy, uncomfortable in a stiffly starched broad turn-over collar with tassels, got up and piped out: "Jesus wept." The boys near him nudged one another and snickered. One whispered "Smarty." The sexton shifted his cud, came up behind and hit the nearest boy on top of the head. After the benediction there was a rush to the door. The older boys stood in the snow each side of the narrow path. The girls came out, laughing and expectant. "Can I see you home?" There were rejections that cut to the quick. Nor was the lot of the favored one happy the next morning at school. The hated rival picked a quarrel with him at recess and rubbed his face with snow; or, lying in wait for him as he went home to dinner, pasted his ear with an ice-ball.

Zenatello and Gay.

A letter received by friends from Mme. Maria Gay-Zenatello states that she and her husband will arrive in Boston this week. Mr. Moranzoni, the excellent conductor, has been in Boston for some time, with Mr. Fornari, Mr. Wronski, two or three other singers and the librarian. Now let the opera begin! Now let the sports proceed!

Lex Tomatonis.

As the World Wags:

I have read with great interest and sympathy the accounts of pedestrians who have been splashed by passing wagons and automobiles, and venture to suggest a remedy which has been successful in this section. I will let the victim (or hero) relate the circumstances in his own words.

"I was walkin' along near the hanted house one mornin' last August with a basket of ripe tomatters on my arm. It had rained the night before and the road was full of puddles. Back o' me they come an automobile, runnin' kind-er slow. Just before they got to where I was they crossed over on my side and went kersplash right through a puddle, squirting water all over my new overalls. In the machine on the front seat they was a man about fifty and the driver, and on the back seat they was a young lady.

"You old fool," says I, "naow what in thunder did you want to do that for?

"The man looked around and grinned. That made me mad and I up and hove a ripe termatter at him. It missed him, but it hit the back of the seat and spattered all over the gal's dress.

"The driver stopped the machine, and I thought he and the old man was a-gwine to git aout and come for me.

"Come on, gol darn ye," says I. "I got a whole half bushel more on 'em here in the basket."

E. W.

Hampton, N. H., Jan. 22.

Sam Sharpley's Song.

As the World Wags:

"J. D. K." quotes four lines of the song sung by Sam Sharpley in the Sixties. My mother used to sing them:

Remember your poor father,
Who in St. Helena now lies low,
And you'll soon follow after him
If you meddle with that bonny bunch of roses O!

Somerville, Jan. 23. W. E. W.

A Few Gardens.

As the World Wags:

In a previous communication in this department, or to the dramatic columns of The Herald, I gave the location of the Apollo Garden. Perhaps that was the reason I forgot to mention it in contribution of Jan. 10, to which "Ino" refers. It was on the easterly side of Washington street just above Harvard street, and extended to that thoroughfare, a short distance below the corner. It flourished during a part of the civil war period. In 1866 or thereabouts, it was reconstructed as a playhouse for Lon Morris, who was the business manager of the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge minstrels, performing in the hall on the site of the old Province House, nearly opposite the head of Milk street on Washington street. This place was originally adapted for amusement purposes by John P. Ordway, a music publisher, who later in life became a physician. He sold out to the entertainers, who were called Morris Brothers [illegible] for short. The [illegible] Theatre passed out of existence 40 years ago.

Washington Garden was the name of the resort run by Mr. Lee, to which I referred. It was a semi-open air place as I recall it, and refreshments were served there. My recollection of it is naturally dim, as I was a small child when I was taken there in the early Forties. Its extent I cannot recall, but, of course, it did not compare with either the Oakland or the Forest Garden in size. Sometimes I think it may have occupied part of the space afterward utilized in building the Boston Music Hall, but of this I have no accurate knowledge. Lager beer was not drunk there. It did not become popular in Boston until some years afterward. Our German friends had later some pleasant outdoor resorts, Amory Grove for instance, near Jamaica Plain, and another Apollo Garden, not far distant.

Dorchester, Jan. 23. BAIZE.

The Herald will publish a letter tomorrow about the Apollo Garden at Boylston Station.—Ed.

Jan 27 1915

I always have contended that if the owner, the publisher, and the managing editor could be kept out of newspaper offices it would be a good business, but it is impossible. They always are meddling. One afternoon I was sitting in a dignified attitude, with both feet over the top of my desk, and both hands in my pockets, when a heavy-treading gentleman approached, and asked: "Young man, do you work here?" "I do," I responded without changing my position. "You have the tenses mixed," he remarked gently; "you mean you did." I found out then that he was the owner.

The Morton Myth.

As the World Wags:

The consitution settles it.

In 1839 the constitution of Massachusetts read as follows: Election of Governor; Chapter II. Sect. 1. Art. III.: The secretary shall lay the votes given in for Governor "before the Senate and the House of Representatives to be by them examined, and in case of an election by a majority of all the votes returned, the choice shall be by them declared and published."

All the votes returned for Governor for the year 1840 were 102,066. One-half was 51,033. The Morton vote was 51,034 a constitutional majority of one. The change substituting elections by plurality was by article of amendment 14, ratified in 1855. X. Y. Z.

Boston, Jan. 23.

Extraordinary.

As the World Wags:

I also have missed Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and I hope you will be able to locate him for Mr. Jos. Gish. By the way, I, in looking up the genealogy of the Johnsons, would like to know if Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a relative of Bibleback Johnson, who lived in Northampton about 40 years ago. He was in the employ of a Mr. Slippery Clapp, who had a foundry on lower Pleasant street, on the road which passed Zenas Field's house to Hockanum Ferry. Any information you may have or meet in your investigations of the pedigrees of Moses, the Queen of Sheba, or Pharaoh's daughter (did he have more than one?), will be appreciated by

JERRY BAILLETT,
Teacher of Penmanship in the Public Schools, 1865.

Springfield, Jan. 24.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is singularly reticent about his early years. It is our impression that he was born not far from the Onion river in northern Vermont, but several states claim the honor of his birthplace. We doubt if he is of kin to the gentleman you have named. Mr. Johnson's printer called at The Herald office yesterday afternoon. He had a worried look and asked if The Herald would not equip, stake and send out a Johnson relief party, headed by Mr. Burns, the eminent detective. We told him that The Herald respected Mr. Johnson's privacy and would in no way attempt to search him out. Mr. Johnson is not anxious to rush into print. He knows the worth of silence. When he has made sociological investigations of interest to specialists or the general public he will surely describe them, or at least hint at them in the columns of The Herald. Princely offers have been made to him by other newspapers from Maine to California; by the Times and Telegraph of London; by the leading journals of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, but he writes only for The Boston Herald.—Ed.

Either Will Do.

As the World Wags:

I attended a concert recently and, as usual, the performer on the harp was designated a "harpist." Can you tell me for what reason, or, indeed, "with what excuse, the pure English "harper" is being crowded out by the unnecessary hybrid "harpist"?

WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

Norwood, Jan. 24.

"Harpist" is a word in good and regular standing. William Browne in one of his "British pastorals" spoke of "that Oeagrian harpist" as far back as 1613-16. "Harper" is the older word, much older. Some make a distinction by designating a professional as a harpist. We prefer "Harper."—Ed.

War Note.

At Folkstone, yesterday, Constance Shears, a Belgian refugee, who was summoned for attempting to smuggle a dog into the country, was stated, upon being searched at the harbor, to have the dog round her waist as a belt.

The town clerk asked what part of the dog was pinned to her. (Loud laughter.) The searcher replied, "No part."

Defendant was ordered to pay 6s, 7d costs.—Glasgow Herald, Jan. 9.

For Mr. Anderson.

As the World Wags:

In his recollections of Mrs. John Wood in the Public Letter Box of The Herald today, Mr. Anderson seems to have confused Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow with Mrs. Wood. It was the former actress who interpreted "Hiawatha" at the Boston Theatre in an Indian costume, especially designed for the reading. I do not believe Mrs. Wood ever read the poem in public. It was not in her line at all. She was a brilliantly humorous performer, but pathos was beyond her grasp. He is also astray when he says the Woods made their first appearance here in "The Tempest." R. J. W.

Dorchester, Jan. 23.

Jan 28 1915

"Le Gendre de M. Poirier" an Amusing Comedy, Though Old-Fashioned in Some Ways.

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—"Le Gendre de M. Poirier," a comedy in four acts by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, played by Le Theatre Francais de New York, M. Bonheur manager.

M. Poirier .... M. Benedict
Gaston de Presles .... M. Faure
Verdelet .... M. Renavent
De Montmyron .... M. Louys
Chavassus .... M. Jeoffray
Vatel .... M. Givret
Domestique .... M. Jeoffray
Antoinette .... Mme. Meurville

In spite of the fact that "Le Gendre de M. Porrier" was long ago admitted to the repertoire of genteel schools for young ladies and has been annotated Prof. Sumichrast, for example, explains carefully the precise meaning of "Pomard" and "comet year"—it is still an amusing comedy. It is not easy for us in 1915 to become excited over the conflict between the bourgeoisie and the nobility of the Forties, but the play has an historical, political value, and it might be said that the bourgeois as represented by Poirier is an eternal type, more so than the aristocrat typified as Gaston. In some respects the play is curiously old-fashioned. There are touches of the old romantic sentimentalism. Would a dramatist today allow his young husband to say to the wife, "You have the heart of my mother"? Probably not, except in melodrama for the great public.

It is a question whether a comedy that ends with Poirier exclaiming, "This is 1946, I shall be deputy in '47 and peer of France in '48" should be played in modern dress or in the costumes of the period. Last night Gaston smoked cigarettes. Were they smoked by the swells of 1846?

Mr. Benedict gave on the whole an interesting and effective impersonation of Poirier. The man's vanity, his ambition for a title, his honest contempt for any one, especially his son-in-law, that would not work in some way, his ignorant respect for art and his horror of artists—voiced as though he were Flaubert's Homais speaking—were well expressed. His scene with Vatel, the cook, a cook of kin to the chef in Disraeli's "Tancred" and Miss Amory's admirer in "Pendennis," was excellent. He did not rise to the height of the situation at the end of the third act. Here Poirier, reproaching Gaston for having a liason and comforting his daughter, should portray the wounded pride of the father and the shock to the moral sense of a bourgeois with commanding dignity or with righteous indignation. As it was, many in the audience refused to take the scene seriously. The business of Poirier and Verdelet in attempting to comfort Antoinette was better suited to force-comedy than to the tragic situation.

Mr. Renavent's Verdelet, with this exception, was excellent. The performance of tho other players was mediocre, though Mr. Jeoffray gave character to the moneylender.

The comedy will be repeated this afternoon and tonight. On Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening the play will be "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon."

MISS HEINRICH

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Julia Heinrich, dramatic soprano, assisted by her father, Max Heinrich, accompanist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a very friendly audience of fair size. The program was as follows: Ha[illegible]

. ale selve . Aufbl . ert Al of Pa . Soldaten . Fr . und . ebe Ach wenn ich . waer. Brohms . Botschaft. S . t Die Allmacht . Lieb . liebe . e Stimme. Bizet Vie . e Chausson . Temer, Si j'etais Dieu" (.s.). Debussy, Romance Ba helet Chere Nuit . la Dowell, What's His Heart, Constance, Beac . Ah, love . t a day; Colson, Autumn within; Elgar, Where Corals lie.

Eighteen years ago t is month Miss . rich, a young girl, sang for the first time in public at a concert given here in Steinert Hall by her father and mother. She then sang two Biblical songs by Dvorak, a song by Grieg and one by Franz and three of Schumann's duets with her mother. There was naturally much interest in her appearance, for her father was highly esteemed as an accomplished Lieder singer and her mother was a pure voiced soprano, well trained and musical.

Miss Heinrich's voice was then of true contralto quality, rich, sensuous, emotional. It was a voice of liberal compass and the "upper register" was even and agreeable so that there was no suspicion of the two voices often possessed by contraltos who are not content with the natural range (Mme. Scalchi was accused of having three voices). Miss Heinrich also then showed that she had musical feeling. She sang with girlish enthusiasm. It was thought at the time that she would go far, if she would study assiduously the art of singing so that she could be mistress of her emotional nature.

She was heard here later. Thus in 1904 she gave three concerts with her father and at the third she sang three new songs in manuscript by Mr. Loeffler—Timbres Oubliés," "Adieu pour jarnais" and "Les Paons." She finally went to Germany and became known as an opera as well as a concert singer. In Elberfeld in 1911 and 1912 she appeared as Agathe, Elisabeth, Micaela, Senta Elsa, Antonia, Pamina and Santuzza. In 1910 she was warmly praised in Berlin as a concert singer. For some time she has been dramatic soprano at the Hamburg City Theatre, a famous opera house. Coming to this country last summer for a visit, she is now prevented by the war from returning.

Miss Heinrich is now a mature singer of much experience. Like Miss Edyth Walker and like Mme. Fremstad she has wished to be in opera a dramatic soprano, whereas the best part of her voice is of mezzo-soprano quality, if not contralto. These tones are velvety and naturally emotional. The extreme upper tones heard yesterday were not so agreeable. They had less body and were less euphonious. Although the voice is eminently lyric, it is flexible and would apparently lend itself easily to florid song.

It was to be expected that she would sing effectively the songs by Schumann, Schubert, Franz and Brahms, if only because she is the daughter of her father, who was for many years famous as their interpreter. She sang the air by Handel with classic serenity and . suggestion of the traditional grand manner. Schubert's song, which . heard sung by a . Mr. Heinrich's interpretation was memorable . delivered with appropriate breadth and dignity. The lighter side of her art was . —witness her interpretation of "Die Soldatenbraut" and "Wenn ich doch ein Immchen waer." One of the chief features of the recital was her singing of the songs by her father, songs in which the music gave full expression to the autumnal melancholy mood of the poet. These songs were sung with deep feeling, and they were peculiarly suited to the richest tones of her voice.

Singer and accompanist were heartily applauded.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Marriage of Kitty," a comedy in three acts by Fred De Gresac and Francis De Croisset, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

Sir Reginald Belsize	W. Graham Browne
John Travers	Herbert Ross
Norbury	John Alexander
Hampton	Guy Newall
Mme. de Semiano	Miss Kate Serjeantson
Rosalie	Miss Lillian Cavanagh
Miss Katherine Silverton, "Kitty"	Miss Marie Tempest

The entrancing art of Miss Marie Tempest was again revealed last evening in her revival of the lively comedy originally written for Mme. Rejane. The play wears well. It is delightful entertainment. The situations are irresistibly comic, the dialogue refreshing, witty, spontaneous.

Kitty's story is familiar. How, penniless and without a profession, she becomes Lady Belsize; how she wins the lasting affection of Reginald, irresolute and susceptible; how she triumphs over the jealous Peruvian widow—all this is as a twice told tale.

Miss Tempest's performance was as piquant, brilliant, polished as ever. From the moment of her breezy entrance until the scene of her final subjugation of Reginald she played with marked au. . finesse and shrewd humor. The . of . the . Miss Tempest in her . at . that those points are made with . lightness of touch not . She was fascinating too, in her coquetry with Reginald and in her methods of exciting admiration.

Mr. Brown was excellent as Reginald and gave Miss Tempest worthy support. He was properly light-hearted and irresponsible. He played with cleverness and distinction.

It were easy to imagine a more seductive widow, but Miss Serjeantson in temper and hysterics amused the audience. Mr. Ross was dignified as Travers. Miss Cavanagh acted Rosalie with charming vivacity.

The comedy was preceded by a new play in one act, "The Dumb and the Blind," by Harold Chapin.

Joe Henderson works on a mud barge and comes home but once a week. One Friday night he returns to the London tenement with news of improvement in his fortunes. The new job will permit him to see his family every night. Liz, his wife, patient, hard-working and devoted, falls on her knees rejoicing in prayer. The sight surprises Henderson, for he has displayed the usual masculine indifference towards her faithfulness and devotion. There is a general awakening and the little family, which includes two children, is happily reunited.

Mr. Browne gave a remarkably strong impersonation of the rough bargeman, and displayed a hitherto unsuspected ability as a character actor. Miss Cavanagh played Liz with touching sincerity, and Mr. Alexander, as a bibulous friend, was in the picture. The same bill will be repeated tonight.

As, according to some, there is to be an unexampled era of building in and about Boston; as stately edifices for business, "residences" for plutocrats, and apartment houses or burgess warrens as Stevenson called them, are to rise in the twinkling of an eye, like Jonah's gourd or like shingles on the human body, there will be an excellent opportunity of testing the practice recommended at the grand Academy of Lagado. When Capt. Lemuel Gulliver visited that famous institution with its 500 rooms, after he had seen the man with the project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, and another at work calcining ice into gunpowder, he was much impressed by "a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practices of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider."

Society Note.

Louis VII, de Rohan, Prince de Guemenee, a formidable disputant in theological matters, particularly strong on the question of Purgatory, had a curious trick of smelling everything he ate. It was the fashion in his day—he died in 1667—to sit at table with the hat on the head. Now as he had a long nose and was short-sighted, he often besmeared his nose. It frequently happened that when he was eating soup or an omelette, some of it would splash even his hat, either because his hand trembled or he was thinking of something else. This was so disagreeable to see, that to prove his wife's devotion was genuine, they used to say that if it were not, she certainly would not eat at the table with him.

Gardens of Yore.

As the World Wags:

Some days ago in The Herald allusion was made to the Apollo Garden, seeking information as to its situation, and to a garden on Washington street, between Winter and Bromfield.

The Apollo Garden, if I am not mistaken, was at Boylston Station on the New Haven road; sometime the old McBurney place, a "mansion" in the dignified manner, a fine old house painted a dark mouse color, surrounded by elms of great size shadowing the house and a lawn sloping gently to the tracks of what was then the Boston & Providence road, and bounded by a brook separating the place from the railroad tracks. Next door stood the old Raymond Lee house. Like many another, the dignified old McBurney place after the marriage and departure of the various members of the family, drifted into the market and became the Apollo Garden, a resort much patronized by the German colony at Boylston.

In regard to the Garden on Washington street, between Winter and Bromfield, I do not recall it, but between Winter street and Temple place, on the other side of Washington, and where the Jordan Marsh building now stands, one entered an alley which, a short distance in from Washington street, turned at a right angle toward Avon street, as Mason street runs in from Tremont and turns to the left toward West. In this alley stood the Aquarial Garden, a fascinating place to us boys of the time, an enchanting spot, where amusement was blended with instruction, and where, in our boyish eagerness to get as near as possible to the fish while still preserving a dry skin, we were . of the . represented . sport . and . darting about in the . all . bumping . against the sides of the tank. Then, too, I have recollections of a fairly large white whale, which to our youthful eyes seemed a veritable monster in bulk. Whether there were "turns," like our vaudeville of today, I am a bit vague, so absorbed were we in the aquarium, but I seem to see nebulous visions of freaks of one sort or another, some doing "acts," others merely displaying themselves on the strength of their own personality. Here in this Paradise of youth on half-holidays, one was sure to find many of his youthful friends. Oh, for the days that are no more!

Jan. 24. F. S. S.

One Whitehead.

As the World Wags:

I see that, anent the Rev. Herbert S. Johnson's reference, in his sermon last Sunday, to the evangelist Whitehead, M. S. C. inquires, "Who was Whitehead?" I am surprised at M. S. C.'s ignorance. For information concerning Whitehead, I would respectfully refer him to the 7th verse of the 13th chapter of Psalms, and, if the information there given regarding Whitehead is not sufficiently detailed, he should consult the works of Gibbons, Hippocratus and Sarcophagus, which I understand the Rev. Mr. Johnson has of late been reading.

TOO MUCH JOHNSON.

Boston, Jan. 26.

"Ride" and "Drive."

As the World Wags:

If we may consider the prepositions "to" and "toward" synonymous, would it not be logical to speak of making an addition "to" a complement?

When Capt. Crosstree of the pneumatic chest—came to Selwyn's—(Lang les ss her) he informed us: "The English language was so confusion," the only word in it of which he felt sure was Susan.

Dr. Holmes apologized for having spoken of taking a ride instead of a drive—in his poem on the Dorchester Giants; but what do we do nowadays in street cars and autos but ride—a designation which the Doctor seemed to claim was applicable to equestrianism only.

Besides, had he not the authority of the old classic:

We'll jump into the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

EDWARD LAWRENCE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 25.

Jan 29 915

We are indebted to Mr. R. H. Gay of Biddeford, Me., for extracts from the Boston Almanac of 1847: "'them good old days' when the Boston & Maine had rosy prospects and 'the steamer Hibernia arrived in a little over 18½ days from Liverpool.'"

In June, 1847, the "magnetic telegraph communication between Boston and Springfield was completed so that intelligence could be communicated by wires." "Could be." Was intelligence communicated? It depended on the transmitter.

In September a police officer was fined $2 and costs for smoking in the street.

"Babe, the long unhung pirate, finally received a free and unconditional pardon. * * * There is a mystery hanging over the reason." This was a "general event" of 1846. "Hanging" is the appropriate, the inevitable, the Paterian word for the mystery concerning reason why the unhung was not hanged. Let's see. A picture is hung; a man is hanged, or not hanged—a delicate distinction; and yet the hanged man is often hung. Why is "hanged" retained in this special sense? "Owing, probably, to the retention of this archaic form by judges in pronouncing capital sentences," says a lexicographer. Who was the English judge that said "Beef, sir, is hung; men are hanged"? A question of more importance is this: Who was Babe? Was he a Boston pirate? His name is not in the Pirates' Own Book, but that "Who's Who in Piracy" was first published in 1837. Our cherished edition is the one 1859 published at Portland, Me. Charles Gibbs, who committed atrocities in the West Indies, once kept the Tin Pot, a drunkery in Ann street, Boston, but we cannot claim him as a prominent citizen, for he was born in Rhode Island, and tried, convicted and hanged in New York. Again we ask, Who was Babe?

There were "general events" in November, 1845. "Gov. Steele of New Hampshire was hanged in effigy because he would not hang Peter Sanborn, whereby many people were deprived of a great pleasure."

Note this event in July, 1846: "A posse of ladies about 40 in all, in the village of Utica, Michigan * * * destroyed a bowling alley with axes, hatchets and hammers." There was this comment:

"What are the ladies thinking about in regard to the multiplication of these nuisances in Boston?"

Mr. Gay writes: "A real Mexican war is also alluded to in this little volume."

Down in Maine.

Mr. G. B. Littlefield of Roxbury sends to us a clipping from the Biddeford (Me.) Journal of Jan. 24, which reprinted items of interest from the Journal of Jan. 24, 18.. . of . and . day, w . 's Ball . k of Saco . it also stirs joyous . "runners," like . in those . Mercury, Swift, Eagle, et . the hill in our little . who . wonderful sleds—gorgeous . ed, richly upholstered—but some fellow from the Pancake region or down in South street had a battered, shabby old sled that would far outstrip them. Quarrels would arise over the question, Whose runners are worn the flattest? No boy wore an overcoat, however cold it was. A fur cap with a fur ornament like a doughnut ball on the top, and a tippet, were enough. Wet feet were not dreaded. And now some of those boys, wheezy, puffy, gray-haired or bald, rheumatic, do not venture out when the crossings are damp without putting on overshoes.

The Journal of 1865 also told of heroic Capt. William Sweat of Waterboro, who 71 years before drove an ox sled to Boston "laden with country produce and returned with a load of molasses, the trip consumed a week each way." And was there not a little New England rum in that load? We do not say a barrel—but a demijohn or two?

This Capt. Sweat in 1818 built a schooner in Waterboro and hauled it to Kennebunkport, "where it was launched and from where he sailed for the West Indies." Mr. Littlefield adds: "That schooner must have travelled overland at least 10 miles before it reached salt water, quite an unusual haul even for Maine oxen." A hardy race—oxen and men!

SECOND CONCERT BY FLONZALEYS

Program Made Interesting by a Reger Quartet Not Well Known Here.

The Flonzaley quartet gave the . of its concerts for this season last . The program was decidedly . consisting of the Reger Quartet . 74 which is not as yet well known . and the delightful Haydn Quartet . D-Major Opus 76 No. 5

Reger is, indeed, a strange . modern music. Year after . he pours out in reckless profusion . after work, in every form and for every known combination of instruments. Although he is possessed of great technical skill as a composer, his work seems very rarely to "get over" to the audience. With all his facility and, at the same time originality, Reger never wholly emancipates himself from the influence of other musicians. . a Brahms-Reger, a Wagner-Reger, and now in his latest work a Debussy-Reger.

Last night we were face . with the Wagner-Reger not that Wagner was present all the time—but . there in the . of the . there were hints of the . "Parsifal." The quartet . very amiable music. In all four movements there are . . I shall always . some passage in the first . played by the Flonzaleys . fulness and tenderness of . andante is perhaps the most . of the movements, but . tains some very dull passages. Scherzo is undoubtedly best . to please popular taste. . Flonzaleys the quartet which . monotonous in tone-color . Reger's), literally glowed.

After Reger's quartet the . quartet, with its clarity and . came as a relief. The . is the Largo, which . conceived and has a . beauty very . Needless to . the Flonzaleys . the quartet with . .

MME. BERNICE FISHER SINGS

Mme. Bernice Fisher, formerly . the Boston Opera House company . her first public appearance . stage before an enthusiastic . over 700 persons in Tremont Temple . She received a . the old-time songs . in fine voice and . the evening . .

... In addition to her numbers she sang several duets with Mme. Swartz-Morse, who with her created the roles of Haensel and Gretel in Humperdinck's opera at its first Boston production. Their joint numbers included two duets from this opera. One of them was the favorite waltz number. They also sang a duet from "Lakme."

The singing of the Lotus Quartet was received in the same manner as usual. These fine singers were compelled to respond to several recalls before the audience was satisfied. Miss Ellen Keller, violinist, played so well that the audience treated her in the same fashion. She was generous with her additional numbers. John O'Shea was accompanist.

Mme. Fisher's regular numbers were "Die Lotus Blume," Schumann; "Steindchen," Strauss; "Les Berceaux," Faure; "Les Roses d'Espahan," Faure; "A Little Winding Road," Ronald; "'Tis Snowing," Benberg, and "My Lover Comes on the Skee," Clough-Leighter. Her added numbers were the flower song from "Haensel and Gretel," and "Annie Laurie." For the latter she played her own accompaniment.

Mme. Swartz-Morse's numbers were Musetta's waltz from "Boheme," "Hayfields and Butterflies," Del Riego; "Long, Long Ago," Old English, and "Sweetheart Thy Lips Are Touched with Flame." She sang Schumann's "Kinderwacht" as an extra number.

The quartet sang the Barcarole from "Tales of Hoffmann," "Sweet Genevieve" and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust." For extras they gave "A Little Boy," "Tipperary," "Women" and "Sweetheart."

Miss Keller played a rondo by Saint-Saens, "Orientale," by Cui, and "Liebesfreud," by Kreisler. Her choice of added numbers was especially good. They were Drdla's "Souvenir," Bohm's "Perpetual Motion" and Wilhemj's fine transcription of Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Mar 20 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," a comedy in four acts by Labiche and Martin. Performed by the Theatre Francais de New York.

Perrichon	M. Claude Benedict
Commandant Mathieu	M. Faure
Majorin	M. Louys
Daniel	M. Renavent
Armand	M. Joeffray
Jean	M. Givret
L'Aubergiste	Mme. Georgette
Mme. Perrichon	Mme. Jenny Diska
Henriette	Mme. Guerande
La Marchande de Journaux	Mme. Georgette

The comedy is nearly 55 years old, yet with the exception of the "asides" it is still fresh and amusing. Some wondered when Labiche was taken into the Academy, and no one more than Labiche himself, the modest man; but he deserved the honor, if it is an honor to be a member of a society that would not accord the elder Dumas, Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert to have chairs. Comedies of Labiche still endure the test of reading, for his fancy is droll, situations and dialogue are evolved from the characters and the men and women, chiefly of the bourgeois class, are very human in their foolish ambitions, their vanity, their foibles. The satire is good-natured, and yet it is telling. Take for instance, the little play in two acts with the title that may be translated "Sand in the Eyes." How true to nature is the effort of Mme. Malingear to convince the Ratinois couple that her husband, the physician, has an enormous and lucrative practice! How droll the means by which she succeeds in convincing them! How sublime in its exhibition of bluff the scene where the two fathers keep increasing the marriage settlements!

So in "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" the truth that one soon resents the necessity of being grateful is illustrated in an amusing manner. And here it may be said that Mr. Benedict in expressing his resentment did not improve on the lines of Labiche. What a commentary is the innkeeper's book on the fatuousness of travellers recording their opinions and impressions. "How beautiful to admire the splendors of nature when surrounded by his wife and niece." No wonder Daniel asks why the French, so witty at home, are so stupid when travelling. Flaubert had as keen an eye for the foolishness of the bourgeois, but he was contemptuous; possibly because, as Anatole France has suggested, he was himself a romantic bourgeois. Labiche, on the other hand, recognizes his Perrichon as a fellow creature; he would gladly sup with him and not merely for the purpose of studying him as a human document.

The comedy was played with much spirit and to the evident enjoyment of a much larger audience than that of Wednesday. Mr. Benedict played the part of Perrichon with gusto and finesse, abstaining from carricature, keeping within the bounds of reason. Of the other members of the company, Mme. Diska was perhaps the one more in the ...n. Henriette, as portrayed, was certainly an extraordinary jeune fille even in the Perrichon family. The comedy itself carried along the other players.

The comedy will be repeated this afternoon and evening and at the matinee Friday.

On Jan. ... The Herald published a letter written by a Mecaenas living in a town of Illinois to an admirable artist whose seascapes are famous throughout the country. The writer offered $100 for the choice of the unsold "thumb-nail sketches" then exhibited in Chicago. We have received the following letter.

The Patron Writes.

As the World Wags:

One of your readers in Boston has thoughtfully sent me your paper of the 5th inst., containing an item, "A Patron of Art."

You are right in that, I am a patron of art, and buy a picture every now and then to hang around the house somewhere. I have picked up five small ones here and there this summer. Two of them were painted at the Isles of Shoals. You may be interested in knowing I am fond of marines, and know a marine when I see it, whether painted by my favorite marine painter, W. T. Richards, or some one else. The Isles of Shoals are my summer resort, and the summer home of Childe Hassam, who has been known now and then to paint a marine. Meet me at Appledore next midsummer and I will take you where you may see, any day, "Proteus rising from the sea and hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Now, what was wrong, or peculiar, about my note to "An Admirable Artist?" Wasn't it brief and to the pint? Have you any objection to that style of speech? or did you want something wordy and vociferous? If so, you have mistaken your man—call him "Mecaenas" or any other old fellow you want to. Further, it may be interesting to you and to the country to know that I never ask what an artist asks for his picture. If I offer anything, it is what it is worth to me, and if that is not satisfactory to him, that ends the matter—and we part in peace, I trust. I told this "Admirable Artist" the literal, absolute truth as it appeared to me. He paints well, and he don't paint well—or, in other words, some of his pictures I like—and, as I said, some of them I wouldn't have. But I never saw a W. T. Richards I did not like. He never perpetrated any crazy and out of plumb drawing. His best hold was drawing. Any one will tell you that, and you will not take my word for it.

I think my letter offering $100 and nothing more, was an admirable specimen of the kind. I saved him the trouble of replying, I set up no illusive hope of making a sale. It was a yea yea, nay nay transaction, and for the life of me I don't see anything funny about it, and can't see why it was introduced into polite circles through the medium of your valuable paper.

Will you kindly give this space, as it may add a little to the hilarity of life in art circles. F. M. ANNIS.

Aurora, Ill.

We Decline to Do so.

As the World Wags:

The Herald of Sunday, Jan. 23, published a dispatch from Baltimore, Md., announcing the marriage of Josiah Millard, 89 years old, "a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and foreman of the jury that convicted Jefferson Davis of treason."

Please state when and where Jefferson Davis was convicted of treason or even tried for treason. INQUIRER.

Boston, Jan. 26.

Foreseeing Shakespeare.

Shakespeare as well as Dickens anticipated some modern catch phrases, such as the popular injunction to keep your hair on. "You are like to lose your hair," remarks one of the characters in "The Tempest." Then we find Falstaff exclaiming:

"The game is up."
"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."

And a thirsty soul in "Antony and Cleopatra" confesses:

"I have yet room for six scotches more."
—Daily Chronicle.

The Green Fiend.

Absinthe, now officially prohibited in France, has had the same fate in Belgium, where the sale was forbidden in 1905, Switzerland (1908), Holland (1910). It is said that the French soldiers took tho drink home with them from the Algerian war (1844-1847). The word as the name of a plant was known in England early in the 17th century, and the drink was certainly known in London in the early fifties of the last century. Thackeray's "Newcomers" was published in 1854. When Barnes Newcome had his set-to with Sir Thomas de Boots at his club he had ordered absinthe and water, and after Sir Thomas walked away, red in the face from his eulogy of the colonel, Barnes "finished his bitter draught."

There are significant slang terms in French for absinthe: The green Muse, the Fairy with the green eyes, the ticket for Charenton (the madhouse), soapwater, the zouave's currant syrup, etc.

The Warners.

The death of Anna B. Warner at the age of 87, in Newburgh, N. Y., was hardly noticed in Boston, yet she and her older sister Susan were once known to hundreds of thousands. Their novels were honored by being named in the game of authors. Many mothers and maiden aunts of the older generation now living were brought up on "The Wide, Wide World," "Quecchy," "Dollars and Cents." The two first named were translated into French, German, Swedish, if not into other languages. In 1864 a sixth edition of "The Wide, Wide World" was published in French. Does any one remember "The Hills of the Shatemuc"? Ten thousand copies were sold on the day of publication. There was another Miss Warner, Miss Eliza A., whose "Old Flag" and "Tom Tracy" were for some years favorite Sunday school books. She lived in Northampton, a cheery woman with a beneficent face, whose very presence suggested the old-fashioned seed cakes and gingerbread for good little boys.

Jan 31 1914

In 1876 the new Opera House in Paris was in its second year. The director, Halanzier, recognized the fact that tho magnificent staircase was no longer a drawing card; that there would be need of a true public instead of visitors drawn by curiosity. He therefore announced new works: Mermet's "Jeanne d'Arc" and a new ballet by Leo Delibes, "Sylvia," which would be accompanied by a revival of "Der Freischuetz." There were famous singers then in the company, Gabriele Krauss, Josephine de Reszke, Mme. Carvalho, Mme. Furchs-Madier, Mme. Gueymard, Rosine Bloch; the tenors, Sylva, Villaret, Vergnet, Salomon, Sellier; the baritones, Faure, Cassalle, Manoury, Auguez; the basses, Gailhard, Boudouresque, Bataille, Berardi. The ballet master was Louis Merante. The chief dancer was Rita Sangalli. The conductors were Deldevez, Altes and Garcin.

"Jeanne d'Arc" was produced in April and there were 15 performances that year. The cost of the production was about $20,000, of which $8000 was spent on costumes, and $11,000 on scenery and accessories ("La Juive" in 1835 cost $30,000; "L'Africaine" in 1865 about $52,000).

Faure went to London, where he sang with Christine Nilsson. "Sylvia" was actively rehearsed. The engagement of Miss Sangalli was renewed. She was to receive $7200 a year, with four months' leave of absence during which she was not to be paid. Delibes feared that his ballet would not be produced before summer, the dead season. There was talk of putting off the production until fall. No ballet in three acts had been given at the Opera for 10 years, since "La Source" with music by Delibes and Minkous (1866), and no ballet had been performed there since "Gretna Green" in one act, music by Ernest Guiraud (1873). Delibes's "Coppelia" (1870) is in two acts.

The rehearsals of "Sylvia" were strictly private. Contrary to usage, subscribers and critics were not allowed to be present. This caused dissatisfaction. The authors threw the blame on the director; he pointed at the authors.

"Sylvia," a ballet in three acts and five scenes, was finally produced on June 14, 1876. The cast was as follows: Sylvia, Rita Sangalli; Diane, Louise Marquet; L'Amour, Miss Sanlaville; La Nalade, Miss Paller; Aminta, Merante; Orion, Magri; Un Sylvain, Remond; Deux Esclaves Ethiopiens, Miss Mollnar and Miss Gilbert. Only the composer was named the night of the first performance, for there had been a dispute between Jules Barbier, who insisted that he should be named as sole author, and Merante was equally strenuous in asserting that he, too, should be named. Two experts were chosen; M. d'Herville for Barbier; M. Justamente for Merante, and the referee was M. Lacan. It was decided that, according to long-established tradition, the ballet master should be named. So the names of Barbier and Marante finally appeared on the billboards, the programs and on the published score.

It was strange that there should have been this quarrel, for the critics at tho time agreed that the scenario was insipid and monotonous. Only the exquisite music of Delibes saved the work, they said. There were 11 performances in 1876 and eight in 1877, while "Coppelia," revived in 1877, had 11. But the suite drawn from the music soon made its way into the concert halls of the musical world, and the "Pizzicat'," in all sorts of arrangements, was known to every lover of music, every amateur.

Barbier perhaps obtained the first idea of his scenario from Tasso's "Aminta," but, as Victor Wilder wrote, it was the old story of Acis and Galatea over again. "The gentle, tender Acis is called today the shepherd Aminta; the divine Galatea has become Sylvia, the nymph of Diana; the monster Polyphemus answers to the name of Orion, the black huntsman."

The story of the ballet as it will be presented at the Boston Opera House next Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of war sufferers through the Red Cross and the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage Association, is as follows:

"Aminta, a beautiful youth, has chanced to see Sylvia, the nymph of Diana, sporting with her companion in the wood by moonlight. Becoming enamoured of her, he haunts the spot in the hope of seeing her again, though he realizes the hopelessness of a mortal receiving any favor from a nymph protected by Diana. He is finally discovered as he watches the dances of the nymphs from his hiding place. In anger Sylvia draws an arrow to shoot him, but realizing suddenly that a mortal is scarcely worthy of her ire, she aims instead toward a statue of the god of Love. Aminta throws himself before her to prevent this sacrifice and receives the arrow in his breast at the same moment that a dart from the mischievous god penetrates her own heart. Sylvia and her companions depart. When later she returns for another look at the beautiful boy she has wounded, she is discovered by Orion, a black-visaged hunter, seized by him and carried away to his rude abode. With the aid of Diana, she drugs him and his two slaves and escapes. The god of Love, who appears in human form, reunites her and the unhappy Aminta and finally bears them off in his barge to the land of the immortals as the last notes of her ivory horn are wafted back from the depths of the wood."

It was said at the time of the first performance that Miss Sangalli, "a vigorous and intrepid ballerina," while she was accurate and forcible was somewhat lacking in charm," but some were not of the opinion, as we shall see. It was also said that another work should have been given with "Sylvia" which lasted only an hour and a half.

"It was said and justly that such a spectacle was not worthy of this theatre: that it would have been strengthened if a new work or some curtain raiser, as 'Le Philtre,' or 'Le Comte Ory' had been added." On June 21, 1876, "La Favorite" was added.

Georges Duval tells us in his "Annee Theatrale" for 1876 that the scenario of "Sylvia" was written expressly for Miss Sangalli. He praised her at the time for departing from academic rules, for striving after a determined individuality. "It is not the grace of Taglioni; it is something more human, which appeals more quickly to the senses. Taglioni was a Christian dancer, if one can use the term apropos of an art proscribed by Catholicism. She fluttered about like a spirit in the midst of transparent vapors of white muslins with which she liked to enwrap herself. She resembled a happy soul who hardly bruised under her rosy feet the tips of celestial flowers. La Sangalli is a thoroughly pagan dancer. She recalls the muse Terpsichore with her tambourine, her tunic slit over the thigh and held by golden clasps. When she twists herself on her reins and throws back her arms drunk and dead with voluptuousness, you see one of those beautiful figures of Herculaneum or Pompeii, which stand out in white from a dark background and accompany their steps with sonorous castanets. The line of Virgil—'Crispum sub crotato movere latus'—comes involuntarily into the mind. The Syrian slave whom he loved to see dancing under the vine-arbor of the little inn bore much resemblance to her."

Ah, M. Georges Duval was only 23 years old when he wrote with gusto about Rita Sangalli. Did she say "Skiddoo" to him? Let us hope that she appreciated the rhapsody and the rhapsodist.

He wrote again and at length about her that year, and he made these remarks that may be pondered in 1915. "The writers of feuilletons are chiefly concerned with the talent or the skill of actresses. They do not analyze their beauty; they do not consider them from the purely plastic side. Occasionally they speak of their grace, their prettiness, and that is all. Nevertheless, Gautier declared that an actress is a statue or a picture that poses before you and you can criticise her with a clear conscience, reproach her for her ugliness as one would censure a painter for a fault in drawing—the question of pity for human defects is not to be considered here—or praise her for her charms with the coolness that a sculptor would show when placed before the marble he says: 'That's a fine shoulder; that arm is well modelled.' And so it is easy to write in this way about a dancer and for this reason I am fond of writing about her. I was especially impressed in this ballet of 'Sylvia' by the classicism of the poses, the groups, the beautiful perfection of academic principles.

"The glory of it is due to M Halanzier to M. Merante and to Miss Sangalli. The 'dance noble' was singularly ordained. Young France, however, has especial attractions: beautiful poses and movements give to the dance an importance, which, in respect to imitation, approaches the art of the sculptor. The ancients cultivated and loved this sort of recreation; we disdain it because we are far removed from the perfection at which the Greeks, and above all the Romans, arrived. Their mimic sports had some analogy to our serious dances, and that is a reason for encouraging the few artists who devote themselves to these exercises. Our dancers are at last able to hold the attention of the spectator by beauty of design, correctness of poses, attitudes and arabesques."

[illegible] Orion [illegible] Bacchante, she [illegible] style. When Orion wishes [illegible] escapes by bounds in [illegible] that we have never seen [illegible] here is a word about the [illegible] "Lisz at," the divertissement [illegible] act. "It is the first attempt [illegible] that has been made. La [illegible] varied the dance with all its [illegible] by turning 20 times on her [illegible] with the orchestra yet [illegible] disturbing for a moment her [illegible] equilibrium, thus preparing the grand scene in which she unveils herself and forms with Aminta several charming groups. This andante, by the way, is for violin solo and orchestra.

"Sylvia" was first danced in Boston [illegible] 24, 1886, in the course of the [illegible] English Opera Season under the [illegible] direction of Theodore Thomas, [illegible] Boston Theatre. The cast was as follows: Sylvia, Theodora de Gillert; [illegible], Miss Gorona; Cupid, [illegible] Carrozzi, Aminta, Mamert [illegible] Shepherd, Romilda Vio; Orion, Romeo, Thalie, Emilia Coraili; Terpsichore, Miss Marchal: Two Slaves, Miss Carra and Miss Mordini. Massé's [illegible] "The Marriage of Jeannette," [illegible] given with it (Pauline l'Allemande, [illegible] H. Lee, G. W. Williams and Kate [illegible]).

The ballet was produced at the [illegible] of Music, New York, by the [illegible] company on March 24, 1886, when [illegible] "Marriage of Jeannette" preceded it.

It is hardly necessary to speak of [illegible] music from the horn call that [illegible] pedal by consecutive fifths [illegible] the gorgeous cortege de Bacchus and the [illegible] Valse. The most salient [illegible] are known to all. Yet there is [illegible] of beauty in the music that [illegible] and illustrates the action, [illegible] music, music for pantomime [illegible] has not entered into the suite. Let us hope that on Tuesday, Delibes's [illegible] will be on the conductor's desk, [illegible] not some arrangement that will [illegible] the charm.

Rita Sangalli, who, by the way, came [illegible] this country in 1868 and danced with [illegible] Bonfanti and Betty Rigl in "The [illegible] Crook" when it was introduced [illegible] Niblo's Garden on Sept. 12, 1866, [illegible] in a book on the subject [illegible] the world was growing old and [illegible] that dancing had been all but abandoned. She could not voice this complaint today, even if she were living. She died in 1909.

She [illegible] in Boston at the Continental Theatre 1867-68 in "Cinderella," "The Black Crook" and "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," but she was not in the [illegible] performances of "The Black Crook" [illegible] that theatre.

Nor did Delibes take his task lightly. [illegible] letter of thanks written by him in [illegible] to the orchestra of the Imperial [illegible] House in Vienna, he stated that [illegible] he set out to compose the music [illegible] he was anxious to "com[illegible] music in the symphonic style, which [illegible] and extend the fund[illegible] of a pastoral of Tasso's." [illegible] Hanslick could write honestly, [illegible] found the scenario "all very [illegible] but [illegible]" that "every lover [illegible] whether he becomes interested [illegible] or not, can hear 'Sylvia' [illegible] to end without weari[illegible] even with delight and interest. [illegible] of 'Sylvia' is in the orchestra, [illegible] the stage. Delibes has freed [illegible] completely from the slovenly [illegible] or literary ballet composers, with[illegible] wishing to overturn the foundations [illegible] department of musical produc[illegible] to try the experiment of a brand [illegible] 'ballet-music' style. He [illegible] his task in the first instance [illegible] dramatist, as an opera [illegible] who is also favorably disposed [illegible] the ballet."

Random Personal Notes

Sir Charles Stanford, who will visit this country next spring, put plain questions to Prof. Kuno Meyer in a [illegible] to the London Times. "I asked [illegible] in 1900 if he was a pro-Boer. [illegible] 'I was until I saw that they [illegible] ready and you were not.' I recom[illegible] this common-sense view of his [illegible] compatriot to the confused, or [illegible] brain of Prof. Kuno Meyer. [illegible] master of the subtleties of lan[illegible]. Will he explain the meaning of [illegible] as used in Germany for many [illegible] past? Will he venture to hold [illegible] alludes to the day when Eng[illegible] would without provocation attempt [illegible] an inconvenient rival,' [illegible] that the wholesale reduction of her [illegible] officers, rank and file, artillery [illegible] workman alike—completes [illegible] of her deep-laid schemes? [illegible] think that the naval chiefs of a [illegible] intent upon aggression recom[illegible] inhabitants to sleep quietly in [illegible] bed? Or is his letter only the [illegible] of disappointment that they [illegible] to such purpose when the Ger[illegible] rang?"

[illegible] Mackinder, an English actor, [illegible] at the front on Jan. 9. He [illegible] in August. He was a public [illegible], and, although he was offered [illegible] he preferred to stay [illegible] and first attracted attention [illegible] when he [illegible] Charles [illegible] in "The [illegible] Girl" at the [illegible] Since then, [illegible] he had [illegible] almost continuously, under George Edwardes's management, as was [illegible] in "The Circus Girl," "A Runaway Girl," "The Toreador," "The Girls of Gottenburg," "Our Miss Gibbs" and others. In 1898 he appeared at the Lyric in "Little Miss Nobody," and in 1911 he was in Granville Barker's production of "Bonita." The Pall Mall Gazette said of him editorially:

"The news of the death in the trenches of the actor, Lionel Mackinder, will evoke many feelings among playgoers, and especially one of respectful sympathy with his wife, Miss Gracie Leigh. It does not seem 22 years ago since he, then little more than a lad, and she, still a young girl, with her fair hair falling about her shoulders, made the hit of a Brighton Theatre Royal pantomime with their dancing, their humor and their personal charm. Mr. Mackinder afterward became a London favorite, and people who knew him liked and respected him. He has passed away from this life in the noblest of ways—fighting for his country and for the safety and honor of us all."

And the Pall Mall Gazette said of Mrs. John Wood (Jan. 13).

"Even in such times as the present the passing away of so famous a figure of the stage as Mrs. John Wood cannot be ignored. She virtually retired 10 years ago, and even then was in her 72d year, and few playgoers now living can remember her in the days of her first beauty and glory in farce and burlesque. But thousands can recall her in Pinero farce and Drury Lane melodrama, and can still rejoice in the memory of her amazing vivacity, her large good humor, her rich technique, and her handsome face. Mrs. John Wood was that rare thing, a great actress."

The salaries mentioned in the course of Miss Vesta Victoria's action as being paid to some of our variety stage favorites, form a startling contrast to those drawn by their predecessors of early Victorian days. The writer of an article on London music halls published in Blackwood's of March, 1842, remarks that "most of the halls are spacious apartments fitted up for hundreds of both sexes, having at the upper end a platform whereon is a grand piano, usually the only instrument in use. The singers are usually a prima donna or sentimental leader, a basso, a primo buffo and one or two other nondescripts. Six shillings forms the usual nightly remunerations for instrumental, and four shillings for vocal, performers, with a reasonable allowance of gin and water. Prices of admission vary from 2d. to 1s."—Daily Chronicle.

Among the musicians who have received the Iron Cross are Felix Berber, violinist—he played here at a Symphony concert, Nov. 26, 1910—Walter Kirchhoff, tenor of the Berlin Royal opera, and Rudolph Krasselt one of the conductors at the Deutsche Opernhaus in Charlottenburg. Krasselt was first violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 1903-1906. Kirchhoff recently sang in concert at Berlin. The Signale congratulated him on the good taste displayed by him in wearing a dress coat and not his uniform. Nor was his Iron Cross ostentatiously in evidence.

Frankfort-on-the-Main laments the absence from her opera house of Miss Marcia Van Dresser, "an American of dazzling beauty and a distinguished, if somewhat cool, singer." She left Frankfort with English friends when the war broke out.

H. G. Noren has composed a new sonata for 'cello and piano. It was played in Berlin on Jan. 13 by Gruemmer and Ella Jones Stockhausen.

Hermann Abendroth, city music director at Essen, is spoken of as Fritz Steinbach's successor as conductor of the Guerzenich concerts at Cologne.

Eddy Brown, an American fiddler, who has been playing for some years in Europe, now spells his surname Braun.

Mr. Arthur Foote's four orchestral "Omar Khayyam" pieces were played at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York last Sunday and favorably received by audience and critics.

As a result of George Copeland's piano recital on Jan. 7, the sum of $125 has been sent to French hospitals through Prof. Lichtenberger and the same sum to Belgian hospitals through Mme. Vandervelde.

Dramatic News and Gossip

"Monna Vanna" in Yiddish is an attraction of the repertory season at the Pavilion Theatre in Mile End, London.

"Peg o' My Heart" is playing to good houses at the Globe, London. The critics like Miss Laurette Taylor, but read what one of them has to say about the play: "The capacity of American young women to play Providence in British households and show them the error of their starchy ways has been impressed on us before now. So has the care with which American authors appear to limit the portraits of our aristocracy from old volumes of the 'Young Ladies' Journal.' Peg's English cousins are terribly novelettish, and toward the end become too absurd even to serve as foils to their charming visitor."

There was a "Recruiting Night" at a performance of "Henry V" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Jan. [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Bourchier [illegible] the Royal Fusiliers, [illegible] dressed the audience after the [illegible] after Harfleur had been [illegible] Charles Owens urged men to [illegible] once; and on the scene of the [illegible] camp at Picardy, Maj. -Gen. [illegible] Lloyd thanked the players for "their learned and lucid rendering of that great fighting drama, adapted to the present needs."

The Belgian players at the Criterion, London, gave on Jan. 4 "La Demoiselle de Magasin" by Fonson and Wicheler. The play tells how a smart girl builds up her employer's business and finally becomes his daughter-in-law.

We rightly regard pantomime as a purely British institution, for no other country puts fairy tales on the stage at Christmas time; but most of the stories we dramatize are the common property of all civilized nations, and in their most familiar forms have almost all been borrowed by us from other countries. "Bluebeard," "Cinderella" and "Tom Thumb" we owe to France, "Puss in Boots" comes from Italy, "Jack the Giant Killer" hails from Norway, "Jack and the Beanstalk" is German, "Sindbad the Sailor" derives, of course, from the "Arabian Nights," "Babes in the Wood" and "Little Red Riding-Hood" are among the few English stories.—Daily Chronicle.

Sir Herbert Tree's Micawber is described as "the image of Cruikshank's drawings." Where can these drawings be seen? Perhaps they are part of some private and secret collection of Sir Herbert or the author of the allegation. Cruikshank illustrated "Oliver Twist," but the illustrator of "David Copperfield" was "Phiz," Hablot K. Browne. And as well known as his "Copperfield" creations are those of the late Fred Barnard, on whose Micawber Sir Herbert Tree's is closely modelled. The Barnard Micawber is allied to the "Phiz" Micawber, but is a more spirited and effective realization of that shiftless celebrity.—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Robert Hale, the author of the Robinson Crusoe part of the Alhambra revue introduced last night, announces "any one daring to infringe the copyright of this story will receive an Iron Cross." He may be reassured. No one will be able, by the most strenuous effort, to discover any plot.—Pall Mall Gazette.

According to the Petit Journal the Paris theatres show little desire to avail themselves of the government permission to give evening performances. The total absence of auto-omnibuses and the scarcity of tramway and subway trains after 9:30, keep the public from going out at night, not to speak of the general disinclination to seek pleasure resorts.

The Journal des Debats describes the scene at the reopening of the Theatre Francais: "By far the greater part of the spectators consisted of that unknown crowd whose simple dress and modest bearing give to matinee performances a somewhat sombre aspect. There were many young girls and people of the middle class. When they walked out there was no display of furs. In short, it was a truly normal audience. Emotion there was, no doubt, but no nervousness. The people had not come to find in 'Horace' a pretext for a public demonstration; they had come to see a tragedy pure and simple. The effects produced were those always to be observed at certain passages. A single verse, near the beginning, made one forget Rome for Paris:

> Je voudrais deja voir tes troupes couronnees
> D'un pas victorieux franchir les Pyrenees.
> Va jusqu'en l'Orient pousser tes bataillons,
> Va sur les bords du Rhin planter tes pavillons.

"When these words were pronounced, a kind of shiver went through the house, and it finally found vent in applause."—New York Evening Post.

A play in three acts called "A Daughter of England," and described as an adaptation by Messrs. Percy Barrow and Jose G. Levy from the French of E. V. Miller, was presented at the Garrick Theatre last night. It proved in its crudity and lack of all dignity or freshness of imagination an ample justification of the very sincere warning we have more than once addressed to the British Theatre during the past five months to leave the war alone. This story of the wicked Prussian colonel in Alsace who seeks to corrupt his children's English governess; who having failed in that, tries to get her arrested as a spy, and gets foiled again; and who is finally arrested in Portsmouth at the bidding of a French agent on the day of England's declaration of war, may amuse some ingenious playgoers—it appeared to entertain many last night—but, as a comment, upon either German, French, or English character and capacity it is really grotesque; and its final scene of a serio-comic English colonel and his daughter waving the British and Belgian flags, and exhorting a Portsmouth crowd to enlist, can hardly fail to have a melancholy effect upon the thoughtful spectator. Mr Jerrold Robertshaw as the Prussian colonel, Mr Frank Randell as the French agent (with a diction that sometimes recalls the inflection of the late Mr. Laurence Irving), and Miss Marga [illegible] Rucla as the oppressed [illegible] [illegible] "Trilby" [illegible] "Fanny's First Play" [illegible] to [illegible] French [illegible] for the French [illegible] exceedingly [illegible] of the production.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 9.

There were 47 revivals in the London theatres last year counting three of Shakespeare's works. The most noteworthy of these revivals were:

His Majesty's—"Darling of the [illegible]," "Drake" first part of "Henry IV."
St. James's—"An Ideal Husband," "[illegible]."
[illegible]—"The Marriage of Kitty," [illegible] "Duke of Killicrankie" (produced [illegible]), [illegible] "Lord Dundreary."
Drury Lane—"Sealed Orders."
Royalty—[illegible].
Duke of York's—"The Little [illegible]," J. Barrie.
The Globe—"Kismet."
The Strand—"The Silver King" and "[illegible] Glad Eye."
New Theatre—"When Knights Were Bold" and "The New Clown" (matinees).
Daly's—"A Country Girl."
Aldwych—"Earl and the Girl."
Lyric—"Earl and the Girl" (transferred).
"The Chocolate Soldier."
Haymarket—"The Flag Lieutenant."
Comedy—"Tyranny of Tears."
Apollo—"Never Say Die" and "A [illegible] from Mars."
Vaudeville—"Our Boys."
Ambassadors—"The Blindness of Virtue."
Criterion—"A Scrap of Paper."
Wyndham—"Raffles."
Lyceum—"A Soldier's Wedding," "The Belle of New York," "Tommy Atkins."
Princes—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."
Prince of Wales—"Miss Hook of Holland," "Charley's Aunt."
Adelphi—"The Belle of [illegible]."
Duke of York's—"Peter Pan."
Savoy—"Alice in Wonderland."
King's (Hammersmith)—"Where [illegible] Rainbow Ends."
The Little—The Cockyolly [illegible].

Music of War and of Peace

"Eye-Witness" [illegible] a cabinet of Christmas [illegible] the trenches [illegible] the crowning [illegible] of our army almost sated with goods, chocolate and "fags." That [illegible] is mouth-organs. Who would [illegible] supposed that the humble [illegible] with which most of us were [illegible] to make ourselves a nuisance to our elders in our boyhood would have [illegible] the thing craved for by the [illegible] biggest army which [illegible] placed in the field! But [illegible]. The troops desire something to make a cheerful noise withal during the long dull evenings, and, of course, the [illegible] will be prompt to gratify their desire. To us it is one which thoroughly typifies the gay, simple heart of the [illegible] we all Thomas Atkins the [illegible] nothing can daunt or depress. [illegible] great as a vocalist than the [illegible] of some other nations, he has music—[illegible] as he knows—in his soul, and he has also a very natural wish to express himself by its means. "You cannot raft an organ up the Nile, nor play it in an equatorial swamp." Mr. Kipling [illegible] wrote the song of the banjo. Perhaps it will be his in the future to write the song of the mouth-organ. Meanwhile, 'take the psalm, bring hither the [illegible] ret, the merry harp with the lute, and all such "kinds of musick" as are best fitted for service in the trenches.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The hint concerning mouth-organs which came recently from "Eye-Witness" discloses the appalling fact that a famine in this kind of lip-music exists in Britain. In peace times quite [illegible] of our mouth-organs come from Germany, the remainder are imported from France and America. France [illegible] now send only very few, and consignments from America have been [illegible] distributed. Of course, there [illegible] some stocks of German mouth-organs still in the shops, but to send one of these to a fighting friend would be to cut your line of communication [illegible]erately.—Daily Chronicle.

The "Deutsches Tageszitung" [illegible] that "the German song of victory, 'Heil dir im Siegeskranz,' should be discarded. It is nothing more nor less than the English 'God Save the King,' and [illegible] may be expected in any work emanating from that miserable race, the composition is both cheap and nasty." It was certainly not the opinion held by the founder of German romantic opera. The tune of our national anthem was a great favorite with Weber, and he used it in many compositions. "I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King,'" he wrote in his journal. In fact, this tune which first sprang into popularity here about 1745, is somewhat of a world-favorite. The Danes borrowed it in 1745 for a song beginning "Heil dir, dem liebenden" and a little later appeared the German version. The Americans [illegible] to it—

> My country, 'tis of thee
> Land of sweet liberty,
> Of thee I sing.

—Daily Chronicle.

Land of sweet liberty [illegible] good [illegible] from [illegible] there is a strong [illegible] in favor of changing "Heil dir im [illegible]ranz" for something that is not English.

Feb 1 1915

A [illegible] for [illegible] shows the [illegible] of the London Scottish [illegible] at [illegible] and as dashing as any in [illegible] is a piper, playing the bagpipes [illegible] rushes forward—no easy thing to do. Was there any piper in the charge? We have the assurance of Mr. Neil Munro in the Daily Chronicle that bagpipes do not accompany the Highlanders in this war, that the pipers act as stretcher-bearers, and that consequently no more V. C.'s are possible for dramatic feats like Findlater's at Dargai. There is another point about the picture. Bagpipes and bagpipers at work are hard things to draw correctly, save by those personally acquainted with the instrument. The dashing piper is represented as playing with the tips of his fingers, but that is not how a piper plays. Unlike a flutist, he covers and uncovers the apertures with the flat parts of the forefingers.—Daily Chronicle.

The correspondent of the Observer, who confounded the refrain of "Lilliburlero" with the tune of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," was fairly "hot," as the children say in hide-and-seek. "Lilliburlero" has its convivial associations by providing a musical vehicle for that very popular chorus, "A Very Good Song and Very Well Sung," and in the nursery it was long ago found to be a most admirable tune for "There Was an Old Woman Tossed up in a Blanket." The original song itself dates from the revolution of 1688, when it instantly captured the public ear, and became, as Macaulay has recorded, "the delight of the army." "Tipperary" will be lucky to have so long an innings, for Macaulay adds that 70 years after the revolution "one of the characteristics of the soldier was his trick of whistling 'Lilliburlero.'" The song itself is included among the state poems, but the meaning of the refrain, "Lilliburlero bullen a la," has floored the cleverest linguist of them all. One expert has translated it as "Light on the sea beyond the promontory, 'tis the dawn of day." Another gives "Lilliburlero" up, and suggests "Strike the ball" for the other three words; but most linguists agree with Macaulay that the phrase is "untranslatable gibberish." Mr. Percy Pitt very cleverly introduced the tune into his "English Rhapsody," produced at the London Musical Festival in 1911.—Pall Mall Gazette.

I have often wondered why some experienced and musically-inclined soldier of the King has not set out to produce a volume of soldiers' songs. It is, to my mind, quite clear that the "musician" does not in the least understand Mr. Atkins's musical proclivities. The musician, as usual, tells the said Mr. Atkins that "he ought to like it," "it" being one of his own compositions. The man in the street, musician or otherwise, the man in the music shop, and the man elsewhere, save in the camp knows no more than the man in the moon what songs will attract the fastidious, or at least immensely "individual," Mr. Thomas Atkins. And I cordially agree with him. I should hate as much as he, or as the babe who is forced to take an unpleasant draught, the idea that I was to sing such and such songs if I were in camp or anywhere else, merely because some personage had considered that they were "suitable." Leave Mr. Atkins alone, and if he wants songs he will find them. In any case, I'll bet that the layman, in the street or the shop, will not "guess right" in his choice. Who but Mr. Atkins "discovered" the military worth of "Tipperary," a tune as (temporarily) immortal as Beethoven? I had meant to say a few words about a new book of soldiers' songs which has just come my way, but, on the whole, I won't.—Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

The Turkish army was the first to possess properly organized military bands. So far back as the 16th century each corps of Janissaries had a band comprising at least a dozen instruments and frequently more. Toward the close of the 17th century the Sultan presented Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, with a complete Janissary band, and shortly afterward Frederick II of Prussia received a similar mark of favor. These bands soon diminished by death or desertion, and as the original players dropped off their places were taken by natives, while some of the oriental instruments were discarded in favor of home-made ones. Oboes took the places of zarnas, bassoons those of big shawms, and horns and trumpets were added. But those characteristic percussion instruments of the Turks, previously unknown to the western world—bass drums, cymbals and triangles kept their place as necessary ingredients of military music, and in a comparatively short time were introduced into all the regimental bands of Europe.—Pall Mall Gazette.

To the Editor of The Herald:

John P. Ordway's Aeolians

I have been much interested, as an old theatregoer in the 60's and 70's, in recent articles appearing in As the World Wags column, of the early days of minstrelsy in Boston. The first in that line, I think were Ordway's Aeolians at a hall over Jones, Ball & Poors, in the building corner of Summer and Washington streets, burned in the fire of 1872, the site now of A. Shuman & Co. P. S. Gilmore of Peace Jubilee fame was a member of this [illegible] hall where the present Old South Theatre is located (the last home of Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge). The latter started at old Horticultural Hall on School street, opposite City Hall, moving to the Boudoir, School street, just back of the Old Corner Bookstore. Do any of your readers remember this place, as I have never seen it referred to? From there they occupied Ordway Hall, fitting up (for those days) a very pretty opera house. Well do I remember Charley, Leon and Billy Morris, Johnny Pell, Trowbridge, Eph Horn, Dan Maguinness, Japanese Tommy Endres, Napier Lothian (for many years leader of the Boston Theatre orchestra), and many others. M. W. Whitney of the "Boston Ideals" was, I think, a member of this company, under the name of Mr. Williams. Possibly I am mistaken here; if so, it was at Buckley's Serenaders I heard him, Summer street, corner of Chauncy street. Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge afterwards built the Continental Theatre on the site of the old Apollo Garden, Washington, corner of Harvard street. This theatre was built in about 60 days, painting being done and doors hung late in the afternoon of the day of the opening, Oct. 28, 1867. I was present and everything was very fresh about the house. An excellent company gave the play of "Money," and, I think, the "Black Crook" was first given in Boston there. I should be pleased to hear more from some of the old-timers of those days.

W. B. H.

Jan. 5.

Hale Jan 30

Good Natured but Telling Satire in "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon."

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE—"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," a comedy in four acts by Labiche and Martin. Performed by the Theatre Francais de New York.

Perrichon	M. Claude Benedict
Commandant Mathieu	M. Faure
Majorin	M. Louys
Daniel	M. Renavent
Armand	M. Joeffray
Jean	M. Givret
L'Aubergiste	Mme. Georgette
Mme. Perrichon	Mme. Jenny Diska
Henriette	Mme. Guerande
La Marchande de Journaux	Mme. Georgette

The comedy is nearly 55 years old, yet with the exception of the "asides" it is still fresh and amusing. Some wondered when Labiche was taken into the Academy, and no one more than Labiche himself, the modest man; but he deserved the honor, if it is an honor to be a member of a society that would not accord the elder Dumas, Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert to have chairs. Comedies of Labiche still endure the test of reading, for his fancy is droll, situations and dialogue are evolved from the characters and tho men and women, chiefly of the bourgeois class, are very human in their foolish ambitions, their vanity, their foibles. The satire is good-natured, and yet it is telling. Take for instance, the little play in two acts with tho title that may be translated "Sand in the Eyes." How true to nature is the effort of Mme. Malingear to convince the Ratinois couple that her husband, the physician, has an enormous and lucrative practice! How droll the means by which she succeeds in convincing them! How sublime in its exhibition of bluff the scene where the two fathers keep increasing the marriage settlements!

So in "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" the truth that one soon resents the necessity of being grateful is illustrated in an amusing manner. And here it may be said that Mr. Benedict in expressing his resentment did not improve on the lines of Labiche. What a commentary is the innkeeper's book on the fatuousness of travellers recording their opinions and impressions. "How beautiful to admire the splendors of nature when surrounded by his wife and niece." No wonder Daniel asks why the French, so witty at home, are so stupid when travelling. Flaubert had as keen an eye for the foolishness of the bourgeois, but he was contemptuous; possibly because, as Anatole France has suggested, he was himself a romantic bourgeois. Labiche, on the other hand, recognizes his Perrichon as a fellow-creature; he would gladly sup with him and not merely for the purpose of studying him as a human document.

The comedy was played with much spirit and to the evident enjoyment of a much larger audience than that of Wednesday. Mr. Benedict played the part of Perrichon with gusto and finesse, abstaining from caricature, keeping within the bounds of reason. Of the other members of the company, Mme. Diska was perhaps the one more in the vein. Henriette, as portrayed, was certainly an extraordinary jeune fille even in the Perrichon family. The comedy itself carried along the other players.

The comedy will be repeated this afternoon and evening and at the matinee next Friday.

Gree[k] are the myths, I too delight in them. Gree[k] are Adam and Eve; I too look back and accept them.

Ney, Ney, Pauline.

As tho World Wags:

In your column of Jan. 13, undor the caption "Fairy Tales," you say there are Georgians who helleve that Marshal Ney was not exccuted at Paris, on the restoration of Louis XVIII., but eecaped to Georgia, led the life of a planter, etc.

Not Georgia and not planter, but North Carolina and schoolmaster. Have you read the book entitled "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney"? It's in the Boston Public Library, also the Portland Public Library. The author etates that he not only believes; he knows that Peter Ney of Rowan county, in the old North State, and Marshal Ney of France, "the Bravest of the Brave," were one. He backs up his knowledge, too, hy some mighty good arguments.

As to the Dauphin, who became the unacknowledged King of France after his father, Louis XVI., was beheaded, he died in his prison, the tower. Let those whom it is hard to convince read M. de Beauchesne's "Louis XVII.," translated by Hazlitt, 1853. The book (two vols.) will, besides, prove of intensely gruesome interest as the most intimate history extant of that delightfully bloody period. It is the only book I have seen that prints the daily list of the victims selected for tho guillotine. So real is it to an imaginative sensibility that one can hear the rumble of the tumbrils through the ill-paved streets of Paris, a truly entertaining book to morbid minds.

Should guillotine in the above usage begin with a "cap"? The instrument derived its name from a personage, same as a Pullman car; may the latter ever be properly written in lower case?

Would it be possible to have Mr. Herkimer Johnson paged at Wiscasset, Me.? Rumor has it that there is an eminent Belgian scientist at Wiscasset living upon a diet of rock-weed, kelp and dogfish to demonstrate the benefits of such a regime to society at large. Understand me! There is no spirit of levity in my query. I am not of the ilk of that contributor who, in the old Porphyry Club days, asked if that sterling philosopher Old Chimes wrote "Eight Bells."

EMERY STREET.

Portland, Me., Jan. 26.

We have read articles attempting to prove that Marshal Ney died, a planter, in Georgia, and with his boots off. Guillotine, noun or verb, is spelled with a lower case "g," unless is begins a sentence or is the name of the physician who recommended the use of the instrument. How about "boycott," "gerrymander," "mafficking"? They begin with a lower case first letter. We have good reason for believing that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is miles from Wiscasset; that he has never been there; that even his philanthropic stomach would rebel at the thought of dogfish.—Ed.

In Memoriam.

Walter Leon Sawyer, who died here last Friday night, wrote a novel that should have attracted wider attention. "A Local Habitation" was a story of newspaper life, shop girl life, and life in a South End boarding house. Mr. Sawyer was not an amateur observer. He was a newspaper man, and a versatile one. His knowledge of the boarding house life was not confined to noticing the sign "Turkey and Ice Cream on Sunday" in a basement dining room as he went by. The novel was evidently by an observer rather than a deliberate artist. The fastidious in literature and daily life might have called for an ounce of civet; but the story was honest and realistic, and the characters were men and women that lived before the author and now outlive him. There was a touch of bitterness, for Mr. Sawyer had known the trials and disappointments of this world. The book was a real one. The author might have said with Walt Whitman telling about the sea captain: "I am the man; I suffered; I was there."

A True Lover.

There was a fantastical rhymer and singer whose name wae D'Enbaut. He fell in love with Marie de Bretagne, who married Hercules de Rohan, Duc de Monbazon. One day he learned that Mme. de Monbazon would have a tooth pulled. "Wretched mortal that I am," he cried aloud, "I have all my teeth, and they are going to snatch one from my goddess!" He at once rushed out and had sixteen extracted.

Knitters in the Hall.

On Jan. 28 this announcement was made in the lobby of Carnegie Hall and published in the programs: "The Philharmonic Society appreciates the spirit that prompts charitable assistance in the world's greatest calamity, but many complaints have been received from many patrons of the concerts who are annoyed by knitting during performances, and the directors respectfully request that this practice be omitted." The practice is not so general in Symphony Hall, but there are knitters there as in theatres. If men must fight and women must knit, the following advice to English women from a nurse at the front is valuable: "What we [illegible] are very large, stretchy bed [illegible] too short in ankle, dark colors [illegible] over frostbitten feet after they [illegible] been dressed. We envelop them in cotton wool, bandage them up, and put these socks on, and send the men to England. We have plenty of these socks, but they are mostly too small, too tightly knitted and too tightly cast on. The men cannot bear to have their feet touched, much less a tight sock pulled on. Big, heelless ones do very well, as by the time the men's feet are covered in a layer of cotton wool they are very shapeless. We got our first lot of men with frost-touched feet in yesterday, and expect many more."

And here is a word of advice about mufflers: "Fasten a large black safety-pin at each of the four corners of the two and a half yards (well measured). The wearer will then be able to make the muffler taut round his body with no trouble, instead of twisting himself in a length of wandering wool. It is true that safety-pins are apt to catch in the knitting, but that does not matter; they can be used every time without taking out."

A Light Lunch.

Food faddists are encountered every day. One of the latest is a gentleman who takes his lunch in a tea shop. His invariable menu consists of three hot sausages, consumed by themselves without the accompaniment of either bread or vegetables, but smothered in mustard. He completes his repast with a cup of black coffee, into which he empties three "portions" of cream and half fills the cup with sugar. This dietary oddity reminds one of a lady who used to frequent a vegetarian restaurant, where on hot summer days she would regale herself with soup and hot milk. She would take a spoonful of soup and a sip of milk alternately.—Daily Chronicle.

MISS HEMPEL

Miss Frieda Hempel gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, assisted by Miss Emma Roberts, contralto, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Miss Hempel's numbers were: Mozart, aria, "Martern aller Arten," from "Il Seraglio"; Schumann, Widmung, Der Nussbaum; Jensen, Murmelndes Luftchen; Brahms, Vergebliches Standchen; Strauss, Traum durch die Dammerung; Humperdinck, Cradle Song; d'Albert, "Zur Drossel sprach der Fink"; Pfitzner, s' Gretel; Strauss, waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Miss Roberts sang Saint-Saens' aria, "Amor Viens Aider," from "Samson et Dalila"; Sacchi, "Lungi dal caro bene"; Weingartner, Liebesfeier; Klenzl, "Meine Mutter"; Grieg, Lauf der Welt; Strauss, "Zueignung."

Mr. Gebhard's pieces included: Chopin, Fantasie Impromptu Ballade in A flat; Schumann, De Abends; Gebhard, Gavotte; Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 12.

Carl Lamson was the accompanist for the singers.

Miss Hempel sang here for the first time in concert at a Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall in November, 1913. She then excited admiration as an accomplished virtuoso and a skilful interpreter. Yesterday the natural beauty of her voice, her admirable technic, the fineese and intelligence of her interpretation again stirred the audience to enthusiasm.

Miss Hempel sang Mozart's florid aria and later an arrangement of "The Blue Danube" with flawless mechanism and abandon. Her upper tones were taken with extraordinary case and held with the utmost purity and facility. She excels in the attack and graceful dismissal of a phrase, in her ability to swell and diminish a tone. Her brilliance and proficiency in ornamentation are remarkable. Her singing, too, is not merely spontaneous, elastic, but her voice is genuinely emotional. Her art does not consist only in the display of pyrotechnics.

In the songs by Schumann, in Jensen's charming "Murmelndes Luftchen," the singer at once established and maintained the proper mood. In Brahms' "Staendchen" the contrast between the impetuous wooer and answering maiden was sharply and effectively marked with something more than the average coquettishness displayed by prima-donnas in this song.

Humperdinck's Cradle Song is commonplace, but it was dignified by Miss Hempel's gracious and surpassing art. There wae irresistible malice in her interpretation of Pfitzner's song, sensuous beauty and amorous appeal in Strauss's "Traum durch die Dammerung." Miss Hempel sang the concluding waltz in joyous mood.

Miss Roberts, who made her first appearance at these concerts, was an interesting apparition. Her voice is rich and warm, a true contralto in timbre, liberal in compass and of marked operatic proportions.

Her singing showed the results of fine training and native intelligence. Miss Roberts, too, has temperament. She can be passionate in song. Her tones and phrases were colored for dramatic or quietly emotional effect.

The songs were well chosen to display [illegible] Dr. Damrosch's effective [illegible] aria from [illegible] et Dalila [illegible] was equal to the demands of "Lieg[illegible] bene," and to the [illegible] sustained emotional [illegible] Kienzl's impressive "Meine [illegible]" The singer's evident sense of [illegible] apparent in Grieg's "Lauf [illegible]" "Zueignung" was sung with [illegible] compelling emotion and with a [illegible] endo of climaxes. [illegible] Gebhard contributed to the pleasure of [illegible] audience of good size. He [illegible] with his accustomed beauty of [illegible] and individuality of expression. There was applause for singers and [illegible] All three added to the program.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be by Mme. Marcella Sembrich.

TOY THEATRE

An audience of about 350 music lovers was dismissed from the Toy Theatre at 180 Dartmouth street last night by a fire in the upper part of the building, known as "The Ball Room." The fire did not spread to any portion of the theatre itself, but worked through the walls between the second and third floors causing about $500 damage.

The second of a series of Sunday night recitals had barely begun when fire was discovered on the third floor. Emilie Bach, a soprano soloist, had just finished her first series of songs, and Guy Maier, a pianist was preparing to play Bach's Sicilienne, when Mrs. Stanley P. Clemens, who had charge of the program, walked to the front of the platform and quietly announced that there was a fire in the building but that there was no danger in the theatre.

Feb. 2 1915

FAVERSHAM AT THE MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Hawk," a [illegible] in three acts, translation by Marie [illegible] Taylor into English of "L'Epervier" by Francis de Croisset. "L'Epervier" was produced at the Nouvel[illegible] Paris, Feb 2[illegible], 1914, when the [illegible] of Dasetta, his wife, Rene, and [illegible] were taken respectively by [illegible] Mlle. Dorziat, Monteaux and Jean [illegible] Mr. Faversham's adaptation [illegible] translation was produced at the [illegible] Theatre, New York, Sept. [illegible], [illegible] the parts mentioned were [illegible] by Mr. Faversham, Mme. Dorziat, [illegible] Tearle and Frank Losee.

[illegible] de Dasetta	William Faversham
[illegible] Drakton	Frank Losee
[illegible]	Harriet Bosworth
[illegible]	Conway Tearle
[illegible]	Richard Dix
[illegible]	A. B. Granville
[illegible]	Richard Dix
[illegible]	Harold Meltzer
[illegible]	Wm. H. Barton
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] de Dasetta	Virginia Pearson
[illegible]	Grace Henderson
[illegible]	Pauline Watson
[illegible]	Elise Oldham
[illegible]	Ethel West

[illegible] was a well-born, polished, agreeable fellow, but a bird of prey. In [illegible] with his wife in the second [illegible] he reminded her how his ancestors, [illegible] aristocrats, lived by plundering [illegible] or obtaining ransom money [illegible]. They fell from their castles [illegible] their prey like eagles. Theirs was [illegible] epoch. The epoch in which [illegible] lived was mediocre. Therefore [illegible] a less important bird. He [illegible] at cards and won large sums [illegible]. His wife, Marima, was a [illegible] confederate. It was said of [illegible] romantic hero that his father [illegible] an unpleasant habit of turning up [illegible] from the bottom of the pack. Marina slipped essential cards to her husband.

This man of the world cheated for [illegible] of providing his wife with luxuries. She at first was ignorant of his practices, at last she helped him. But when she fell in love with Rene she saw [illegible] light and resolved to play the [illegible] of the above board.

Rene having met Marina quickly put aside the thought of marrying Jeanine, the sister of his friend Charles. He adored Marina, she confessed her love; [illegible] for some time there was only mental [illegible]delity. The three were guests at a country house, and Drakton, a rich [illegible], a relation of Rene, was with [illegible]. The Dasettas, though the wife [illegible] first protested, resolved to pluck the [illegible] [illegible]. There was a [illegible] that some [illegible] induced Marina in her [illegible] to give up [illegible] discovered that his name was Rene, nor did she believe her when she swore that her affection had not passed the bounds. The men met Marina refused to go with her husband. All this had passed before the curtain rises on the third act.

The third is impressive by reason of an unexpected ending, which is carefully prepared. Rene and Marina have been living together for eight months. They cannot marry until the husband gives his consent to a divorce, and Dasetta is not to be found. Drakton, the deus ex machina, at last has him in hand. Dasetta is now shabby, sick, without hope or ambition, a victim of morphine. To him Drakton offers a lucrative position in Mexico if he will allow his wife to be divorced. He declines the offer, because, as he confesses, he was a sharper at cards. Rene asks him to name his price. He answers there is now no question of bargaining or black-mail. He will consent to the divorce if Marina herself asks him for it. Husband and wife are alone. She pities him. He tells of his passion for her. Her resolve is formed. She will go to Mexico with Dasetta, for the generous Drakton still offers the position and Dasetta will work honestly for her sake. And Rene learns from her that it was he who told her the great and indispensable duties of a woman were pity and goodness. "It is the woman created by you that tears herself from you to follow him."

We have told the story as it is told in the original French. The translation is on the whole reasonably faithful. The speech of Dasetta, in which he refers to his ancestors in the heroic epoch, is marred by the substitution of "hawks" for the nobler birds, and the changes in the dialogue of the final scene are not an improvement on Croisset's. The dialogue of the whole play in the original is matter-of-fact and honest, at times pedestrian, and there are only a few lines that are brilliant or witty. Sardelour, the old admirer of Rene, [illegible] guide counsellor friend, has some smart sayings of a pinch-beck order, and Mr. Bosworth did not [illegible] in turning them into jewels of speech. Perhaps the epigram in the last act put into Drakton's mouth "We are not in France, we are at the Hotel Ritz," is the high water mark of Croisset's wit.

In spite of superfluous dialogue in the first act, the foolish rehearsal of the ballet at the opening of the second, and a superfluity of talk in the first half of the last act—witness the unnecessary introduction of Smithson and the short scene between Mme de Tierrache and Drakton—the play is an interesting one.

The premise must be granted that a gambler who cheats may yet be a noble fellow provided he cheats to provide an extravagant wife with costly pearls. It must also be granted that a married woman can be educated by her lover to a high plane so that she is willing to forsake him, after she has injured his prospects, crushed the love of a young girl, because, thanks to him, she knows it her duty to aid her husband in leading the better life in Mexico at a princely salary with house rent thrown in.

Then there is to be considered the "psychology" of the three leading characters the sides of the triangle still dear to the French dramatist, only in this instance the solution of the problem is different, the husband is not allowed to put himself out of the way like a true gentleman, and the lover is not rewarded. It must be confessed, that Rene is a bit of a prig. A woman like Marina would naturally prefer Dasetta. The wonder is that Rene ever attracted her.

Nor is the character of Marina clearly defined. Her sudden desire to lead a higher life is hardly compatible with her yielding to her husband's trickery at cards and her living with Rene until the divorce could be obtained. The dramatist's reply would be that woman is complex, that women are "rum critters," but this is the crude generalization of either a misogynist or a baffled analyst.

There are two stirring scenes in the second act with an unusually effective climax and these are the chief features of the play.

Mr. Faversham gave a brilliant performance of Dasetta. He was plausible and genial at first, light in conversation, [illegible] in bearing, a man that had [illegible] cities and [illegible] men. His nonchalance in [illegible] Rene's [illegible] and [illegible] talk with him about Marina and [illegible] at he should do if she were unfaithful, were wholly in the right key. Admirable, too, was the crescendo in the second act that led to his great scenes with Marina and with her and Rene. Here facial expression, bearing and voice were eloquent.

If the final scene was less efficient, the fault was with the dramatist, not with Mr. Faversham. His entrance, his listening to Drakton's proposal, his refusal, his confession explained the inherent nobility of the man and would have prepared the spectator for Marina's change of heart, if only Marina had then seen and heard him. An impersonation, romantically real by a well graced actor!

[illegible] that a [illegible] a [illegible] as if [illegible] the [illegible] allow [illegible] to [illegible] Those [illegible] illusion in the [illegible] Marina [illegible] Vernon [illegible] o' Kentucky.

Mr. Tearle's best work was in the first act, where he was the conventional lover, and in the last act, where the dramatist represents him as a contrast to Dasetta. In his chief scene with Marina, the scene of denunciation, he over-acted. The real Rene, although his moral susceptibilities were shocked by the cheating, would hardly have stormed at her so violently. Mr. Losee played the part of Drakton in a genial manner, emphasizing the nationality of the American. The "Americanisms" in the dialogue and the contemporaneous slang were not whom the invention of Croisset. The other members of the company do not call for particular attention. Mr. Burton individualized pleasantly the small and extraneous part of Smithson.

There were many curtain calls from a large audience. Mr. Faversham yielded to temptation after the second act, came out of the picture, and spoke a few words of gratitude.

At the Porphyry they were talking about men and dress: how Smith's went to the most expensive tailor in town and yet his clothes after a fortnight looked shabby and his trousers bagged at the knees; how Leffingto[illegible] bought ready-made suits and always looked as if he had stepped out of a band-box. Old Auger grew reminiscent. "When I was in college there was a southerner who spent much more money on his clothes than the rest of us did, but there was always an out. He would sport a new suit that fitted him like the traditional paper on the wall, but his shoes were cracked or his hat was shocking. Or he would wear a beautiful coat and a fancy waistcoat—his hat was irreproachable, his boots made to order but his trousers were fringed at the bottom. He was never well dressed from head to foot."

"He was not the first Auger," said Mr. Bolivar. Mr. George P. Bolivar, who had come in from Beverly. "I was reading anecdotes yesterday about Porcheres [illegible] of the French Academy. He would sit at home in the morning clad in an old ragged dressing gown and a greasy night-cap, but if any one visited him he would shout: 'My valet'—he always addressed him formally—'bring me my flowered doublet, no, my satin [illegible]. What sort of weather is it, sir?' [illegible] valet would answer: 'Neither fair nor disagreeable.' 'Then I don't need a heavy coat.' The valet would bring a half dozen coats that had been cleaned several times and say: 'Make your own choice.' Porcheres would spend an hour over it. The flowered doublet was an old leather doublet all smeared, and the satin coat was certainly thirty years old. If he was seen in a new coat he was wearing an old hat, old stockings or old shoes. There was always some piece of his harness that was not right."

Hospitable Knees.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the good old days, I was told a strange story the other day. A sweet old lady was telling me something of old Boston, and she mentioned riding of old Boston, in which she rode in her girlhood. The roof, or top, of the coach was rather low, she said, and the men's hats were very high, so that if they stood up at all it was with bent heads. It was, therefore, their custom to occupy the seats (even as it is in this day), and when a lady entered, instead of rising to give her his seat, the gentleman would gravely pat his knee, which was an invitation for her to be seated. Usually she accepted with no display of confusion. My friend, however, spoke of a trip she took from Boston to Cambridge, at a time when she had more dignity than judgment. The coach seats were filled, a gentleman patted his knee in an encouraging way, but she, with a blush, declined his offer. Presently the coach came to a cradle in the snow, gave an awful lurch, and my friend landed in the lap she had scorned but a moment before, with both arms around the gentleman's neck. "I think you had better remain here," he observed, and she meekly obeyed. No wonder our grandmothers shake their heads and say "Times aren't like what they were when I was a girl!" F. D.

Boston, Jan. 28.

Some Operation.

The Sawyer County Gazette, Wisconsin, published this news:

"A lady in a neighboring county has sued her physician for malpractice. He was treating her for a tumor and after the operation it tipped the scale at nine pounds and had blue eyes.

A Day Off.

"B. F." recently asked whether anyone reads Scott's poems in these days. The Christian, published in Boston quotes lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" apropos of Germany and British soldiers playing football in northern France on Christmas day. The hostile armies described by Scott met as brothers in [illegible] land

[illegible] good [illegible] spent them, as long as [illegible] or dangers [illegible] upon other [illegible], and that the one party [illegible] the victory, they [illegible] their deeds of arms [illegible] that [illegible] as be taken [illegible] or that they go [illegible] held so that shortly each of [illegible] with other, that at [illegible] courteously they will say 'God thank you.'"

Maginn's Song.

As the World Wags:

In the matter of "The Pewter Quart" my preference is as yours. Whether or no I ever saw the original, I cannot say, but never would I knowingly enter the lists with Morgan Odoherty, whose "Papers" I surreptitiously enjoyed at a period in my career when my parents were prescribing Miss [illegible] and the Rollo Books.

Beyond "The Odoherty Papers" I never followed Dr. Maginn, and even from these, with the exception of the [illegible] for punch, I doubt if I should [illegible] a quotation, and perhaps I am [illegible] in my recollection of that. Is the following approximately correct?

"You take all the lemons and all the sugar, and all the whiskey, and after that every drop of water you [illegible] the punch."

About a year ago, in a book published in 1870 or perhaps a little earlier, I found a sketch of Dr. Maginn's life and appended was an epitaph said to have been written by John G. Lockhart. It is too long to quote in full, but the first four lines and the last two lines fit together fairly well. They are as follows:

Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin.
 • • • •
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin;
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

Medford, Jan. 25. H. J. L.

You will find "The Pewter Quart" in Maginn's "Odoherty Papers" (Vol. 1, p. 261). In 1842 Lockhart wrote the epitaph from which you quote. The year before he wrote one on Theodore Hook. He thought so well of them that he had them printed for private distribution. The imputation about "the girls" was erroneous.—Ed.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Jerry," a comedy in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, presented for the first time in Boston, with Miss Billie Burke. Cast:

Joan Doubleday	[illegible]
[illegible] Towns	[illegible]
Jerry	[illegible]
Montana Wade	[illegible]
Peter Flagg	H[illegible]
Doctor Kirk	W[illegible] H[illegible]
B[illegible]	[illegible]
Lewis	[illegible]

Billie Burke comes this season in a farce-comedy that serves as a vehicle for the exploitation of her personality precisely as did the French pieces that had translated for her in the days before she essayed serious work—and carried it off—in Pinero's "Mind the Paint Girl." In this case, however the farce is American. It is also by a woman. The team work of female playwright and female star both relying for what ever effect they produce on qualities essentially feminine—could scarcely be expected not to evolve some rather exasperating moments for men usually sensibilities. That these moments are fewer than one might have feared is certainly a first point in the play's favor.

As a matter of fact, the very [illegible] farce contains not a few lines and an occasional situation that catch [illegible] irresistibly with their frank human appeal. They give to the piece a healthy tone that goes far toward offsetting the mawkishness of its plot [illegible] every turn of Saturday Evening [illegible] sentiment and (which is a more serious fault) the coarseness that keeps cropping out from curtain to curtain. It is not one must hasten to explain, the coarse and suggestive impropriety that has characterized some of the French farces in which Miss Burke has played. It is just the reverse; bad taste, for the most part, rather than indelicacy, trying enough at moments.

There is, for example, entirely too much talk about "our children" from the engaged people, too much rough horse play made out of the fact of broken engagement, and fine [illegible] much commercial [illegible] things to be in character with people supposedly refined society. One [illegible] in most cases these [illegible] interpolated in [illegible] which [illegible] since its opening in New York [illegible] "[illegible]"

[illegible] Joan and Monty have been engaged for [illegible] years, this day [illegible] the anniversary. Meanwhile Joan's affections have turned toward [illegible] her cousin of London and Kansas City. Jerry and Monty have [illegible] with each other. In [illegible] slight discrepancy in ages [illegible] and to write of a week's [illegible] Jerry determines to [illegible] s breaking of Joan's engagement [illegible] to set matters right.

The rest of the farce develops her scheme to bring this about and its consequences. To put it briefly, she makes an announcement through a Philadelphia newspaper that the engagement is off, and that another between Peter and Joan has taken its place. The scandal that ensues is allowed to subside through the following acts. The final act shows Monty's bungalow in Arizona. It is called "Bird's Nest," and even the name is quite inadequate to describe the quality of sentimentality—the original artistic [illegible] from its pristine silliness which pervades the ending.

Of the acting it is hard to speak. No one had any opportunity worth mentioning. Miss Burke carried the piece, as she always has done, and succeeded as ever before in being a tantalizing ingenue by being herself. It seems a great pity, however, that she must have this type of play. Even if nothing on a level with "Mind the Paint Girl" were forthcoming, her last year's venture with a revival of "The Amazons" promised better. For even in this old-fashioned comedy she had a chance to act. Here she has practically none, if the word is read in any real sense. Personally she looks a trifle maturer which is a piece [illegible] this is not altogether an advantage.

Shelley Hull has been with her since her during Pinero venture. He did what his part called for, hardly more. Mr. Lawton's Peter was perhaps a shade more entertaining. Miss Johnson had two deplorably melodramatic scenes, which she coped with bravely. Alice John played in key with the comedy rather than with the character she was supposed to represent. The settings were for the most part very pleasing. The last scene excited audible admiration. It had a good back drop, and the bungalow decorations relied for their effect on the use of bright cretonne, as in the once popular "Clarice." The boudoir scene was decidedly a reminiscence of Miss Burke's French farce days.

TOY THEATRE—"L'Abbe Constantin," a comedy in three acts by Meilhac and Halevy.

R.

L'Abbe Constantin	M. Claude Benedict
Jean Reynaud	M. Faure
Paul de Lavardens	M. Renavent
De Larnac	M. Louys
Bernard	M. Jeoffray
Mme. Scott	Mme. Rose Meurville
Mme. de Lavardens	Mme. J. Diska
Bettina	Mme. Revyl
Pauline	Mme. Ducellier

The company of French Players from New York appeared last evening in a romantic comedy. Quaint and old-fashioned, the piece is eminently suitable for the entertainment of youthful students.

The characters are honest, artless souls. The good Abbe, the volatile Paul, the sentimental Jean and the two sisters from America are equally amiable and well-balanced. Then there is Mme. de Lavardens, an excellent, though designing, mother.

The dramatization of the well-known novel attained enormous success when first produced. In 1887 it was given over 200 times in Paris. The following year it was given in English at Wallack's Theatre, New York, with John Gilbert in the title role.

The play differs but slightly from the novel with this exception. A duel is introduced in the second act to enliven matters, while in the book the feeling between Paul and Jean never exceeded a friendly rivalry.

The French authors portrait of two young American women in this play is entirely flattering. Mrs. Scott is a model wife, and plays lady bountiful to the Abbe's poor. Miss Bettina is romantic and ingenuous. Her one desire is not to marry without love.

Mr. Benedict played the Abbe with his customary art in characterization. The old man was sharply defined, lovable, appealing, deeply religious, not merely immersed in pastoral piety.

Mme. Meurville was wholly sympathetic as Mrs. Scott, a part well suited to her. Mme. Revyl was a girlish and attractive Bettina. Mme. Diska as Mme. de Lavardens spoke her lines effectively and was impressively m[illegible].

Mr. Renavent was amusing as Paul. His indecision as [illegible] for either sister was [illegible] portrayed. Mr. Faure's Jean [illegible] excellent [illegible] while h[illegible] in the scene [illegible]. Mme. Ducellier [illegible].

An audience of [illegible] and interested.

CITY THEATRE—[illegible] "[illegible]," a musical [illegible] book by William H. Clifford [illegible] by Miss Overholt; music by William Loraine and Josephine Ransom. The cast:

W.

Roy Longfellow	Roy Atwell
[illegible] Schultz	Dorothy Webb
Otto Schultz	Knox Wilson
[illegible] Ketchum, sheriff	Doyle
[illegible] Ransom, sheriff	Dixon
Sir Roger O'Malley	Walter Lawrence
Madame Pom Pom	Maude Beatty
Elaine	Frances Cameron

The piece was performed for the first time on any stage last Friday evening at New Haven. The program qualifies it as a musical farce; all the characters are greatly exaggerated, and the piece might thus be more appropriately classified as burlesque. There was a very large audience and much applause. The audience, too, was in a joyous mood of expectancy, for "Toodles" was to be sung and it was early whispered around that Mr. Mansfield was in the audience.

The dancing act of Doyle and Dixon, the singing and dancing of Frances Cameron and the doggerel and limericks of Mr. Atwell were greatly enjoyed. The drinking scene in the last act was one of the funniest and most original we have ever seen.

Otto Schultz is the proprietor of a mountain hotel and, like the house of Dionysius, it has 12 rooms. There are but two boarders and they are paying their way—one with blarney and one doing chores. Roger O'Malley is importuned by the landlord. But O'Malley is destitute and the sheriffs have been summoned. Incidentally, the arrival of Mme. Pom Pom, a modiste, and Elaine, her maid, the former reported to be wealthy and seeking a husband, clears the situation, at least temporarily, for the landlord, and the latter suggests to O'Malley that he commence suit for the hand of the modiste. O'Malley, however, falls in love with Elaine, who is told that O'Malley is rich.

The quest of wealth is finally dissolved, all are disillusioned and love triumphs, and there were three weddings in prospect on the final curtain.

Miss Frances Cameron was good to look upon as Elaine. There was a charming manner, a vivacity, a delightful coquetry that was free from gush. Her songs were no less enjoyed than her dancing, and in her pantomimic dance with Mr. McCarthy she was not alone agile and graceful—she was interpretative.

Of Messrs. Doyle and Dixon we have already had something to say. Their act was repeatedly encored and they must be considered an uncommon pair of dancers. They responded cheerfully to their encores and always had something new to give.

Roy Atwell was seen as the poet, Byron Longfellow, and he amused in his droll way. He was the aesthetic fellow, harmless yet distressingly obtrusive.

Maude Beatty was seen as Mme. Pom Pom. As an accomplished "lady" drinker, she is a real surprise for Boston theatregoers, and she is to be seen in her wonderful "capacity" act rather than described.

VALESKA SURATT IN 1915 DANCES KEITH FEATURE

Does Them as if Dancing Was Always Her Specialty.

H.

Valeska Suratt, head-lining the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week and heading her own company of six, tripped through the tango, the fox trot and a variety of other 1915 dances at last night's performance, just as though the dance had ever been her specialty. Appearing in her new version of "Black Crepe and Diamonds," she combines song, dance and stunningly striking costumes in an ensemble that was altogether pleasing and earned for her liberal applause. She is assisted by Melvin Stokes as True Love, the possessor of an unusually effective voice, and by Jack Mann as Gaiety. Then, in addition, the Honey & Honey combination, dancers par excellence, filled in between Miss Suratt's own changes. It was a lively, dashing act, all the more so because of Miss Suratt's presence and personal charm.

Altogether different, but none the less acceptable, was the farce "Fixing the Furnace" in which George Rolland & Co. appeared. Both Rolland as Jerry M'Guinnis, the furnace fixer, and Mike, the microbe, his helper, capitally played by Billy Kelly, have been seen here before, and for 20 minutes the audience roared as it watched the antics of the pair in front of the bothersome furnace in the cellar of Mrs. Brewster, society belle. Then there was Irene and Bobbie Smith, attractive and versatile young women, presenting a series of worthwhile songs, each of which was done in capital fashion.

Bert Errol, female impersonator, sings a number of songs so true to femininity that only his obviously mannish manners upon the stage reveal the truth in advance of his ripping off his coiffure. Mr. Errol has been here before. Rolland and Farrell—it seems strange that there should be two Rollands upon the bill the same week—bring to Keith's a novel specialty, the scene being in a stage dressing room with the actor and the stage hand as principals in the sketch.

Another out-of-the-ordinary act is

[illegible] Theatre. [illegible] proved [illegible] their [illegible] the [illegible] and they were [illegible] and [illegible] found favor with the audience. Charles Thompson, an English juggler, young but clever, open the bill, and there was, as usual, a quarter-hour with the movies divided between the big news events of this side and war scenes upon the other side.

For next week Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has not appeared in Boston for several years, is announced as the feature of the bill.

Feb 3 1915

Several letters with reference to the Aquarial Garden, old shows and old songs—among them one about Pharaoh's daughter—will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

"German Efficiency."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Henderson, writing to the Public Letter Box of The Herald, praised the efficiency of the German postal service because a letter addressed to "Miss Emma, Germany," reached the person thus addressed. This story may be matched by the feat of our own Dead Letter office in delivering to the intended addressee a letter directed "First House in America."

But as to the railroads, I wonder if Mr. Henderson ever had the experience, as I have had, of being refused a ticket for a train not yet arrived at a station, on the ground that if the train had been on time he couldn't have caught it anyway! As my command of the language was, I felt, inadequate to the situation, I yielded my place to a German student next in line. He had a rich bass voice and I was comforted not a little by his rendering of "Donnerwetter noch einmal," but the Koenigliche Eisenbahn, as represented in the person of the ticket seller, was not moved, and the third student in line said simply, "Er nat recht." So we all went out and got on the train and were fined a mark apiece in addition to the fare, for failure to get tickets. I was told the fine would be five marks if we were unable to convince the conductor that we had tried to get the tickets. H. B. H.

Boston.

The Daily Staff.

The people have a right to rebel when the price of bread is raised, but will they? In other countries there have been bread riots, as there have been beer riots in Munich. It was to be expected that the price of bread would steadily mount throughout Europe.

How hard it is in this country to find good bread even on the tables of our "best people"! Some say that the Russian is the best in the world. Prosper Merimee swore by the Spanish. He wrote to Mrs. Childe from Bordeaux: "Tomorrow I cross the Bidassoa in order to eat some Spanish bread—a pleasure which well repays one for the discomforts of travel in that country." Richard Ford has interesting pages about this bread in his "Gatherings from Spain." He describes the wheat-growing districts, "perhaps the finest in the world," on the central tablelands, the best bread, the "pan de candeal," eaten by men in office and others in easy circumstances, and the abominable "pan de municion," black as a hat and coarse and hard as a brickbat. The dough in the best bakehouses was worked and reworked. The home-made bread of England strikes terror to the stoutest foreign soul. It was George Gissing that wrote: "Think of the glorious revolution that would be wrought in our troubled England if it could be ordained that no maid, of whatever rank, might become a wife unless she had proved her ability to make and bake a perfect loaf of bread."

The King's Champion.

We like to think of Mr. Dymoke, J. P., King's Champion, in the police court. It is his duty to ride, armed cap-a-pie, at the coronation into the banquet hall, dismount, and challenge to mortal combat the presumptuous wretch who should deny the King's right to the throne. This gallant champion was fined 20 shillings last month for assaulting his cook. His bravery is the more to be praised because he was not then panoplied. Returning home after stopping at four "pubs," he found Mrs. Dymoke in altercation with the cook. Did he hesitate for a moment? No. He caught cooky by the throat; but here is the sad side of the story: She routed him with an umbrella, which, brandished by an infuriated woman, is as terrible as mace, battle axe, lance or poniard.

An afternoon in four "pubs"! Some of us have read "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," by T. S. Arthur, or seen the moral play based on that thrilling story. Has any one ever written "A Night in Ten Bar-Rooms"? Our old friend, A. Rounder, Esq., is the man who should have written it.

"A Local Habitation."

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see the kind word for Walter Leon Sawyer's "A Local Habitation" this morning and believe with you that that book was not properly appreciated and showed that the writer had the possibilities of a superior writer in him. I wrote a review of it for the old Boston [illegible] successful, but [illegible] as it would have been, had, let us say, to one of its [illegible] to, a New Yorker come over here and written the same book. "Twas ever thus!" It was that little book that made me resolve to spend some years in the South End myself, which I afterward did, in what proved to be the happiest and most illuminating work I ever did in my life. There were exquisite bits in the book, in spite of manifest want of literary technique, and many a story bearing a well known name is far inferior to it. B.

Cambridge, Feb. 1.

The South End and South Boston should have been the most desirable districts for dwelling houses in Boston. But the South End for some years has not been congenial to sensitive souls. We know a man who 20 years ago was forced to leave an excellent boarding house in Upton street—it passed out of existence a dozen years ago—because a fellow boarder, an ingenuous youth thirsting for information, asked him at dinner: "Say, Mr. N., wasn't Napoleon Bonaparte, after all, a great general?"—Ed.

For Antiquarians.

As the World Wags:

Forty years ago, perhaps, I was told that there was some kind of ornamental design—I am not sure that it was a weather vane—on the top of the Boston Custom House, and that this same was carved by a convict in the state prison at Charlestown. Was this true? If it was, will not some reader of The [illegible] give a description of it, and tell [illegible] ornament came to be placed on the [illegible] tom house? E. A. [illegible]

Dover, N. H.

When the custom house was on the north side of State street, two figures carved in wood ornamented the front—Hope, with the indispensable anchor, and Justice, holding the scales. Do you refer to them? We do not know who carved them.—Ed.

French Pieces Translated by Miss Amy Lowell and Produced by Her in Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

An unusual and pleasant entertainment was given in Jordan Hall last evening for the benefit of the Women's Municipal League of Boston. The program included Auber's overture to "La Part du Diable" and two little comedies with music: "The Milkmaid of the Trianon" by Galoppe d'Onquaire, music by J. B. Weckerlin, in which Miss Maggie Teyte took the part of the Countess de Lucienne, and John Campbell that of the Marquis de Brunoy; and "Weeping Pierrot and Laughing Pierrot," book by Edmond Rostand with music by Jean Hubert (Columbine, Miss Teyte; Laughing Pierrot, John Campbell; Weeping Pierrot, George Mitchell). The orchestra was conducted by Arthur Shepherd. William Howard was concert master. The scenery and costumes were designed by Livingstone Platt. Both plays were produced by Miss Amy Lowell, who translated them.

Weckerlin is known here chiefly by his editions of old French songs, but he was a many-sided man. He wrote operas—serious and light—many of the latter were "parlor operas"; he wrote orchestral works and many original songs; his book on folk songs is valuable, and his three volumes of Musical Miscellanies are full of curious facts, statements and anecdotes. "The Milkmaid of the Trianon," which was performed here for the first time, is a trifle but a dainty one. The intrigue is known in many countries. The countess and marquis, not personally acquainted, have been betrothed. Each is suspicious of the other. The countess, dressed as a milkmaid by Antoinette's order, meets the marquis, an officer of the King. He makes love to the milkmaid. He is afterwards disguised as a gardener. She, knowing who he really is, has sport with him.

The intrigue has served as a basis for many plays and operettas, but here it is simply and prettily told. The music is of the old opera-comique school, tuneful without marked distinction, but appropriately scored and suited to the theme. The operetta was first given at Rossini's house in Paris of the Fifties. Miss Teyte acted and sang delightfully. Mr. Campbell, who has a good voice, sang in a manly fashion, but the part of the marquis should be played in a lighter manner and with more elegance.

The story of the Pierrots was told in The Herald last Sunday. There is sound philosophy in the conclusion of Columbine to wed the laughing Pierrot, for she had seen him weep, while the other Pierrot had never laughed. There would be no monotony in life with the laugher, for, as Columbine shrewdly observes, a woman can make any man cry, if she craves variety. Rostand's little play, admirably translated by Miss Lowell, contains sly hits at lachrymose poets and

[illegible] Pierrot [illegible] in [illegible] and in detail.

[illegible] music [illegible] modern, but not [illegible] appropriate [illegible] not without any pronounced individuality. Again Miss Teyte [illegible] the spectators. Mr. Mitchell [illegible] as the Pierrot weary of the world, and Mr. Campbell was more at ease dramatically than in the comedy [illegible]. The orchestra, a large one, played well, and Mr. Howard played the obbligato violin solo in the comedy of the Pierrots with an agreeable tone and much taste.

The two comedies were beautifully staged. The view of the Trianou with its lawn and pond, with the trees and decorations, was restful and effective, while the Italian seacoast in the second comedy was one of the finest settings we have seen in Boston. The colors of sea, sky, the villa and the fruit on the supper table were exquisite. The excellent lighting completed the effect. Miss Teyte's costumes also deserve a tribute of praise.

These comedies will be repeated tonight, and tomorrow afternoon and evening.

'SYLVIA' BALLET AT OPERA HOUSE

The ways and means committee of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, chairman, gave yesterday afternoon in the Boston Opera House a production of "Sylvia," a ballet in three acts, scenario by Barbier and Mérante, music by Delibes, under the direction of Mary Kellogg. One-half the proceeds are to be given through the Red Cross, to the sufferers from the war.

The director of the orchestra was Charles E. Roemer. The chief parts were taken as follows: Sylvia, Elizabeth Letherman; Aminta, Mildred Macomber; Orion, Joseph Chipman; Slaves of Orion, Pauline Chamberlain, W. E. Chamberlain, Jr., L'Armour, Dart; Eros, A shepherdess, Fanny Davenport; Seymour, A Nymph, Beulah Hepburn. The fourteen nymphs were headed by Mrs. Manfred Bowditch; the eleven [illegible] by Edward Ginn; the sixteen huntresses by Virginia Cumner and the [illegible] four peasants by Eleanor C. [illegible].

It was a pleasure to see a "grand ballet," a ballet with a story, produced again in Boston. The ballet was once a favorite amusement in this city. When "Giselle" was produced here at the Boston Opera House by the Russians, it was stated loosely that the performance was the first time in the city, but [illegible] ballet had delighted staid Bostonians at the Howard Athenaeum as long ago as 1846, and this ballet was [illegible] one of many in the Forties and Fifties. Perhaps there is some one that remembers Fanny Elssler who visited this city in 1840, '41 and '42. Surely many recall the innocent ballets at the Theatre Comique; the spectacular shows, "The Black Crook" and others that brought deacons from country towns to [illegible] a fearful joy. But there was a long and dreary stretch when the ballet was only a shabby little sister of the opera, and the dancing as a rule without skill or beauty. Mme. Genee revived interest in the academic art, and then came Pavlowa and her Russians.

It was an ambitious task to produce a ballet which taxes the resources of the largest opera house. Delibe's ballet was seen at the Boston Theatre in 1886, [illegible] not since then. The woman that [illegible] the part of Sylvia in Paris had danced here when she was younger and before "Sylvia" had been written. Perhaps some in the audience yesterday remembered Rita Sangalli and were young again.

A performance, almost wholly by amateurs, and for charitable purposes, is not to be minutely criticised. It can be said in all truth that the performance yesterday was highly creditable to all concerned. It is not necessary to inquire curiously into the precise following of Delibe's score or to question the [illegible] of the slight alterations in the [illegible] that were alluded to in the program. The general effect was pleasing to the eye and the ear.

As was to be expected from amateurs, there was no attempt at traditional ballet dancing with entrechats, pirouettes, etc. Sylvia did not endeavor to emulate the toe-dancing of Sangalli in the famous "Pizzicati." The dancing was more on the "interpretative" order first made familiar to us by Miss Isadora Duncan. And this was eminently wise. To have endeavored to represent the grand academic school would have resulted in failure. As it was, the effects were graceful and expressive. Miss Letherman, while perhaps not so lithe and airy as a traditional nymph of Diana, [illegible] Miss Macomber,

[illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] at the Boston Opera House [illegible] were staged admirably in everything [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] was a [illegible] Orion and the dancing of his two [illegible] of the features of the performance.

But where all contributed to the enjoyment of the large audience it seems invidious to particularize. The scenery was fitting, the costumes were tasteful in design and color, the groupings and action were effective. The committee and Miss Kellogg are to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment.

[illegible]

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans.

Priscian in the Trenches.

As the World Wags:

Would you allow me to make a few remarks about your article in this morning's issue, beginning, "Here is a fine episode of the war"?

The fact that you state is true in substance; but there is an error about the occasion which originated it, and also about the person that it concerns, error circumstantiae et error personae (Latin words are so often quoted in your column that I am allowed to use for a moment a language called "the language of the Right").

The real version of the story you have alluded to is this, according to Figaro: Mr. Ernest Lavisse of the French Academy, the great historian, in the course of a speech delivered not very long after the declaration of war, used the word "inlassablement" (he was speaking of France, of the army and of the resistance that would be opposed to the enemy). Some days after, Mr. Maurice Donnay, also of the French Academy, received from a soldier in the trenches a letter signed Cratile, and submitting to his competence a doubt about the "validity" of the word "inlassablement" used by Mr. Lavisse. The writer said in part: "Is the word 'inlassable' right? Do we not say 'irrationnel,' 'illogique,' 'illegitime'? There is a rule in the grammar stating that the 'in' before a consonant followed by a vowel assimilates itself; therefore, instead of 'inlassablement' it should be 'illassablement,' according to the rule of assimilation."

Cratile was right. "Inlassablement" is not in the French dictionary; nor in truth is "illassable." But when the academicians working on the dictionary come to the letter "I" they will certainly feel obliged to adopt "illassable" instead of the wrong form which has, alas, prevailed in the current language, so much so that an academician like Mr. Lavisse did not hesitate to employ it.

In January one of the regular contributors to Figaro was glad to receive this letter from Cratile and quoted it with pleasure, not because it contained a reproach against one of his most eminent colleagues, but because it showed the spirit that inspire the "pioupious" in the trenches, who, in spite of constant dangers and perils of all kinds, have time to think of such things as the origin and the formation of words.

HENRI D'ARLES,
Officier d'Academie.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 23.

For These Times.

As the World Wags:

Some time has elapsed since the world has wagged to the cadence of a lyric having for its theme bizarre epicurean delicacies—for example, snake sauté a la bonne femme; puree of grape-juice with onion, a la Brian; angleworms financiere. Is it that the world has dyspepsia, or has the high cost of living driven it to an appreciation of simple foods such as sawdust, shot from guns, fake nuts, miniature hair mattresses and other nourishing articles, the virtues of which are extolled in the magazines and street cars?

Let us not despair. Let us speak of fish pie.

"Herring pies were considered as delicacies" (this was in the reign of Edward III.) "even by royalty. The town of Yarmouth, by ancient charter, was bound to send a hundred herrings, baked in 24 pies or pasties, annually to the king." Whether or no a subject was beheaded for each bone which lodged in his majesty's throat, the chronicle saith not.

Let us further speak of other thought-to-be-fish, greatly desired during Lent, and of the punishment which doubtless befell those who indulged in these delectable viands.

"* * * the choice 'vianders' of the 14th century paid epicurean prices for delicious morsels of the whale, the porpoise, the grampus and the sea-wolf. These animals, then considered as fish, were held as allowable food in Lent. It is lamentable to think how much sh[illegible]

[illegible] there [illegible] Mr. [illegible] the [illegible]

We learn from the same [illegible] seeming that [illegible] were together, so I [illegible] as he would if he were doing it all alone, that "a manuscript in the British Museum contains a receipt for [illegible] pudding of porpoise."

Lo, let us cheer up, forget the [illegible] and have herring pasties and pudding of porpoise at our next [illegible] banquet.

H. J. L.

Medford, Feb. 1.

Two Noble Dames.

We should like to hear from that noble dame, the wife of Francois de l'Hospital, Comte de Rosnay, Marshal of France. It was her custom to eat at a sitting seven or eight kinds of soup in basins, a young turkey, two chickens, a fricassee, followed by a soft cheese and apples, or preserves. This joyous dame died in 1651, and her husband found she left debts of which he had no suspicion.

We also mourn Mme. Samois, formerly the Baroness de Courville. Samois wished to marry one of her daughters, but, although the widow was fifty years old, she insisted on his marrying her. She was not a restful person. Samois poured out his griefs to Mme de Rambouillet: "She calls my mother and sister vile names; she has struck my mother and put her in prison, and mother has done the same to her; she has beaten me and I have thrashed her. Now that we are in Paris, she fences all day. She eats forty oysters every morning and let me and the servants die of hunger."

Conservative.

The Shetland Islanders still ignore the Gregorian calendar. Throughout the Islands they celebrate Jan. 12 as New Year's day. The chief toast is "Health to man and death to the grey fish."

TOY THEATRE—"Le Chemineau," a drama in five acts, in verse, by Jean Richepin.

Le Chemineau	M. Claude Benedict
Francois	M. Faure
Maitre Pierre Renavent	M. Renavent
Toinet	M. Jeoffray
Thomas	M. Givret
Martin	M. Louys
Toinette	Mme. Rosa Meurville
Aline	Mme. Guerande
Catherine	Mme. Diska

Richepin's play was played first at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, in 1897, with M. Decori in the leading role. Ten years later Xavier Leroux's opera was given at the Opera Comique, with Hector Dufranne as the Chemineau. The opera was given at Covent Garden in 1910, with M. Roselli as the Chemineau and Miss Elizabeth Amsden as Toinette.

Beerbohm Tree played the part in an Anglicized version of the play, "The Ragged Robin," at His Majesty's Theatre in 1898, while it has been acted in English in this country by Otis Skinner.

The story is simple. Le Chemineau helping the farm hands of Maitre Pierre has a passing infatuation for Toinette, a servant at the farm.

He soon leaves her. Later she is consoled and married by Francois, an excellent fellow. Twenty years later Toinette's son loves Aline, Maitre Pierre's pretty daughter. Her father is enraged at the prospect of such a marriage and threatens to reveal the scandal of Toinet's birth should he persist in his attentions. For Toinet is the son of the Chemineau. Francois is bedridden and of little assistance, but Toinet's own father returns unexpectedly, forces Maitre Pierre to consent to the marriage, then goes his way.

Richepin's verse is sonorous and beautiful and the characters of the sturdy peasants and the light-hearted, irresponsible wayfarer sharply drawn.

Mr. Benedict in the title role played with appropriate force and gaiety. A feature of the performance was Mr. Faure's Francois. Mme. Meurville was a sympathetic Toinette and Mme. Diska capital as Catherine. Mr. Renavent's Maitre Pierre was well sustained.

The play will be repeated this afternoon and tonight.

CHILD DANCER WHO NEVER HAD A TEACHER

Lillian Emerson Shows Wonderful Powers of Interpretation.

Lillian Emerson, a remarkable child dancer, made her first appearance in Boston yesterday at Miss Fogler's studio before a large and representative audience.

It is said that the little girl has never had a teacher, that her dancing is the result of her own imagination and an unusual gift of self-expression through harmonious posturings.

There is nothing of the arrogant prodigy about her. Exquisitely fashioned, fair-haired, flower-like, with a face remarkable for its repose and spiritual beauty, she is modest in bearing, unconcerned in the face of an audience, wholly lacking in self-consciousness.

Her dancing is poetic, spontaneous. She interpreted Kreisler's Liebesfreud and Liebeslied, Grieg's Spring, Navravnik-Roepper's Lullaby and a waltz by Roepper. In these her attitudes and gestures were constantly graceful, varied. She showed imagination and interpretative powers. Her Spring dance was blithe, exultant, the incarnation of joy.

[illegible] the dances [illegible]

[illegible] the Toy Theatre. [illegible] program will be repeated [illegible] at 3.

L. 5 1915

[illegible] of Labiche's [illegible] was played here last week by [illegible] French company. Reading a [illegible] volume that contained it, with [illegible] comedies, we came across a [illegible] that is pertinent today in "Les Voyages du Capitaine Tic," which was performed 51 years ago. Desambois, an appalling prig, is talking with Tic, a cavalry captain fresh from [illegible] now in civil life.

Desambois. To be sure I [illegible] army. I even accept it.

Tic: You are very kind.

Desambois. I accept it as a [illegible] of primitive and transitory [illegible]. But with regard to the speculative [illegible] some sound thinkers, I [illegible] one of them have demanded why [illegible] agglomerations of celibates, [illegible] classed, I admit, under the [illegible] regiments, battalions, companies.

Tic (aside). O, how he irritates me!

Desambois. I repeat, the thinker, the serious philosopher asks anxiously of what use are these unproductive phalanxes.

Tic (at the end of his patience). Of what good?

Desambois. Yes.

Tic (in a burst). To defend the group of serious persons!

Doyle's Degrees.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Lord Timothy Dexter making faces at the Carnegie [illegible] tion reminds one of the story of Paddy Doyle. Paddy Doyle was a [illegible] boarding house keeper of the [illegible] Fifties, whose chief business was supplying seamen to clipper ships after he had relieved them of all their pay and most of their valuables. On occasion, when the demand exceeded the supply, he manufactured A. B.'s by a short and simple process. An A. B., or "able-bodied seaman," was supposed to be able to handle and reef sails, stand his trick at the wheel and to have made at least one voyage around the Horn. This meant, in fact, five or six years of hard experience at sea. Paddy Doyle's way was much shorter. He would take the novice into a room where there was a ship's wheel, a table with a cow's horn on it, and a long stick with a piece of cloth attached. The candidate would twirl the wheel for a few minutes, tie up the cloth to the stick and would then be solemnly marched around the table on which was the horn. Having thus complied with all the requirements, including 'rounding the Horn,' Paddy Doyle would make him drunk, turn him over to the ship most in need of seamen and draw his advance pay as a reward.

Imagine the feelings of the captain caught at sea with one of Paddy Doyle's "A. B.'s"! Imagine the plight of the poor wretch himself.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Dorchester, Feb. 2.

"Milord" at Chester.

As the World Wags:

The self-styled Lord Timothy Dexter, who, I see, is under discussion in your department of The Herald, lived for a while at Chester, N. H. The house in which he lived there—a large, square structure—is still standing, and is in good state of preservation. It is on the main street of the village at the [illegible] of the town, being about half a mile north of the postoffice. Four or five years ago I was in Chester, and as I had occasion to pass the house, I visited it, and as it was then vacant, and as it was open in consequence of being repaired by some carpenters, I went through it and got a good view of it inside as well as outside. I have a post-card picture which I procured of the house when I was at Chester.

Lord Timothy, not to be outdone in royalty, kept a poet laureate, one Jonathan Plummer by name, who wrote [illegible] in glorification of his lord and master. One of Plummer's productions, entitled "Plummer's Alarm to the Unconverted: Being a New Funeral Sermon and a New Funeral Psalm on the Death of Thousands," was printed as a broadside. The broadside closes with the words "Errors expected and excepted," not a bad motto. Copies of that broadside are now quite scarce. On Oct. 9, 1912, a copy which was included in a lot of second hand books, broadsides, etc., retailed at auction in Boston, brought $8.

L.

Boston, Jan 22.

Ah, what is fame! All one recognizes in his Dictionary of Authors several [illegible] Andrew John, "The Na[illegible] [illegible] pshire poet," who wrote [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Matthew [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] the [illegible]

Anticipatory

[illegible] I [illegible] hed a song by [illegible] that was [illegible] sung to the tune of "Dandy [illegible]." The first verse is as follows:

It often has been said of [illegible]
That in our Boston town so [illegible],
A [illegible] is bound to [illegible]
Like the [illegible] of the [illegible]
For my dear [illegible] me, O
I was the cutest man in the [illegible], O
I looked in the Chronotype and found 'twas so,
Just as my crony told me, O.

"Gone West."

Was the phrase "He's gone West," a euphemistic expression for "He's dead," ever common in New England? The London Times published an editorial article on this phrase last month and traces the origin back to the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians. A woman wrote to the Times that in Colorado the expression she often heard for the death of a friend was "He has crossed the range," or "He's passed the Great Divide"; sometimes, "He's gone West." The theory that the phrase originated in East London, and that the "fell significance" comes from "the fatal consequence which the East End melodrama attributes to meetings between the 'Bad Girl of the Family' and the gentleman with the opera hat and the diamond stud from the West End" is justly condemned by the Times. Mr. Beatty thinks that it is the shoreless ocean that has led Irishmen to connect the West with the mysteries of death and the world to come.

Feb 6 1915

Beethoven's No. 4 Given, Finale Having Special Character from Dr. Muck's Reading.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major .... Beethoven
Concerto in D minor, for two violins and Orchestra of strings............Bach
Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen ("Songs of a Traveling Journeyman"), with orchestra. First time in Boston..Mahler
Overture, "Carnival,"...............Dvorak

Of the nine symphonies of Beethoven the fourth and the sixth are the least impressive. The first is historically interesting and its finale is delightfully gay. The second is also interesting as showing the development of Beethoven's musical mind. After the "Eroica" the fourth, in spite of Berlioz's famous rhapsody about the archangel Michael sighing the Adagio when overcome by melancholy, seems a droop in the flight of imagination. Yet there are noble and strange things in this symphony, things that only Beethoven could have written—the introduction, the mysterious measures with the crescendo that majestically re-establishes the chief tonality in the first movement; the superb Adagio. Yesterday the Finale had more than ordinary character, thanks to Dr. Muck's spirited and dramatic reading.

A concerto by Spohr for string quartet and orchestra had been announced, but on account of the Western trip and concerts in the neighborhood this week, there was no time for the quartet to rehearse. Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings was substituted. No doubt the audience gained by the change, for even the admirers of Spohr in Leipzic where his concerto was first performed were not as a rule enthusiastic. A little of Spohr at his best goes a long way. Bach's concerto had not been heard at these concerts since October, 1890, when Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler were the solo violinists. The concert then was in memory of Otto Dresel. Yesterday Messrs. Witek and Noack, the concert masters of the orchestra, gave an excellent performance. The Largo of the concerto is very beautiful. Sir Hubert Parry has written a page to show why Bach's slow movements fascinate persons that are not essentially musical. He argues that the answer is this: the form is "psychological rather than essentially musical." Sir Hubert might be asked what he means by "essentially musical": and cannot the form of a composition be psychological and essentially musical? A hearer may be wholly ignorant of counterpoint and yet be fascinated by the Finale of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which is a miracle of "essentially musical" form. The Largo of Bach pleases because it is very beautiful to the ear and it also awakens emotions in the hearer. The other movements appeal to the audience because they give an opportunity for good fiddling, and a certain persistence in musical figures and in rhythm excites the nerves.

Gustav Mahler's "songs of a travelling journeyman" were heard here for the first time. They are four in number. Mahler wrote the words. The music was composed at Cassel when he was 23 years old and not happy as second conductor at the opera house. This journeyman should have travelled with the Dismal [illegible] of Schubert's familiar song-cycle. Each [illegible] mourned a girl that was [illegible] on was given to [illegible] th[illegible] much to say about [illegible] in the [illegible] and in the [illegible] with [illegible] of his [illegible] heart and the [illegible] tomb. The vocal part of Mahler's songs is comparatively simple, conceived in folk song spirit: the moods are expressed by an ingenious use of a full orchestra, that includes piccolo, English horn, bass clarinet, harp, bass drum and other percussion instruments. The first two songs "When My Love Is a Bride" and "As I Walked Abroad This Morn," are chiefly lyrical with an illustrative orchestra, but the third, in which the youth exclaims that he has been stabbed in the breast, is wildly dramatic. The fourth, "The Two Blue Eyes of My Sweetheart" with its march rhythm, is again sentimental, although Mahler has said that the poem should not end sentimentally. These four songs are unusual. With another singer they might be much more effective. Mr. Paul Draper, who sang them yesterday, has neither the voice nor the vocally dramatic skill to confirm the intentions of the poet-composer.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture is a fine example of the genuine Dvorak, delighting in color, rhythm, fury and tumultuous gaiety. It reminds one pleasantly of the earlier Dvorak, the gifted child of nature with the simple peasant heart and mind, before he had been admired in England and persuaded to write oratorios; before he had been Americanized and fed on "Negro melodies"; before he was tempted in his last years to concoct realistic symphonic poems.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, Symphony in D minor; Monteverdi, the Lament of Ariadne; Bach, Suite in B minor for flute and orchestra of strings (Mr. Maquarre, flutist); Handel, "Dank sei Dir"; Beethoven, Adelaide (orchestration by Schoenberg. Mendelssohn, Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mme. Julia Culp will be the singer.

Some of us remember the sensation made by Miss Braddon's novels, "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd." They were bitterly denounced as "shockers," as stories fit only for kitchen maids and readers of "Dime Novels." Miss Braddon was described as the inventor of the golden-haired heroine, with a sweet smile and winning ways, who would not hesitate to stab, poison, or throw down a well any one that stood between her and her desire. The two novels were dramatized. Charles Gayler's "Aurora Floyd" was produced in 1863 with Matilda Heron, a great and irregular genius, as the heroine. Emily Jordan took the part three years later. The play held the stage for many years. "Guilty Without Crime" was an adaptation of it in the nineties. Mrs. D. P. Bowers was playing Lady Audley in 1863, with Lawrence Barrett as Audley. Mrs. Bowers was still playing the part in 1886. We well remember "Henry Dunbar," Tom Taylor's dramatization of Miss Braddon's novel of the same name, at the Boston Museum, and how our boyish eyes popped nearly out of our head when the corpse of somebody or other was brought on the stage.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) died on Wednesday, greatly beloved and respected. She was busy to the last, an indefatigable worker. The list of her novels is incredibly long, and the great majority are interesting and singularly well written. George Augustus Sala, publishing his memoirs in 1895, speaks of having become acquainted with Miss Braddon early in the sixties. He mentions "Lady Audley's Secret," to his mind "one of the most powerful romances which has (sic) ever been penned since the appearance of Godwin's 'Caleb Williams.'" And then Sala pays her this tribute: "It is customary in this pre-eminently tolerant and gratefful age, when an author has taken the liberty to live beyond the period which the critic thinks propitious to his consignment to oblivion, to declare or to insinuate that he or she has written himself or herself out, and that his or her writings have become utterly and intolerably stale, flat and unprofitable. Miss Braddon has been one of the few instances of practically proving to the critics that they lie in their throats. No single trace of decrepitude or of lack of invention and dramatic energy can be attributed, even by the most malevolent, to the very latest of her novels."

There is a curious legend, still believed in by some, that Bulwer-Lytton had several natural children who won fame. Miss Braddon has been named as one of them. The others—the list varies—were George Meredith, James Thomson, the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night," Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and Dion Boucicault. It's a beautiful legend. Bulwer was born in 1803 and Boucicault in 1820 or 1822.

On the Custom House.

As the World Wags:

I am interested to hear the answer to E. A. W.'s question about a vane on the Custom House, assuming that he has reference to the "old stone fort," for I have never heard of such a vane. I have here two sketches of "proposed stores on State street" (being State street Block) by Gridley Bryant, in 1856, both of which show the Custom House. In one the dome is absolutely bald: in the other, the Stars and Stripes fly from a tall staff on top of the dome. Quite different from the stubby trolley poles that carry the flags over the north and south gables at present. In the familiar view of the front of the Custom House from Long Wharf in 1850, with the [illegible] [illegible] at the head of the dock, a flag is flying from the north gable, and the dome is bare.

GILBERT R. PAYSON.

Boston, Feb. 3.

Browne and Brown.

As the World Wags:

I met Charles Barron in the Quincy market on his birthday recently. He told me he was 75. He did not look it. I could hardly realize that I had known him for something over a half-century. Of course we had a great deal to say about the players we had known during that long period, and we did not forget others in different walks of life that we counted among our acquaintances who had passed away. And chief among them was Charles Farrar Brown, better known as Artemus Ward, the most original, though not the most voluminous of our American humorists. Mr. Barron is one of the few men living who were intimate with him during the height of his popularity. Perhaps the fact that they were both Charley Browns in private led to their intimacy, for it is well known that the actor's stage name was assumed for professional purposes alone. They were good fellows together, genial and not over-pretentious. The career of Artemus Ward, unlike that of his friend, was lamentably brief. It was said that the Savage Club killed him with kindness after he went to London and was hailed as "Artemus the Delicious." His lectures were airy nothings, and his subjects had little to do with what he was saying, but how quaint he was in expression, and what a droll, hesitating way he had of pointing his shafts of wit and humor. They always hit the mark with a surprising ring. Mr. Barron accompanied him on some of his lecture trips, and the jester's comments after they were over were even more funny than his public utterances. Where be his gibes now? Many of the present generation know them not. The last time I saw him he came into the old Saturday Evening Gazette office, then at the corner of Franklin and Hawley streets, to have a sketch about the Village Green copied for republication in a volume. It contains more sentiment than any of his other efforts, and had to do with his old home in Waterford, Me. "Ben" Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), then one of the editors of the Gazette, recalled the times when Charley Brown was a compositor on the Carpet Bag, and wrote for its columns under the pen name of Lieut. Chubb, before he left Boston and became celebrated as Artemus Ward of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But to return to his friend Charles Barron, who was a success as an actor at a comparatively early age and had the good fortune to be associated with some of the eminent dramatic lights of the past at the beginning of his career. It is many years since he played seconds to Edwin Booth at that great actor's own theatre in New York, and the time is now far distant when he was a star on his own account. His later long time of service at the Boston Museum is well remembered. He was the best all around leading man that theatre ever had, and he was equally good in tragedy and comedy, a well-graced player, indeed, whose modesty was a candle to his merit. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Feb. 2.

We spell the name of Charles Farrar Brown with an "e" because he did, at least, in his latter years. Artemus Ward's health was delicate long before he saw the Savage Club.—Ed.

"Le Danseur Inconnu," a comedy in three acts by Tristan Bernard, was given for the first time in Boston by the company of the Theatre Francais of New York last night at the Toy Theatre. The cast:

Henri Calvel.......................M. Renavent
Gonthier...........................M. Benedict
Barthazard.........................M. Faure
Herbert............................M. Jeoffray
Beauchamp..........................M. Givret
Remy...............................M. Givret
Bilvet.............................M. Bernhey
Berthe.............................Mme. Guerande
Leontine...........................Mme. Meurville
Tombelle...........................Mme. Diska
Louise.............................Mme. Revyl
Jeanne.............................Mme Ducellier
Mme. Edmond........................Mme. Louisette

This comedy was given by the same company in New York with great success, and is considered one of the most amusing in its repertoire. The unknown dancer is Henri Calvel, a naturally honest, ingenuous and impulsive young man who turns up cheerfully at a wedding reception, uninvited and in horrowed clothes, where he enjoys himself greatly, eating and drinking with the rest, and stocking up with his host's cigars. He meets Berthe Gonthier, and they fall in love without the ceremony of an introduction. Barthazard, a friend of Henri's, discovering the latter's infatuation, determines to profit by it by bringing about a marriage. Taking advantage of Henri's artlessness and the fact that he is slightly flushed with champagne, he induces him to sign notes making over to Barthazard 50,000 francs in the event of the marriage taking place.

Once having entered into the tangled web, Henri finds it closing about him under the machinations of his friend and Berthe's father. The latter, to whom Barthazar represents the young man as a rich German business man, takes very kindly to him as a suitor for Berthe and between them and his disinclination to deceive the girl he loves, he becomes more and more embroiled, until at the end of the second act he decides to make a clean breast of it and take the consequences. He does so, is shown the door, goes job hunting, and eventually brings up as a salesman in a furniture shop. Berthe accepts another lover, but at last becomes reconciled to Henri through the offices of her friend Louise.

The performance was spirited and was received with great favor. Mr. Benedict as the demonstrative father was very amusing, acting in true comedy vein throughout; and Mr. Renavent as Henri evoked more than one round of applause by his impersonation of artless candor very much worsted by its own attempt at guile. Mme. Guerande as Berthe was pleasing in an unexacting part. There were recalls after each act. The audience was of good size, and keenly appreciative of the performance.

This evening Brieux's three-act comedy, "La Francaise," will be given by special

Feb 7 1915

The Modern Drama Players is an organization formed, we are told, "for the purpose of giving definite expression in this country to that development in the art of the theatre which is sweeping over the entire civilized world, and which may be described as 'The New Stagecraft,' the animating spirit of which is a determination to establish pictorial beauty, the artistic use of design, color and light in the theatre."

When Artemus Ward attended a mass meeting at Birmingham a stern-looking artisan said that the crisis was "sweeping over England like a Cymoon of the Desert!" To which Artemus answered: "Well, let it sweep!" But to go back to the circular of this dramatic organization.

This movement has two phases, "a revival, under modern conditions, of the poetic drama in which the director seeks by the proper use of design and color to give expression to the underlying meaning and symbolism of the poet's work." As an illustration the Players will perform this week at the Toy Theatre, beginning tomorrow night, "Chitra" by the Bengali poet and philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore. The second phase of the movement is the realistic school, "not of course the photographic realism which has already found successful expression in the theatre, but realism in which there is an attempt, as in the poetic drama, to bring out by means of color and design the particular meaning and purpose which animates the play presented." The play chosen to illustrate this phase at the Toy Theatre is "The Bear," by Tchekhof.

A third play, "Womenkind," by W. Preston Gibson, an American, completes the bill. "It unites something of both these schools, while dealing of a more distinctly modern and American set of conditions."

Many in Boston have no doubt read "Chitra." For the sake of those who have not, a synopsis of the play may not be impertinent. When Rabindranath Tagore read his English version of "Chitra" in London (May 9, 1913), the play was described as mythological in character and rich in the epithet and imagery we associate with oriental literature, "but it has that high ethical note which is inseparable from this poet's work and is free from the erotic and unhealthy strain that so largely pervades Indian poetry." The poet tells the story of Chitra, a princess of the royal house of Manipur. She has been brought up to hunt, and is skilled in feats of arms. A woman, she meets in the forest Arjanu, who is vowed for 12 years to celibacy. She begs Vasanta, the god of Love, to make her beautiful. He grants this for a year. "Under her new aspect and another name, she succeeds in conquering the forest recluse, but soon begins to regret her divine endowment, for she finds her hero preparing to renounce his vows. In appealing to him to remain on the spiritual pedestal where she has placed him, she perceives with regret that the gift of beauty has hidden her real woman's worth from him under a passing mask of physical attraction. The rest of the play is a conflict in Arjuna's heart between these two aspects of his bride and another conflict of wonderment in the soul of Chitra as to whether her lord's love will survive the expiration of her term of beauty. Happily, he withstands the ordeal, and the play concludes with the promise of a son. But the real factor toward the happy ending is the admiration that the hero has conceived for the unknown Chitra through the fame of her bravery and benevolence and his delight at the discovery that the peerless princess and his wife are one. It will be seen that the didactic purpose running through the play like a golden thread is the glorification of love and marriage, but still more a recognition of the spiritual influence of womankind * * * When he (Tagore) proceeds to paint natural effects, he excels by virtue of accurate observation, unforced description and a sense of effectual application which cannot be overpraised."

"The Bear," a farce by the Russian Anton Tchekhoff, is the story of the consolation of a disconsolate widow by a dominating and exceedingly rude

[illegible] Miss Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) brought it out in London on May 3, 1910.

In Gibson's "Womankind" has been described: "A sordid little picture of English peasant life done in a short and formal line of monotonous rhythm. An old peasant old blind man and his dejected wife are awaiting the return of their son Jim, who has just stepped out to be married. Their conversation tends to show that he has inherited his father's brutality. Before the appearance of the bride and groom, Mr. Gibson's able [illegible], coincidence, brings in the [illegible] Judith Eller, one of Jim's victims, with her inopportune baby. Everything is now ready for the return of Jim and his wife. They come jubilantly in and are confronted with the evidences of Jim's guilt. Now come numerous pages of melodrama and sentimentality, concluding with the triumphant withdrawal of both young ladies and the baby. Jim is left to take supper in the depressing company of his parents."

These three plays will be mounted in [illegible] settings and costumes designed by Livingston Pratt. "An effort has been made to have them distinctive of the modern movement in this particular." B. Iden Payne, formerly of Miss Horniman's Theatre in Manchester, Eng., and more recently associated with the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago and the Little Theatre in Philadelphia, has staged the plays, and Miss Mona Limerick has come from England specially to play the leading role in "Chitra." The performances will be prefaced by a brief talk by Miss Vida Sutton in explanation of their staging and "the particular message" these plays bring to the American public. Others in the cast are Helen Evilcy, Oliver Hinsdell and J. W. Austen, all professionals.

Miss Mona Limerick, though born in India is of Irish origin on both sides of her family. 'She is an actress who possesses a very individual personality and great temperamental power.' Upon her first appearance in London William Archer wrote: 'It is many a year since so arresting personality appeared on the stage. With her tall, willowy figure and her great dark eyes blazing in a face of extraordinary delicacy of outline, Miss Limerick looks at times like an allegorical embodiment of Tragedy,' whilst in the Saturday Review, in the course of his criticisms, Max Beerbohm said: 'She has a barbaric air and yet an air of being overcivilized. She has an air of belonging to any age but this, and yet she is intensely modern. She might be a Delilah, or a Madonna, or Caassandra, and her acting is no anti-climax to her mystical appearance. She is a tragedian of great power.' She has been prominently associated with Miss Horniman's repertory theatre in Manchester. In 1909 having played in "The Three Barrows," "The Feud," "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," "Nan," "Widower's Houses," "Much Ado About Nothing" in Manchester, she appeared in the theatres of London that year, and she played in the two cities the next year. In February, 1911, she toured as Anne Whitefield in "Man and Superman," Nora in "A Doll's House," etc. In the fall of 1911 she went about with Ben Iden Payne with a repertory of plays. She has won special success in London in Shaw's "Misalliance" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and as Melibea, the heroine of Garnett's adaptation of the famous tragic comedy of Fernando de Rojas, 'Celestina.' It was said of her as Melibea that she was "the incarnate spirit of that ancient and insupportable love-sickness of the Renaissance poets. She was the poet's mood made visible." She now comes to America from engagements in Edinburgh and Birmingham.

Random Personal Notes

Harry Lauder purposes to visit America and Australia again this year, and hopes to go around the world. "I have not yet seen Canada and the Union of South Africa. Then there is India, and our grand allies. Why should I not sing in Japan, and in Petrograd, and in Paris?"

London managers, especially Oswald Stoll of the Coliseum, are attempting to induce Adeline Genee to dance again.

Camille Saint-Saens has written a letter to the Musical Academy of Munich, of which he was a member. "I have not forgotten that German theatres have frequently produced my opera 'Samson and Delilah,' or that I have been the recipient of German decorations. For all this I am thankful. But a stream of blood and wrongdoing now separates us. I can have no sympathy with a people who handle solemn treaties as scraps of paper, who at Leipsic destroyed the incalculable treasures entrusted to them by France and England; who have murdered women and children, bombarded hospitals filled with wounded, and unnecessarily destroyed wonders of art which were respected and preserved all through the wars and revolutions of the middle ages. I can have no sympathy with a nation which allows civilization to sink into barbarism, and impudently announces its resolve to bring three-fourths of Europe under its yoke." He ended his letter. "Once one loved Ger- [illegible] Strange to say, the latter asked the newspapers of M. [illegible]. The Academy decided not to make a reply. What would it say in refutation of the charges?

Mr. H. Plunket Greene, lecturing to a juvenile audience at the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, last evening, on how to sing a song, said it was essential to the success of a song that not only should the audience be under the magnetism of the singer, but the singer should be under the magnetism of the audience. Such magnetism was not disturbed by voices which penetrated to the apartment in which the song was being sung—although perhaps a bomb dropped by a Zeppelin might have that effect. What destroyed the magnetism was not the things one heard, but the things one saw. People who arrived late were the worst enemies to magnetism, and next to them were the people who left early. No one had sufficient strength of mind to keep their eyes from a person who came in late and when they did that the poor old singer and the poor old song were dead. Music could be described as a magnifying glass to make everything more beautiful than in speech. The secret of successful singing was the singer's love of what he sang. The singer must be so saturated with his love of what he was singing that whatever he sang, whether his song was sad or funny, or loud or soft, he must live it all the time he was singing it, and must be sorry when it was over.—Daily Telegraph.

"Speaking as one who had been absent from London for 20 years, Isadore de Lara expressed himself as amazed at the remarkable improvement in British musicians. Their power of expression was today far more intense and they had developed a nervous force and a dramatic sensibility unknown 20 years ago. But they had not yet learnt to look into their own souls for inspiration because, in Mr. de Lara's opinion, they had too often come under the influence, in early youth, of the German school. The speaker urged the young men of today to turn to their own folklore, and build thereon works that would express the national feeling which was vibrating today with so much force in every corner of the world where dwelt Englishmen."

Mr. de Lara's real name is Cohen.

Mr. Arbos, once the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, now violin teacher at the Royal College of Music, London, and beloved in Spain as a conductor, has been in Rome conducting three orchestral concerts. He writes that the orchestra was excellent and the audience sympathetic. Some of the critics said that his reading of Beethoven was the best yet heard in Rome, others did not like it; but he was obliged to give a third concert after only two had been announced.

Robert Loraine, wounded as an "aeroplanist" in the war, has improved so much that he is able to take a voyage to Rio Janeiro.

It is said that Liadov, the Russian composer, who died last August, did not recover from parting with his son, who joined the Russians at the front. The death was from heart failure.

Foreign Musical Notes

The triennial festival which was due to be given at Birmingham, Eng., has been abandoned, and as the critic of the Times thinks, the war has little to do with it. "We had heard depressing reports of the festivals long before the war. The war has given the pretext to the conveners of the festival to declare the position untenable and to retire from it, and similarly the war is testing the strength of all our musical strongholds. We do not believe that this test will be bad for music in the long run, though it is undoubtedly bad for musicians at the moment. It will have three main effects. It will remove altogether certain ways of music-making which had ceased to be a real need; it will retard others for the time being which must revive with renewed strength and in sounder conditions when the strain is past, and it will clear the way for the growth of new efforts. We are inclined to think that the competitive festivals needed a check; there were symptoms of too much exuberance in their growth, too much reliance on the bigness of the event, too much pride in tackling the most difficult music because it was difficult. But in places where these festivals have been guided by a particularly thoughtful and musically-minded committee a very happy combination of performance, utilizing both professional and amateur efforts, with competition, which is chiefly educational, has been reached. This suggests a line on which the war may exert its third kind of effect. By shaking us out of the traditions of the triennial festivals and checking the purely competitive ones before they become stereotyped may it not open the door to a new kind of music-making which will have some of the virtues of both and avoid the more obvious disadvantages of either?"

Viennese musical comedy seems to have received a deathblow through the war. Its popularity was on the wane, at any rate in the allied countries, and now it is likely to be a long time before we have any more. Yet, strange to say, the native talent does not seem to profit thereby for [illegible] in London [illegible]

The Paris correspondent of [illegible] writes [illegible] "No German [illegible] Wagner, not even Beethoven, yet [illegible] the war [illegible] the associated Colonne and Lamoureux concerts MM. Chevillard and Pierne conduct in turns their combined orchestras, reduced in numbers by the mobilization [illegible] will give us back Beethoven. Was not Ludwig Van Beethoven of Flemish descent? Wagner we shall not hear again for a long time. However, the baritone, M. Rouard, the other day sang to wounded French soldiers the Abendstern, from 'Tannhaeuser' to which patriotic French words had been adapted, a neat compromise. M. Vincent d'Indy, a Wagnerite of the earliest times, protests publicly that if there is one German musician whose name should be removed from a Paris street, that one is Meyerbeer, commemorated by the Rue Meyerbeer just behind the opera. He proves conclusively that Meyerbeer, really Johann Meyer Beer, was the one and only composer Prussia ever produced and only of the second rate at that. No other German composer known was Prussian."

Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" has been revised so that the three parts are now within the dimensions of a single concert.

Two performances of "The Messiah" were recently given in one day at Bournemouth Dan Godfrey cut the oratorio so that the afternoon performance without pause took one hour and 50 minutes. In the evening with a pause of 15 minutes the performance took two hours and 40 minutes.

If the Jew's harp (which, by the way, has nothing to do with the Hebrews) is revived for the solace of those in the trenches in this war, it ought really to attain its popularity among the Germans. For there is an historical example of the instrument bringing luck to a German soldier. One of Frederick the Great's farriers so charmed the king with his performances on two Jew's harps that he gave him his discharge and a large money present, and enabled him to amass a fortune playing at concerts. And the greatest performer on it was a German, Charles Eulenstein, whose exhibitions in London in 1828 were very popular—but also, unfortunately, fatal to his teeth.—Daily Chronicle.

Theatre Abroad in War-Time

The military commandant of Munich, Gen. von der Thann, has made this proclamation. "Attention is drawn to the frivolous films, generally of French and English origin, which are displayed in the picture palaces. Cabaret and concert programs are often so compiled as to suggest anything but that we are at war. Not even on the day of national sorrow, when we heard of the destruction of our cruiser squadron, was there any amendment of the usual program. The public takes pleasure in the afternoon 'coffee concerts,' which unfortunately are steadily increasing, and in frivolous operettas and dancing. Even the theatres seem to be abandoning their opposition to this tendency. And all this at a time when our sons and brothers are fighting in the field for Germany's honor and Germany's future. Everybody is entitled to relaxation and recreation, but both must accord with the gravity of the times. That is what our soldiers at the front would demand of us, and therefore: no dancing or any other amusements during the coming carnival! The commandant trusts that the sound sense of the public will render unnecessary a specific prohibition."

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes: "Theatres have reopened shyly and discreetly. Of course, we will have only patriotic plays, or at least plays that can be connected somehow or other with the war. Brave old Corneille has come into his own again. What used to be ironical and sceptical Paris stands up and applauds at the Francaise when in Corneille's tragedy on the Horatii the younger Horace spouts: "Quoi, vous me plaindriez mourant pour mon pays? or the elder Horace roars, "Faisons notre devoir et laissons faire aux Dieux." At each performance the 'Marseillaise,' Mehul's 'Chant du Depart' and the national anthems of the allies are rendered."

The Coventry Nativity play was produced Jan. 14 at the Westminster Cathedral Hall. This old play of the Company of Shearmen and Tailors was produced the first time since mediaeval days at Westminster last year. An effective stage picture was the Annunciation after Fra Lippo Lippi. King Herod provided the comic interlude. Christmas carols were sung and at the end the King's shepherds and women joined in the "Adeste Fideles." The performance last month was for a Catholic hospital where many beds are at the disposal of the war office.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Burnt Cork and Old Corkers

In his interesting comments on old time negro minstrelsy in Boston, "W. B. H." is mistaken in saying that Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge started in old Hor- [illegible]

[illegible] side [illegible] for their use. [illegible] so long [illegible] evidently could not stand the competition. He sold out to them and returned to [illegible] more elaborate [illegible] for his stage [illegible] devices.

I well remember his [illegible] on the corner of what is now [illegible] Washington street [illegible] as we used to call him, [illegible] when he came first to the [illegible] He may have interested [illegible] to start [illegible] Gilmore, [illegible] not [illegible] musician [illegible] enthusiasm [illegible] conceived was [illegible] the two [illegible] which were developed [illegible] tion. An interesting [illegible] with his coming here was told me by a genial Irishman who was [illegible] known as a [illegible] Mr. Gilmore's father [illegible] bandmaster of a regiment, and when the son of this [illegible] as a stranger in [illegible] naturally sought out the old [illegible] and asked what he should do [illegible] employment. The [illegible] round to the place where [illegible] musical instruments and [illegible] what you can do as a [illegible] you ask for a situation.' He followed this advice and the result was that he was hired by Mr. Ordway. I recall Gilmore and his [illegible] with the Ordway Aeolians at the corner of Summer and Washington streets, likewise Dan and Jerry Bryant and John Hackett of the deep bass voice.

The Boudoir had a brief existence. After the Morris Brothers left, it was for a while a legitimate theatre. I [illegible] Emily Mestayer there as Mary, the maid with the milking pail. She was a handsome, mature woman of generous proportions at that time, and on the small stage of this bandbox of a playhouse she looked anything but kittenish. She will be remembered as the mother of Willie Mestayer, the expansive comedian, and also as the aunt of Charles R. Thorne, Jr., whose mother she much resembled. In fact they played twin sisters once in an old time play at the first Boston theatre, on Federal street.

I am of the opinion that the Continental Theatre was Lon Morris's own personal enterprise. At any rate it was not profitable under his management, but it prospered under the direction of B. F. Whitman, who was, I believe, a clothier at one time in Buffalo. "Cinderella" and "The Black Crook," the latter for the first time in Boston, were produced there with Kitty Blanchard, Louise Myers, Fanny Davenport and James Lewis in the casts. E. L. Davenport was the stage manager there. The last time I saw Dan Bryant was at this theatre, after he had deserted burnt cork to become an Irish comedian. The play was "The Bells of Shandon," a drama that I have never heard of since. It did not secure the immortality of Fr. Prout's poem from which it took its name.

The Harmoneons sang at the Melodeon, where the Bijou is now, before Ordway's Aeolians were heard here. Among its members were Marshall Pike and the Powers brothers, vocalists of local celebrity in the Ethiopian line. "Jimmy" Ring, the grandfather of Blanche Ring, appeared with one of the minstrel organizations that occasionally came to Boston before we had any permanent minstrel hall, though I recall him, especially as an actor of negro parts, in the old National Theatre at the North End, and, afterward, of course, as the second low comedian for many years at the Boston Museum.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Feb. 2.

"The Bells of Shandon" was written by John Brougham and Henry L. Bedford for Dan Bryant, who played it at Wallack's Theatre New York in the summer of 1867. We saw Dan Bryant in 1868 as a negro minstrel in Bryant's Minstrel Hall, Fourteenth street, and the Bryants remained in that hall until June, 1870, so if Dan Bryant "deserted burnt cork" he returned to it. He was playing Handy Andy as early, certainly, as 1863, and in 1874 at his benefit at Booth's Theatre he appeared as Tim in the "Irish Emigrant", he sang and danced "Shoo Fly" with Dave Reed; and he was also in "Handy Andy."—Ed.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Letters About Old Boston Shows

The resort kept by Mr. Lee mentioned by "Balze" in a recent issue of your paper was not a garden nor was it named "Washington." It was an ice cream saloon, called Olympic Saloon, and was situated on the westerly side of Washington street, near Winter street. In 184[illegible] it was altered into a theatre and opened March [illegible] that year, the opening [illegible]

... the ... In 18.. it ... the Washington Theatre ...
Boston, Feb. ...

To the Editor of The Herald:

Your correspondent F. S. S., in the Herald's issue of the 28th ult., writing of Barnum's Aquarial Gardens, acknowledges that he is a little vague whether or no there were turns like our vaudeville of today.

If my memory has not lapsed with the years, I should say "No." In an adjacent room there were theatrical performances. One distinctly remembered was "Lady of the Lions." The leading part was taken by a young lady with a very large mouth and beautiful understandings. The only "freaks" were the Bushmen from South Africa, widely advertised as heathen, quite a novelty to my wondering eyes, for at that time I was a Sunday school scholar, often singing of the "heathen in his blindness." My curiosity was aroused as to the propelling power of the white whale. This power was found in the basement, the steam boiler being tended by one of the heathen. The quantity of spiritus frumenti which he could stow away showed that his education had not been neglected while under the Stars and Stripes. No one seemed to enjoy the passing show more than Japanese Tommy, then filling an engagement at Morris Brothers Minstrels. Seated in front of the monkey cage, well supplied with peanuts, he was indeed their friend.

MOODY AKERMAN.

Newburyport, Jan. 28.

Mr. E. A. Haskell of Windham, N. H., writes: "Billy Morris was noted for his immense mustache, and his piece de resistance was whistling 'Listen to the mocking bird.' He was said to have had a hole bored between his front teeth to trill by."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Referring to the recent letter of your correspondent, W. B. H., regarding Ordway's Aeolians, I would say that they were performing at the old hall, which under the old numbering was 165 Washington street, as early as 1854. Myron W. Whitney sang with the Buckleys some years later under the name of M. Williams. J. F. Rudolphsen, a prominent bass singer of those days, was also one of the Buckley Serenaders under the name of R. Fredericks.

John P. Ordway was organist of the Rowe (now Chauncy) Street Church, corner of Bedford and Rowe streets. His minstrel business interfered with Saturday night choir rehearsals, so on these evenings Miss Carrie Symonds acted as substitute. Deacon N. D. Gould was leader of the choir, and Henry C. Barnabee was one of the singers. The church has now become the Clarendon Street Church. Ordway's Aeolians were succeeded in the same location by Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge.

HAMILTON.

Boston, Feb. 2.

To the Editor of The Herald.

Reading articles about Eph Horn and his songs in The Herald, I should like to inquire if any of your readers remember a sketch, "The Power of Music." Lon Morris came on the stage, sat down and began a song with his banjo. In came Eph Horn dressed as an old colored man. After conversation Lon played, Eph sang and started off. Lon again began playing and Eph stood transfixed, but went back to beg Lon to stop playing, for he could not go out while the music continued. I can still see Eph standing like a statue while Lon was playing.

T. E. HILL.

Bourne.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Pharaoh's Daughter in Verse

I recall a version of the finding of Moses that I heard some 15 years ago. Although I cannot supply the author's name, I am given to understand that this account of what actually happened was given out by one of the maids who had an influential relative who was janitor at the City Hall is Ramascs. Here is the rale thrue story:

When Pharaoh's daughter went down to the wather
Shure there was young Moses a shwimmin around;
Wid his basket all handy, and a stick of swate candy,
To kape him from cryin' ontil he was found.
Says she to her maithen, "Bring here the young haythen"
Yer trotters be shakin', ye lazy colleen,
If the water once wets him or a crocodile gets him,
No crocodile's tears ye'll be shedding I ween;
So shtraight from his shwimmin, he was brought to the wimmen,
And it shows how the blarney is woman's chief joy,
For as shure as I'm shpakin, a nate bow he was makin';
"Begorra!" says she, "He's a broth of a boy."

Plymouth.

JOHN A. BEEVER.

We still prefer the version told by Michael Moran and recorded by Mr. W. B. Yeats.—Ed.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Parlor Concert in 1821

It was a spring evening in a quaint colonial house, standing back of the Common, on elm shaded Front street in Exeter, N. H.

The perfume of English honeysuckle and flowering currant came in on the evening air, through the open windows and the wide open hall door, from the long garden back of the house.

As one entered the spacious landscape parlor lighted by large bronze lamps, in which whale oil was burned, and candles in silver candelabras, the first glance was softly kaleidoscopic in coloring and conveyed the impression that you had stepped across the ocean into a foreign land, one whole side of the room being a view of the "Bay of Naples" with Vesuvius in the distance (brought from Italy when the house was built in 1809).

Ladies and gentlemen were seated in stiff, straight backed chairs, the ladies in long-waisted brocade dresses, with hair held in place by high carved shell combs, the gentlemen in ruffled shirt fronts and white stocks.

The sound of music calls you back from a study of the pictured walls to a beautiful woman seated at the Broad wood London piano playing the farewell sonata of Beethoven, after which she sang the tender old ballad, "Allen Percy." She was Miss Mary H. Withington of Boston, a grand-niece of Dorothy Quincy Hancock, and a daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Withington, vice-president of the Handel and Haydn Society. She was a guest in this hospitable old time home. The next number was a song accompanied by the lute, "Have You Seen But a White Lillie Grow," anon., 1615, by the accomplished sister of the hostess, "Aunt Frances." "Departed Days" was then sung by the whole company, after which came "Hearts Ease," a tune for the bass-viol, anon., 1550, by the host. Then followed a collation in the dining room, where all the delicious dishes known to the epicureans of those days were served from India china brought from over the sea in another century.

The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," as the lights grew dim and the candles flickered and went out.

Good music, literature and flowers are handed down to us unchanged from age to age, and we have today the musical works of the old masters as they were written, while the violets that bloomed for Sappho when she wrote her poems will be blooming for us the coming spring.

S. B. L., Boston.

GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. An audience of good size was highly appreciative. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata in A major, op. 2, No. 2; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor; Schubert, Sonata in A minor, op 42; Glazounov, Sonata in B flat minor, op. 74.

It was on Nov. 18, 1902, that Mr. Frederick Lamond, a Scot, born in Glasgow, with a grim, granitic, merciless countenance and locked jaws, played four Sonatas of Beethoven in Steinert Hall. He undoubtedly would have played five, if he had not been afraid of interference by the police. As it was, the night was a night of wrath, a night of trouble and distress, a night of wasteness and desolation, a night of darkness and gloominess, a night of clouds and thick darkness.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch has a softer heart. He played four sonatas, but four composers were represented: there was more contrast, more variety. And think what he might have done in this season of strange programs! Mr. Bauer recently played pieces by three "B's". Mr. Gabrilowitsch might easily have arranged programs with pieces by three "G's": a classical program—Orlando Gibbons, Gade (Sonata), Gaensbacher; a modern program—Gabrilowitsch, Grovlez, Granados, or Grieg, Ganz (as a delicate tribute to a colleague), Godard. Or, as Mr. Bauer gave a recital of dance music, so Mr. Gabrilowitsch might have given a concert of gavottes, from the time of the French clavecinists to Sgambati.

As it was, his program, granted that the arrangement of four sonatas in a row is ever to be commended, was skilfully planned. Beethoven's sonata, one of the three dedicated to Haydn, is well calculated to display the peculiar grace and elegance of Mr. Gabrilowitsch style. The Largo called for more emotional performance, but the pianist remembered that passion or deep emotion was not expected in the piano music before 1800, and he did not force the sentiment of the composer. Nothing could be more delightful than Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing of the Scherzo, which is practically a minuet with a trio based on a Slav folk song.

The first movement of Chopin's sonata was played in the heroic manner, in a fiery spirit that was almost impatient of the lyric interruptions. In the funeral march Mr. Gabrilowitsch allowed the music to speak for itself. There are pianists who when they come to this march remind one of the man freshly widowed who asked a friend if he was sufficiently sorrowful at the funeral in the house. Assured that his behavior was that of a grief-stricken husband, the mourner asked: "Did you see me at the grave?" "No. I am sorry, I couldn't go." "O you ought to have seen me at the grave. I raised Cain at the grave." We have heard pianists do the same with this funeral march. Fortunately Mr. Gabrilowitsch is not of them. There was no deliberate attempt to imitate muffled drums or a tolling bell; nor was the air of the trio choked with sobs. All in all, an emotional, yet manly, performance.

Schubert's sonata in its purity of form and melodic wealth is easily the first of his works in this field. Even the austere M. Vincent d'Indy, who mourns the fact that this genius wrote so much and at such haste, at random and without a solid foundation, smiles on this sonata. And is there any of Schubert's works that is more Schubertian in its haunting melodies, its ravishing vacillation between major and minor, its rhythms that at times suggest Hungary and the gypsies? Even the variations after the manner of Weber's are tolerable and to be endured. Glazounoff's sonata had been played here earlier in the season. It is a routine work, showily brilliant, without solid contents, without national characteristics or universal interest.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's excellent qualities. His is a sensitive, poetic nature, charming in moods of contemplation and introspection and also in lyric flights, nor are stormier emotions and bursts of passion alien to him. Admirable, too, is his unerring sense of values, his mastery of rhythms, the finesse of his technic. In what he did yesterday there was heart as well as mind.

TOY THEATRES—"La Francaise," a play in three acts by Eugene Brieux. First performance in Boston.

Bartlott	Mr. Renavent
Gonthler	Mr. Benedict
Charles	Mr. Faure
Pierre	Mr. Louys
Roquelot	Mr. Jeoffroy
Jean	Mr. Valery
Husson-Servet	Mr. Glvret
Un domestique	Mr. George
Marthe	Mme. Ross Mcurville
Genevieve	Mme. Revyl
Leontine	Mme. Georgette
Le petit Jacques	Mme. Juliette Calime

The Theatre Francais of New York concluded its Boston engagement last evening with the first performance here of Brieux's comedy. It was easily the most entertaining piece in the repertoire presented in this city. The dialogue is witty. The American is represented as seen by a Frenchman. There is also the moral that all French women are not linnet-headed and lights o'love.

Bartlett, an American, with his friend Charles Gonthier, visits France. Charles, French by birth, but educated in America, is on his way to see his father. He stops to visit his uncle at Trouville, where Mr. Bartlett has an opportunity to study home life as it is understood in France. Bartlett's ideas of French women, however, are limited. He flirts with the charming Mme. Gonthier, Charles's aunt by marriage. His astonishment is great when he is severely snubbed by Mme. Gonthier, a devoted wife.

Incidentally Charles falls in love with his pretty cousin Genevieve. There is general rejoicing and a happy ending. The company acted with much spirit. Messrs. Faure and Renavent gave vivid impersonations of the two Americans. They even Americanized their French while they spoke the occasional English words in the text with commendable clarity.

Mme. Meurville was sympathetic and gracious as Mme. Gonthier and Mme. Revyl an attractive Jenne fille. Mr. Benedict was capital as Gonthier.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Sembrich. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Thuel Burnham. His first appearance here. Bach, Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Mozart, Pastorale Variee; Schubert, Impromptu; Schumann, Carnival; Chopin, Three Preludes, Berceuse, Valse, Polonaise; Debussy, Mazurka; Borodin, Nocturne; Moussorgsky, Gopak; MacDowell, Shadow Dance and Polonalse.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Raymond Havens. Beethoven, Polonaise, C major, op. 89; Brahms, Variations on a theme of Paganini (Books 1 and 2); Schubert-Liszt, Auf dem Wasser zu Singen; Chopin, Scherzo, B minor, Etude, F minor, op. 25, No. 2, Prelude, E flat major, Barcarolle.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch. Kurt Schindler, accompanist. Scarlatti, Son tutta duolo; Gluck, The Rippling Brook; Anon, Oh Leggiadri occhi belli. Paisiello, Chi Vuol' la Zingarella; Schubert, Du liebst mich nicht, Die Post, Einsamkeit; Schumann, Wenn ich frueh in den Garten geh, Fruehlingsnacht; Duparc, Soupir; Bizet, L'Avril; G. Faure, Les Berceaux, Fleur jetee; Grainger, Died for Love, A Reiver's Neck Verse (British Folk Songs); Rimsky-Korsakov, Song of the Shepherd Lehl; Moussorgsky, The Beetle; Arensky, The Little Fish's Song.

Steinert Hall, 8.15. Songs by Charles Fonteyn Manney, sung by Stephen Townsend. Mr. Manney, pianist; Mrs. S. E. Stott, horn. A song of April, Orpheus, The Blue Hills Far Away, Daisies, May Morning, Transformation, Parted Presence, Softly Sounding, I'm Wantin' You, Jean, Heart of Hearts, Sweetheart, Sigh No More, Since We Parted, Give the Deep Night and Day, Be Near to Me, Oblation, The Rose of the Night (obligato for horn), A Shropshire Lad (cycle of five songs).

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Feb 8 1915

The Daily Chronicle of London pays a graceful tribute to Mrs. Fields. "The last link with the Boston of Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes and the rest of that company of high-minded and high-hearted men of letters is now broken by the death of Mrs. Annie Fields, the widow of the man who published them all. A beautiful, admirable and most spiritual woman, she had attained a greater age than her looks avowed, for she was Dickens's hostess on his first as well as on his second visit to the United States." After describing her house on Charles street, the pictures and autographs, the writer says: "Mrs. Fields lived in the present as well as in the past. She had in a high degree the characteristics which must strike all visitors to American homes and American clubs—intellectual alertness. There is nothing quite like it among women of European countries."

Tobacco on the Stage.

Those who saw a visiting French company play "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" here a little while ago may remember that Gaston, the Marquis, smoked innumerable cigarettes. Poirier at the end of the play says: "It's now 1846." The question was asked whether cigarettes were smoked in the Paris of the Forties. We know that the habit of smoking cigarettes was then in fashion with certain French women, and near the Rhone beggars, according to the excellent Mrs. Romer, had "paper cigars (called cigarettes) in their mouths." But of this we may be sure the original Gaston in the play did not smoke cigarettes on the stage.

In 1882 George Augustus Sala protested against too much smoking on the stage as a nuisance, "and its development should be resented by the patrons of the drama." "The 'jeune premier' rarely fails to puff a cigarette or two in the course of each act; the prodigal father of the virtuous and hard-working heroine sucks a short 'cutty'; and the unscrupulous swindler lights a 'regalia Londres,' and watches the blue smoke curling upwards, while he revolves in his mind fresh schemes of villany." We are surprised to find Sala speaking of a "short" cutty.

The earliest stage direction prescribing smoking that Sala could find is in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Perez is discovered "in a very mean lodging house seated and smoking." The comedy was played in this way at Covent Garden in 1825, but in Stockdale's edition of the dramatists "printed from the text," with Colman's notes (1811), there is no stage direction as to smoking. This was probably a case of traditional stage business. There has always been pipe smoking in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Paul Pry." Sala thought that a pipe was smoked in "No Song, No Supper"; he knew that a real leg of mutton was eaten. "The earliest cigar that I can remember on the boards was the mild Havana smoked by the late Alfred Wigan in 'Still Waters Run Deep.' Then came Mr. Eccles's cutty pipe in 'Caste'; and now cigars and cigarettes in actors' mouths (the ladies even have a whiff at a papelito occasionally) have become universal and offensive."

In some European theatres smoking on the stage is rigorously forbidden. The cigarette girls in "Carmen" were not for some years allowed to smoke on the stage of the Vienna Opera House. No doubt the tragedy of the Ring Theatre had much to do with this. Mme. Maria Gay, by the way, says that women do not smoke in Spain, least of all the cigarette girls.

Varia.

An angry Englishman writes to the Pall Mall Gazette protesting against its use of "an objectionable word, which is an American importation, 'cluhman.' The word is not known in England except in the press." Tut-Tut, pish, likewise go to! Thackeray wrote of Addison, he was "one of the most resolute clubmen of his day."

Thomas Carlyle wrote to Charles Eliot Norton with reference to his life of Frederick the Great: "It was good hard drudgery—sifting mostly a monstrous accumulation of lies—and of the nations the German lies with the most scrupulosity and detail."

A cork leg saved on Feb. 4 the life of Mr. Kuhn, a Virginian stockman, who was unable to swim. Yet some time ago we received a letter from a sitter in the seat of the scornful de-

[illegible] ow [illegible]

[illegible] obtain [illegible] When obtained [illegible] properly cooked. [illegible] points the way [illegible] "First, dispense with [illegible] women. (Women do [illegible] red herrings. One [illegible] knew all about them, [illegible] died in the year 1879, and as [illegible] women are concerned, the secret [illegible] her.) Next, get a coal fire [illegible] Then [illegible] an iron poker over [illegible] and place the herring on [illegible] The fish will ignite. This [illegible] of the process. Turn the fish [illegible] There will be more ig- [illegible] This, also, is part of the pro- [illegible] two minutes, or three at the [illegible] for con- [illegible] Thus cooked it is a dish [illegible] a rival."

MME. SEMBRICH

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Die Post," "Trockne Blumen," "Die Farelle," "Ungeduld"; Schumann, "Widmung," "Lieder der Braut" (No's 1 and 2), "Auftraege," "Der Sandmann," "Er Ist's", Brahms, "Vorschneller Schwur," "Wie Melodien Zieht es," "Botschaft," "Nachtigrall," "Vergebliches Staendchen", Rachmaninov, "Keen the Pain"; Monuiskzo, "Spinning Song", Debussy, "Fant o ches," "Green"; La Farge, "Longing," Norwegian Folksong, "Kom Kjyra." Richard Epstein was the accompanist.

The art of Mme Sembrich is still young. She sang without effort and with fine control of breath in sustained phrases. Her voice is still golden, still haunting in quality. Yesterday it was fresh and in good condition. The upper tones were not lacking in power or brilliance. The singer was vocally effective in passages of lyric sentiment or dramatic outbursts.

Mme. Sembrich, too, is a lieder singer of the first rank. Her interpretations are varied, emotional, compelling. The program was one which essentially demanded an interpreter of a high order for there were no florid operatic arias to reveal the ravages of time.

In the songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms it were difficult to say which song was given with the most consummate art. Still there were conspicuously memorable moments as in Mme. Sembrich's performance of "Trockne Blumen," "Lieder der Brant," "Der Sandmann," in her exquisite singing of "Wie Melodien Zieht es" and "Nachtigrall." In all of these the singers displayed rare beauty of tone, tenderness, delicacy, genuine emotion.

Rachmaninov's song is effective. This is also true of Moniuszko's "Spinning Song" but, while Mr. La Farge's "Longing" evidently gave pleasure and was repeated, he has done better things. "Schlupfwinkel," for example, and "I came with a song."

"Kom Kjyra" of little interest in itself served to display the singer's voice and ended the program brilliantly.

An audience which crowded the hall, while many sat on the stage or stood, was constantly enthusiastic. The singer was gracious in adding to the program. Among her additional numbers were Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht," Arensky's "In Dance I but lately embraced her" and "The Lass with the Delicate Air."

Feb 9 1915

DITRICHSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Phantom Rival," a play in three acts adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from "The Legend of the Wolf" by Ferenc Molnar.

Sascha Taticheff	Leo Ditrichstein
Frank Marshall	Malcolm Williams
Dover, an author	Frank Westerton
Earle, an actor	Lee Millar
[illegible]rnard	John Bedouin
[illegible]ar	J. M. McNamee
Louise Marshall	Laura Hope Crews
Mrs Van Ness	Louise Wolf

"The Phantom Rival" is an unusually interesting play, and it is admirably acted. It is unusual, not so much because there is a play within a play, a play of fancies in a woman's mind that takes visible form, but because an ingenious idea is logically developed and carried out to the end without halting or hesitation.

An author sitting at a table in a restaurant tells an actor that every woman in her youth has an ideal lover. She may marry another and be a good wife and mother, but the image of the ideal will be always before her. (It might also be said that after marriage a husband often looks back on some school girl and thinks how much happier he would be if he had chosen her.)

In this restaurant [illegible] and his wife are quarreling, or rather he, in jealous vein, is nagging her. A stranger comes in, Taticheff, a stranger to him, but Mrs Marshall gives a start and there is recognition on his part. The husband, furious, leaves with his wife. They are to go to a ball that evening. While they are resting he finally worms out of her the story of her ideal; a young Russian, who was devoted to her. When he was suddenly called away, he wrote to her that he would return, a famous general, diplomat, singer; and even if he failed and were only as driftwood, he would be faithful to her. The husband reads the letter and calls it mush. He bids his wife rest.

In her mind, half awake, Mrs Marshall fancies she meets her ideal, now in New York, at the ball. As a general he tells how he fought for her and owed his promotion to her; as a diplomat he changed the map of Europe for her sake; as a singer he underwent drudgery till he was famous, and all for her. She is ready to leave husband and child to follow each embodiment of her ideal. Finally, as she is outside the house waiting for her motor car, the ideal appears as a one-armed tramp, and to him also she would be loyal. But in each instance the ideal flouts her because she did not wait loyally for his return.

The scene at the ball with the various apparitions of the ideal is exceedingly well managed, and in fact the mounting of the whole play is worthy of Mr. Belasco at his best.

The Marshalls are ready to go to the ball, which the wife has attended only in her mind. Taticheff appears on important business with reference to a contract in Russia. The husband leaves the two alone. Then is the scene of disillusionment. Taticheff has forgotten all about the house in Brooklyn; forgotten that he ever wrote a letter. He served in the army, but in the commissariat. He never rose in the diplomatic service. He gave up singing because the lessons were boresome and his uncle did not think the calling fit for a gentleman. He commends her brandy which he mixes with curacao, and he has much to say about a rich girl whom he hopes to marry. The ideal fades away forever.

This story is true to nature in the fundamental idea and it is told in a most entertaining manner. The cynicism which is inevitable, is not bitter; it is humorous and wholesome. Many women, disappointed, or thinking they have cause to be disappointed, cherish an ideal. They are not always allowed to discover that the legs of their idol are of clay. They may not see him again after marriage; and this is fortunate for him. They may meet and he may not reveal his weakness, his selfishness.

The dialogue, crisp, natural, calls for comedians who can vitalize that which is realistic and daily. In the first act the conversation between Dover and Earle was well managed; parts that are minor but indispensable to the exposition. The other minor parts were also well taken. The burden of course fell upon Miss Crews and Messrs. Ditrichstein and Williams.

Miss Crews's impersonation was singularly lifelike. There was no thought of a woman assuming a part. There was no glimpse of the actress behind the character. Mrs. Marshall must have spoken, must have moved, fretted, pouted, dreamed, in precisely that manner; so she must have fancied her hero after the years of separation. In the imaginary ball scenes she was the romantic girl, exuberant, reckless. In the scene of disillusionment there was no visible contempt, no melodramatic remorse. She was amused; amused at the Russian's forgetfulness and lack of appreciation; amused at her own foolishness. Yet what would have happened had Taticheff in the flesh sworn everlasting love and reproached her for her infidelity? Did she put aside her romanticism when she donned her ball dress? She was in a flutter when her husband left her alone with the Ideal. And here we were reminded of a scene in Mr. Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," when Conrad fell asleep at night, expecting a visit in his chamber. The visitor came—but Conrad slept and she did not awake him. Louise Marshall tried to arouse Taticheff; but Taticheff had thoughts only for the brandy and the girl rich in so many thousand pigs.

Miss Crews's performance is flawless in conception and in detail. Mr. Williams's Marshall is also worthy of the warmest praise. As for Mr. Ditrichstein, he was delightful in every way—in his simple scene in the restaurant, as the phases of the Ideal, especially as the diplomat and the tramp, and above all as the fatuous and forgetful visitor.

Seldom in Boston are we allowed to see such an entertaining comedy; a comedy which, while it is not didactic, should serve as a stimulant and a corrective. And seldom do we see such excellent acting. A visit to the Colonial will reassure those that are willing to deplore the "decadence" of the stage and to lament the disappearance of naturally gifted and well-trained comedians.

[illegible] Yo [illegible] of [illegible] Fra [illegible] tal men [illegible] ging women by their [illegible] f [illegible] g [illegible] ng the [illegible] ment [illegible] which "Japanese Tommy" [illegible] was only a succession of well [illegible] American gentlemen with walking sticks or umbrellas politely offering their arms to ladies as they escorted them along the sidewalk. We should "see our [illegible] as others see [illegible] not only morally but physically.

Lovers of Detail.

An inquiry into a certain delay of traffic resulted in the following report published in the Great Western Railway Magazine. "I have looked into this matter, and find that the circumstances attached to it are most extraordinary, viz., the sender has since declared himself a bankrupt, the carman who collected the goods is now at the front, the invoicer has since resigned, and the porter who dealt with the traffic and inserted the weight upon the note was a supernumerary, and has not been employed here for a long time."

It was Lord Eskgrove who thus condemned a tailor to death for murdering a soldier: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life (which was his own), but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majesty's."

Coffin Nails—I.

For some reason or other London newspapers have had much to say of late about the history of cigarettes in England. One tobacconist, who is truly loyal, now swears that his Turkish cigarettes never came from Turkey, England's foe; they are filled with tobacco grown in Macedonia, which is now Greece, and the tobacconist unblushingly declares that he has been lying for years. But is the tobacco grown in Macedonia? The Daily Chronicle informs us that Turkish cigorettes were sold in London long before Virginians. The first Turkish shop was opened in Leicester square in 1861 by John Theodoridi, a Greek who held a commission in the Russian army. At first these cigarettes were fitted with card mouthpieces, according to the Russian fashion. American cigarettes were not sold in London until 1875, and the cheapest cost a shilling for twenty. The first cigarette sold in London without a card mouthpiece had one end turned up but in 1865 cigarettes open at both ends were put on the market. The greater number of high-class "Turkish" cigarettes approximate in length and thickness the original "Cambridge" ones. This name was given by the Regent street tobacconist that invented them. The prices of the first ready-made cigarettes in London before the Virginians came ranged from one shilling upward for a loudly-decorated box of a dozen. Card mouthpieces went out of fashion. Then came tips of glass, cherry, web, tobacco leaf, cork, amber, silver, rose leaf, violet leaf, silk. The gold tip was invented in 1891. Now the Spanish fashion of smoking is recommended: "You may easily get the habit of holding a cigarette between your inpressed lips so that it remains perfectly dry until it begins to burn your teeth."

Coffin Nails—II.

In America as in England, many of the first cigarette smokers carried a package of cigarette papers and a bag of tobacco. In the early Seventies at Yale College the only made cigarette was the Honradez from Cuba, and that had to be re-rolled. A chromo-lithographed wrapper surrounded each little bundle of 25, and bore a Spanish motto, which being interpreted meant: "My works shall justify me." The average student, however, carried a bag of Lone Jack, with the delightful motto, "Or seek no farther. Better can't be found": or Fruits and Flowers, or Durham. The first American-made cigarette we remember was the St. James, strong with perique. Later came the Sweet Caporals, Richmond Gems, etc. A student from New Orleans smoked pure perique. It came in a huge roll with a little machine like a miniature hay-cutter. There were some that never mastered the art of rolling a cigarette. They should have studied the rules given by Richard Ford in his "Gatherings from Spain" for making "paper cigars." (Ford went to Spain in 1830; his book, consisting of pages omitted from his Guide Book to Spain in the second edition, was published in 1846). "A leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder; it is then jerked into the paper leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off, and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the bonne bouche, the breast, la pechuga. The little ends are thrown away; they are indeed little, for a Spanish forefinger and thumb are quite fire-browned and fireproof." The Spaniard smoked a cigar in third, to save expense and not to gain in time, for time was cheap and tobacco dear. But was there then no tobacco prepared for pipe or cigarette? Ford wrote about the [illegible] women, that some were said to

[illegible] to [illegible] hundred.

We Don't Know.

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly answer [illegible] as follows: "The distance between the [illegible] American pier in South Boston and the Hamburg-American line pier." If possible, would like to know number of feet.

Boston. JOHN J. WADSWORTH.

Ending in "Ough."

As the World Wags:

I have recently been taunted with the old gibe at the difficulties of the English language, illustrated particularly by the great number and varied pronunciation of the words ending in "ough."

I have made a somewhat [illegible] search and maintain that there are not 20 words in the whole language which end in that way. I have excluded the word "lough" as being Scotch and not really English.

Can you, or any of your observant friends, name a full score?

Boston, Feb. 6. C. W. P.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Miracle Man," a comedy drama by George M. Cohan, from the Frank L. Packard novel, was presented last night for the first time in Botson. The cast.

The Patriarch	W. H. Th[illegible]n
John Madison	Geor[illegible]
Helena	Gail [illegible]
Harry Evans	[illegible]arie B[illegible]
Michael Coogan	James C. [illegible]
Hiram Higgins	Frank [illegible]
Martha Higgins	A[illegible] G[illegible]
Betty Higgins	Ma[illegible]
Tom Holmes	Clifford Dem[illegible]
Mary Holmes	N[illegible] Fra[illegible]
Eddie Holmes	Percy He[illegible]
David	Frederick Mayn[illegible]
Bobby	Daniel Bur[illegible]

The test of a play like this is always the same. It is not a question of plausibility, or truth, or ethical teaching, but simply whether the supernatural element about which the play is written succeeds in carrying its thrill over into the audience; succeeds, that is, in compelling that audience into a state of belief, even if that belief be but momentary. To admit that "The Miracle Man" does this, as one must, is to admit that it accomplishes its object as a dramatic entertainment.

Similar problems have been attacked within recent years, and their solution achieved with rather uneven success. A comparison with "The Servant in the House" is inevitable, but not very useful if carried into details. "The Witching Hour," with its introduction of "hypnotism at sight," perhaps prepared the way. Since then "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" repeated, with only a half-way effectiveness, the idea of "The Servant." "The Miracle Man" is on a plane distinctly less literary than any of these, but at the same time quite as effective theatrically.

Considered in the light of cold reason, the story of "The Miracle Man" is neither particularly plausible nor particularly deep. It is the story of a venerable faith healer—"The Patriarch"—who holds a little Maine village absolutely in his sway, but for a few new and as yet sceptical families. So great is his power that for 25 years—or it may be 28, or some like figure—no case of contagious disease has occurred in the town. All the townspeople go to him with their slightest aches and pains, and these he heals—free of all charge. His cures of rheumatism and nervous complaints are particularly wonderful and have earned for him his miraculous appellation.

One day a "master crook" in New York gets word of his existence, hears the story of his cures, and determines to exploit him for his own gain. His plan is, briefly, to get two "fake" cures performed on accomplices and "plant" these in newspapers throughout the land. At the same time he has introduced into the old man's household a "long lost niece" of the healer, in reality another confederate. He reasons that within a few weeks scores of people—millionaires, lots of them, ready to pay anything for a cure"—will be on the spot, and, if satisfied, will shower down donations in the form of four and five figure checks.

All this occurs, also, what one expects, the conversion, one by one, of the accomplices. It would be a sorry service to prospective audiences to tell in detail just how this is done. Suffice it that after the "fake" paralytic is cured, in the second act, the emotional impetus of this cure is sufficient to perform a real cure on a town boy who is a cripple. Little Eddie Holmes walks, and his walking is the beginning of the end of the gang.

This scene, which closes the act, is splendidly prepared. When the cure comes before one's eyes one believes—if only for the moment. The thrill is very real. Skilful craftsmanship has provided the right moment, and the [illegible] ly intense acting of Percy He[illegible] the rest. It carries on [illegible] genuine emotional ex[illegible]

...oo oft [illegible] so far as [illegible] on tr[illegible]h [illegible] given the cl[illegible]m[illegible]x in a[illegible]t 3 [illegible] by all means to end w[illegible]h th[illegible] t[illegible] tain.

The uniformly capable act[illegible] [illegible]comes distinguished in the case of [illegible] H[illegible]ton, and above even the us[illegible]l l[illegible]el with Frank Bacon and Frederick M[illegible]rd. The figure of the Patriarch, pl[illegible] [illegible]y William H. Thompson, is simp[illegible] a figure. The playwright has a ch[illegible]ice, in a piece of this type, either of hoping to secure a convincing actor or of taking the safer course and letting the audience assume the existence of a power which is not exhibited. Mr. Thompson has no acting of any importance assigned him. Gail Kane, as the "woman," is very satisfactory, thanks largely to her personality, which always pleases. Mr. Nash has the arch-crook role, and carries it off with a dash. Mr. Browne gives a strong but unpleasant study of a "cocaine fiend." The settings are distinctly Mr. Cohan's, being conceived and executed in the style of the Gen. Grant period of American interior decoration.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First Boston performance of "The High Cost of Loving," with Lew Fields, a farce in three acts, adapted from the German by Frank Mandel. Staged by John Emerson. The cast:

Ludwig Klinke....................Lew Fields
Emma, His Wife....................Alice Fischer
Cora, His Daughter....................Charlotte Ives
Edward Hauser....................George Hassell
Rose, His Daughter....................Grace Meinken
Albert Bean....................James Lackaye
Lawrence Tucker....................Thomas Carrigan
Anthony Tiedemeyer....................Wilfred Clarke
Noel Burnham....................Ernest Lambart
Godfrey Burnham....................Nicholas Burnham
Mathilda Burnham....................Ida Darling

The performance did not commence till 8:35. There was a crowded house and the audience was a brilliant one, and there were repeated curtain calls. Seldom has such genuine and uncontrollable laughter been heard in a theatre.

Mr. Mandel's adaptation is called on the program "a novel repast in three courses," and we hasten to agree that the designation is apropos. The first two acts are excellent specimens of stage craftsmanship. The action gallops after the manner of true farce and the characters appear, not as though they were pushed into a scene, but in harmonious relation to the story. The lines are brought up to the speech of the hour and are genuinely funny. In fact, there was a spontaneity and dash to the whole performance, and such a network of complexities, that it would be indeed hard to follow were it not for the work of the chief performers.

Ludwig Klinke, a mustard king, is essentially a man of business, though he has had his fling before his marriage. His wife, Emma, a statuesque and assertive woman of middle life, is president of the local Purity League. She is determined that Ludwig shall shine as an active member of the league. There is a pretty daughter, Cora, who would marry the gay young lawyer, Lawrence Tucker, and there is prompt parental objection, for this Tucker has already been investigated by the league and a shady past is unearthed. Then there is Albert Bean, Emma's brother-in-law, and Edward Hauser, Emma's brother, both interested in Klinke's household, and naturally in the league. All commence an investigation on behalf of the league to ascertain the masquerader who is the father of a child of some 25 years ago.

But the principal male investigators have each a past of his own and each in his turn, and in the utmost secrecy, reveals to the other a misfortune of other days.

The arrival of the mother and father of Noel solves the difficulties. The gay dogs of other days are happy and everybody is happy.

Mr. Fields—the Lew Fields of musical comedy—surprised even his most enthusiastic admirers as an interpreter of farce. His Ludwig Klinke was a real human being; and, farce and all, there were those who pitied him in his predicaments. His manner of conveying despair is his alone, and he made every little point bring its laugh and never went over the same ground twice. Altogether one of the most interesting in the gallery of a long career on the stage.

Alice Fischer as the wife of Ludwig was the comedian of the grand old school. She was first of all the wife and none the less the president of the league. She tore about in majestic importance and we all understood her purpose. The Albert Bean of James Lackaye and the Edward Hauser of George Hassell were each capitally pictured, and, with the exception of the Cora of Charlotte Ives, who was inclined to be a bit wooden, the remainder of the cast answered well.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Marshall Montgomery, versed in the art of ventriloquism, interested and amazed two audiences at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday with his wonderful skill. "He commences where t[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ave off [illegible] [illegible] way the theatre program d[illegible]scribes Mr. Montgomery, that d[illegible]scriptio[illegible] just about fills the bill. There is not a movement of his lips perceptible, yet he throws his voice perfectly and makes his little Negro accomplice talk and sing and even snore. Mr. Montgomery himself eating, drinking or smoking at the same time. It was altogether the best act of the kind seen at B. F. Keith's and Marshall Montgomery received more applause than any other ventriloquist has ever been given here.

There were several other excellent acts upon the bill. Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols, long Boston favorites, bring this week a side-splittingly amusing sketch entitled "A Quiet Room" that the overnight lodger finds anything but quiet. Not quite so noisy, but almost, was Harry Breen, the rapid fire folde-rol-de song writer who makes up verses about people in the audience as he goes along, spotting one victim after another for a four-line jingle. Miller and Lyle introduced a black-faced novelty in a ragtime boxing bout that was cleverly executed.

Brandon Hurst, assisted by Frank Dekum, as Bob Connell, his rival in love, and by William H. Conley, in the role of the servant, presented a comedy entitled "The Girl." Hurst, as Frederick Hawley, and Bob Connell meet with pistols at 20 paces over the hand of a girl. Hawley falls as if dead upon the first report, and his rival hurries away to escape, but in his hurry he did not overlook taking the girl along with him, and the curtain falls upon Frederick Hawley finding that he has again been "outgeneralled."

Kurtis's educated roosters furnished an act entirely out of the ordinary, the roosters showing a degree of intelligence that was really surprising. Josephine Davis, assisted by Billy Geller at the piano, sang several songs, her "Yiddish Wedding" being easily the best. Her gowns were a feature. The Gardiner trio presented various modern dances and did a lot of graceful work, even though on one occasion two of the three did slip on the carpeting, falling to the floor, but arising uninjured, although somewhat embarrassed. The program concludes with the Great Okabe troupe.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Opening night, "The Merchant of Venice," by the Henry Jewett Players. Cast:

Antonio....................Henry Crocker
Salanio....................Frank Gregory
Salarino....................Albert LeRoi
Bassanio....................George Relph
Gratiano....................Leonard Mudie
Lorenzo....................L'Estrange Millman
Tubal....................Frank Bertrand
Shylock....................R. D. MacLean
Portia....................Viva Birkett
Nerissa....................Viola Compton
Balthasar....................Beatrice Terry
Prince of Morocco....................Claude Beerbohm
Prince Arragon....................Frank Conroy
Launcelot Gobbo....................Max Montesole
Old Gobbo....................Ernest G. Cove
Leonardo....................Dorothy Carter
Jessica....................Mary Forbes
Duke of Venice....................H. Asheton Tonge
Clerk of Court....................Charles Combe

The story of Shylock and the pound of flesh—the plot that never ravels with age—was the choice of the Jewett Players last night, and the production was well received. An appreciative audience helped the presentation.

The cast was fortunate in its high lights. Those characters which must be good or the play is bad, were good; Shylock, Portia, Bassanio and Launcelot Gobbo. Scenery and stage management were excellent, and save in the last act there was little hesitation in the rendering of lines.

In the fourth act, as befitted a Shakespearean play, the best work was done.

Mr. McLean as Shylock did his best work of the repertoire thus far given by the company this season. He was most emotional as the father, who mourns a daughter "worse than dead"; most terrible in his triumph of revenge; most an actor when forced to accept his defeat and yet rebelling against the curse of Gentile law. His words rasped their way, and his features pictured remarkable depths of anger and despair. His Shylock may be improved, but it is a good Shylock.

Bassanio rose on occasion to necessary heights, but not above them. There are better adapted parts than this for George Relph, but his hard work deserved the recognition it received. In his scenes of love fulfilled his emotion was well controlled and expressed.

Lorenzo was perhaps more graceful in his figure than in his speech, but this, doubtless, will improve when the lines come more freely. Enunciation in several parts was not perfect, and such a fault needs a quick remedy.

Interest centred around the appearance of Mary Forbes, for the first time in the cast. She has made a high name for herself in England, and her strength will have a lasting benefit to the company. Last night she played the part of Jessica, and no adverse criticism can be made. She was as sweet as a young Jewess should be, and as bold as the daughter of a Shylock must necessarily be. It is to be hoped that she will be seen in roles where there is more action.

TOY THEATR[illegible] The Modern Dra[illegible]a Players in three one-act plays. "The Bear," a comedy by Anton Tcheckof.

Helene Ivanovna Popova....................Miss Vida Sutton
Grigori Stepanovitch Smernov....................J. W. Austin
Louka....................Oliver Hinsdell

"Lonesome-Like," by Harold Brighouse.

Sarah Ormerod....................Kate Morgan
Emma Brierley....................Hellen Evily
Rev. Frank Alleyne....................Oliver Hinsdell
Sam Horrocks....................Whitford Kane

"Chitra," by Rabindranath Tagore.

Gods.

Madana (Eros)....................Miss Hellen Evily
Vasanta (Lycoris)....................Oliver Hinsdell

Mortals.

Chitra....................Miss Mona Limerick
Ayuna....................J. W. Austin

A new dramatic organization, the Modern Drama Players, gave its first performance at the Toy Theatre last evening, before a brilliant and interested audience.

Before the performance Miss Vida Sutton, a member of the company, explained the artistic aim of the organization, to present one-act plays of varying schools of drama in the best possible manner and in accordance with the ideals of the "New Stagecraft." These demand that settings and lighting reflect the spirit of the play and emphasize the dramatic importance of design, color and light.

The plays chosen for the opening bill were sharply contrasted. The first, from the Russian, was but mildly amusing and of feeble interest. The surrender of the fascinating widow to the rude and masterful creditor of her dead husband was divined from the start. The humor was crude, and much of the dialogue idle chatter. In the desire to be unconventional the author is too often bald and even childish.

The widow was played with distinction and charm by Miss Sutton, who was further to be praised for her excellent diction and for her well modulated voice. Mr. Austin was appropriately boisterous as the creditor and Mr. Hinsdell was comic in servile despair.

"Lonesome-Like," which has been played in New York, is a study of life in a Lancashire village. Sarah Ormerod's hands are paralyzed. She is doomed to the poorhouse. Her parson can give her no assistance, but sends a smiling curate to speed her on her way with a testament as a parting gift. Sam Horrocks, "strong of arm but light of head," has another solution. The girls call him a simpleton and he misses his bed-ridden old mother who rated him soundly in return for his care and devotion. Sarah's tongue reminds him of the dead. Why should she not end her days with him and continue the illusion? Thus the old woman's difficulty is solved.

This little play in dialect served to reveal excellent acting on the part of four members of the company, Miss Morgan, Miss Evily, Mr. Hinsdell and Mr. Kane. Each one was effective as old Sarah, Emma Brierly, the Rev. Alleyne and Sam. There was unaffected simplicity and clever delineation of character.

"Chitra," a play in nine scenes, taken from an episode in the Mahabaratta, is a charming example of the poetic drama. The dialogue is flowery, picturesque, rhapsodic. Rare poetic expressions are put into the mouths of the lovers. The scenes are idyllic, tender, passionate.

Chitra, a princess descended from a line of warrior males, brought up as a man and the protectress of her country, loves the young hero Arjuna. For him she would be irresistibly beautiful. The God of Love grants her supreme beauty for a year. Chitra wins her lover but frets at the thought of the waning year. Will Arjuna love her for herself when her beauty has faded. The young man is equal to the test.

Miss Lemerick was a comely princess, graceful in action and in repose, but her voice was constantly tuned to mournful cadences. She chanted overmuch. Mr. Austin read his lines effectively and was an ardent lover.

The plays excited admiration for the art with which they were staged. Mr. Platt's settings of the first two were admirable in every detail and in the Indian play the illusion of the Orient was complete in color, design and lighting. The performance also excited interest in forthcoming productions by the society.

Feb 12 . '15

PIANO RECITAL BY T. BURNHAM

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Thuel Burnham gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Mozart, Pastorale varice; Schubert, Impromptu, Schubert-Liszt, Erl-King; Chopin, Three Preludes, Berceuse, Valse, Polonaise; Debussy, Mazurka; Borodin, Nocturne; Moussorgsky, Gopak; MacDowell, Shadow Dance and Polonaise.

We are informed that Mr. Burnh[illegible] born at Cedar Rapids, Iowa studied the piano with William Mason and later with Leschetitzki; that for some ye[illegible]rs he has been living in Paris.

At present he is not a mature and ripe pianist. His technic, while it is fluent in some respects, is not equally and fully developed. He should cultivate a keener sense of rhythm. As an interpreter he has much to learn.

For his performance of the Toccata, a transcription of the familiar organ piece, lacked dignity and breadth. The great chords were not given their full value. There was a prevailing and nervous restlessness; yet there is such a thing as repose in speed. Nor were there sufficient dynamic contrasts in the toccata and in the fugue. Either Mr. Burnham did not consider the size of the hall with its admirable acoustic properties, or he is a Boanerges of the piano. Here as in the transcription of the Erl King he was too frequently violent and violently ineffective. And in the Erl King there was a curious unsteadiness of rhythm in the dialogue passages, and unsteadiness that marred Mr. Burnham's performance of Chopin's Waltz and Berceuse.

As an interpreter Mr. Burnham has little romantic feeling. This lack was noticeable in Schubert's Impromptu and in the pieces by Chopin. He should strive to acquire a more beautiful touch; he should be more moderate in the use of force, for his force yesterday was seldom musical; he should endeavor to sing a melody with more sustained tones. Perhaps he is not blessed with the faculty of self-criticism. He certainly, with his present acquirements, could learn much by listening to the playing of many pianists now before the public.

An audience of fair size gave him a friendly reception.

It has been thought that the prudent citizen was the citizen who applied himself to solid gains and did well for himself and his family and completed a lawful life without debt or crime. The greatest poet sees and admits these economies as he sees the economies of food and sleep, but has higher notions of prudence than to think he gives much when he gives a few slight attentions at the latch of the gate.

"A Local Habitation."

As the World Wags:

May I also add a word in praise of Walter Leon Sawyer's work? He had the making of one of our foremost novelists. Better publicity for "A Local Habitation" might have made it all different with him. That is one of the best Boston stories written in recent times. Howells praised it handsomely in an article that also had like cordial words for the work of another talented Boston author and journalist, young at that day—John D. Barry. No collector of Bostoniana could afford to be without a copy of "A Local Habitation." Sawyer had planned a Boston trilogy. The second in the series, following the lodging house life of "A Local Habitation," was to depict a typical South end boarding house. But, discouraged by the lack of commercial success for his first novel, he gave it up and devoted himself to the daily grind of his calling. Among his magazine writings were some delightful humorous sketches in the Century. One of them was about an attempted "lobster trust." SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Boston, Feb. 3.

We did not have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Sawyer, but he wrote to us in December with reference to an article that had been rejected by some publisher, who, although he had requested it, returned it as "too vulgar and dialectic." The article which Mr. Sawyer enclosed was dialectic but it was not vulgar. In this letter he said: "I have a queer kind of South-Ender ('The House in Erin Street') now going the rounds of the publishers. It will land somewhere and sell, I think, because it is overwhelmingly 'cheerful' and has no guts." Is this the novel to which Mr. Baxter refers?—Ed.

"Handsome Jack" Barnes.

Mr. J. H. Barnes, the play actor, is well remembered in Boston. He was last here in "The Whip" at the Boston Theatre, playing the part of the fine old crusted sporting Marquis of Beverley. His entertaining memoirs have been reviewed in The Herald. A copy of the volume has been accepted by King George. An extract from a letter by Mr. Barnes, dated Jan. 22, shows that business is not suffering in all the theatres of London. "I am playing in 'Peg o' My Heart,' which is a huge success. No one thinks it is at all a good play, but Miss Laurette Taylor has made a really colossal personal success in London and we are playing to 'capacity' business at every performance. It (the play) looks like running for months. Last week our receipts were over $9000." The play is at the Globe Theatre.

Smelly Boston.

As the World Wags:

Isn't Boston the wo[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this side the Arcti[illegible] circ[illegible]? Wherever I go, whether in [illegible] vehicles, public institutions or private offices, my [illegible]fac

[illegible] Those who have tried to read the newspapers of the Public Library know the results of hot, foul air [illegible] to [illegible] The newspaper [illegible] in the [illegible] a [illegible]. It looks as if [illegible] there had been to [illegible] by the same body of air, [illegible] changed, from November to May. Of course that were impossible [illegible] though the windows were hermetically sealed, for some relatively pure air would be brought in by the lungs of [illegible] and breathed out to temper the noxious foulness. As to the electric [illegible] cannot be characterized in language fit to print. Those coming in from Worcester are the worst that I ever [illegible]. As a matter of fact, when I have to come to town from my suburb on one of these Worcester cars I stand on the [illegible] platform with my nose out of the [illegible] door, and endure as best I may the whiffs of disgusting effluvia that [illegible] from the interior, where the [illegible] of filth and poison sit complacently breathing that vicious dope. I had to wait in an office the other day while a man who was to attend to a matter of business for me had a long [illegible] conversation. The air of the place was so hot and foul that I went outside into the corridor. My man expressed surprise, and when I mildly protested that the air of his office was [illegible], he said, "Why, what's the matter with it?" He told me that his partner had fallen ill and been forbidden the place, yet he was breathing the same slow poison without any suspicion of the danger. If Boston drank water as [illegible] the air it breathes the mortality [illegible] appalling. AURA PURA.

Brookline, Feb. 8

Reed's Mot.

As the World Wags:

The mot of Thomas Brackett Reed's [illegible] which J. D. Hashagen quotes [illegible] communication in today's Herald [illegible] as I have always understood, [illegible] with reference to Benton McMillin, a representative in Congress from Tennessee. The form of the mot as I have heard it—somewhat different from the form given by Mr. Hashagen—[illegible] "He never opens his mouth without adding to the world's fund of misinformation." OBSERVATOR.

Feb 5.

"At the Piano."

As the World Wags:

If not a violation of trade secrets, kindly tell me why the name of the accompanist is omitted from a concert program. The audience is usually informed at the bottom of the leaf of the name of the maker of the piano. I should not suppose anyone would [illegible] a snap who manufactured the instrument, but for one who realizes that the accompanist is oftentimes an artist and a scholar and the second in importance in the success of the evening, it is a pardonable curiosity to wish to learn to whom he is indebted for the pleasure he is getting.

D. O. N.

The name of the accompanist is almost always printed in the program. If it is ever omitted, it is because the accompanist was not determined upon when the program was printed. For [illegible] the fashion to print, "Mr. [illegible] or Miss Slapper [illegible] at the piano," never under the piano, or against it or on top of it.—Ed.

Feb 11 1915

[illegible] tell a strange story about the two children of a Norman gentleman [illegible] Sotteval. His wife, Elizabeth [illegible] Saint-Simon Courtaumer, laying out [illegible] grounds said, "Here I'll plant a tree [illegible] our elder son, and here one for the younger." The sons were little at the time. The tree of the older one grew up [illegible], but it was green and thriving. The other became beautiful to look at, [illegible] straight, but it withered and died, and only a little shoot remained. The elder son, Jean Antoine in fact, had a distorted figure but otherwise was well. The younger, named Auderville, who was well-built, died of the smallpox three months after he had married the only daughter of a Madame de [illegible]. There is a profound moral in this story, if we only could find it.

Surprising Ignorance.

Mr. Knoedler of New York is certainly a witty, entertaining person as the witness stand, but is he a deal-game sport? We doubt it; for he swore that he had never heard the word "pie-eyed" before he attended the trial that is reported at length in our journals of civilization. And Mr. Knoedler lives in New York! He was "pie-eyed." An admirable phrase, although it is not in the largest dictionary of slang. As for that matter neither is "zymos." The beauty of "pie-eyed" is that there can be no mistake about the spelling. Thus there is dispute concerning "ory-eyed."

His Last Part.

He was a rather ridiculous old actor, who had settled in the village of Frevel [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] just [illegible] him. [illegible] his triumphs in tragedy [illegible] countless. He had occasionally condescended to comedy—high comedy, of course—and had succeeded in that line as in others. And the old actor, with his long [illegible] black wide-awake and black cloak, strode out of the cafe homeward, the laughing stock of the village—not unkindly though, but gently laughed at in peacetime.

War came, and the Prussian army came to the village. The old actor was one of the few inhabitants who remained and he looked like the chief notability. "Bring him to me," said a German major, and four German soldiers brought him. Where were the French troops? Which way had they gone? What was the best road to such a place? "Aha!" said the old actor, "death or dishonor is what you ask of me," and struck a noble attitude. The German officer simply said that he must give the information or be shot. "Treachery? I never played villain's parts," and the old actor, still histrionic, strode up to the wall, where he stood, and was shot.—Daily Telegraph (London).

That White Whale.

As the World Wags.

I notice in the article signed "F. S. S." in re "Gardens of Yore," a reference to the white whale. I remember the white whale, but place the garden near the southwest corner of the lot formerly occupied by the "Old Boylston Market," which stood on the corner of Washington and Boylston streets. The "garden" was approached by an alley leading from Boylston street. I may be wrong as to the location, for I depend upon my recollection as a small child. L. E. G. G.

Boston.

A Tragic Morning.

As the World Wags

When Edmond About's "Turco" died, the works of his watch were destroyed by his captain in order that it might ever after indicate the time of his friend's death. Was such a practice ever common?

My attention was once called to the fact that a large share of the dummy wooden watches hung as signs over horologists' doors indicated the time as 18 minutes past 8, and I was informed that this was adopted because it was the moment Abraham Lincoln expired on Saturday morning, April 15, 1865.

I remember that was about the time we received the message of his death in Boston. That was before the ticker had come into general use, and we used to go to the Merchants Exchange in State street for early news. A large crowd had assembled there that morning when "Mac" came out of his telegraph booth and ascended the short flight of steps by the blackboard. The expression on his face was enough; we all obeyed the murmur of "hats off!" and he read the short message to us. Suddenly the ensuing silence was broken by an increasing roar in one part of the crowd. An unfortunate young man there had made a remark that his neighbors interpreted as expressing regret that Johnson, too, had not been assassinated. If it had not been for the, I cannot say cool-headedness, but the better judgment of a few, I believe we might have had a lynching then and there. These surrounded the young man and protected him in their midst. "For God's sake, men, stop and think what a disgrace this would be to Boston!" shouted one. The seared unfortunate was hustled into the telegraph room and locked safely in. When at length comparative calmness ensued he was given an opportunity to explain that what he said was that it would not have been so great a calamity if Johnson instead had been the victim. A few years later when people realized impeachment's futility in getting out one who went in so tight, they probably would have been more charitably disposed toward the impudent young man. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Boston.

There is a passage in Mrs. Pennell's life of Charles Godfrey Leland that may be quoted here. She speaks of a hurried visit to Philadelphia that was never to be forgotten. "For before he was out of bed the morning after his arrival but also of his departure, news was brought to him of Lincoln's assassination. He saw men weeping as he went through the streets to the station; the towns he passed that day were draped with black."

Students of political history think that Andrew Johnson was a much abused man, and the impeachment was a blunder. There are interesting pages on this subject in the memoirs of Gideon Welles.

Did not the dummy wooden watches indicate the time as 18 minutes past 8 long before Lincoln was first elected President?—Ed.

PIANO RECITAL BY MR. HAVENS

Mr. Raymond Havens gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Beethoven, Polonaise C major, op. [illegible]; Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Paganini; Schubert-Liszt, Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Chopin, Scherzo, B minor, etude F minor, op. [illegible] No. 2, Prelude E flat major, Barcarolle.

Beethoven's Polonaise dedicated to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia was composed in 1814 and inspired by the presence of sovereigns in Vienna in that year.

Mr. Havens's program was calculated to display his technical achievements, which are above the ordinary, rather than his gifts as an interpreter. Brahms himself used the variations for his finger exercises. He was, too, the first to play them—in his own concert March 17, 1867. He told Moritz Rosenthal that in playing them, he should make a pause after the first book "and then, if the people have not had enough, go ahead with the others." The second set is the more interesting.

Mr. Havens's technic was fully equal to the demands of the variations. He has an agreeable touch, facility and a certain brilliance in execution.

His playing of pieces by Chopin showed a sane conception and a fidelity to tradition. He was most effective in the Etude and Prelude.

A large and friendly audience was appreciative.

Fr. 12 1915

CONCERT BY MRS. GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Kurt Schindler accompanied her. There was an audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Scarlatti, Son tutta duolo; Gluck, The Rippling Brook; Anon, Oh [illegible]; Sgambati, Occhi belli; Paisiello, Chi vuol' la Zingarella; Schubert, Du liebst mich nicht, Die Post, Einsamkeit; Schumann, Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh, Frühlingsnacht; Duparc, Soupir; Bizet, L'Avril; G. Fauré, Les Berceaux, Fleur jetée; Grainger, Died for Love, A Reiver's Neck-verse; Rimsky-Korsakov, Song of the Shepherd Lehl; Moussorgsky, The Beetle; Arensky, The Little Fish's Song.

The program was agreeably varied. Schubert's "Du liebst mich nicht" and "Einsamkeit" are unfamiliar to many concert goers. It is strange that these songs have been neglected by singers for the former by its passion recalls one of the same composer's "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and some songs of Tschaikowsky, while "Einsamkeit" is singularly expressive. It was a pleasure to hear Duparc's beautiful song. This composer is gradually coming into his own. Then there were two songs by Percy Grainger, the Australian now in this country, who although he has been writing for some years has just been discovered in New York. His "Reiver's Neck Song" is for a man, not a woman. The whole of his last group would have attracted more attention if it had come earlier in the concert.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch was known here as a singer before her marriage. At first she was hampered by nervousness. With the years she has gained much in confidence and somewhat in technic. Even when she suffered from nervousness, her emotional nature was easily recognized. Now it might be said that good qualities of her voice are recognizable in spite of the manner in which she sings. She should sing better than she actually does. Her ambition is praiseworthy, she has an intellectual conception of the song; but she is not yet mistress of the art of expressing her sentiments and emotions in vocal language. We do not refer so much to certain mannerisms, witness a certain agreeable emphasis on final consonants when the song is in German as to a method of singing which too often stultifies her honorable and artistic intentions. Yesterday her control of breath was not always sure, and the curve of phrases suffered thereby. She should guard against a certain monotony of tone color. In Schumann's folk song and in Duparc's "Soupir" she was less openly anxious to gain effects and in these songs she gave pleasure.

STEPHEN TOWNSEND SINGS SONGS BY C. F. MANNEY

Composer Accompanist at Recital in Steinert Hall.

[illegible] Townsend [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] Hall [illegible] a recital of songs by Charles Fonteyn Manney [illegible] at Steinert Hall last evening.

The songs were "A Song of A[illegible]"; "The Bl[illegible] Hills ar[illegible]"; "[illegible]ies"; "May Morning"; "Transformations"; "Pa[illegible] Pre[illegible]"; "[illegible]eth Through My Soul"; "[illegible] Wantin' You, Jean"; "Heart of Heart"; "Sweetheart, Sigh No More"; "[illegible] We Parted"; "God Give Thee [illegible]"; "Night and Day"; "Be Near [illegible]"; "[illegible]lation"; "The Rose of Night"; "A Shropshire Lad"—Song Cycle.

The subjects were widely [illegible] and displayed Mr. Manney's versatility, imagination and skill in [illegible] expression. Mr. Townsend, who sang with his accustomed taste, a[illegible] the [illegible] of the audience [illegible] suffering from a severe cold. [illegible] composer revealed himself as a [illegible] and brilliant accompanist. [illegible] friendly audience [illegible].

BILLIE BURKE REOPENS AT THE HOLLIS THEATRE

Billie Burke in "Jerry," Catherine Chisholm Cushing's comedy, "Positively reopened" last night at the Hollis Street Theatre.

The play closed during its second performance, Feb. 2, when Miss Burke was taken ill. She went to New York with her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, and returned to Boston Wednesday.

Her engagement ends next week and will be followed by Barrie's "Legend of Leonora" with Maude Adams.

In her dressing room Miss Burke protested that she does not intend to abandon Boston although her last two engagements here have been interrupted by illness. Seated at a [illegible] dressing table and draped in a [illegible] white negligee, Miss Burke [illegible] pink and white powder and [illegible] so was "very well, I thank you."

"My appendix is in a bottle," she explained, "and shouldn't trouble me, but it does. However, I'm feeling fairly tonight. I've bought a new pot of rouge and expect to keep quite well until my next visit to Boston."

Oysters roasted on the [illegible] white wine with butter, pepper and a few drops of white or claret wine vinegar, [illegible] eaten, do oblectate the palat and [illegible] and nourish much better than when they are eaten raw.

Mr. Johnson's Quest.

As the World Wags.

You have not heard from me for some time. I have been very busy. This is the oyster season.

Yesterday as I was looking over some notes about oysters, which will be discussed in the 21st volume of my colossal work (elephant folio; sold only by subscription), I experienced a severe shock. Robert Fergusson of Edinburgh was loud in his praise of oysters: "Neptune's caller cheer, New oysters fresh, the halesomest and nicest gear O' fish or flesh"; but I learned from one of his poems that in Edinburgh, at least in the Edinburgh of 1770, the drink with oysters was gin. As the distressed poet sang:

> To Lucky M[illegible] ha[illegible]
> An' sit fu' snug
> Owr oysters and a dram o' gin
> Or haddock lug.

I hasten to add that the poet ended his life in an asylum for the insane.

I found another note, one published in the London Chronicle of this year. "In this day, gin is a favorite drink with oysters, and authorities tell me that it dissolves the oyster, while whiskey and brandy convert it into something resembling the leather of an old boot." Now, I do not doubt; on the contrary. I have drank it in the course of my life, but only for strictly medicinal purposes, and I prefer it in a cocktail—"Infinite riches in a little room," as the poet has it. [illegible] of gin and port, which I once saw drained eagerly by sturdy citizens at Halifax, N. S., at the bar of the best tavern on a Sunday night, is abhorrent to me; nor can I endure the thought of gin with oysters. No fire water goes into the bivalve. "Champagne and oysters" but not for me. The only [illegible] that harmonizes with oysters [illegible] beverage [illegible] Dando, who never paid at [illegible] in Cheapside two lobsters [illegible] dozen oysters, at [illegible] bottles of Dublin stout and [illegible] bottles of brandy and water. The brandy and water was a [illegible] erronous error [illegible] stout is the fittest drink. There are [illegible] of [illegible] Walter Alexander [illegible]

[illegible] Dando [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] ...ga-cri[illegible] with t[illegible] ...ling che[illegible]ully f[illegible] ...ts of butter, [illegible]d. to[illegible] ...nts of hrown stout [illegible] al[illegible] ...bottles, and of the frisk[illegible]t [illegible] ...on-is, with oysters, a mistak[illegible] tentedly wipe their hand on the [illegible] towel on its roller afterward."

Yet not for the world would I put [illegible]per and vinegar or any con[illegible]ent except the squeeze of a lemon on a Cape Cod, Norfolk or Chesapeake Bay oyster.

I have read that in every bed there is a king oyster, and in old times the diver made it his first business to catch him, "because he being of great age and experience was also possessed of marvellous sagacity, which was exercised for the safety of the commonweal, but if this were taken the others might be easily got without difficulty." For days I have sought for him in vain. When the wise men of India aided by gods and demigods sat down to write the sacred books, they consulted the elephant. Would that I could find the king oyster! Those that I have questioned are dumb; they do not appreciate apparently the value of my gigantic undertaking: to analyze man as a political and social beast. But I have not lost patience.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

The Dredges, Wompuit, Feb. 9.

Rivers of Ink.

As the World Wags:

I was recently so indiscreet as to say, in the presence of a number of wide-awake young people, that there exists somewhere a river of natural ink. My statement was immediately challenged and the location of the river demanded. If my memory is correct, two streams containing the necessary properties, upon uniting, produce this remarkable phenomenon, but my search for a description of this river and its location has been unsuccessful. I would be glad to learn any facts in regard to it.

Stoughton. M. E. W.

If all the world was apple pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

Name of Accompanist.

As the World Wags:

I was unable to find the name of accompanist with a magnifying glass upon the program of the late Gerville-Reache or Sembrich, the only two vocal concerts I have attended this season. I was wondering if the omission was to be a permanent thing hereafter. DON.

Boston, Feb. 10.

The program of the late Jeanne Gerville-Reache Dec. 6, 1914, did not name the accompanist. This omission was an oversight, or the name did not arrive in time for the printer. The program of Mme. Sembrich, Feb. 7, 1915, now before us, has in legible print on the title page under the singer's portrait "Assisted by Mr. Richard Epstein, pianist." The advance program, without the words of the songs, did not mention the accompanist.

Feb 13 1915

14TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck is suffering from a severe cold. Mr. Ernst Schmidt, one of the first violins, conducted in his stead and will conduct tonight. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4......... Schumann
Aria, "Il Lamento d'Arianna," from "Arianna"......... Monteverdi
Suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings......... Bach
Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.
"Dank Sei Dir" ("Thanks Be to Thee"), from a "Cantata con Stromenti"....Handel
"Adelaide"......... Beethoven
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"......... Mendelssohn

At this concert the singer, Mme. Julia Culp, overshadowed the orchestra. The performance of Schumann's symphony was characterized by restlessness and vigor rather than by romantic feeling and a fine discrimination in nuances. Mr. Maquarre played the flute part in Bach's suite in a most musical manner, but his tone was small and the orchestra in accompaniment was not sufficiently subdued.

Mme. Culp sang two arias that had not been heard in Boston: the pathetic lament of Ariadne from the opera of Monteverdi that was produced in 1608, and an air of Handel taken from a German cantata, "Con Stromenti." She also sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," with an orchestral accompaniment written for her by Arnold Schoenberg. Mr Bos, the pianist who accompanies Mme. Culp, kindly furnished the compiler of the program-book with information about the instrumentation of these songs, but his information was not accurate. He stated that the accompaniment of Handel's aria was for strings and organ. The harp was also employed. He stated that the accompaniment of Mont[illegible] aria arranged by Resphighi of [illegible] was for full orchestra, but h[illegible] clarinets were [illegible]t used.

[illegible] Ide for Mu[illegible] [illegible]d the triang[illegible] Was it [illegible] [illegible]station worth while. T[illegible] with piano accompaniment in its native form [illegible] to us insignificant. Beethoven as a song writer is not among the great, and Schoenberg's triangle does not save 'Adelaide.' Vincent d'Indy has been censured for speaking out his mind about this song. "Strange to say, this little work, a romance neither better nor worse than the majority of innumerable romances of the same epoch, contributed mightily to make Beethoven known, while his serious compositions were for a long time ignored. * * * This 'Adelaide' was quickly accepted as the sorrowful cry of a wounded heart, as the supreme complaint of the poor lover calling on his 'beautiful one,' even in the shadow of the tomb. * * * There is nothing truly expressive in it; it is one more romance, and that is all. And at the same time it is another proof of the old fact that the public in all ages reserves its favors for mediocre works, and passes by, indifferent, true beauty." This sums up the matter. No, Schoenberg's triangle does not save the sentimental song, nor did the art of Mme. Culp.

Two singers this season, and only two, have justified their appearance at these concerts: Miss Florence Hinkle and Mme. Julia Culp. The latter, justly renowned as a Lieder singer, showed yesterday that she is also mistress of the grand style. When the Lament of Ariadne was first sung in the theatre at Mantua by La Florinda before a great audience, we are told by one who was there that all the hearers were deeply affected, "and there were tears in every woman's eyes." Today this Lament is profoundly moving. Over three centuries have gone by, yet the music is fresh and dramatic; it is even ultra-modern in its wild freedom of expression. And how nobly beautiful is the aria of Handel, the great melodist! Noble in the simplicity of its lines; beautiful in its fervor. Hearing such music, sung with remarkable control of breath, haunting tonal quality, consummate art and genuine feeling by Mme. Culp, one might easily find the dramatic music of this generation tawdry, forced, artificial. For Verdi left no successor.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 26, 27, will be as follows: Schubert, symphony in C major; Strube, variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala."

Feb 10 1915

Ralph Heathcote, an officer of Wellington on the Peninsula, was not obliged to rough it. British officers now on the firing line might well marvel at this extract from a letter of Heathcote to his mother: "You must not compare an English captain of dragoons with a French or German one; the respectability, the situation is quite different. For instance, I keep four horses, three baggage mules, four servants, besides a woman cook, and can give my friends port wine, claret, Madeira and vin de grave any day, either in camp or town, carrying all this about with me."

We are thus reminded of a "touching letter from a young member of the Home Guard" dated in December, 1861, and published by Artemus Ward in Vanity Fair. Henry Adolphus wrote: "We are all getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now is Fruit Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me."

Red Herrings.

As the World Wags:

On Feb. 8, you spoke of red herrings, quoting from the Daily Chronicle of London.

The man (assistance of women dispensed with) who can balance a herring on a poker over a glowing coal fire should be able to stand an egg on end without resorting to the crude and obvious method said to have been employed by Christopher Columbus. And if, after the fish ignites—essential to the process—he can turn it over carefully, he must be endowed with asbestos fingers. Some cook! I think that the woman in Dundee died on purpose.

My suggestion would be to omit the poker, lay the herring directly on the coals, allow the alleged ignition to proceed to a finish, and then ——

Lay your hand gently on your stomach with a Christian Science gesture, assume an air of gastronomical amplitude, and devoutly offer thanks. H. J. L.

Medford, Feb. 10.

Ending in "Ough."

Some days ago "C. W. P." wrote to The Herald maintaining that there were not 20 words in the English language that ended in "ough." "I have excluded the word 'lough' as being Scotch, and not really English."

Miss Maria Sandahl of Boston sends a list of more than 20 words. "Bough, cough, hiccough, hooping-cough, chincough, dough, hough, chough, sough, through, although, clough (cliff), clough (an allowance in weight), plough, furlough, slough (a miry place), enough, rough, throug[illegible], borough, [illegible]borough, [illegible] though, sough, tough [illegible] compounds there are more than 20."

Others have sent lists, but as they are sent anonymously, we cannot publish them.

The following communication is from "H. McG. N.," Feb. 9:

"Your correspondent's somewhat careful research after vowels ending in 'ough' is not encouraging in its results. Let any who would join in the pursuit leave their native 'borough' and 'rough' it in the country a while. 'Though' there may be slush in town, here in every hollow of the road one must 'plough' 'through' a 'slough.' For one who would get 'tough' there are varied opportunities. If it is a woman, she can go right out into the kitchen and mix up some 'dough'; if it is a man, do let him take the 'hough' and clean out the gutter. The stoppage is making a regular 'lough' in the back yard. I must defend 'lough' as having an equal right with the rest to recognition as an English word. By calling it Scotch your correspondent identifies it with 'loch.' Obviously they are near of kin, but 'ough' is a reliable old Anglo-Saxon ending. Incidentally, what better way is there to cure a 'cough' than to let is be blown away by the winds that 'sough' among the 'boughs.' The walk to the 'slough' above the beach commands a suplendid view.

"Lough" is Anglo-Irish, equivalent to the Scottish "loch." "The written form belongs to 'lough' (obsolete, meaning a lake, pool), from which this need not have been separated but for the fact that while the spelling 'lough' survived in Ireland, the spoken word which it represented became obsolete, being superseded by the native Irish 'loch.'"

What a pity it is that the dictionaries prefer in discussing "sough" the pronunciation "suf" to "sow." The latter is more suggestive of the meaning or the rushing of the wind.

A Horseless Carriage.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago I looked through a copy of a paper called The Courier. This bore the date of Jan. 20, 1796, and the extensive sub-title of Boston Evening Gazette and General Advertiser. It is one of the things spared by the Salem fire.

It contains the following item credited as "From an English paper."

"CARRIAGE WITHOUT HORSES."

"This extraordinary vehicle, which has long been in contemplation at Liverpool, is now completed and exhibited to the public there. It has been repeatedly tried in the night on unfavorable roads and is found to surmount every difficulty. The mechanism is most simple. This mode of action is to be applied to the mail coaches and should it succeed must be of great commercial importance and favour the cause of humanity, too much violated in the treatment of public carriage horses."

It is a pity the article gives no further description of the motive power than to say that it is "most simple." Does this antedate Geordie Stephenson and Robert Fulton? One can imagine that it was tried in the night, not so much from a disinclination to let it be seen, as from a desire to avoid trouble.

What an excellent example that would make for the present-day autoists who turn a corner to the right while looking toward the left, or who either do not sound their horn at all, or else force it to emit a sudden rip-snorting cough in a fit that gives the victim nervous prostration.

I commend the suggestion to the "Waggers." G. W. J.

Salem, Feb. 9.

Feb 14 1915

We are soon to see the great Catherine of Russia, whose career was admirably summed up by Byron in an epigrammatic line, on the stage of the Toy Theatre. Mr. Shaw describes his "Great Catherine" as a thumbnail sketch of Russian court life in the 18th century. Potemkin, Mr. Shaw's Patiomkin, figures of course, and there is a stiff and respectable young Englishman, Capt. Edstaston, who is not inclined to play the part of Fritz in "La Grande Duchesse" or of Byron's Don Juan at the Russian court.

Miss Kingston, who took the part of the Empress when the farce was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre Nov. 18, 1913, will play it here. What sort of a looking woman was Catherine? She has been described as of moderate stature, but well proportioned. She carried her head high. "She had an open front, an aquiline nose, an agreeable mouth, and her chin, though long, was not misshapen. Her hair was auburn, her eyebrows black and rather thick, and her blue eyes had a gentleness which was often affected, but oftener still a mixture of pride. Her physiognomy was not deficient in expression; but this expression never discovered what was passing in the soul of Catherine, or rather it served her the better to disguise it." Rulhieres, by the way, said that her eyes were gray.

It might be said that Mr. Shaw's Catherine is in the gallery of historical portraits with his Gen. Burgoyne, Caesar and Cleopatra. The London correspondent of the St. Petersburg Vetchernie Vremya was greatly incensed at the farce and wrote a savage review about it. Mr. Walkley likened the Englishman at Catherine's court to the insular Britanus in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Mr Shaw introduces the Princess Dashkof.

Had the dramatist Landor's conversation between Catherine and the princess when he wrote his farce? The two women are represented as listening through a double door to the killing of the Emperor Peter. The princess in Landor's dialogue is a sweet creature. Catherine says to her: "As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuffbox each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis; a watch chain, Venus; a ring, Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

"Dashkof—He was Frederick's.

"Catherine—I shall be the Pucelle of Russia. No! I had forgotten; he has treated her scandalously."

And Landor puts these words in Catherine's mouth: "We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I cannot always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do; none shall refuse me at 90—Paphos or Tobolsk."

This Catherine is not the gentle heroine of Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," in which Clara Louise Kellogg sang now amibly, now brilliantly. In her malicious memoirs she speaks of appearing as Catherine in Boston. "It was always good fun playing in Boston, for the Harvard boys adored 'suping' and we had our extra men almost without the asking. They were such nice, clean, enthusiastic chaps! The reason why I remember them so clearly is that I never can forget how surprised I was when, in the boat at the end of the first act of the 'Star of the North' I chanced to look down and caught sight of Peter Barlow (now Judge Barlow) grinning up at me from a point almost underneath me on the stage, and how I nearly fell out of the boat!"

Mr. Shaw's "Overruled," which will also be played at the Toy Theatre, was produced by Charles Frohman at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, Oct. 14, 1912. Three one-act plays were then performed for the first time. "Overruled" was called a "demonstration." The other plays were Pinero's fantasy, "The Widow of Wasdale Head," and Barrie's comedia, "Rosalind." "Overruled" ridicules current ideas of morality. Two sets of married couples play at exchanging partners, and then discuss at length the consequent muddle. The husbands were played by Messrs. King and Tempest; the wives by Miss Lewis and Miss Olliffe. There are "characteristic" lines. Thus Mrs. Lunn is horrified when Mr. Juno admires her "volcanic temperament." "I don't consider human volcanoes respectable," she says, "besides, all volcanic women are plain little women with sandy hair."

A New Belgian Play in London

The Belgian Players produced, on Jan. 25, at the Criterion, London, a play, "La Kommendatur," by Jean Francois Fonson. The Times published this review:

"A picture of Brussels under the German heel, in the dark days just before the fall of Antwerp, by an author who has taken his details on the spot, is a feast of authenticity and actuality. Perhaps it is rather too miscellaneous and prolonged a feast—conciseness is no foible of M. Fonson's—but that is a fault that may stand excused by the absorbing interest of his theme. He shows us, to be sure, what we Londoners all know, at least by hearsay, already; how innocent men are put on trial as spies, how the war has taken its cruel toll of young Belgian lives, how some German officers can be brutes and others reasonable and compassionate men, but the things so shown have their peculiar value here as obviously things seen.

"Before the war, the noxious Siegfried Weiler might have been dismissed as a mere monster of melodrama, but now M. Fonson has no difficulty in presenting the abject creature to us as a verified fact. This Siegfried, who before the war had suffered some fancied indignity at Jadot's hands, now takes his revenge on that blameless functionary of the ministry of war by getting him into trouble at the Kommandatur. When nothing can be proved against Jadot it is Siegfried again who brings grief into his home by the news that his daughter's fiance has been killed at Antwerp. And when the daughter, in her frenzy, stabs Siegfried to the heart, though you feel perhaps that the punishment is a little disproportionate to the crime, you cannot really be sorry for the odious Siegfried.

'Anyhow, if this part of the story seems a little 'steep,' you can take refuge in the other part, the part of observation sur le vif, the picture of life among the poor prisoners—waifs and strays, vendors of forbidden newspapers, carriers of contraband letters—who eat their soup out of a pail with grim jokes, and sleep on the hard floor of the Kommandatur. And you cannot but delight in the blended joviality and pathos of that genial artist, M. Libeau, as one of these unfortunates, while you note in passing an admirable bit of work in the same scene by the actor who gives the

[illegible] the humane [illegible]. It is in these little fragments of [illegible] obviously truthful, writing that M. [illegible]'s art is, we think, seen at its best. For the rest, M. Duquesne makes an impressive thing of Jadot and M. [illegible] a fascinatingly repulsive thing of [illegible] le Siegfried; M Servais has an [illegible]ty in a 'purple patch' about the [illegible] of war of which he makes the [illegible] and Mlles. Jane Delmar and Dieudonne and Mme. Conta charmingly show the women of Brussels, young and [illegible] can be all pity and tenderness and [illegible]tic spirit.

At the end of the evening the name of the author was announced, in continental fashion, by the leading actor, amid a storm of cheers; but then [illegible] fashion had its way, and M. Fonson was dragged forth to make his bow.

Some Revivals and Some New Plays

When "The School for Scandal" was revived at the Coronet Theatre last month there was respect for the letter and the spirit of the text. "One or two gags were admitted, including one about a 'brew and a joker' in the supper scene which sounded particularly unlike Sheridan, and which we hope the managers will remove. Charles was played "without any of the traditional claptrap exaggeration.""

George Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer" was revived in London on Jan. 24. It is now 209 years old. Dr. Johnson once saw it with a man who thought the author would sniff at it. "No, sir," said Johnson, "I think Farquhar a man whose writings have considerable merit." Johnson's companion on this occasion was Holland, the actor, of whom Churchill wrote:

Next Holland came. With truly tragic stalk.
He creeps, he flies. A Nero should not walk.

"The Recruiting Officer" was acted in New York as early as 1732.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Chronicle (London) wrote last month: "There is not much playgoing for a nation in arms. London theatres carry on the torch, but almost all the theatres of Paris are closed and dark. The war hits hard the great world of little Parisian actors and actresses, the only French people who are impenitently and obstinately improvident The stars do not shine, but they live comfortably. They have savings and banking accounts. The lesser ones never put a penny by, and I have watched discreetly some pathetic sights; a comedian, third or fourth rate, still a comedian who made his living quite well at music halls in peace time, actually selling the 3 P. M communique for a penny on the boulevards; actresses, of the same rate, who are still well dressed and talk smartly in playgoers' cafes, but dine often off a glass of vermouth in the cafe. Too proud they all are to complain. But discreet help is being arranged for them. In a certain restaurant they can get meals free, no questions asked, and it is pathetic to see comic basses and sentimental sopranos, who once were the stars of first rate cafe concerts, slipping into the restaurant, eating their free meals, and trying to look as if there would be at dessert a bill to pay. This restaurant is run by three or four generous and tactful heads of the profession who have thus found a quiet means of helping their lower brethren. Another fund of a different kind is now being started, the 'pret d'honneur,' which will send cheques quietly to actors and actresses out of work. They will meet their I. O. U.'s after the war, when they like and as they like. Mlle. Marguerite Deval will send the ladies' cheques and M. Hugnenet and Gemier the men's, and M. Gemier will give a benefit performance at the Theatre Antoine for the fund. Many an impecunious actor (playgoers should remember gives in war time his services for nothing in the cause of charity, many a comic singer sings to the wounded in hospital—and goes home supperless."

While Lady Lever's play, "The Torches of Fate" (Vaudeville Theatre, London, Jan. 23), enabled her to hand £145 to the Belgian minister, it is said to contain little new. "It showed us a slice or two of the career of an excessively contemptible 'professional lover,' and a no less exclusively worthless wife. It also depicted the latter moments of one of the scoundrel's humbler victims, and the subsequent somewhat disastrous pursuit of vengeance by the dead girl's sister." The long arm of coincidence plays too important a part, and the construction is sometimes faulty, but there are "wise and witty" lines in the dialogue. "Miss Malvina Longfellow, a beautiful American actress, with personality as well as charm, impersonated the wickedest woman (and the prettiest) ever invented."

A revised version of Leo Trevor's little play, "Dr. Johnson," with Arthur Bourchier as Johnson, was seen at the Coliseum last month. In the original version Dr. Johnson took snuff liberally, whereas he is reported as having said: 'If the Almighty had intended my nose for a dust bin, sir, he would have made it the other way up.' But did Dr. Johnson ever say this? There is no reference to [illegible] of Birbeck Hill's [illegible] Mr. Boucher as J[illegible] no [illegible]

Verhaeren's "Le C[illegible]" was played by a Belgian company at the [illegible] Theatre (London), Jan. 19. "Its scene is a monastery and its chief character is a Spanish monk, Dom Balthazar, who has in agony been nursing the guilty secret that years before he had not only murdered his father, with the lowest of motives, that of seizing his wealth, but had let an innocent man be executed for the crime. At last his conscience makes irresistible demands upon him. He must confess all, and not only to the prior, but to the whole monastery. And having done this and been absolved, for the sake of the church's good name, he is urged a step farther by the young monk, Dom Marc, who tells him that he must let the whole world know his guilt, and that not until he does so can his soul be cleansed. This he also realizes, and acts upon, with the result that he is flung out of the monastery as excommunicate. It is a strange play. Intentionally or unintentionally, it leaves upon the spectator the impression of a church largely opportunistic in its application of the moral law. Nothing could be much blacker than Dom Balthazar's guilt; yet his resolve to clear his soul by a confession to the lay world is denounced as an ivrognerie d'ame. Certain ragings, too, of rivalry and jealousy between Dom Balthazar and a narrow, fanatical monk, one Thomas, who has the ambition of succeeding the old prior as the head of the monastery, further contribute to the impression conveyed. The oasis of saintliness in all the robed company is the sweet-souled Dom Marc; and he is little more than a boy. One rather drearily feels that the other hard, middle-aged worldlings may have lived through their novitiate in just such a rapture of spiritual exaltation as Dom Marc's. Thus the effect is a cynical one. At least, so we felt it Others may be differently impressed But that all who see it will be interested, and even fascinated, we have no doubt whatsoever." (An English version was played in Manchester Oct. 3, 1910.) The Daily Telegraph says that in the portraiture of Balthazar and Dom Marc the play reaches its highest level. "Both are drawn with wonderful fidelity, the first torn by an agony of remorse, of self doubting and despair; the second, free from all trace of passion, tender, gentle and pitiful as a woman." Carlo Liten took the part of Balthazar and Miss Marie de Nys the part of Dom Marc; "yet admirable as her performance was, one could not but feel that it would have been better for the general effect had the role been sustained by a man."

Horatio Bottomley, the "star turn" at the Empire, London, Jan. 25, discussed politics and personalities. "My country, right or wrong; my government, good or bad, should be the motto of every man in such a crisis."

Rudolph Besier's new three-act comedy, "Kings and Queens," was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London Jan. 16. The Pall Mall Gazette thought it unworthy of the man that wrote "The Virgin Goddess," "Don," and "Lady Patricia." It awakened in the reviewer only "a wild surmise." "Its story of a young and high-spirited wife crushed into rebellion by a puritanical husband and his household, seeking consolation at the hands of a joyous kinsman, and speedily repenting, to find that her husband has also changed his view of life, and promises to be a more vivacious companion in the future, is really rather farther from freshness than even the present unexacting times demand; and compensation was scarcely provided by the fact that all the members of the 'triangle' were in this case of royal blood. The puritanical husband and the fretful wife were a king and queen, the charming cousin was a prince, the devastating mother-in-law was a queen-dowager, and a benevolent uncle who materially helped to bring about the final reconciliation was an emperor. Talma, in his proudest moments, never gazed down upon such an illustrious assembly as that upon which Saturday night's crowded gallery bent its enraptured eyes.

"But was it worth Mr. Besier's while to devote three acts to showing us that kings and queens, like lesser folk, can be foolish, jealous, spiteful, and even rather ill-bred? The young heroine of this play, who seeks to shock her mother-in-law with a display of decollete dresses in the first act, and an exhibition of a liberally conceived 'one-step' in the second, and who raises her voice till all the palace servants must have been set gossiping, is manifestly something of a parvenue among 'royalties.' She might, of course, be none the less entertaining on that account, but Mr. Besier has given her a more lavish talent for tears than for wit. Indeed, the whole family is presented as a curiously witless one. 'I had hoped that royalty had a chance of a dignified survival,' remarks the young husband in the last act. Dignified, but dull! Happily the end foreshadows a brighter court, but we wish this development had come at the end of the first act instead of at the end of the third. It must be a difficult play to act, for none of the characters is consistently drawn. The moral young king, for instance, suddenly declares, when he finds his queen gone, that he will henceforth be a rollicking, rantipole, as his late august father had been. The stony-hearted queen-mother flops on to her knees in [illegible] love and remorse [illegible] the first act [illegible] diamond garters to a certain [illegible] son, and in the last act takes like [illegible] tract. Even the charming cousin [illegible] alternately a saint and a sinner, while the young queen is the most distracting blend in the world of deep feeling and total superficiality. Consequently, the task of the players was difficult It was, however, grappled with stoutly by Sir George Alexander as the Uncle, Mr. Arthur Wontner as the King, Miss Marie Lohr as the Queen, Miss Frances Ivor as the Queen-Dowager, and Mr Ben Webster, who, looking and bearing himself as youthfully as ever, almost made the cousin seem sincere. Set, too, in a succession of admirably designed scenes by Mr. G. Sackmann, and irradiated with the lighting of the St. James's stage, which is surely the most perfect in London, the piece had every aid a good 'production' could give, and it is only right to add that its reception by the audience was entirely friendly, and that the author was 'called.' "

To the Editor of The Herald:

Russian Names in English

I was glad to read in The Sunday Herald a reference to the absurd transliteration of Russian names which we use in English. Not being able to transcribe the Russian symbols we take over bodily the German rendering of them. If we do this, we ought to render the sounds as a German would.

For instance, "W" in German, French and other European languages except English is pronounced like our "V." Cracow, then, is Cracov.

Some sounds are strange to Germans and require a long string of consonants to render them to a German. "Ch" as in Charles is strange to a German. With him "ch" would be like our "kh." So he writes Charles, Tscharls.

The word that you give as an example—Tschaikowsky—looks formidable, but is simple enough in Russian. The Russian has one symbol for our "ch." The "ai" is the German rendering of the sound of "i" in "night" In English we should write Chikovsky (long i), that is easy enough to pronounce.

The Russian has 36 letters in his alphabet and can represent any sound except "h." This he renders lamely by "g." Herman is German in Russian.

Please don't think me an authority on Russian. I have travelled there a bit. What is written above is correct enough, however If the two sounds, "v" and "ch," were represented that way instead of "w" and "tsch," the German spelling of Russian names would serve us well enough.

Most people say "Paderevski" and "Gabrilovitch," recognizing these as German spelling. The spelling of Russian words should have the same allowance made for them. C. E. B.

Boston.

Notes About Music and Musicians

All Dickens lovers will be glad to hear, writes a correspondent, that the veil has at last been lifted concerning "Little Taffiin," or, rather, "Little Taffline," the captivating song which Mrs. Micawber used to sing "beneath the parental roof," arousing the emotional Mr. Micawber to such a degree that on hearing the song "he resolved to win that woman or perish in the attempt."

At first, one was tempted to think that "Little Taffline" was merely an invention of the novelist, as it baffled all attempts to trace it At Sir Herbert Tree's request, however, research has been made by Mr Louis N. Parker, who, thanks to the assistance of the eminent encyclopaedist, Sir Ernest Clarke, has now solved the mystery." "Little Taffline" comes from a ballad-opera, "Three and the Deuce," produced at Drury Lane in 1795. The words are by Prince Hoare and the music by Stephen Storace. Any enterprising singer will find it in Lightwood's "Dickens and Music"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Like London and even more so. Paris showered honors upon Herr Felix von Weingartner. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor not long before the war. In July last he was conducting in a Champs Elysees theatre, and was hailed as a great conductor, which he is not, being barely of the second rank, inferior, indeed, to M. Camille Chevillard, and not to be mentioned in the same breath as the great Germans, Hermann Levi, Hans Richter and Felix Mottl. Herr von Weingartner is an Austrian, besides having been almost an adopted Parisian before the war. As an Austrian, he might, to say the least of it, have refrained from demonstrations. But he was one of the first to sign the notorious manifesto of the "ninety-three Intellectuals," which repeats monotonously "Es ist nicht wahr" * * * among the things that "are not true" being, for instance, the grotesque lie that Germany violated Belgian neutrality, which on the contrary, as all the 93 Intellectuals know, was violated by Belgium herself Dr Richard Strauss, who is a slightly superior composer to Herr von Weingartner (and also to the diffuse and flabby Siegfried Wagner) refused to sign the manifesto and so refused with some eclat. Not content with signing, Herr von Weingartner [illegible] the same [illegible] H[illegible] ranz" But [illegible] over distinctions of the [illegible] and the Russian [illegible] exquisitely, deliriously [illegible] paper proclaims with [illegible]. Both items finally subside in ridicule, and the Prussian and Austrian hymns triumph. After the war it may be amusing to hear Herr von Weingartner's "wit" but from what I know of his other compositions I have grave doubts whether he has that rare gift, musical humor.—Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, Jan. 23.

The case of Puccini illustrates the difficulties of Italian neutrality. It is not recorded just how the question came up of Italy's composers and the war, but at any rate Messrs. Leoncavallo and Puccini were called upon to declare themselves. The author of "I Pagliacci" boldly came out for the allies; whereupon he was excommunicated in Germany. The author of "Madama Butterfly" denied that he was an enemy of the Germans, whereupon the Opera Comique at Paris puts him under the ban. And yet it was Puccini who drew his librettos for "Tosca" and "Manon" from the French, and Leoncavallo who wrote to order the music for the Kaiser's opera "Roland of Berlin." Leoncavallo's present stand is logical. "Roland" was a flat failure, so at least one Italian has good reason for doubting the value of the Kaiser as an ally.—New York Evening Post, Feb. 10.

A Legende for violin and orchestra by Delius and a set of three Japanese songs by Stravinsky were performed for the first time in London, also Glinka's suite, "Prince Kholmsky," at a concert of the Music Club, led by Thomas Beecham. Two new songs by Delius, "Il pleure dans mon Coeur" and "La lune blanche," were sung by Miss de la Bellaudiere on Jan. 21. "The composer has assumed the French mantle so completely as almost to conceal his own identity. They are certainly charming songs, but quite un-English." Truly an insular criticism!

The comic opera, "The Old Guard," music by Planquette, will be revived in London by Arthur Roberts. "The book," he says, "is being carefully revised to meet modern requirements. As you may remember, my dialogue as the Mayor, Polydore Poupart, was based largely upon topics of the day. There were times, I am told, when it was based upon the flash of a second—by which you will understand that I refer to 'gags.' Well the part—like the piece itself—has had a lot of new matter written into it; jokes about the French army have politely been handed over to the army of a certain other nation which I am not, at present, at liberty to name—though I might be permitted to give you one guess; and perhaps the sentiment between the lovers has had some of the saccharine scraped off it."

Miss Marie Hall reappeared in London on Jan. 15 and played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

Benjamin Godard's "La Vivandiere" with Mlle. Delna a magnificent vivandiere, and our old friend "The Daughter of the Regiment," are to be heard occasionally at the Opera Comique since Paris became almost herself again. But the Grand Opera closed on the first day of mobilization, and remains closed and dark—dark as the Paris streets since yesterday. "It will open soon, at the hour of victory," says the new lessee, M. Jacques Rouche. Till then it must remain silent. Paris is different from London. Theatres in full swing with the ordinary run of performances would shock Paris. Not a single opera subscriber has asked M. Rouche to open the opera; not one would put on dress clothes and go to hear music as long as German troops hold a particle of France. However, what the war has spared of the opera company will give from time to time special performances, the first of which will be a matinee on Shrove Tuesday at the Trocadero, the opera being M Saint-Saens's "Samson et Delila." The state continues to pay its subvention of £32,000 per annum for the grand opera. This sum serves to support the humbler personnel and the families of the personnel that is mobilized. The rule has been followed to exclude all members of the company and employes drawing in peace time salaries over £240 a year. Finally, 540 persons remain on the list, chiefly chorus singers, stage hands, etc. The state subvention, on repartition, works out at sums varying from £4 to £6 monthly per employe, acording to the number of his or her dependents. How about fourth or fifth rank singers, paid in peace time a few pounds over the not princely salary of £20 a month? They draw not a penny. They can sing nowhere except for charity. The lady who sang Siebel in "Faust," for instance, or the modest artist who was the Herald in "Lohengrin," are infinitely worse off than the carpenters and stage hands. It is for them those pathetic free meals which I described the other day have been got up, some meals free, [illegible] a head (the maximum charge) [illegible] a sovereign or two [illegible] the [illegible]

profession [illegible] taurant, both to pu[illegible] rad's at their e[illegible] few gold pieces or rai[illegible] twenty franc banknotes) [illegible] which go toward covering the [illegible] And these diners (Mlle Ma[illegible] of the Francais, for one) often b[illegible] courses act as waitresses and serve the 50-centime customers.—Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, Jan 21

Frederic Cliffe, the composer, wrote the following letter to the Daily Telegraph about the insufferable Eugene d'Albert: "Considerable interest has been created by the reprint in the German papers (by authority of the writer) of a letter written by Mr. Eugene d'Albert in his youthful days in Munich. He declared in that letter, and now reiterates, that he learned 'absolutely nothing' in this 'horrible country.' Mr. d'Albert obtained a free scholarship, and received the whole of his early musical education at the National Training School for Music. As I sat by his side there nearly every day for five years it is as well to recall some of the facts of his case. He entered as a youth of brilliant promise, but his knowledge was at that time almost nil. During those years he was grounded solidly in almost every branch of study—pianoforte playing, harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, composition and accompanying. In addition he received every possible help and encouragement both inside and outside the walls of the school. At the close of his training he was enabled, by winning the Mendelssohn scholarship (an English fund founded by Englishmen) to visit the continent for the first time. Before the first year of his tenure had expired he announced himself upon a concert poster in Cologne, which was seen by one of the scholarship committee,' as Herr Eugen d'Albert aus Wien, where he was at that time studying at English expense. (Hans von Bulow promptly retaliated by describing him in his German programs as Herr Eugen d'Albert aus Glasgow) This advertisement was a worthy preface to the renegade letter of 1884. His latest action has fortunately given this country a timely reminder of the measure of his patriotism and of his gratitude." The editor added this paragraph to Mr. Cliffe's letter: "Eugene d'Albert was son of Charles, whose father was a captain in a French cavalry regiment. Charles d'Albert, who was born near Altone, was brought to England at 7 years of age. At Glasgow he lived; there Eugene was born. Although England has no possible desire to claim him for her own, it would be a matter of far greater difficulty for Germany to prove her claim to the eccentric musician."

Mr. Legge writes in the Daily Telegraph: "It really looks as if we may look hopefully forward to sustained interest in the best if England's music now that Mr. Thomas Beecham is being allowed to show that he is a great conductor as well as an Englishman. If we as a nation were not so snobbish in music, a conductor of Mr. Beecham's calibre would long ago have been conductor of a whole season of Philharmonic and other English concerts."

It is surprising, to say the least, to read in these times of any British musician "appearing with approval"—or, for that matter, appearing at all—"before German audiences." Yet this strange thing has happened, it would seem, in the case of the distinguished Scottish pianist, Mr. Frederic Lamond. The explanation suggested by the musical critic of the Westminster Gazette, who makes the statement, is that Mr. Lamond "has lived so long in Germany, and acquired such favor with the German public, that they are doubtless quite willing to make an exception of his case." Possibly another explanation lies in the fact that, apart from his long residence in the land of "culture," Mr. Lamond is married to a well known German actress. But, whatever the circumstances in this case, one would hardly recommend any other British artist, on the strength of the Scottish pianist's experience, to attempt to win the "approval" just now of German audiences. It would be a singular aspiration, in any event.—Daily Telegraph, Jan. 23.

Mr. Lamond must have a merciless streak in him. He once played four sonatas by Beethoven one after the other in Steinert Hall.

"At a Red Cross concert a Melbourne audience enjoyed the unwonted experience of seeing Mme. Melba in the role of an orchestral conductor. 'As conductor,' wrote one of the critics, 'she proved herself as efficient as in all other directions. How he must have racked his brains for that word 'efficient'!"

Novello has published "Ten Seventeenth Century Songs," containing songs by Henry Lawes, William Lawes, Purcell, Humphreys, Grabu and Laniere. Sir Frederick Bridge is the editor. "How many singers interested in 17th century music are acquainted with 'Father Thames's Song?' The name of the composer, Louis Grabu, certainly does not look English, yet once upon a time he—Frenchman that he was—was Master of the King's Musick and a great favorite of Charles II. He made an opera of Dryden's 'Albion and Albanius,' and wrote a number of songs that had a certain vogue. 'Father Thames's Song' occurs in that dead opera, a bass song, jolly in a way that sounds quaint to modern ears, and withal well worth reviving. It should go well in a group of old English songs in a recital program. So, for the matter of that, would any other of these 70 songs. Such [illegible] Henry Lawes's mock Italian [illegible] of rare music, it was com[illegible] by Lawes as a satire upon the [illegible]lar Italian songs of his own day. **And how delicious is the anonymous** 'Whoop! do me no harm, good man,' mentioned in the 'Winter's Tale' as part of the wares of Autolycus, the Pedlar!

"The sweet pretty Jinny sat on a hill
Where Johnny, the swain, her see;
He fun'd his quill and sang to her still,
Whoop! Jinny come down to me.'"

Elgar's "Carillon," a setting of Emile Cammaert's "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," has been published in a piano arrangement by Elkin, London. Safonoff will bring out the work in Petrograd.

On Feb. 11 the Denbighshire Society brought out in London two plays, "Pont Crewyn," by T. E. Ellis, music by Joseph Holbrooke, and Ernest Rhys's "Quest of the Grail," music by Vincent Thomas.

Among other things, the war has brought forth some very plain speaking on the subject of contemporary German music and musicians. One of the most outspoken onslaughts was that penned by Mr. Francis Toye in the pages of the English Review. "In comparison with Russia, France and England," wrote this uncompromising critic, "contemporary Germany is musically sterile. With the exception of Strauss, who seems rapidly to be sinking into a musical decline, and Humperdinck, who really belongs to the last musical generation, she has no composers whose works one would really wish to hear. The blustering Pfitzner, the dry-as-dust Reger!" And so forth. Hardly less sweeping was Mr. Algernon Ashton in a letter addressed to Musical News under the heading of "Music and Morals." Replying to another correspondent who inquired whether Germany, in recent years, had attached equal importance to the cultivation of music among the masses as it had to fostering "bloated military projects," Mr. Ashton said it was "plainly seen by the degenerate state of her music during the last 10 or 15 years" that Germany had not done so. "When I last visited Germany in 1910," he went on to say, "after an absence of nearly 16 years, I lived there for five months, staying at various large and small towns, and was greatly surprised and disappointed to see how the German people (whom I used to admire so much) had deteriorated in almost every respect. Their orchestras (once the finest in the world) played indifferently, the general public seemed to be entirely unmusical, and, as for Germany's living composers, they are nearly all beneath contempt." With regard to the present-day quality of German orchestras, Mr. Ashton does not stand alone in his strictures. Only the other day, for instance, Mr. Thomas Beecham gave it as his opinion at Manchester that here, in England, we have at the present day five or six first-rate orchestras. In Germany, he declared, they could not boast of one. "We had nothing to learn at all from the Germans, and had had nothing to learn for the last 30 or 40 years on the subject of instrumental playing. The Germans had not produced one single pianist, organist or instrumental artist of the first rank for years and years." Mr. Beecham, you observe, has the courage of his opinions.—Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel and Haydn concert, with miscellaneous program. See special notice.

Mechanics building, 8 P. M. Concert for the benefit of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston. Band of 400 led by John Philip Sousa. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Nikola Oulinchanov, the Russian baritone, formerly of the Boston Opera House, assisted by Henry Eichheim, violinist, and Herbert Ringwell, pianist. Mr. Oulinchanov will sing an aria from Rubinstein's "Demon," an aria by Rachmaninov, Scontrino's Voglio and songs by Moussorgsky and Slonoff. Mr. Eichheim will play a number of pieces.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Julius Chaloff; Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variations; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53; Brahms, Capriccio in B minor, Rhapsody in E major; Chopin, Barcarolle, Mazurka in F sharp minor, Ballade in F minor; Chaloff, Album Blatt; Sapellnikov, Danse des Elfes; Kaun, Ballade, op. 93, No. 1; Intermezzo; Paganini-Liszt, Campanella.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. Beethoven, Minuet, G major (No. 2 from 6 minuets), Sonata Appassionata, op. 57; Schubert, Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 3, Menuetto (No. 3 from Fantasie Sonata, op. 78); Mendelssohn, Songs Without words, op. 62, No. 6 (by request), op. 67, No. 4; Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Chopin, Ballade, op. 52, Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 7, 12, Valse, op. 64, No. 2; Scherzo, op. 31.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland's farewell recital. Bach, Sarabande, passepied I., passepied II.; Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. 6; Scarlatti, Sonata I., Sonata V.; Chopin, Fantasie Impromptu, Nocturne, Polonaise F sharp minor; Debussy, Berceuse heroique, dedicated to King Albert of Belgium (new), Feuilles Mortes (first time), Minstrels, La Soiree dans Grenade, Pagodes, Reflets dans l'eau, La puerta del Vino, Voiles; L' Isle Joyeuse, Enesco, Pavane; Chabrier, Bourree Fantasque.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Mmes. Evelyn Scotney, soprano, and Cara Sapin, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Howard White, bass. Five quartets, two from Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden," two from her "Daisy Chain," quartet from "Rigoletto," operatic arias, among them "Una voce poco fa" (Mme. Scotney), and "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix (Miss Sapin). Popular songs: Homer "Way Down South"; Wilson, "Tell Me Sweet Creature", Old Scotch, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose", Ballard, "An Indifferent Marinet"; Kernochan, "A Smuggler's Song"; Spross, "Will o' the Wisp," and songs by Molloy, Schneider, Loud, Batten, Tipton, Emmanuel. English will be the prevailing language.

Mr. Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet and dramatist, is now perched on the pinnacle of fame: attention is paid to his dress; there is prying into his personal habits. We are informed that in his youth he was distinguished by a passion for gorgeous raiment. He also had a singular manner of expressing his admiration of a book, for when a passage particularly pleased him, he would shout "splendid!" and fling the volume across the room or up to the ceiling, without thought for the binding or the friend that had loaned him the book. His love of spectacular clothes was so pronounced that a Spanish friend gave him a waistcoat of golden silk, cut out of a pair of curtains brought from San Sebastian.

Verhaeren was not alone in his fondness for startling garments. Disraeli, in his youth, was a prodigious dresser, delighting in an evening costume of green velvet trousers, a canary colored waistcoat and a coat with lace cuffs. Dumas the Elder sported at an Ambassador's reception, "a shirt on which were depicted a number of little red demons playing amid flames of yellow fire." He was thus as pleased as Punch, for he wrote: "My costume was a great success; everyone thronged round and made much of me."

Dickens, reading in Philadelphia on his second visit, disgusted Charles Godfrey Leland, who wrote in his journal: "His hair is gray and scanty, but is brushed up on either side in expansive locks in a very 'swell' manner which has proved an irresistible temptation to the Negro minstrels. He had on rather large shirt studs, a large, showy ring, sleeve buttons, and a heavy gold chain fastened by a locket in the middle and leading in double festoons to either watch pocket, as if he wore two watches. There was not a youth in the whole house who was 'got up so loudly.' * * * His gold chain bore a large locket, and at intervals of three inches on it were red coral balls. In his coat buttonhole were two flowers of different colors, according to his invariable custom. His ring was a large diamond, and between the readings he changed the flowers at his buttonhole." Dickens in London was fond of a bright green waistcoat with a shrieking scarlet cravat; also of a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs.

The Ney Legend.

As the World Wags:

You published a letter some days ago about the story that Marshal Ney was not shot; that he escaped to this country. Looking over Sala's "Echoes of the Year 1883," I came across an allusion to a correspondence in London journals about this legend. Sala poohpoohed the story, and added that it "may have originated in the fact that one of the sons of Joachim Murat, ex-King of Naples (I suppose there is no doubt about his having been shot), lived for several years in America, and that he there married a lady who kept a boarding school in one of the southern states."

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Feb. 13.

This son of Murat was Napoleon Achille Murat (1801-1847). About 1821 he came to Florida and bought an estate near Tallahassee. In 1826 he married Catharine Dudley, a grand-niece of Gen. George Washington. Murat was highly honored in Florida before he died: he was appointed postmaster.—Ed.

"At the Piano."

As the World Wags:

"Don's" lament in your column of this morning that he "was unable to find name of accompanist with a magnifying glass upon the program," strikes a responsive chord in all of us, whether we are interested primarily in music or the niceties of English grammar.

I think that the management of the concerts in question made more of a mistake in not advising the public beforehand of the appearance of the "accompanist with a magnifying glass" than in neglecting to put his name on the program. I feel sure that the audiences in both cases would have been larger. Some people no doubt would have been especially interested to see how he would comport himself with such an instrument, and whether the bass or the treble would suffer more in the process.

Personally I prefer eye-glasses on an accompanist—rubber rims with black cord, de rigueur—unless, of course, it is necessary deftly to distinguish the notes from the fly-specks, as in the case of the cornetist of the story.

The phrasing of the letter reminds me strongly of the well-known advertisement of "a pleasant six-room flat, suitable for a bachelor gentleman with a large bay-window."

PEDANT.

Malden, Feb. 12.

Foul Air.

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that you are ventilating in your department the subject of bad air. I wish to endorse the protest from "Aura Pura." But the air in the Boston cars isn't a circumstance to that in the suburban cars around the mill cities. The air in those cars is simply terrific and I have wondered for years that the intelligence of New England submits to it. It is simply poisonous. Where are the boards of health? They should be sequenced to ride in the cars out of Lawrence until they do something to mitigate the nuisance—that is if they survive the ordeal. Anyone with an imagination might easily be moved to dash his head through the window for a breath of fresh air and he ought not to be arrested for lunacy either.

You can take a chance between getting poisoned to death in the Lawrence transfer station and getting your death of cold waiting on the street. I chose the latter and had an expensive case of bronchitis.

And the fearsome odor is not only composed of much breathed air, but it includes that which accompanies the presence, in numbers, of the "great unwashed," and now it is associated in my mind with Socialism since going one Sunday night this winter to Ford Hall to hear a noted speaker whom I had long wished to hear.

If they would open the doors at both ends for 60 seconds, when the car leaves the end of the route, so that the air might blow through, each car load might have a fairer chance and a little squarer deal.

"LITTLE RELEVANCY"

Reeds Ferry, N. H.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that the reason the country air is so pure is because the farmers keep the windows of their dwelling-houses shut. The man remarked that by night every dwelling-house gives out bad air, like a slaughter house. But Thoreau ate no meat and was as sensorially impressionable as a Brahmin.—Ed.

HANDEL AND HAYDN CONCERT

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, H. G. Tucker, organist, assisted by the Boston Festival orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal, and Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, gave a concert of miscellaneous works last evening at Symphony Hall.

The program was as follows: Gounod, grand march, "Queen of Sheba"; Sullivan, "The Lost Chord"; Handel, aria, "Let the Bright Seraphim," from "Samson"; Schumann, "Traumerei"; Gounod, solo and chorus from "Gallia"; Kremser, "Hymn to the Madonna"; Gericke, "Chorus of Homage"; Reinecke, aria, "Sound the Loud Timbrels"; Kremser, male chorus, "Prayer of Thanksgiving"; Sullivan, solo and chorus, "Christe Eleison," from the "Golden Legend."

The concert was enjoyable and the program varied and well chosen. Chorus, orchestra and soloist were afforded opportunities to be heard at their best.

Mr. Mollenhauer's skill in conducting the society is well known and admired. Under his able direction the various works were performed with unity, precision of attack and spirit. In volume and quality of tone the society was throughout effective. The performance of "The Lost Chord," the chorus from "Gallia" and Kremser's "Prayer of Thanksgiving" was stirring and impressive.

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander, an artist of exceptional ability, again excited admiration for the excellence of her singing and the beauty of her voice. She sang with marked authority, flawless control of breath and admirable phrasing.

A large audience was enthusiastic.

On Easter Sunday, April 4, the "Creation" will be sung. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; William H. Paguin, tenor, and Frederick Martin bass, will be the assisting artists.

SOUSA LEADS BAND OF 400

An audience of more than 8000 filled the large hall at Mechanics' building last night, on the ocasion of the 11th annual benefit of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston, with John Philip Sousa as conductor. Greater Boston's musicians to the number of 400, said to be the largest military band in the world, completely filled the stage and responded to the leadership of Mr. Sousa in a manner that brought applause again and again.

The presentation of a gold medal to the famous leader by Mayor Curley in behalf of the Mutual Relief Society, just after the second number of the program, formed a pleasant incident of the evening. The mayor said, pinning the medal on the band leader's coat.

It was a pleasing occasion . . . of the city to do honor to the great individual who, by his force of character and by his splendid qualities of leadership, has made possible a concert such as has not been equalled in the city of Boston. This great audience of over . . . persons is not only an indication of the high regard in which the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society is held, or merely appreciation of great music, artistically interpreted, but it is also a tribute to Mr. Sousa. That I now present him will no doubt be one of the greatest surprises he has ever received. I take pleasure in pinning on his coat the purest metal in the world, in appreciation of the purest character of leadership in the world."

Mr. Sousa acknowledged the gift and said he valued it more than any other medal he had ever received. "If I receive any more," he added, "I shall have to get a larger coat." This is the third concert of the society that Mr. Sousa has conducted, the other two being on Feb. 14, 1909 and Feb. 6, 1910.

Artists assisting in the program were Mrs. Gertrude Holt, lyric soprano; and a trombone quartet consisting of Jerome N. Proctor, John Gelesian, Ralph Corey and Fred Howard, all members of the society.

It might be said to be a Sousa audience, all of the Sousa numbers except two selections from "Tales of a Traveler," receiving prolonged applause. These two were more interesting and odd, with queer oriental strains, than musically pleasing. The program was well balanced with Mr. Sousa's marches . . . between the more classical numbers. The selections included a . . . from "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer; Liszt's "Second Polonaise," "Come . . . My Love Lies Dreaming," Foster; "Kamennoi Ostrow," Rubinstein; Strauss's waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube," Sousa's march, "Pomp and Circumstance"; vocal excerpt from "Mignon," Thomas; and Sousa's "Tales of a Traveler," "Sheridan's Ride" and "The . . ." a new march.

Mrs. Holt, who has appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other musical organization in New England, sang the Polonaise from "Mignon," which was well received and encored. The trombone quartet gave an excellent rendition of Foster's "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

PROMINENT MUSICIANS GIVE NORTH END CONCERT

Program in Italian Arranged by Miss Dorothy Jordan.

Several hundred mothers and fathers of the North end attended a musicale yesterday afternoon in the North Bennet Street Industrial school provided by four of Boston's prominent musicians. The concert was free and was given entirely in Italian.

Fornari, baritone of the Boston Opera company, sang the prologue from "Pagliacci," other operatic selections and Mario's "Come Si Canta a Neapoli," a number which brought repeated encores from the audience. Sylvain Noack, second concert master of Symphony orchestra, played violin selections from Bach and Mozart. Miss Waters sang Italian songs. Wallace Goodrich, organist at Trinity Church, was the accompanist.

Miss Rose Cassassa, a member of the committee in charge of the musical, which is the fifth in a series given by the school for the first time this winter, explained in Italian something about each number before it was given. The program was arranged by Miss Dorothy Jordan and Robert Jordan, also members of the committee in charge.

FARCE, 'NEARLY MARRIED,' FULL

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Nearly Married," a farce in three acts by Edgard Selwyn. Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, Sept. 5 1913.

Hattie King	Adrienne Morrison
Betty Page	Harry Lorraine
Maid	Gertrude Workman
Betty Lindsay	Jane Cooper
Gertrude Robinson	Frances Savage
Tom Robinson	Aubrey Beattie
Waiter	James Hill
Harry Lindsey	Richard Bennett
Edward Griffon	Everett Butterfield
Norah Ranjabolle	Delmar Clark
. . .	Josie Claflin
Peter Doolin	Ralph Delmore
A Chauffeur	Arthur Moore
. . . McGrue	George Ferguson

This farce is of the old Palais Royal order. In fact, the second act might be a translation from any one of a score of acts in French farces with scenes of marital suspicions, domestic confusion, . . . that might happen in the . . . expectations are . . . were only confirmed . . . plot. It is enough to say that Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay are not happy together. He highly objections . . . The . . . of a lawyer has goaded her into . . . ing for a divorce. She really . . . her husband and he loves her. Mr. Selwyn introduces at once a new character, Hattie King, whose vocation it is to appear in court as a professional co-respondent. Much more might have been made of this character. Think for a moment of what an ingenious French dramatist would have done with her! As it is, Hattie is the most entertaining figure in the first act, and by far the most original. Seeing Hattie waiting for her husband in a hotel; seeing her taking tea with him at the table next her, Mrs. Lindsay is the more outraged; but her husband indulges in a fine burst of sentiment, there is a reconciliation, and the two start as an eloping couple for Lindsay's bungalow somewhere near Poughkeepsie.

A thunder storm and a punctured tire compel them to stop at an inn. Lindsay has a blundering friend who also is married, one Robinson. In his foolish way Robinson tells Hattie that Lindsay has run off with his wife. The Robinsons and the pest of a brother arrive at the inn. They, too, are forced to stop, for the landlord has a trick of throwing bottles on the road. They bring the awful news that the divorce has been granted; therefore husband and ex-wife are in a scandalous relationship. Hattie arrives, demanding her $1000 from Lindsay. Add to these characters Norah, the wife of Ranjabolle, the landlord—she has the most obviously funny line in the farce—Peter Doolin, a justice of the peace, played by our old friend Ralph Delmore, pleasantly remembered as a desperate villain with a staccato laugh in good old-fashioned melodramas, two members of the Hook and Ladder Company, and it will be seen that there must be many complications.

The Lindsays cannot be remarried in New York. They are delayed in their attempt to go to New Jersey by scenes of jealousy, for Hattie is busy on the scene, and she is associated in a suspicious manner now with Lindsay and now with Robinson. Finally, the Lindsays make their escape, again in a romantic way. Whether Hattie ever received her fee, for the check was torn up before her eyes, is left in doubt.

Of course, the farce is extravagant, as all good farces should be, but the complications are ingeniously devised, many of the situations are near enough life to be the more amusing, and the dialogue has enough rough and ready fun to keep a good-natured and not too fastidious audience highly entertained.

Mr. Bennett took the part of Lindsay, which in New York was played by Mr. Bruce McRae. There were times when he was not wholly sure of his lines, but after the first act he played with confidence and spirit. Miss Morrison started off in excellent fashion as Hattie, but the part itself peters out as soon as the curtain falls on the first act. Miss Cooper was sufficiently good as Mrs. Lindsay. The others joined in a performance that may be characterized as bustling and vociferous.

The test of a farce, after all, is the behavior of the audience. Last night the spectators laughed constantly and heartily.

Many remember M. Henry Danges, a baritone of the Boston Opera House last season. He is now "Etat Major du Parc d'Artillerie," 35th corps. On a postal card received here last week, he writes that he left in the "first zone" of the army, for he was determined to play his part, "though a modest one, in the great drama now performing in Europe." "I am astonished to find that I endure so easily the fatigue of this life, which I assure you is rather rude. I even sang in the little Church of Cuise at Christmas. I had not sung for six months, and I found that I had a wholly new voice. What a pity that Boston was not so favorable toward me as the war has been! If I return some day I shall be armor-proof against all inclemencies of weather, because I am now hardened. Faith in the ultimate victory is more than ever firm in the hearts of all the French, and, please God, I shall write to you from Berlin."

Dynamite in 1835.

As the World Wags:

Reading a very entertaining pamphlet, "Whale Fishery of New England," published by the State Street Trust Company of Boston, I find on page 51 a statement that I cannot reconcile with fact. The writer is describing the massacre on the Awashonks of Falmouth, in 1835, near the Marshall islands. The natives, apparently friendly, came on board and, at a given signal, killed the captain and many of the crew. "Finally the seamen laid a charge of dynamite under a hatchway where the savages were sitting."

Dynamite in 1835?

In 1867, Newton's patent specified: "Causing it (nitro-glycerine) to be absorbed in porous unexplosive substances, such as charcoal, silica * * * whereby it is converted into a powder, which I call dynamite or Nobel's safety powder." Nobel was born in 1833. In 1867 he discovered and patented the explosive mixture known as dynamite.

Nitro-glycerine . . . was known for . . . began to find extensive . . . as the results of Nobel's . . . Is it not more probable that the surviving seamen of the Awashonks put a keg of gunpowder under the hatchway? MOBY T. DICK.

Wellfleet, Feb. 13.

London Hysteria.

Hysterical letters are still published in London journals. Witness this one from C. F. Marshall, M. D., dated Jan. 25; it appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Is it not possible that the recent campaign of the anti-vivisectionists against anti-typhoid inoculation is inspired by German agents? Such a method of 'warfare' would be quite in accord with the doctrine of Teutonic 'Kultur,' the exponents of which might find kindred spirits among the anti-vivisectionists."

"The Homespun Dress."

As the World Wags:

Does anyone remember a song popular in the South during the Civil War entitled "The Homespun Dress"? I recall only one verse:

I envy not the Yankee girl
Her pearls and jewels rare.
Though diamonds deck her painted neck
And gold her false black hair.
Huzza! Huzza! for the Sunny South, huzza!
And three times three for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Feb. 14.

"Sally Forth."

As the World Wags:

I should like to be informed why in popular fiction, novels and short stories, even in the so-called best sellers, the characters usually "sallied forth" or "sallied in." When reading it sort of makes one weary to come across "sallied forth," meaning to walk out. If "sallied forth" or "sallied in" is used in the language of every day life I should like to know it. I am ignorant and desire knowledge. R. C. H.

Newton, Feb. 12.

"Sally forth" is not synonymous with "walk out," unless the sallier sets out boldly, issues suddenly from a place of defence, or sets out on a journey or expedition. "She sailed in" is not so bad, for it may be used with regard to a woman moving in a stately or dignified manner. Charlotte Bronte, Thackeray, George Meredith and many others have thus used the phrase. Motley wrote in a letter: "Stately dames de la cour would sail into the room and sail out again with their long trains sweeping after them." Then there are Milton's lines put in the mouth of the Danite chorus as Dalila approached:

But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving.

Those Wooden Watches.

As the World Wags:

In re the hour marked upon the old-fashioned wooden watch signs. The most reasonable theory is that the hands are arranged symmetrically in order to make a good-looking face, practically trisecting the dial. "To mark the hour of Lincoln's death" is nonsense. Lincoln died at 7:22. Few wooden faces indicate that hour. OBADIAH STEPPENHIGH.

Boston, Feb. 13.

Political Myth.

As the World Wags:

The fallibility of the human memory when attempting to recall events of half a century ago is well illustrated in the political reminiscences given by Edward R. Tinker of North Adams in The Herald of Sunday, Feb. 7, regarding political occurrences of 1860. One of the most glaring errors in those reminiscences is Mr. Tinker's statement that a certain Democrat who was a delegate to the Democratic national convention held in the spring of that year at Charleston, S. C., voted in that convention 76 times for Breckinridge as a candidate for President. As a matter of fact that convention took only 57 ballots in all for President, and Breckinridge did not receive a vote in any of those 57 ballots.

Ben Butler was one of the delegates to that Charleston Democratic national convention of 1860, and a myth which has secured a firm lodgment in the popular mind is to the effect that in that convention he voted 57 times for Jeff Davis as the nominee for President. On only 51 of the 57 ballots which that convention took for a presidential candidate, however, were any votes cast for Davis, no votes being cast for him on the 6th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st or 42d ballot, so it is seen that Butler did not vote for him 57 times. The myth that he voted for Davis that number of times has, however, been so long current and has so often been repeated that, as I lately said of the equally baseless myth that Marcus Morton was in 1839 elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of one, it probably will continue to do duty as veracious political history till the Greek calends. ITERUM.

Brookline, Feb. 13.

MME. NAZIMOVA AT B. F. KEITH'S

"War Brides" Greatly Enjoyed—Excellent All Around Bill Given.

It is the . . . that Mme. Nazimova has been appearing . . . coming from Russia . . . single word of English . . . Many of Russian . . . been more . . . even in her Ibsen roles . . . "War Brides" at B. F. Keith's . . . day. . . .

The scene of "War Brides" . . . shows a peasant . . . men are at the front . . . band of the oldest . . . is soon to come . . . not her . . . pleaded with . . . and was sent . . . Amy might not . . . Joan decries the war . . . asserts that her . . . aging . . . soldiers in a following . . . cause of her . . . cause she . . . little more than . . . eyes of the government . . . displeasure . . . but she defiantly . . . comes to arrest . . . kill her because . . . mother. It is . . . arrest her . . . comes to the little . . . that the . . . husband . . .

Mme. Nazimova has with her a competent company of . . . husband, Charles Bryant . . . part of Joseph Kernan . . . seeks Joan's sisters . . . succeeds in . . . war bride Marie . . . ter Gertrude Berkeley . . . well, as did William Hasson . . . Bragg.

The rest of the bill is good . . . the modern . . . a somewhat . . . heavy . . . tomed ease . . . and James McCurdy . . . town constable of "Way Down East" fame have a capital rural sketch entitled "A Touch of Nature." . . . King, also in the . . . been featured . . . Boy . . . "Coontown Divorcons." . . . is a pianist of . . . Bradley and Nevena Norris . . . McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow in "The Scare Crow," a . . . sketch, and Capt. Trest . . . lions, visiting B. F. Keith's . . . for the first time, round out the bill.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Nicola Oulukanov, baritone, assisted by Mr. Henry Eichheim, violinist, and Mr. Herbert Ringwell, pianist, gave a concert last night in . . . Hall. There was a deeply interested audience. The program was as follows:

Rubinstein, Aria from "The Demon"; Rachmaninov, "I beg you don't leave me"; violin pieces, Townsend, Berceuse; Wieniawski, Mazurka, Song; Sconfitto, Voglio; violin pieces: Wienlawski, Romanza; Kreisler, Caprice Viennois; Songs: Moussorgsky, Serenade . . . Slonov, Sunshine.

Mr. Oulukanov was for a time a member of the Boston Opera Company. He sang last night with much dramatic spirit but with too little attention to the size of the hall so that at times his effects were overpowering. His sincerity and earnestness, however, gave pleasure to the hearers, especially to those who were acquainted with the Russian . . . Those who were not . . . impressed by . . . which have a . . . at . . . after . . . to . . . sing in Italian . . .

... the ballad ... to the ... for the ... on to ... circling about ... comforts her child ... that papa will ... The Serenade in which ... wishes that she could be wooed ... song, and her wish is granted, for ... serenades her grimly and at last ... She is mine," is a masterpiece of ... irony.

Mr. Eichheim played with delightful ... of tone and fine musical taste. His performance was distinguished by the expressiveness of the melodic ideas and the dash and brilliance of bravura passages. It was also a pleasure to find a violinist with so marked a sense of ... Mr. Eichheim, recalled after his first group, played again.

Is it any wonder that rich cads, prigs, snobs, fat-headed citizens, and the like think themselves the equals of, or superior to poets, men of letters, or geniuses, when they see the latter so very willing to accept treats which they cannot return?

He Is Coming!

The Germans often speak of a pianist having great technical power as "formidable." Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, who will visit us again next week, may justly be so characterized. In New York on last Sunday afternoon, while he was playing his own arrangement of a caprice by Bach, a man in the audience rose from his seat, staggered down the aisle and fell in a faint as he reached the door. Knocked out in—was it the first or the second round? There was a touch of irony in the incident. The caprice is "on the departure of a beloved brother." Let us hope that Mr. ...dgett will warn Mr. Busoni against ...performance of it here.

Muse to Muse.

De Musset and Gautier wrote poems to singers admired by them, Malibran and her sister Pauline Viardot, respectively, as long before them Milton eulogized in Latin verse Leonora singing in Rome. Now comes a young poet of Boston dressed neatly in his singing robes and lays this tribute at the feet

Of Madame Julia Culp.

What shall be writ to celebrate the song
Of her who makes our hearts to bound,
our throats to gulp?
What but a line—as Alexander's long—
From all that's culpable she separates
the Culp!

We are indebted to Mr. Hyacinth Beveridge for the privilege of publishing this quatrain, worthy of William Watson Esq., in his more inspired and ...er moments.

"Also Rans."

As the World Wags:

In "Pedant's" gentle gibe at "Don's" phraseology anent his "At the Piano" article he quotes "a pleasant six-room flat suitable for a bachelor gentleman with a large bay-window." Let me add to the gayety of nations by the following advertisements: "For sale. A fine mahogany crib, suitable for a young child with six legs and open sides. Also (said to be authentic): "The Misses Smith having cast off clothing of every description invite immediate inspection."

PRUDE.

Boston, Feb. 15.

The Captain's Chat.

As the World Wags:

Dipping into T. E. Crispe's "Reminiscences of a K. C.," the other day, a reference to Adah Isaacs Menken, the wife of the pugilist, J. C. Heenan, set me to wondering if they were not the originals of the characters in Alfred Buchanan's "The Modern Heloise." An extract from the latter book, description of a prize-fight, may interest some: "The men were fighting for more than a purse of sovereigns. They were fighting for more even than pride of race or of nationality. They were fighting for the development, not local, but worldwide, of such things as nerve and courage, and endurance, and physical strength, and coolness and skill. They fought fairly, cleanly, feeling the joy of combat, with heads well up, with every muscle in play, without rancor, without malice, with a series of rapid, hard-hitting exchanges, given dexterously and generously, as knights gave blows with swords in olden times. It was an exhibition, Adams thought, as creditable to the man who lost as to their own man who won."

The discussion of the phrase, "He's gone West," as an euphemism for death, has shed light on an expression that has long puzled me. I refer to the phrase, "to knock a man galley-west." To knock a man galley-west, therefore, means to knock a man cold, or knock him dead.

Somebody recently asked why there are no women cambists. It is probably due to the general lack among women of what H. G. Wells calls the "very soul of brilliant research—applicable ... This ... thinking ... to the ... of a milli... though to some this may well ... cryptic.

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

...xbury, Feb. 8.

The slang dictionaries offer no explanation of the phrase, "knock galley-west."—Ed.

The Two Neys.

As the World Wags:

The identity of P. S. Ney with Marshal Ney may be a mare's nest, and then again it may not. War hath her cooks no less than peace. There is nothing inherently improbable about the theory advanced by the author of "Historic Doubts." In fact, granting the truth of the theory advanced, it would lend a certain symmetry to the situation. It would fit in with the harmony of things that Marshal Ney, after a mock execution, should escape to America, and spend the rest of his life as a free and respected man, while his former master should be mewed up at St. Helena, filling the rest of his days with peevish quarrels and the fabrication of yarns. It reminds one of the story about John Paul Jones, when he was a boy. His father was occupied as a gardener on some English lord's estate, and catching a young ruffian, who was up to mischief, locked him in one of two summer houses on the grounds, putting his son Paul in the other for, as he explained later, the sake of symmetry.

I might remark in passing that there is a copy of "Historic Doubts" in the Roxbury branch of the Boston Public Library, formerly the "Fellowes Athenaeum."

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, Feb. 14.

Feb 18 1915

JULIUS CHALOFF

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Julius Chaloff gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variations; Beethoven, "Waldstein" Sonata; Brahms Capriccio in B minor, Rhapsody in E flat major; Chopin, Barcarolle, Mazurka in F sharp minor, Ballade in F minor; Chaloff, Album-Blatt; Sapellnikov, Danse des Elfes; Kaun, Ballade op. 93, No. 1, Intermezzo, op. 93, No. 5; Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

Mr. Chaloff of Dorchester five years ago won an important prize at the New England Conservatory and after graduation went to Berlin for further study. He has played in several cities of Germany and compositions by him have been performed. The war obliged him to return to this country.

As a pianist he has pronounced facility, but it is still the facility of a pupil who has given his attention almost solely to the acquisition of technic. He seems to have neglected the art of interpretation, for neither in Bauer's transcription of Cesar Franck's piece, nor in the pieces by Beethoven and Brahms did Mr. Chaloff show intellectual comprehension or romantic, poetic feeling. His performance was matter-of-fact in expression, monotonous in tonal color, without dynamic or emotional contrasts, and without a fine sense of rhythm. There were brilliant runs and trills; there were instances of agreeable legato playing; but this exhibition of technic was mechanical; not used solely as an aid to interpretation.

In Franck's fugue the contrapuntal playing was not clear in the leading of the different voices. Here, as in the other pieces, there was an abuse of the damper pedal. There was too often a blur where there should have been clearness.

Mr. Chaloff has a glib mechanism. Can he not be persuaded to apply himself seriously to the weightier matters of art?

The newspapers stated that Emil Waldteufel, who died on Tuesday, was born at Paris. He studied for a time at the Paris Conservatory of Music, but he was born at Strassburg. For some years he was an exhibition player, etc., in a piano factory, but the success of his charming waltzes, "Manola" and "Joies et Peines," which he published at his own expense, led him to devote himself to the composition of dance music. In 1865 he was appointed chamber pianist to the Empress Eugenie and director of the court balls. He also conducted the balls at the Paris Opera House and was applauded as conductor of his dance music in other cities, as London and Berlin. Thousands have danced to his "Espana," "Estudiantina," "Gretna Green" and other waltzes. He was a man of marked talent, whose best waltzes have not been surpassed even by Johann Strauss.

Jules Huret, who recently died, was a journalist of great ability. His studies of life in Germany and this country showed him to be a keen observer and a thinking man. His inquiries into the literary evolution in France and into the Social question are valuable documents, for he had the gift of inducing the naturally reticent to talk freely. A volume "Loges et Coulisses" in lighter vein, articles on Rejane, Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Novelli, Mme. Calve, Sibyl Sanderson, and theatrical and musical matters is entertaining, much more than the ordinary chatter found in feuilletons of this nature.

"Sow" or "Suff"?

As the World Wags.

I differ with your contributor "H. McG. N." in his preference for the pronunciation "Sow" over "Suff" for "Sough." Is that lucid?

In the first place, I once wrote a poem which depended entirely on the pronunciation that I prefer. It was as follows:

THE TRAGEDIAN.

His proud career has just begun
And zephyrs through his whiskers sough,
While proud ambition eggs him on,
The audience eggs him off.

I think you will agree with me that even with my preferred pronunciation, the rhyme is off color, but where would I have been if "H. McG. N." had prevailed?

And the worst is yet to come. To paraphrase the immortal Bunthorne—it was a little thing of my own. Alas! I published it. And the compositor—it was before the days of the linotype—set it up "sought." And so it appeared in cold print, forever blasting my reputation as a poet.

In the second place, the moderated "f" sound expressed by "ough" is more like the murmur of the leaves than the sound which rhymes with the lady pig. Rough and ruff sound alike, but to a sensitive soul with a mind's eye, ruff is rougher than rough. And the softening and smoothing of the crude and naked "f" with the more modest "ough" is becoming to the gentle breeze. Sow rhymes with row and suggests the howling of a gale or a tom-cat.

If "H. McG. N." and I were together on the leeward side of a New Hampshire piggery, we might come to an amiable agreement, as long as we stayed there, otherwise never.

H. J. L.

Medford, Feb. 14.

(1) How carelessly men read! "H. McG. N." did not express a preference for "sow" over "suff." The preference was ours.

(2) "H. J. L.'s" rhyme "sough" with "off" was not lame, for the pronunciation "soff" is also given by some lexicographers. His whole fourth line limps a little.

(3) We are extremely sensitive and weep on the slightest occasion, but in our mind's eye rough is rougher than ruff. And so the old spelling "dogge" brings before us a savage beast with fearsome teeth, while "dog" may be a foolish King Charles.

(4) "Sough" is not necessarily a murmur. See Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night": "November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh."—Ed.

Too Realistic.

As the World Wags:

Although Walter Leon Sawyer's novel of "A Local Habitation" was not appreciated here, it was considered a masterly work by the foremost English men of letters. Fifteen years ago, while browsing in a book shop, I picked up a copy of the story. It seemed such a true picture of life in a certain section of Boston that I purchased the book, finding it all that it promised to be. A few weeks later, Goodspeed had a large "remainder" of the novel and I bought a dozen copies to distribute in place of Christmas cards. While some friends were much pleased and sent cordial letters of thanks, the South end people who received the book felt themslves insulted and said so plainly.

Some years later I became acquainted with Mr. Sawyer, who was at that time connected with the Youth's Companion. I asked why he had not written other books about our city and he replied that the reception of "A Local Habitation" had discouraged him. Copies had been sent to the leading literary men of England and without exception they had praised the story heartily. He had received enthusiastic letters from a score of noted English writers. Thomas Hardy had been especially strong in his praise, but the American public—meaning the Boston public—had not wanted the book. It was too true to life here.

Boston, Feb. 14. J. B. CLAPP.

An Old Rhyme.

As the World Wags:

Relative to the several contributions from "C. W. P." and others in regard to words ending in "ough," I send an old rhyme containing the various pronunciations of that ending.

The rhyme may be well known, for it has been repeated in our family for several generations:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough.
Cook them until they're cooked through,
Though not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to my plough,
And the boys, when they've had enough,
May keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old horse drinks at the trough.

Quincy, Feb. 14. G. C. LANE.

Feb ... 1915

BY MME. ZEISLER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Minuet, G major (No. 2 from ... Minuetto ... Sonata ... Appassionata; Schubert, Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 3, Menuetto (No. 3 from Fantasie Sonata, op. 78), Mendelssohn, Songs Without Words, op 62, No. 6 (by request), op. 67, No. 4; Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Chopin, Ballade, op. 52, Etudes, op. 10, No. 7, 12, Valse, op. 64, No. 2; Scherzo, op. 31.

Mme. Zeisler had not played here for a long time, much to the regret of her admirers. Tho years pass quickly, but time has not quenched her flame. It is not necessary to quote Mr. Huneker's characterization of her. It is familiar to all and holds good today.

The program was an agreeable change from the conventional and eccentric ones that have been put before us this season. There was no thunderous disarrangement of one of Bach's organ pieces; there was not a formidable row of Sonatas without relief; there was no choice of composers whose names all begin with an "A" or a "B" or a "C." It was a delightful idea to open the concert with Beethoven's little Minuet; it put the hearer in a receptive mood instead of encouraging him to make a hasty retreat; and it at once revealed a pianist with a charming touch and poetic fancy. The pieces by Schubert were welcome. The chosen Songs without Words, which are too often under-rated as other works of Mendelssohn, "Elijah" for instance, are over-rated, brought up pleasant memories, the first of Gertrude Hoffmann and other nude children of nature bounding and leaping over the stage. And then there was an admirable performance of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," a performance in the chivalric manner of Weber. There was also the joy of hearing the "Invitation" interruped by applause. And this in Boston, the "centre of musical culture!" In the recent adoration of Debussy perhaps Weber is forgotten.

The characteristics of Mme. Zeisler's playing are unchanged. That she could still be tempestuous and tumultuous, even without consideration of the size of the hall, was shown by her reading of Beethoven's sonata, which for once was passionate and did not belie its name. But with what verve and gusto she played the allego movements! Her mechanism is as polished and brilliant as ever, but the polish has warmth and the brilliance is not metallic. Her sense of rhythm is still marked. She is a mistress of tonal gradations, dynamic contrasts that are significant and romantic. There was at times as of old a curious and tantalizing succession of passages now played with a certain imposing inflexibility and now with ravishing temporal freedom. All in all a concert to be enjoyed and remembered without the labor of analysis, criticism and hyper-criticism on the part of the hearer.

TWO G.B. SHAW PLAYS AT TOY

By PHILIP HALE.

TOY THEATRE. Two plays by George Bernard Shaw were performed for the first time in Boston. The first was "Great Catherine," a comedy in four scenes:

The Sergeant	Malcolm Morley
Varinka	Claudine Leve
Prince Patiomkin	Lumsden Hare
Captain Edstaston	Arthur Spearman
Naryshkin	Paul Boone
Catherine II	Gertrude Kingston
Princess Dashkoff	Dora Sass
Claire	Kathleen Patch

The second was "Overruled," a comedy in one act:

Mrs. Juno	Dorothy Wetherald
Gregory Lunn	Lumsden Hare
Mr. Sibthorpe Juno	Irving Pichel
Mrs. Lunn	Gertrude Kingston

To see these short comedies ah audience that filled the theatre was obliged to sit from 8.30 till 11:20. The curtain did not rise promptly. The waits in the first play were not too long, but there was the foolish and irritating intermission of 20 minutes or more between the plays, during which coffee, tea and chocolate are supposed to be served to those that brave the heat and the crowding in "the Chinaya." The management fondly thinks that coffee and tea served lato at night may keep the audience awake during the performance of the final play.

When "Great Catherine" was first performed in London some of the critics protested against Mr. Shaw's abominable perversion of history; they were vexed because Potemkin's name was spelled in an unusual manner; because Catherine tortured the English visitor by kicking him in the ribs.

This must have delighted the fantastical dramatist, who frankly confessed that his Catherine was the Catherine of Byron. As for the "historical treatment," "Great Catherine" is no more inaccurate than "Louis XI" or "Richelieu" or "Henry VI." But it is not worth while to discuss this matter or to take Mr. Shaw so seriously.

It [illegible] that [illegible] has not [illegible]. The first scene is [illegible]ingly farcical. The awakening of the Empress [illegible] the [illegible] is also amusing, in fact the [illegible] goes, but there is nothing [illegible]. The "torture" in the [illegible] is too long spun out, but the [illegible] of the Englishman to the [illegible] and her one wish—that she [illegible] in the new museum—[illegible] the scene from the re[illegible] of boring.

That the farce has a certain vitality [illegible] for the most part it holds the audi[illegible] was proved by the fact that it [illegible] genuine laughter, although with the exception of Miss Kingston and [illegible] Here the players were amateurish, [illegible] inadequate. It was a pity that [illegible] two leading comedians were so pitia[illegible] supported.

Miss Kingston gave a vivid imperson[illegible] of the Empress. She brought to [illegible] the Star of the North as she ap[illegible] in "Don Juan." There was the mixture of dignity and childishness, with the suggestion of sensuality. That [illegible] the ribs of the Englishman became tiresome was the fault of Mr. [illegible] The impersonation was admira[illegible] composed; the part was created; [illegible] was a figure of flesh and blood, not merely a distinguished London act[illegible] playing a part that was identified [illegible] by a reference to the play bill.

A dance that was nearer 1915 than 1776 gave pleasant variety to the last [illegible], but the Russian songs introduced [illegible] the third did not enliven it.

"Overruled" is an agreeable trifle [illegible] it was better played on the whole than the preceding comedy, although even Miss Kingston was not letter perfect. The comedy is a satire on English conventional ideas concerning [illegible] and divorce. Many of the [illegible] sparkle, and throughout the play Mr. Shaw's voice is heard, uttering paradox after paradox. At the end the [illegible] stage and the spectator wishes with Mrs. Lunn that the dinner gong would sound.

Miss Kingston's diction was as de[illegible] in this comedy as her slight [illegible] accent was in "Great Cath[illegible]." As the cool, unsentimental, [illegible] Mrs. Lunn she was delicious.

But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near."
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-rooms, and beer.

Interior Decoration.

The Porphyry Club is more attractive [illegible] by day. At least so we are informed by Mr. Golightly. It is expected that the roulette wheel with the "bouncer" will be on exhibition next Monday, for members and their families, and it is hoped that Miss Elizabeth M. Ryan will be persuaded to give a demonstration on a determined afternoon next week between 4 and 6 P. M. Between 5 and 6 P. M., the cocktail hour, the demonstration will be for men only. There is also a fair prospect that the marked cards used at Ferncroft will be added to the stock in the poker-room so that there will be pleasing experiments at the expense of visiting non-resident members and any gentleman that has been put up for the traditional fortnight.

There is also talk of decorating the main sitting or lounging room. Many of the members, especially the older ones, including, of course, the surviving charter members, have been obliged of late to have their interior clock work examined by physicians with the aid of the X-ray. It is suggested that the photographs of affected hearts, livers, kidneys and any section of the alimentary canal, should be mounted for a club album handsomely bound in Russia leather. The name of each exhibitor will be written in his own hand with the date under the photograph. The art and literary committee, however, prefers that the photographs, enlarged, should form a frieze, and thus the Frieze of the Porphyry may yet be as famous as the Frieze of the Parthenon.

The governors of the Porphyry have evidently been spurred ino action by the reports of the goings on at the new City Club. The membership of the Porphyry, however, will not be increased. The club will still be ranked among "those ex[illegible]."

Preferably the Drum.

As the World Wags:

I read in the Leader this letter: "Dear Sir—I am anxious to join the band right off. What is the leading instrument, and how quick can I become a member? Willie Smith."

The leading instrument in a band, Willie, depends upon the make-up of the organization. The principal instrument should be the solo cornet, but, in young bands especially, the third alto often tries to usurp that position, contesting for it vigorously with the second cornet. Sometimes a trombone player aspires.

Recently, when a band was standing and playing a military company into an armory, an ambitious young trombone player, in a hurry to finish the job, became so prominent that he led the band into paths they were unable to find their [illegible]. Snare drummers sometimes [illegible] their instrument should be the leading one, but long since, at a [illegible] concert in a country town near [illegible] a young snare drummer broke one of his sticks while trying to referee a free-for-all fight between several poets and peasants, and the conflict continued to the bitter end with no further interference from him.

The bass drummer has a very important part to perform on the street. He comes pretty near controlling the tempo for the rest of the band. A steady bass drummer is a great advantage to any band, but an erratic one, when strong drink is raging, is a musical menace. A well known band leader whose family life was not ideal once assured the writer that he did not know which he dreaded most—a rolling pin and a woman scorned or a drum stick and a drummer corned.

Perhaps, however, the most important position in a band is that of the drum carrier. For the drummer, his attention given to his music, must depend for guidance upon the beast of burden ahead. A misstep may be fatal. Once, in early winter, when a Kansas City band was marching in a Masonic parade in Memphis, the drum carrier's attention was diverted from his duty by a girl on the sidewalk, so that he failed to notice a huge snowball the players ahead of him had avoided, and a drumless band played on.

If you desire an important position in the band for which you can qualify quickly, start in as drum carrier. The pay is small, but there are compensations, such as wearing a uniform, etc. If your goal is leadership, you can, when in strange towns and the parade is all over, carry a baton in your hand and be taken for the leader, and accept many favors from admiring ladies and bartenders who love to hear the band play. Yes, you would better begin your musical career by carrying the drum.

I. PORTER MORSE.

Marlboro, Feb. 16.

Verbal Annoyances.

As the World Wags:

The anomalous spelling mentioned by "C. W. P." is most annoying in the case of proper names, as Clough (cluf), the poet, and Clough (clow), late city architect; also in Houghton (o or ow).

Those anomalies are essentially the same, and ought to be grouped with the combinations ought (brought, wrought), augh (laugh, faugh), and aught (draught, naughty). Perhaps your contributors may tell us how many score they find of these.

I will add to Miss Sandahl's list slough (sluf), a cast-off skin.

DISCENS.

Purely Psychical.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the very interesting psychical play, "The Miracle Man," can any of your Waggers recall an experiment practised by a seeker after the imaginative causes of mental healing who professed to exert a curative power by invoking a steady attention, accompanied by faith, upon two crossed knitting needles while some mumbo jumbo invocation was made? The results were printed in a paper in some magazine many years ago, and, if memory serves, they were astonishing, relief being given in cases like many of those for which votive offerings are hung upon the walls at St. Ann's or at Lourdes. These entirely scientific experiments were useful to enlighten the judgment concerning an element which may enter into ever so many of the successes, not only of religious, but of professional, practitioners. In fact, the modern physician has lost some of his power by voluntarily divesting his art of its faith-inspiring mystery and authority through acknowledging its limitations in favor of the restorative beneficence of nature. THE OLD 'UN.

Boston, Feb. 15.

BY COPELAND

Mr. George Copeland gave his farewell recital at Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Bach, Sarabande, Passepied I. and II.; Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. 6, Scarlatti, Sonata I. and V.; Chopin, Fantasie Impromptu, Nocturne, Polonaise, F sharp minor; Debussy, Berceuse Heroique, dedicated to King Albert of Belgium, Feuilles Mortes, Minstrels, La Soiree, dans Grenade, Pagodes, Reflets dans l'eau, La Puerta del Vino, Voiles, L'Isles Joyeuse, Enesco, Pavane; Chabrier, Bourree Fantasque.

For years Mr. Copeland has been known and admired in this city as a pianist of the first rank, of unusual gifts and marked originality. His recitals are always a pleasure, for to him the voice of the piano responds gratefully and in exquisite tones. His touch is now light and caressing, now full; never without quality. There is always the suggestion of power and reserve. He has true strength, while between his softest and loudest expression are many shades of force, eloquent and colored. Then too, the pianist is without [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mood of the composer [illegible] He is [illegible] M. Debussy [illegible] him as the best interpreter of the music. Mr. Copeland's interpretative genius is not alone apparent in the exotic and vaporous harmonies of the Frenchman.

The pianist is at home with Bach and Scarlatti, with Chopin, the great romanticist; he knows the alternate fire and languorous charm of the Spaniard Albeniz.

It is not necessary to speak at length of his program last evening. It was generous and varied. Only two of the pieces were unfamiliar, Debussy's Berceuse and "Feuilles Mortes."

The Berceuse, dedicated to King Albert of Belgium, is simple and impressive. The mood is one of mournful contemplation. There is the thought of the battlefield with its dismal burden of dead and with the shadowy atmosphere of flitting or departed spirits. There is a stormy middle section, a trumpet call, as it were, an apotheosis to heroism; then the crashing chords subside and the piece concludes as it began, melancholy and funebrial.

"Feuilles Mortes," which was also played for the first time, is impressionistic and justifies its name.

Throughout the recital those qualities long associated with Mr. Copeland's playing were constantly in evidence. There was the ravishing tone, the fluent execution, the dash, brilliance and delicacy, the gorgeous coloring.

A large audience was enthusiastic and the pianist added to the program. Mr. Copeland is soon to play in other cities. The good wishes of his friends go with him. He will be missed here.

TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERT AUDIENCE HIGHLY PLEASED

Mmes. Sapin and Scotney and Mr. White and Mr. Hackett Sing.

The fifth of the series of concerts in Tremont Temple was attended last night by an audience of 2500 persons who cheered the artists to the echo. The audience was so enthusiastic that each of the singers was compelled to give numerous encores. The artists were Mme. Cara Sapin, Mme. Evelyn Scotney, Howard White and Arthur Hackett. Herbert Seiler was accompanist. It was the first appearance of Mme. Sapin and Mr Hackett at the concerts and they became favorites at once. Both have particularly pleasing voices. They sang well last night. Mr. White was as good as ever and while Mme. Scotney is a marked favorite with the patrons of the concerts, as evidenced by last night's applause, a nasal quality was evident in her voice.

The program included five quartets, two from "In a Persian Garden," two from "A Daisy Chain" and one from "Rigoletto." Mme. Sapin's regular numbers were "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalilah," "Way Down South," "Punchinello" and "Flower Rain." She sang three encore numbers, including Tosti's "Goodbye."

Mme. Scotney gave "Una voce poco fa" from the "Barber," "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Song of the Canoe" and "Will o' the Wisp." Among her seven extra numbers were "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

Two of Mr. White's most pleasing songs were "An Indifferent Mariner" by Bullard and "The Friars of Orders Grey," by Shields. His other numbers were "Two Roses," "A Hundred Pipers," "If You Knew" and "A Smuggler's Song." He gave four encores, including "O, Promise Me."

The audience was particularly pleased with Mr. Hackett's fine liquid tones. His numbers were "Ah! Moon of My Delight," from "In a Persian Garden," "The Sweetest Flower," "Hymn to the Night" and "Ecstasy." To still the applause he sang four extras.

REPEAT "SYLVIA" BALLET WITH RENEWED SUCCESS

All the Freshness of the First Performance and Greater Finish.

With added charm because of a greater perfection of detail than in its first presentation in Boston a few weeks ago, Delibes' pastoral ballet, "Sylvia," was given at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon, for the benefit of the Massachusetts branch of The Woman's Peace Society. Miss Mary Kellogg was in charge of the production and a large house gave testimony to its satisfaction.

Elizabeth Letherman, as Sylvia, exercised grace and gentleness, without overdoing them. She was human in her divinity, and Mildred Macomber, in her suppleness of body and control of action, stirred the audience to frequent applause.

All the chief characters, including Pauline Chamberlain, Dart Thorne, Hazel Sands, W. E. Chamberlain, Jr., and Joseph Chipman, helped to add to the story. The effort apparent at times in the first performance was absent yesterday, and the result was a symmetrical piece of acting.

The orchestra, under the direction of Charles Roepper, gave a satisfactory rendering of the music of the piece. The harmonious work of orchestra and dancers [illegible] particularly [illegible]

[illegible]

We [illegible] to [illegible] of the [illegible] the early [illegible] tomorrow [illegible] published. [illegible] that [illegible]

The Aquarial Garden.

As the World Wags:

The letter of "[illegible]" in [illegible] the Aquarial Garden [illegible] in the rear part of the [illegible] Marsh Company lot [illegible] that letter in your issue of Feb. 7 Mr. Moody Akerman does [illegible] the managers and sponsors of [illegible] establishment: it was an honest, interesting, and instructive exhibition of many living animals, terrestrial, fresh-water and marine.

At that time (1859-1860) I was studying comparative anatomy at Harvard under Louis Agassiz and Jeffries Wyman, who often visited the [illegible] and were consulted by the [illegible], whose name, I think, was Cutting. I never heard that Barnum had anything to do with it, and I recall no false representations. My copy of a descriptive pamphlet is at my summer home.

The white whale was [illegible] fed [illegible], and was kept in a large tank. At stated times daily it was harnessed to a boat in which a young lady was drawn swiftly around. After its death it was described by Prof. Wyman in the publications of the Boston Society of Natural History, of which [illegible] then [illegible] dent.

There were no "freaks," [illegible] living native Africans of two or three tribes. One, a Zulu, I think, was unusually tall and athletic. He used to grasp the tail of a huge kangaroo and the pair would take astonishing leaps. I never heard that "spirits" figured, nor was used by any of them.

The Hottentot was the smallest of the group. He could have known few wants, but the only phrase I ever heard him utter was "Hooray be [illegible]." He became homesick and died. The head was removed and the brain extracted by Prof. Wyman, who described it later. Four of his pupils, including myself, began to dissect the body in the basement of the Natural History Building, then on Mason street. We had disposed of the viscera, when we were suddenly informed that the (then) law did not permit human dissection there, and that the police were about to descend upon us. We hastily amputated the limbs at their sockets, leaving the less important "trunk" to be temporarily secreted by the janitor. We made up heavy brown wrapping paper we converted the limbs into [illegible] looking parcels, sealed the [illegible] and scattered in four different directions. My own experience in [illegible] this town was peculiar but need not be related here. Suffice to say that [illegible] care "subject" was not lost to science.

BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, Mass.

Muse to Muse.

As the World Wags:

Contagion is rife, and now comes [illegible] of hiding another not young [illegible] poet, and lays his modest tribute at the feet of one lately in our midst, chanting in song

TO FLORENCE HINKLE.

Hinkle, Hinkle, little [illegible],
You're a wonder, yes, you are
Up above the staff so high
Like a glad lark in the sky.

Boston, Feb. 18. POET[illegible]

Handed Down.

As the World Wags:

Concerning your interesting [illegible] ing of the terminal "ough," I have yet to find any quotation so full of [illegible] and with so little shell as the following which has been handed down in my family for several generations: "Though tough cough and hiccough plough me through." Note this phrase calls for six separate pronunciations in six words, while the verse printed on [illegible] 18 uses nine words with only four pronunciations. Do I win? J. F. F.

Braintree, Feb. 18.

Bettie Van Metre.

As the World Wags:

In a communication to The Herald of Feb. 7 Cornelia Walter McCleary referred those interested in the story of Mrs. Bettie Van Metre's heroism in caring for Henry E. Bedell, a wounded Union soldier in the civil war, to Lucius Eugene Chittenden's book, entitled "An Unknown Heroine: An Historical Episode of the War Between the States," but she should have stated that Mr. Chittendon's narrative is more or less adulterated with fiction. The story as told by him does not purport to be, in all its details, an exact record of the facts, but in the book's "Introduction" he frankly states that to some extent he drew upon his imagination for portions of his narrative, though [illegible] that his narrative is substantially [illegible] The essential facts stated [illegible] the order [illegible] [illegible]

... of the ... Wh... also the false ... of the less ... of the ... seemed to be ... author has ... always adh... to the probabilities and to what is ... the fact ... Perhaps ... will not be far out of the way to call Mr. Chittenden's volume a historical novel, though it is evident that he took less liberties with the facts than is usual in the average work of that kind. Of Mrs. Van Mette's hero deed a condensed account which is free from fictional adulterations is to be found in Aldace Freeman Walker's volume, entitled "The Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley, 1864," the account being on pages 74-88 of chapter 8, which is entitled "Camp Life: and an Episode," the "episode" being Mrs. Van Metre's heroic deed. Mr. Walker was lieutenant-colonel of the 11th Vermont regiment, of company D of which regiment Mr Bedell was 2d lieutenant L.
Brookline.

"Laying Out a Fine."

An intrepid traveler informs us that when a man in Indiana prefers to go to jail rather than pay a fine he is said to be "laying out his fine." Can anyone explain the origin of this use of the verb?

Softened?

Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly asked in this column on Feb. 16 whether anyone remembered a southern song in the Civil War, "The Homespun Dress." He quoted these lines:

> I envy not the Yankee girl
> Her pearls and jewels rare,
> Though diamonds deck her painted neck
> And gold her false black hair.

We are indebted to Oliver Ditson Company for a copy of the song "The Southern Girl, or the Homespun Dress." It is in the collection "Southern Recollections" and was copyrighted by A. E. Blackmar in 1864. But there is no roast on the neck and hair of the Yankee girl. The first verse goes:

> Oh, yes I am a Southern girl,
> And glory in the name,
> And boast it with far greater pride
> Than glitt'ring wealth or fame.
> I envy not the Northern girl,
> Her robes of beauty rare,
> Tho' diamonds grace her snowy neck
> And pearls bedeck her hair.

Is it possible that this verse was softened for northern use?

£96 21 / 1915

Two plays, unknown here except by reputation, will be produced tomorrow. "Innocent," at the Shubert Theatre, is a play in a prologue, four acts and an epilogue by George Broadhurst, who adapted it from a play by Arpad Pasztor, which was produced at Budapest in 1910. "Innocent" was first played at Atlantic City, Sept. 1, 1914. It was produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, on Sept 9, 1814. The chief players were Pauline Frederick, Julian L. Lestrange, John Miltern, George Probert and Arthur Lewis.

"The Legend of Leonora," by Sir James M. Barrie, has had a curious history. Entitled "The Adored One," it was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Sept. 4, 1913. It was in three acts, and had the sub-title, "A Legend of the Old Bailey." Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of Leonora; Sir John Hare that of Mr. Justice Grindyke, and Godfrey Tearle that of Capt. Rattray, R. N. In the original version Leonora is a widow, the mother of seven children. When a man in a railway car refuses to allow a window to be closed although her little girl has a cold, she pushes him out of the car. She is sure that she acted prudently and properly, and she convinces everyone, the sailor who falls in love with her, the judge before whom she is tried for murder, the cynical lawyer for the crown, the jurymen. She herself goes on the witness stand and shocks her counsel by explaining that she murdered the man because her little Millie, such a delicate child, had a severe cold. Of course she is acquitted and she marries the sailor, who is not daunted by the thought of the murder or the seven children.

The play was booed by the audience on the first night and the critics were not friendly. Mr. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote: "For once in a way the author's sense of humor has gone wrong. Is murder, with an inquest and the Old Bailey to follow, comic? Perhaps if the author were to alter the play in, at any rate, one respect, and reduce the charge against Leonora from murder to assault, its drolleries would jar less." Other critics were equally literal.

The second and third acts were booed. It was the first booing directed at a play by Barrie. The Hon. Treasurer of the Gallery First Nighters' Club gave this explanation to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle: "Why do we boo? The reason is simply and solely that 'kind friends in front' applaud. If there were no insincere applause there would be no booing. Moreover, we would much rather not have to boo. We would much rather just let it peter out, as happens in America. But we will not have the honest opinion of a first-night audience controverted by the applause of friends of the author and the management. It was not a question of opinion. There was no possible doubt about the ... of 'The Adored One' ... We expect something better from Barrie than a Fred ... sketch. Even as it was, we booed very little. All most of us did was to shout for 'Lights up' while the management seemed to be snatching 'curtains' on the strength of the applause of friends."

Others said that the sitters in the pit were discontented because they were unable to hear half the play.

Only one critic was brave enough to say that he had discovered the "obvious purpose" of the play. The critic of the Standard wrote: "'The Adored One' is nothing more nor less than a delightful satire on the attitude of the modern amazon — the suffragette — toward her unfortunate victims.

"The author gives us several clues to his idea. Finally, there is that plaintive, self-satisfied insistence throughout the piece: 'But my little girl had a cold.' And so as the rude gentleman in the railway carriage would not shut the window, she pushed him out on to the line and killed him.

"Have we not seen this attitude paralleled a hundred times in the police court —and, what is more, at the Old Bailey, where the scene of the play is laid?

"Sir J. M. Barrie has surely studied his subject there at first hand during one of the amazing 'conspiracy' trials. A female, fascinating or not, is in the dock on a charge of burning down a country residence or letting off a dangerous bomb. 'But,' she says with all Leonora's plaintiveness, 'women haven't got the vote,' and really, in face of this attitude of a weak little woman who has been trying to commit arson or murder, judge, jury and all of us are, to say the least, embarrassed.

"And then the extravagant way in which judge, counsel and jury behave at the trial—falling in love with Leonora, taking her flowers for buttonholes, and so on.

"Is not this simply a skit on such scenes as have been witnessed in our courts, but carried a little further to absolute absurdity? There are a number of women in the dock who are the self-confessed heads of a criminal organization whose purpose it is to institute a reign of terror in England.

"And yet every indulgence is shown them, smelling salts are brought, and counsel and judge and everybody are of a most exquisite politeness.

"'My little girl had a cold,' says Mrs. Pankhurst. And she is at this moment enjoying the delights of Trouville."

Barrie took the booing and more courteous criticism philosophically, as Puccini did when "Madama Butterfly" was first produced at Milan. He revised his play, and the revised version was produced on Sept. 26, 1913. Leonora's story of the murder was shown to be one of her jokes. The trial at the Old Bailey was a dream of Capt. Rattray. There was an entirely new act, which took place in the parlor of Leonora's cottage, where the captain awoke after his disturbed sleep. "It is now possible," wrote the sensitive Mr. Walbrook, "to enjoy the comicalities of the trial in the right spirit, and without the uncomfortable impression which the play in its original form left upon the mind.

A London reviewer wrote concerning the version: "Sir J. M. Barrie needed more time to make the alterations in 'The Adored One' than Oscar Wilde required to change 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' Wilde had to add just one sentence at the end of the first act. Lord Windermere goes to the mantelpiece and soliloquizes to the effect that he could not tell Lady Windermere that it was her own mother who was receiving checks from him. The first night's audience had not that information. But the most famous change of plot was when the melodrama audience refused to tolerate the death of Dickens's 'Little Nell.' Not long ago there was a trial performance of a one-act show at the Konsington Theatre done in two ways, one with a happy ending and the other without. Both styles were liked. The colonial rights of the happy ending plot were sold immediately."

Barrie's delightful comedy, "The Will," was also produced with the first and second versions of "The Adored One."

The version played by Miss Maude Adams, "The Legend of Leonora," was produced at Springfield Dec. 30, 1913. Leonore Chippendale, Elise Clarens, Aubrey Smith, Morton Selten, Arthur Lewis, R. Peyton Carter and Fred Tyler were in the supporting company. The play was first performed in New York at the Empire Theatre, Jan. 5, 1914.

It would not be fair to the theatregoer to tell the plot of this version in detail. When the judge dismisses the charge against Leonora he thus addresses her:

"You are one of those round whom legends grow even in their lifetime. This is the sort of thing you might have done had your little girl had a cold ... this is how we might have acte... you done it. You are not of toda... ish, wayward, unselfconscious, communica... tive Leonora. The ladies of today are different—and wiser. But as we look longingly at you we see again in their habit as they lived those out-of-date, unreasoning, womanish creatures, our mothers and grandmothers and other dear ones long ago loved and lost—and as if you were the last woman, Leonora, we bid you hail and farewell."

And here is another hint. Sir James Barrie thus describes his heroine in the text of the play: "Leonora is an unspeakable ... and that is all the guidance that can be given to the ... playing her." Does not Judge Grimdyke say—probably the dramatist had Mr. Justice Darling in his mind—: "The court is very dull without her," and when she returns with an apology for her delay, the dramatist gives another hint: "Here Leonora returns and occupies the attention of the court. She is a greater dear than ever, very precious, quite unselfconscious and assured that the trial is a mere form." He also says that when she takes the witness stand, she must appear as "a pleasant hostess who feels she must keep things going."

Theatrical News and Gossip

Sir George Alexander completes 25 years of theatrical management today. They have been valuable years to the British drama, for no other manager of his time has been so good a host to the dramatists of his day. Pinero, Jones, Stephen Phillips, John Oliver Hobbes, Anthony Hope, and supremely Oscar Wilde, all had their greatest successes at the St. James's Theatre. Here, too, a play of exquisite facture by Mr. Henry James was produced and beautifully acted, but lacked the appreciation of the first-night audience of its day. We fancy the public are keener now to recognize such subtle art as that of this great writer; and Sir George Alexander might well add a further to his many claims on our gratitude by reviving "Guy Domville."—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 1.

Sir George when he became a manager had just concluded an engagement with Henry Irving and was playing at the Adelphi in "London Day by Day." His engagement with Mr. Gatti at what was then the princely salary of £50 a week did not permit of his appearance at first at his own theatre, the Avenue, but he brought together an excellent cast, including Fred Terry, Albert Chevalier, Ben Webster, Harry Grattan, Fanny Brough, Carlotta Leclercq, and Elizabeth Robins, and produced a rollicking farce called "Dr. Bill." The origin of this production was recalled by him in an interview with a reporter of the observer. "Mr. Hamilton Aide, who had written a play for Sir Henry Irving called 'Philip,' and had been very encouraging to me, was anxious to write a serious play for me. He brought me several to read—this was before I was manager, you know—but I could not find one that seemed likely to appeal to the public.

"One day I had a letter from him from Aix-les-Bains, where he was staying, saying, in effect: 'I have met a man here named Carre, who has read to me a stupid but amusing farce founded on the life of the lady doctors here. As I had nothing else to occupy me I have made a translation of it, and when I return to London I will read it to you.' He did so, and I accepted the play at once, and produced it at the Avenue Theatre on Feb. 1, 1890. M. Carre, the author, who wrote that very flippant farce, is now director of the Comedie Francaise."

Sir George Alexander will produce a new play by Hartley Manners, who was with him as an actor at the St. James Theatre.

"Are You a Mason?" was revived at the Comedy Theatre, London, Feb. 2; Sheridan's "Rivals" at the Coronet Feb. 1. The performance of the latter was comparatively free from gags; "one or two time-dishonored and depressing interpolations still found their way to the lips of Fighting Bob. Stanley Houghton's "Pearls" was revived by Arthur Bourchier at the Coliseum Feb. 1.

The new farce, "A Busy Day," by Mr. R. C. Carton, produced at the Apollo Theatre on Saturday evening, struck us as that most tragic of all dramatic compositions, a farce which is not funny. Its construction is exceedingly complex, and there is a new "situation" every three minutes or so; but, as the play goes on, its happenings become rather easy to anticipate, and prove not particularly diverting when reached. The chief reason for the failure of the work to amuse is that its characters are not interestingly drawn. Their basis is farcical enough, but their development is mechanical and, we must add, is not treated with either the wit or the humour which Mr. Carton in so many works has led us to expect from him. Consequently, long before the finale was reached the audience had ceased to take any authentic interest in the serio-comic romance of that impecunious rantipole, Lord Charles Temperleigh, and the equally impecunious and in no other way distinguished widow, Mrs. Cosmo Garrington; and when at last the curtain fell on the third act the applause was mixed very conspicuously indeed with sounds less silvern in an author's ears. We cannot say whether, if the play had been differently cast, its effect would have been more exhilarating. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and the author, who of course know the piece intimately, can best answer that question. As it was, several of the players began, about the middle of the second act, to find their labors "collar work." It is, however, a pleasure to be able to add that in characters which seemed intrinsically unattractive the art of Mr. Hawtrey, of Mr. E. Fitzgerald, of Miss Doris Lytton and of Miss Mona Harrison asserted itself with results of a partial redemption of the occasion. Also that the J. H Squire Celeste sextet played selections in the intervals which the audience listened to and applauded with ardent gratification.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 1

Notes About Music and Musicians

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 4 said editorially: "It is pleasant to read of Santley and Edward Lloyd once more upon a concert program. Needless to say, it was the war, and particularly the mute appeal of Belgium, which brought the two veterans back yesterday afternoon to the platform in the Mansion House. Both appear to have sung beautifully—the great artists of the Victorian era had learned how to preserve as well as how to produce their voices—and to have had a 'tremendous ovation.' Many of our readers have, no doubt, read the accounts of it all with a feeling of the most reprehensible envy." Let's see, Mr. Santley will be 81 years old the end of this month and Mr. Lloyd will be 70 years old in March.

Mr. Fred Clutsam's "cradle" keyboard was exhibited in London at the end of last month. The inventor lectured on his keyboard. "In the keys ordinarily in use," he said, "the fulcrum principle is employed, and in order to obtain a proper balance each key has to be weighted with lead. He had taken as much as nine pounds out of the keys of a pianoforte which he was converting from the old system to the new. Naturally, such keys are heavy to the touch and slow in action, and, to get over this difficulty, he tried the experiment of taking out the lead and balancing each key upon a rocker. Delicately poised upon this, the key responds very readily to the touch, and it 'repeats' more rapidly; incidentally, it brings the damper into much quicker action, with the result that two notes are never heard sounding simultaneously. In the course of some illustrations, Miss Irene Scharrer tried the experiment of playing Mendelssohn's 'Bee's Wedding' on a cradle keyboard, and on a very excellent pianoforte fitted with the ordinary fulcrum system, and the gain in limpidity, in brilliance, in clearness, and in brightness of tone was really very remarkable indeed. Moreover, she showed in Liszt's 12th rhapsody that, though there is a great increase of delicacy, there is no loss whatever in power. The new system can be applied to any piano."

Three short pieces for flute, violin and harp, by Eugene Goosens, Jr., were produced in London Feb. 3. An orchestral work by him was much discussed in the last Promenade concert season. "This young musician, who is of English birth, deserves close attention, as the generation to which he belongs has grown up while the modern idiom was, even in England, working its way into the current vernacular. Whereas, composers who are a very few years older than he, give us a post-Wagnerian or post-Brahmsian texture into which they have woven modernism in deference to the times, he actually thinks in the newer language. Hence his remarkable fluency, which may become a danger, though not within such narrow limits as restrained him on this occasion. Two moments of delicate lyrism were followed by a divertissement into which some of the chinoiserie seemed to have strayed from a neighboring flute piece."

Miss Marianne Reynaert, a young violinist, was praised in London Feb. 3, for her sound technic and full tone, "which she fails to get to vary effectively." She is in her teens.

Joseph Jongen's Fantasy on two folk carol tunes from the province of Liege was produced in London at an Ostend Kursaal orchestra concert Feb. 4. "It is nowadays high praise to be able to say of such a work that the composer does not work any violence on his thematic material." Arthur de Greef's composition for piano and orchestra, based on Flemish airs, played at the same concert, is "a pedestrian affair, which even his fine playing could not redeem from dulness."

A new piano trio by Frederick Ayers, London, Feb. 4, was disappointing. The composer did not succeed in breaking away from the triteness of post-romantic chamber music, and his rhythms were not sufficiently varied."

A new song, "Tzigane," by Joseph Holbrooke, was sung in London on Feb. 4.

It may have been a strange and tragic coincidence. Some will believe there was more in it than that. The husband of a Paris violinist, himself a musician, left for the front shortly after mobilization. His Christian name was Remy. At parting he told his wife: "If I go under, I will try to let you know directly, before the official news reaches you." She scarcely played any music during his absence. But the other day she took up her violin, feeling impelled to play one piece which he liked above all. She opened the case, and two strings of the violin suddenly snapped, the D and the E. "Re and Mi," she all at once thought. It was the warning he had said he would give her. The next day a war office telegram informed her that her husband, Sergt. Remy — had been killed in action.—Daily Telegraph.

We hear that not in London only, but all over the country, performances of

...lo are proving exceptionally a... ...the huge Albert Hall has ... been more than once "crowded ... an oratorio by Mendelssohn ... Handel has filled the bill. This is in ... surprising. For 150 years the ... people loved oratorio beyond all ... forms of musical composition. ...enty years ago Mr Shaw and a few ... superior persons laughed some of ... out of this taste; but the present ... has brought about a vast popular ... to old habits—which were in most ... good habits—as one of the results ... which oratorio flourishes once again. ... of the noblest music ever writ... to be found in this class of work, ... revival is one to rejoice over aes... ...ally no less than socially.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Victor Vreuls's violin sonata in B ... or was played at a concert of the So... des Concerts Francais in London, ... 28. "Why do not some enterprising ...sicians of native birth seek to emu... this fine French society, and propa... to at home a knowledge of the best of ...tive music? Why should the true mu... lover be deprived of his music, and ...ly the 'Philistine' of sentimental ten... be catered for? Vreuls's sonata ... described as short, consise, tempera... ...ntal with a beautiful slow movement. Immense vigor characterizes the open... movement as well as the finale, but ... last is not completely satisfactory, ...haps because one cannot get away ... the opening figure, which suggests ... Stravinsky, anon Cyril Scott, and ... pattern is no longer fresh." But was ... not this sonata composed before Stra...vinsky was known in France and Bel...gium?

The Daily Telegraph speaks of Liszt's ... and piano concerto as "very tawdry ... uninteresting."

Everybody knows, of course, that Offenbach, though a native of Cologne, ... a naturalized Frenchman, and ... more French than the French." But ... the present moment particular inter... attaches to a letter unearthed by Mr. Richard Northcott, who is engaged up... a biography of the composer of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." In the course of ... letter, written early in 1871, Offen... said: "What horrible people the Prussians are, and how heartrending for me to think that I was born on the banks ... the Rhine, and thus have some con...ction with those appalling savages. ..., my poor France, how I thank her for having adopted me as one of her children." Today, that phrase, "those appalling savages"—written in 1871—...nds prophetic.—Daily Telegraph.

There is a story that recurs regularly: ... the ... is the same, and the varia... are usually few, confined to name ... place, name of maker, and price of... This time the poor, struggling ...ian lives in Las Palmas. Of course ... loved his old violin—but here is a new ... He had saved enough money ... send the fiddle to London, for it was ... need of repairs. The virtuous fiddle ... promptly wrote to him that the violin was a Stradivarius and worth ..., which sum he offered for it. And there the story of a Madrid correspond... stops. Did the poor, struggling ...ian part with the treasured in...strument?

The war has now affected the price of violin strings. Owing to the lack of labor in France, where many of the English makers have their factories, ... can only find time to make the better class strings. As the German strings of this class are out of the market there is a flood of orders in the French houses which they cannot ... except under pressure and there... at special rates. Raw material has ... in conformity with the rise in gen... ...es all over the country, and ... at the Paris abattoirs now ... per cent. more than it did before ... war.—London Times.

A well known musician, Mr. Schoen... of New York, has been in town ... week, the first time in 12 years, and notes remarkable changes. He ... the information to give as ... ...lions in German manufactures ... other distressing. In one little ... in Saxony where the principal industry was the manufacture of violin strings and violins 1700 men engaged in ... business were called to the front ... 130 of them have been killed. A second call was issued, and a large per... of the men responding have ... killed. At the rate the men ... that little section alone are being ... there will be few left to car... ... of this important industry. Then ... gut for the strings came from Rus... and England, and the wood for the ... ...ments and bows from the Bal..., South America and southern Rus... and the sources of supply have been cut off. Material for strings can be ... from Scandinavia, but they are not ... the best quality. Mr. Schoening says the brass wind instruments market is ... Austria, but her goods cannot be marketed in this country, because of the ... means of getting them over... The best wood winds are manu...factured in Germany and France, but ... to get these to America is a co...nundrum he would not venture to an...swer. And, besides, the copper from which brass instruments are made is being gobbled up by the Austrian and German governments, so that there is

Gardens, Whales and Minstrels

...many letters ... preceding ... of this or that "garden" in old times, about the white whale that made a deep impression on youngsters at the time, and about Negro minstrels of the past. Those that we publish today must be the last on the particular subjects named.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The aquarial garden where the white whale was exhibited in a tank in the main hall was in Central court, now built over, on the east side of Washington street, a short distance from the south corner of Summer street. It was next door to the hostelry run by "Billy" Park before he located in Bosworth street. The building became Andrews Hall for a while, then Jason Wentworth had it reconstructed for his Theatre Comique, where Maffit and Bartholomew performed as resident pantomimists and where Moriacchi made her first appearance in Boston. Later it was occupied by players under the management of John Stetson, before the old Globe Theatre came into his possession. There may have been a whale exhibited in the lot named by L. E. G. G., but I have no recollection of it. The one I saw in the early sixties of the last century was in the place I have indicated. Regarding the word "garden" above, it may be said that it is used with great latitude when it is applied to places of public entertainment. And now will some of your correspondents tell us when the first Chinese junk came here and was tied up at one of the Charlestown bridges on exhibition at so much a head? J. W. R.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I saw mention of "White Whale" in The Herald, but at the time read but a line or two; now it occurs to me that I remember the so-called "White Whale." It was shown in an immense tank of sea water which occupied nearly all of the floor space except under the balcony. The sides of the tank were of thick plate glass, but the best view was to be had from the balcony, where the "whale's" antics held a crowd always. The place was called the Aquarial Gardens, and was situated at the angle of Central court, a street that has since been covered with buildings. It led from Washington street about 100 feet south of Summer street, and about 100 feet back from Washington street it turned a right angle and ran out to Avon place (now Avon street). The building of the Gardens had its entrance facing up the street to Washington street, and had a fine collection of water creatures in glass tanks and in enclosures. I remember the great alligators, more of a curiosity than now, and huge sea turtles that wandered at times about the floor. I think this was in the late fifties, about the time when the demolition of the "Tontine Crescent" took the arch out of Arch street; anyway, it was back in "the good old days" when Boston was fit to live in. The "Aquarial Gardens" were remodelled later, and became the Theatre Comique, a place like the Casino Theatre, and then after a year or two again remodelled and made a beautiful theatre, called the Adelphi. On Washington street at the corner of Central court was Chickering Hall, and warerooms with shops below. I think the court and buildings are now included in Jordan Marsh store.

At the time of the Aquarial Gardens there was in another neighborhood a fine menagerie with entrance from Hanover street, very popular with the children, where, directly one gave up his ticket to the collector a tall ostrich was passed who expected to be fed with something, and the feeding of the elephant by dumping a tip-cart load of cabbages before him was one of the sights, and the capers of a giant kangaroo in a great ring another. DON.

Boston.

To the Editor of the Herald:

One of your correspondents lately located the hall where the whale was exhibited as on Boylston street. It was in the hall referred to in your column a short time ago, originally Andrew Hall, and the land now covered by Jordan Marsh Company store. It was afterward the Theatre Comique; and finally was converted into the Park House, kept by the late William D. Park, afterward removed to Montgomery place. The whale was exhibited in a large tank filled with water and driven by a young lady in a boat. Can any of your correspondents recollect who the young lady was who drove the whale. My own recollection is that it was Miss Lillian Norton, afterwards Mme. Nordica. Will you ask your correspondents if they have any recollection on that point?

There was a question lately as to the location of the Apollo Garden. It was on the east side of Washington street, near Bennet street, Osgood's furniture store now covers the ground. There was a large wooden house with a garden behind it, and was the residence of William C. Fay. The house at one time was reputed to be haunted, and was out of repair and closed when it was opened as the Apollo Garden. This was in 1864. One of your correspondents thought the Apollo Garden was in Jamaica Plain. What he had in mind was

... ... Ordway ... ...

To the Editor of The Herald:

Ordway's minstrel ... in ... Hall ... opposite the Old South Church. From 1850 to 18... Pell and Trowbridge were the ... troupe. Ordway, I think, did not black his face, but came on and sang a ... or two at each performance. After M., P. and T. left him he soon failed. He then studied medicine and made rectal diseases a special practice. M., P. and T. opened in School street next door to the Parker House. This broke Ordway. Then they went back to old Province House court.

Of all the favorites Bloodgood took the lead, but for a short duration. The Buckley troupe had the most talent. The Christys were at the height of their fame in New York in 1846. Ordway died about 1870. He was a fine looking man. Jim Swan, style Billy Morris had teeth filled in a place I worked on Tremont street. I saw him after. Eph Horn was a minstrel I did not like at all.

> As I was going down the street,
> I met my lovely Kate.
> I asked her where she was going to,
> She said, 'I'm going to skate.'
> I walked along beside her,
> And didn't we cut a swell!
> With high heel boots upon her feet
> She wore a balmoral.
>
> We took a car and reached the park,
> A man stood at the gate,
> He charged us fifteen cents apiece
> To let us in to skate.
> I paid my dimes and in we went
> With such a rush pell mell,
> It beat my time to keep in sight
> Of that same balmoral.
>
> She started off and said she'd kiss
> The first one that would catch her.
> Of all the skaters in the park
> There was not one to match her.
> I made a grab and down I went,
> Upon my nose I fell,
> Some other fellow caught and kissed
> Her in her balmoral.

This song was sung by Billy Morris and there was a chorus:

> Oh there is fun upon the ice,
> And lots of fine young gals.
> My goodness how they glide along
> Dressed in their balmorals.

A song like this lasts but one season. Lon Morris had a son, an expert billiard player. I knew him at Hot Springs. He did not last long. Trowbridge was a baker. He worked and saved his money. Johnny Pell's name was Devine. C. H.

Johnson City, Tenn.

War in the Picture Drama

It has been said that the realities of the war are being more truly brought home to the British public through the agency of the picture palace than by any other means. Certainly there are to be seen extraordinarily vivid scenes from the dunes of Flanders, wherein the hills tossing their sandy heads to heaven and the bent grass lowering before the wind bring back thoughts of far-off peaceful days and noble and stupendous bunkers. Here are soldiers, worn and unkempt, crawling on their stomachs along the sandy valleys, marching, eating their well-earned dinners, and actually shooting. But, after all, the pictures of real life form but a small part of the joys of the cinema. It is drama—lurid, palpitating drama—that is its crowning glory, and this has not been so wholly engulfed by the war as we might imagine from gazing only at the horrific posters in the streets.

The war has of course influenced the drama, but it is not so much what Mr. Meagles might have called the "allonging and marshonging" aspect of war, the actual fighting and shooting and charging, that are commonly presented. We see rather its "underworld," to use the alluring language of the program. Spies and secret agents, plans of fortifications and designs of aeroplanes, the midnight, black and secret villains who traffic in them, and the heroes who frustrate the villains. The tried and popular elements of drama have not been swept away by a wave of militarism, but have been ingeniously adapted to the new state of things. "Cowboys is off," we had been told by an experienced friend, but if the term cowboy includes any one who wears a sombrero and jack-boots and goes at full cinema gallop across the stage airily letting off his carbine with one hand, then he is not off. Neither is that other great creature, the American "crook" or "gunman," "Dago Frank" or "Gyp the Blood," who lately thrilled us in a drama of real life from New York. With his white, hunted face, and his revolver in his hip pocket, he still goes slinking and crouching across the stage. But it is not always sheaves of dollar notes that he now abstracts from the safe; if we are lucky it is something far more mysterious and romantic called "plans." The letters, perfect models, of epistolary terseness, which are flashed upon the screen, now end "My government will give ...0,000 for the plans. Sincerely, Petrovitch," and it is to be observed that the tempter is not as a rule a German, but of Slavonic origin, discreetly vague.

There is one admidable drama which combines Wild West and Red Indians, soldiers and fighting, gambling in high life, spries, bribes and plans with all the delicious and hilarious relief that belongs to a runaway carriage and a comic coachman. We first of all see the

... ... returning ... ... a ... relief ... ... comrades ... ... their last cartridges ... ...kade of wagons. The ... a rocky gorge rather faster than ... express train bringing right and left ... then soldiers and Red Indians, having served their turn, vanish into ... Returned to civilization ... and recovered from his wound, the ... dresses up as a coachman and proposes, by way of a practical joke, to drive his sister home from a reception. By inadvertence he picks up the wrong party and after he has galloped several miles in pursuance of his light-hearted design through the sleeping streets of Washington opened the carriage door and embraced the lady that comes out of it, he discovers that there has been a little mistake. The lady, however, forgives him and takes him into her service as her coachman and now comes the spy. The lady's father is a colonel who has lost heavily at cards and is tempted by the Slav to sell the plans of a fort. He was once "the foremost strategist of the war office," but he is now clearly past his intellectual prime, since he not only employs his innocent daughter to make copies of the plans, but leaves them lying on his study table. Here they are discovered by the lieutenant, who frustrates the Slav, rescues the strategist and marries the daughter, but before he accomplishes all this, he has waited at a dinner party as an improvised butler, dipped his ... in the soup, dropped part of the dinner on the floor and called it "only a slip of the tongue," taken a surreptitious puff at a guest's cigar and performed other feats of exquisite drollery. In fact, to ... the expressive slang of his own co... he is some lieutenant."—London Times, Jan 28.

The Irish Band Here In 1872

Like Mr. Wegg, we should like to drop into poetry, but either our singing robes do not fit or the Muse looks coldly on us. We are therefore dependent on our correspondents, from Homer and the Hebrew bards to Isaac Porter of Marlboro, who sends to The Herald the following poem:

THE IRISH BAND IN 1872.

> The proudest day I ever knew,
> Now listen wid ye ear,
> Were back in eighteen sivinty two
> The Irish Band were here.
>
> The great Frinch Band had played ... own
> It filled me soul wid wrath
> To see thim Frinchmen strut aroun'
> Yo'd think they owned the airth.
>
> And so we hired the Irish Band,
> Meslif, O'Brien and Lynch,
> To show that bands from Ireland
> Were just as good as Frinch.
>
> They didn't play that classic stuff
> That few can understand,
> But what they played were good enough,
> The songs of Ireland.
>
> Now some folk like Eyetalian toons,
> And some folks like the Dutch,
> Some like the ragtime of the Coons,
> But I've no use for such.
>
> Give me our good old Erin songs,
> That's what I like to hear
> No German opera full of gongs
> And noise to shplit the ear.
>
> The Irish Band played fine, all right,
> But one thing made me sore,
> The only Irish thing in sight
> Was the uniform they wore.
>
> A big Eyetalian dressed in green
> Were hammering the drum,
> And right beside of him I seen
> A Dutchman with a horn.
>
> I asked the leader wid the stick
> To play up something fo ne,
> He answered me wid tung so thick
> And said he, "Nix fer stein."
>
> I asked the chap wid slide trombone
> To play "Erin-Go-Brah,"
> He looked at me and said, "Garcon,
> Je vous ne comprong paw."
>
> I asked a little black-faced chap
> What played the piccolo
> Where he came from, he touched his cap
> And said, "Non entendo."
>
> And thin I asked another one
> "Are anny of ye chaps Irish?"
> He answered like the rist of em,
> "Me no speaka da English."
>
> The Irish Band played fine, all right,
> But one thing made me sore;
> The only Irish thing in sight
> Were thim green coats they wore.
>
> We all thought when we hired em
> They came right here from Cork
> But very mother's son of 'em
> Wor picked up in New York.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., concert by John McCormack, tenor, company. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by John McCormack, tenor company. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Anton Witek, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Vita Witek, pianist, and J. Malkin, 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Brahms, Trio, C minor, op. ...; Bach, Chaconne, Mr. Witek; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 48, No. 1, Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Schubert-Liszt, ... Koenig, Mrs. Witek; Boccherini, ... in A major for 'cello, ...; Smetana, Trio in G minor, op. 15. Witek-Malkin trio ... Germany ... this country.

... nino, o ... F... stuecke, Liszt, 6 ... Paganini, Tremolo, An... Capriccio, La Campanella, A... La Ch... Theme and variations, Liszt, 19th Hungarian Rhapsody.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert ... Ramon Blanchart, baritone; Miss Gra... von Brocklin, soprano; Miss V... Stickney, 'cellist, and C. Pol Plan... baritone. Mr. Blanchart will sing M...senet's "Fleeting Vision" and songs ... Ronald, Barnard, Anderson and Yradier. Miss Brocklin, who has been on the stage for several years, will sing ... by Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, songs ... Tate and Massenet, and a duet with Mr. Plancon from "Il Trovatore." Miss Stickney will play an obbligato to two songs. Mr. Plancon will sing arias by Leoncavallo and Bizet.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 15th. Public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. Schubert, Symphony in C major; Strube, variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala."

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., song recital by Mme. Julia Culp; Coenraad V. Bos, accompanist. Schubert, Heimliches Lieben, Nacht und Traeume, Der Musensohn, Wiegenlied, Die Forelle, Du bist die Ruh'; Erich Wolff, Ein Solcher ist mein Freund, Wie Melodie aus ... Sphaere, Knabe und Veilchen, Ich ... gen Baden zogen, Wuesst' ich ... Maerchen; Schumann, In der Fremde, Intermezzo, Waldesgespraech, Mond... ... Fruehlingsnacht.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 15th. Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Feb 22 1915

Many remember Mr. Frederick S. Converse's romantic opera, "The Pipe of Desire," which was first performed here in Jordan Hall; later at the Boston Opera House and at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Mr. Henry P. Eames of the Wesleyan College of Music, Bloomington, Ill., writes that two "smooth and enthusiastic" performances were given in Bloomington on Feb. 5, 6, "before an audience that filled the local theatre from pit to dome." He turned the opera into two acts by stopping after the great chorus and dance. "It did not break the effect and it gave us an opportunity to make very much more of the large chorus and dance by repeating it several times with different kinds of symbolical dances." There was an orchestra of 42. Mr. Eames and the others participating in the performance believe that they have thus advanced the cause of native dramatic music and shown that an opera by an American composer can be "properly and profitably and popularly produced by earnest amateurs."

Horseless Carriages.

As the World Wags:

I read with interest the "Horseless Carriage" letter from G. W. J.

Practical "carriages without horses" were constructed and used on the highways prior to 1796. One such carriage was built in 1769 by Nicolas Joseph Cugnot. Watt patented a road locomotive in 1784. There is nothing in the history of these vehicles to indicate that they were "tried in the night." It is not related that they were ashamed to be seen.

In the early part of the 19th century, steam carriages were in practical use on the roads, carrying passengers. In December, 1833, at least 20 such carriages were in use in and near London, and it was, at that time, proposed to substitute steam-driven machines for horse-drawn vehicles on all the mail routes. The growth of steam railways, however, together with hostile legislation, put this industry to sleep.

The length of its nap exceeded that of Rip Van Winkle. But when it finally awoke, a number of gentleman of France, England, Italy and America conceived the idea that the railroads were not the last word in transportation. If Rumor's whisperings may be believed, one Henry Ford was among them.

The profits which Rumor tells us have accrued to these gentlemen during the past decade seem to imply that the conception was fruitful.

There are some, however, who still chant the following mournful dirge:

O carry us back! O carry us back!
To the good old primitive days,
When the gallant strode his charger back,
And the high-brow rode in a chaise,
We walked in peace those days, good Lord,
Instead of dodging a pesky Ford!

Medford, Feb. 15. H. J. L.

Is there anywhere a picture of the vehicle propelled by coiled springs invented by Johann Hautach in the 16th century? Or of the horseless carriage said to have been patented by Ramsay and Wildgoose in 1619? Richard Trevethick's steam motor went 90 miles in 18(0)2. The hostile English legislation that H. J. L. speaks of was in 1836, and in the interest of railways, but an exception was made in favor of Hancock's London omnibuses. In 1865 there was still more restrictive legislation. Cugnot was a military engineer. His motor worked by steam (1771) can now be seen in Paris in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. David Ramsay, clock maker to James I. and Charles I., was also an inventor and a dabbler in occult sciences.—Ed.

Enough

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the contri... Lane. I send t.e follow...

... different pronunciation of the ...ding "ough":
"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
Through life's dark lough my way I still pursue."

Quincy, Feb. 18. L. A. P.

As the World Wags:

I notice in this morning's Herald that "Diseens" has added one more word ending in "ough"—slough, but if you will look at my list you will find the word on it. Not that it makes any difference, but it would have pleased me had you not overlooked it.

MARIAH SANDAHL.

Boston, Feb. 19.

As the World Wags:

In Scotland, or at least in part of it, the accepted pronunciation of "sough" is "sooch," the "ch" as in German. • • • If the choice of pronunciation is to be based on the resemblance of the word as pronounced to the actual sound of the wind, I think that this Scotch version should be preferred to either "sow," "suff" or "soff." — P. T. C.

North Middleboro, Feb. 18.

Theatrical Intoxication.

Dr. Frank Crane was utterly overcome by the performance of "Sister Marie-Odile." He wrote to the Globe (N. Y.): "Don't ask me for criticisms. My fault-finding intellect is paralyzed. I am drunk with the loveliness of a spiritual vision." It is to be hoped that he had an end seat, so that he did not disturb any one when he went out between the acts.

An Eagle Eye.

Sir Herbert Tree recently produced a dramatization of "David Copperfield" at His Majesty's in London. The reviewers for the daily papers were pleased, but now comes an acute observer who points out in Notes and Queries errors in the "archaeology" of the play. Thus, Act I., scene 2, is described as the "Dining-room" of the Golden Cross, although Dickens named it correctly the "Coffee-room." "The boxes in it would have settle seats, not chairs, and assuredly not the school or village-inn forms used in the present representation. The waiter serving a bottle of port would carry it almost parallel, probably in a wine basket, certainly not like a carafe." The writer also saw with his eagle eye furniture obviously not of the period. He signed himself Aleck Abrahams. Did he ever hear the phrase "Smart Aleck"?

CONCERT GIVEN BY M'CORMACK

The usual overflowing audience greeted John McCormack at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, when he gave the first of two concerts he has been announced to give here, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist. Yesterday's program follows:

Recitative and aria from "Engedi".... Beethoven
Mr. McCormack.
Prize song from "Die Meistersinger"... Wagner-Wilhelmj
Mr. McBeath.
"Singers' Consolation"............Schumann
"Ave Maria".......................Schubert
"The Three Comrades"......Hans Herman
Mr. McCormack.
"Aus der Heimat"..............Smetana
Mr. McBeath.
"The Enchanted Valley"....Arr. by Wood
"The Ball... ore Ballad" (a fragment from Donegal)..........Arr. by Hughes
"Reynardine"..............Arr. by Hughes
"The Snowy-Breasted Pearl" (by request) Robinson
Mr. McCormack.
Songs without words..Mendelssohn-Kreisler
Scherzo ....Dittersdorf-Kreisler
Mr. McBeath.
"When the Dew Is Falling" (written for Mr. McCormack).......Edwin Schneider
"Serenade"..............Ludwig Schwab
"Before the Dawn"..........Hubert Bath
"Eleanore"..............Coleridge Taylor
Mr. McCormack.

Mr. McCormack's splendid voice has lost none of its delightful quality. He seemed at his best yesterday, whether as the princely David in the wilderness of Engedi or as the gentleman who seemed to have been unkindly treated by a lady named Brannigan, she having left him for to die. The group of ancient Irish songs was extremely interesting. The Ballynure ballad was sung with great drollery, and the famous "Snowy Breasted Pearl" has probably never been better given. Mr. McCormack's top notes, as Charles Duval used to say of his own in a certain character sketch, "is very fetchin'."

Of course there were innumerable encores and Mr. McCormack was as good natured as ever. It was interesting to remark that in singing "Drink to me only with thine eyes," he sang "sip" to rhyme with "cup."

Mr. McBeath got his share of the applause. He was twice encored. His playing of the Scherzo was greatly enjoyed. Mr. McCormack insisted that the applause which followed his singing of "When the Dew is Falling," was meant for Mr. Schneider, and that modest gentleman had to get up twice from his accompanist's stool to bow his acknowledgements.

The second concert will be given this evening.

Feb 23 1915

MAUDE ADAMS

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Legend of Leonora," a play in three acts by J. M. Barrie.

Mr. Justice Grimdyke	Arthur Lewis
Sir Roderick Peripety	Morton Selten
Captain Rattray, R. N.	Charles Hammond
Mr. Tovey	Fred Tyler
Mr. Lebelte	R. Peyton Carter
Railway Guard	Byron Silvers
Clerk of the Court	Lionel Hogarth
Usher	Stafford Windsor
Foreman of the Jury	H. Gaunt
Leonora	Maude Adams
Lady Peripety	Elsie Clarens
Mrs. Tovey	Lenore Chippendale

This comedy was followed by Barrie's "The Ladies' Shakespeare," a play in three scenes:

Baptista	R. Peyton Carter
Petruchio	Grant Stewart
Grumio	Wallace Jackson
Hortensio	Morton Selten
Gremio	Walter Pritchard
Lucentio	Charles Hammond
Vincentio	James L. Carhart
Tailor	Lionel Hogarth
Haberdasher	Byron Silvers
Curtis	Stafford Wilson
Katherine	Maude Adams
Blanca	Elsie Clarens
Widow	Lenore Chippendale
Negro Page	Florence Foley
Dancer	Paula A. Matzner
Dancer	Anna Brewer
Dancer	Edith Butts

The question is whether a mother is justified in shoving a man out of a railway carriage in England because he insists on having a window open when her little girl has a cold. As Leonora testified in court when she was tried for murder, the little girl had a sniffy kind of cold. There was no evidence that she had a hacking cough or that she had a graveyard cough. She had a sorry rheum. The Elizabethans used a stronger adjective. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The judge, the lawyers on each side, and the court officers all applauded. What has an audience to say to the verdict?

It was the only one possible in Barrie's play, which is more fantastical even than "Peter Pan." When the comedy was first brought out in London, some were shocked at the burlesque of a murder trial; some were at a loss to discover the playwright's "meaning." The English take their pleasures sadly, as Froissart did not say. So Sir James went to work and wrote another act in which Leonora explained that she never pushed anyone out of a carriage, and the court scene was only in Captain Rattray's dream. Thus Barrie spoiled his own joke. O lame and impotent conclusion! When the play was first brought out in New York there was a final act in Leonora's cottage. We were spared this. It is pleasant to remember Leonora leaving court on the arm of the judge. Her little girl had a cold.

And not till Captain Rattray had this fact securely in his head did Leonora forgive him in the first act for expressing surprise at the murder. Then he, as all the others, understood that she could not have done otherwise. This first act shows the delightful irresponsibility and capriciousness of the widow. She was now this and now that: coquette, suffragist, a passionate dancer, a woman with a sense of humor and without humor, but, above all, a mother. The tune that should have accompanied her is "Donna e mobile." It is a wonder that the judge did not whistle it in court.

The play is in Barrie's most whimsical vein, abounding in grotesque inconsequentialities, stern reasoning from absurd premises, shrewd hits at the foibles of poor mortals, at man's chivalry and woman's taking advantage of it, at court procedure and the fallibility of human testimony. There is not a dull moment in the play, which is just long enough. There is no need of laborious inquiry into the dramatist's meaning. The judge summed up the matter when he farewelled Leonora. A good mother will defend and protect her child though she commit murder in her devotion. Her very foolishness, her rampant womanhood captivates man and destroys his judgment. The women that have ruled the world and inspired great deeds, good and evil, have been sisters of Leonora. Her sisters are the ones that are passionately loved today. A topsy-turvy world, some one may say. But the world would not be endurable if it were formally in order—at least the humorist with human feelings could not endure it.

And what an excellent performance throughout! It was pleasant to see Miss Adams again in a part suited to her nature, her acquirements and her mannerisms. She lived in the shifting moods, the hasty conclusions, the ridiculous judgments, the lack of conventionally moral rectitude. If Leonora had for a moment thought her conduct inexcusable and deplorable no one would have respected her. Miss Adams convinced the audience that Leonora did exactly right; the verdict of the court was not outrageous.

The others in the company were capital in their respective parts. No one will soon forget the behavior of Mr. Lebetter in court, or the clerk, or the foreman, or Lady Peripety in the witness box, or the arguments and clashing of opposing counsel. Seldom have we seen a more admirable impersonation than that of the judge by Mr. Arthur Lewis. It was remarkable in its assumption of realism, its humor, sly, dry, unctuous, always irresistible. And all this without a false note, without extravagance. In these days we seldom hear such perfect elocution, such beautiful speaking of English with the due emphasis and the heart that moves the tongue to words as Mr. Lewis's delivery of the judge's farewell to Leonora.

The two plays were finely mounted. The effect of distance in the first scene of "The Legend of Leonora" was startling, and there were charming effects of light and color in the afterpiece. "The Ladies' Shakespeare" is a condensed version of "The Taming of the Shrew," as Shakespeare thought it and really wrote it, but Christopher Sly could not understand it. Katherine was shrewish only to gain her ends. She loved Petruchio at first sight. He was a man, and the man for her. The travesty, with Shakespeare's words and explanations before the curtain, was played in a spirited manner. Miss Adams romped and was roguish. Mr. Stewart was pleasingly manly. The comedy, however, could not have borne more elaboration.

A very large audience was unmistakably pleased throughout the evening.

Next week Monday a new play, "A Girl of Today," by Porter Emerson Browne, will be produced at the Hollis with Miss Ann Murdock in the leading part. Seats are now on sale.

MISS ADAMS APPEARS IN "QUALITY STREET"

Barrie's Familiar Comedy in the Afternoon at the Hollis.

"Quality Street," a comedy in four acts by J. M. Barrie:

Valentine Brown	Charles P. Hammond
Ensign Blades	Stafford Windsor
Lieut. Spicer	Willard Barton
A Recruiting Sergeant	Wallace Jackson
Miss Susan Throssel	Angela Ogden
Miss Phoebe Throssel	Maude Adams
Miss Willoughby	Lenore Chippendale
Miss Fanny Willoughby	Byrd Rodgers
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	Elise Clarens
Patty	Sarah Converse

Miss Adams began her engagement in the afternoon with a performance of 'QQuality Street."

The actress worked her wonted spell upon a crowded audience, in holiday mood, for this play is largely an exhibition of Miss Adams's personality. Her familiar vivacity, emotional intensity and mannerisms are in keeping with Barrie's sentimental heroine. She is in turn droll, pathetic, charming. She is above all feminine. Quaint and old-fashioned in the schoolroom scenes, there was the illusion of frivolous youth at the ball. Throughout Miss Adams played with grace, distinction and sweetness.

Mr. Hammond was stalwart and engaging as Valentine Brown. Miss Ogden was clever and sympathetic as the elder sister and the meddling neighbors were capitally played by Misses Chippendale, Rodgers and Clarens. Miss Converse was amusing as the devoted Patty.

JOHN McCORMACK GIVES SECOND OF CONCERTS

Symphony Hall was crowded in every part again last night, with all available space on the stage filled by occupied chairs and all the standing room taken, at the second concert of John McCormack, the Irish tenor. As on Sunday afternoon, the singer was in fine spirits, his voice was at its best, and he kept his hearers at the top pitch of interest and emotional fervor. Their demands for extra numbers began after his first selection and grew as the evening went on. Mr. McCormack was extremely generous in response and more than doubled the program. Some of the quaint or beautiful Irish songs that he sang as extras were among the most effective of all.

Mr. McBeath, violinist, was heartily welcomed, and he, too, was compelled to add to the program.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Pauline Frederick in "Innocent," a play in a prologue, four acts and an epilogue by George Broadhurst, founded on the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor. First performance in Boston.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Tan Lo	Harold De Becker
Sin Tschu	Kevitt Manton
A Porter	C. MacLean Savage
Bela Nemzetti	John Miltern
Horace Irving	Julian L'Estrange

IN THE PLAY.

Horace Irving	Julian L'Estrange
Tan Lo	Harold De Becker
Bela Nemzetti	John Milter[n]
Peter McCormick	Hardee Kirkland
Innocent	Pauline Frederick
Oskar Von Guggen	George Probert
Juleska	Blanche Fisher
His Excellency	Frank Kemble Cooper

IN THE EPILOGUE.

Horace Irving	Julian L'Estrange

"Innocent" is a conversational melodrama with passages of comic relief.

[illegible] call [illegible] soruu [illegible] ible, but there is no need of taking it too seriously.

[illegible] Froadkmat in his eager search for a subject for a new problem play [illegible] naturally attracted by the question of heredity which has for some [illegible] puzzled philosophers, sages and [illegible]ists. The Hungarian Pasztor is [illegible] a firm believer in its relentless effects.

In the prologue Bela Nemzetti kills himself at a hotel in Mukden. A friend, Horace Irving, who comes to take charge of the body, finds the dead man's journal which has been left to him with the request that he read it. The following four acts are what is contained in its pages.

Peter McCormick, an adventurer, dies in Mukden leaving his daughter Innocent to the care of his friend, Bela Nemzetti. Nemzetti's intentions are good, but he is weak and a gambler. Innocent, guarded by her father from all worldly knowledge, is a voluptuous young woman, with the nature of a courtesan and a soul old in vice. She inherits her father's love of luxury.

Innocent's character at once asserts itself in her new surroundings. She meets many men, she is flattered, extravagantly praised for her beauty. She hardly needs the coaching of Von Guggen, an insidious and cynical adventurer, who also warns Bela that he and this young girl cannot live in the same house without scandal.

Bela is bent on sending her to a farm, but Innocent, without the slightest hesitation or the least maidenly reserve, determines, at Von Guggen's suggestion, to foil her guardian's scheme. The inevitable happens. She is beautiful, so she remains with Bela at Budapest.

Innocent's craving for luxury grows. Bela gambles to satisfy her and loses everything. His friend Horace offers [illegible] assistance and secretly bribes Innocent to leave, for she does not love Bela and could not now endure poverty. The young woman, however, has other plans. Von Guggen has offered her "an indelible two weeks." This includes Vienna, Paris, Monte Carlo.

Innocent takes Horace's cheque, but promises to go with Von Guggen. Bela comes home, shows Horace the door, while Innocent brandishes the apparently [illegible]sing cheque. She sings Bela to sleep and escapes to the waiting Von Guggen. In the fourth act Innocent dines at Nice with a vague diplomat "His Excellency." Her progress in the career of vice is applauded by him, for under his tuition she has learned to value the rarest food. She even orders the flowers to be changed with every course.

Bela, haggard and armed with a revolver, makes his appearance. There is a scene during which the diplomat is cool, courteous and suave. He even provides the departing victim a well-filled purse.

In the epilogue the excellent Horace comments upon his friend's unhappy fate as he turns the last page of the journal.

The fourth act is obvious and unnecessary. Innocent's future is a foregone conclusion.

The dialogue is in turn flowery and extravagant. It is difficult to think of the [illegible] human being holding such conversation. The lines allotted to Von Guggen are sometimes amusing, but then cynicism is cheap. "Love is a bit of heavy baggage which the experienced traveler never carries," is an example of his reasoning.

The characters, too, are drawn in [illegible]. Innocent is extraordinarily sophisticated even in Act 2. Her methods of approaching Bela were far from [illegible]. A young girl, she had known no sentimental awakening, yet she was already schooled in premeditated sensuality. The wonder was that Bela, [illegible] had his little experiences, did not realize her game.

Miss [illegible] derick was always effective, [illegible] in action and repose. Her [illegible] and full-blown beauty became the [illegible], was appropriately hard and [illegible] was the prevailing note of [illegible].

Mr. Milton played Bela with dignity and [illegible]. Mr. L'Estrange was manly and wholesome as the faithful friend Horace Irving.

Mr. [illegible]bert's Von Guggen was a feature of the performance. His impersonation was constantly amusing and well sustained. His accent, however, was not [illegible] that of a German in the toils [illegible] English language. It was [illegible] in this he resembled Messrs. De [illegible] and Maston, who took the parts [illegible] and added a pleasing cast [illegible] to the already hectic atmosphere. [illegible] impossible to feel sympathy for [illegible] as the victim of heredity, but [illegible] all flock to see the Broad [illegible] of Kipling's well known poem. A large audience was amused and [illegible].

[illegible] the Shrew [illegible]. The cast:

[illegible]	[illegible]
B[illegible]	[illegible]
G[illegible]	Fred [illegible]
H[illegible]	Leonard [illegible]
Bio[illegible]	Leonard W[illegible]
Petruchio	[illegible]
Grumio	Max Montesole
Curtis	Viola Compton
A Pedant	Henry Crocker
Vincentio	Claude Beerbohm
Widow	Agnes Scott
[illegible]	Albert LeRoi
Haberdasher	[illegible] Gregory

As presented last night, the play lost a considerable amount of its dramatic power. An uncertainty of action, coupled with the presence of two actors in the company for the first time, tended to break the unity of the production and to bring the action down to buffoonery. The work of the comical characters in the piece was excellent and showed in occasional unfortunate comparison with the leading parts. One carried away from the performance a taste of burlesque rather than a taste of Shakespeare.

Leonard M. Willey appeared as Petruchio, and Irby Marshall as Katherina —their first appearance in Boston. Neither showed exceptional talent, but both may well improve. Their voices and gestures are well trained, but that living of the part that makes action complete was lacking last night. The actors were there, but not the characters.

Mr. Willey was more boisterous than powerful. He was not awe-inspiring. There was not a girl in the Opera House who would have been afraid of him. For in repose, even while the taming was in progress, he showed a softening of countenance that proved his love for Katherina.

Miss Marshall entirely overdrew the usual adaptation of her part. Her Katherina had few sympathizers, she was a woman of intense rage and indomitable fury most of the way through, and at the final collapse in the arms of Petruchio she seemed to lose all the qualities that make a woman's wit worth its place with man's.

Miss Forbes succeeded again in a minor part as Bianca. It is still to be hoped that she will be given a chance in a major character before the company leaves Boston. Her face was adapted to the love that "filled her heart," and she was a wife that learned all the way. Her enunciation was a relief in her of a clouded passage.

Max Montesole and Leonard Mudie continued to stir the audience to laughter by well turned clownishness. The farce was carried to extremes last night, just as has been seldom seen in a Shakespearian play here, but up to the point to which they were set they made their way well. Miss Compton was awkward in her necessary awkwardness and her voice scarce quivered with the wavers of a woman of elder years, but her effort was appreciated.

NAZIMOVA'S SECOND WEEK AT B. F. KEITH'S

Henry Lewis Shares Honors—Bill Is Excellent Generally.

Nazimova, the famous Russian actress, appearing in the second week of her special engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre in "War Brides," Marion Craig Wentworth's tremendously absorbing sketch, distinctly neutral, yet at the same time carrying with it a pointed lesson, shared the applause of two holiday houses yesterday, with Henry Lewis, appearing on the bill for the first time in "A Vaudeville Cocktail." And, if as a cocktail was once described, there is a little of everything in it, then Mr. Lewis's act has been very properly named. Henry Lewis is a humorist and in a striking costume of some former Dutch period, mayhap, proceeds to entertain his audience for fully 20 minutes. As he expresses it, he "poems," he "grand operas," he "puzzles."

The rest of the program is made up of widely varying vaudeville acts. None of these compelled closer attention than did Leon and his Wonder Workers. Leon, an exponent of Hindu magic, mystifies his audience with the seemingly impossible, one of the most mystifying feats being that in which, with an ordinary butterfly net, he seemingly pulls white pigeons out of the air, and within full view of everybody. Riggs and Witchie bring to B. F. Keith's easily the best modern dance act yet staged. Pealson and Goldie, old favorites, gave their "The Whistler and Tailor" act. Burr and Hope appeared in "A Lady, a Lover and a Lamp," the title telling the whole story, while Bill Pruitt, billed as the Cowboy Caruso, appeared in typical "bad lands" costume and revealed a pleasing personality and a versatile voice. In addition, there was Rellow, a novelty musician, who gave selections from grand opera merely by hitting the palms of his hands together. Altogether it is a capital program.

[illegible] drawn to the [illegible] their [illegible] of [illegible] Hills, who states that when the [illegible] in Spain was in want of provisions, clothing, etc., a company agreed to convey what was needed if the state would make good any loss in case the vessels should be shipwrecked or captured by the enemy. As no premium was given, this was a promise of indemnification rather than insurance. McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce admits that marine insurance preceded fire insurance but was not known before the end of the 14th century. It was introduced into England probably at the beginning of the 16th century.

Dr. John Shebbeare objected to insurance of any sort on the ground that it lessens "dependance in the mind of man on the Supreme Being." Certainly Shebbeare did not insure himself against trouble. He was fined, pilloried and imprisoned for attacks on the government.

> Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
> Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.

Macaulay called him "a wretched scribbler." Smollett caricatured him as Ferret; Hogarth introduced him in one of his election prints; nevertheless he was happy as long as he could find reviews to write at six guineas a sheet and enemies to abuse at three shillings a pamphlet. Boswell thought Shebbeare was not dishonored by the pillory, to which Dr. Johnson answered: "Ay, but he was, sir. He could not mouth and strut as he used to do, after having been there. People are not willing to ask a man to their tables who has stood in the pillory."

Author?

"E. W. O." writes, asking the author of the following lines:

> For every man and woman too was forged at Birmingham
> And mounted all in batteries each on a separate cam;
> And when one showed in love or war or politics or fever
> A sign of mal-adjustment, why, you just pulled on his lever.
> And upside down and inside out and backside front he stood,
> And the Inspector saw which one was evil, which was good.
>
> On the other side
> On the other side
> Oh, you must somehow see the other side.
>
> If you'd repair or clean
> This delicate old machine,
> You must have a way to see the other side.

A Versatile Journalist.

As the World Wags:

A short time ago there appeared in The Herald a long interview with the Kaiser which had been obtained years ago by the Berlin "special" of the Daily Telegraph, and then for some reason suppressed by that London journal, until recent events disclosed the remarkably prophetic quality of the interview. The personality of the interviewer is interesting. William Beatty-Kingston was one of the tribe whose numbers now are few, who, as George Augustus Sala said, were "treated by his paper like princes and paid like ambassadors."

And Kingston was one of the best amateur pianists of his day. He represented his paper during the campaign of 1870, and when the Germans sat down for the siege of Paris he with most of the other war correspondents was quartered in a wing of the palace of Versailles. A grand piano was moved in, and there followed what was called a "glorious first night." "Phil" Sheridan, following the war as a military observer, was present, with nearly all the correspondents of the various papers, and numbers of German dignitaries. Kingston played for three hours, sonatas and symphonies, the waltzes of Strauss and Gungl, Scandinavian songs and Hungarian melodies, scraps of Offenbach and a little of the music of Wagner then just coming into vogue. He had no music and needed none. After the music was over the correspondents usually went out for their final round for the night. Kingston was also an accomplished linguist, a great traveler, and had decorations from many European governments.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston.

Beatty-Kingston wrote entertainingly about composers, operas, musical conditions in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, Rome, Roumania, Italy. These reminiscences and sketches of character are in two volumes, "Music and Manners," published in 1887 and dedicated to Henry Irving, "a lover of music and model of manners." Beatty-Kingston also translated the libretto of "Tosca" into English. A story of a scene in an Italian opera house is worthy of a separate paragraph.—Ed.

A Critical Audience

The opera was "Il Trovatore" and the tenor did not please the hearers. They hurled uncomplimentary epithets at the wretched man and after the first act went to the market place. When the tenor came again on the stage he was the mark for "stale fruit, minor vegetables and other unconsidered trifles" as "demonstration of reproof." As an Italian seated next Beatty-Kingston described it. The throwing was accompanied with

[illegible]

Feb 24, 1911

MR. WITEK AND

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Vita Witek, pianist, Mr. Anton Witek, violinist, and Mr. Josef Malkin, violoncellist, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, trio in C minor, op. 101; Bach, Chaconne for violin; piano pieces—Chopin, Nocturne No. 1, op. 48, Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Schubert-Liszt, Erlkoenig. Boccherini, sonata in A major for violoncello; Smetana, trio in G minor, op. 15.

This concert gave pleasure to an audience that included many musicians. The program was well diversified. The trio of Brahms is conspicuous for its mysterious second movement and the melodious Andante. The other movements are much more laboriously contrived and the fount of inspiration is almost dry. As the famous quartet of Smetana is an autobiography in tones, so his trio played last night is associated with a great sorrow of his life. Written 60 years ago, it was called forth by the death of his eldest daughter, Friederike, when she was only four years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Witek and Mr. Malkin worked together in chamber music before they came to this country. It is not surprising, then, that they play with understanding and good fellowship.

Mr. Witek gave an interesting performance of Bach's Chaconne. It is not necessary to add that this excellent violinist showed a thorough technical command. His reading was characterized by virility, energy, intelligence rather than by a display of varied emotions. It was said of Mr. Witek when he gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's concerto at a Symphony concert that he did not stand in awe of the composition; the composer did not master him. This might be said of his attitude towards the Chaconne.

The sonata by Boccherini begins with a phrase curiously like that which opens the Count's serenade in "The Barber of Seville." The first section is the [illegible] portion of the work. Mr. Malkin played a full, rich tone. His phrasing was that of a sensitive musician. His treatment of the ornamentation was delicate and graceful.

Mrs. Witek was loudly applauded after the group of piano pieces.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Bernard Potier, lord of Blairancourt and lieutenant-general of French cavalry, wrote before he died in 1662 an account of his travels and published it in folio volumes. A curious, prying and malicious chronicler of the time said that the volumes were empty. "There is nothing worth while in them except mention of the best inns in Italy, Spain and Germany."

And was this nothing? It was everything. We do not know whether the lord of Blairancourt starred the inns, after the manner of Baedeker, where a traveler might safely stop; whether he wrote after the name "The Dove," or "The Good Samaritan," "modest, but well spoken of."

A prudent man never recommends a tailor, a brand of cigars, a play, or a novel, or a hotel to any one, yet men and women are constantly asking "Can you tell me a good hotel in New York, where the prices are reasonable?" A hotel is named, and the answer always begins: "You can have a good large room and a bath for—. Is the bath an absolute necessity? Are we really so much cleaner, or dirtier, than our fathers and mothers? In the 60s and 70s there was no insistence on a bath in a hotel, private bath, or one shared by only a few. One stopped at the old Massasoit in Springfield to eat waffles, not to bathe. The waffles were famous the country over. And other inns had their specialty. A porcelain bath, a bath of block tin was not so [illegible] Deacon Hathaway, going to New York on business, scrubbed himself on Saturday night. He took the train on Monday. His next bath was on the Saturday following after his return. [illegible] this [illegible] as a rule [illegible].

The Lord of Blairancourt [illegible]

... and ... find ... in one of his delightful sketches pitied the intrepid Englishmen who, traveling in the interest of Murray's guide books, were doomed to put up at only hotels of the third class. What salary could recompense them for bites and a disordered stomach?"

Nordica and the Whale.

As the World Wags:

"R. L." in The Herald of last Sunday is of the opinion that the whale exhibited in a hall that was afterwards the Theatre Comique was driven by a young lady, Miss Lillian Norton, afterwards Mme. Nordica, in a boat.

According to the biographical dictionaries Mme. Nordica was born in 1859. She drove well for one so young.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Feb. 22.

If "R. L." will kindly send his address to us he will hear of something to his advantage.—Ed.

Dynamite in 1835.

The Herald published recently a note from Mr. Moby T. Dick of Wellfleet commenting on a statement in "Whale Fishery of New England" to the effect that surviving seamen of the Awashonka of Falmouth in 1835 laid "a charge of dynamite" under a hatchway where savages were sitting. We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

The writer of the account published by the State Street Trust Company was evidently thinking on modern lines, as was the artist who painted Moses with spectacles.

I quote a passage from "The Story of the New England Whalers" by John R. Spear, page 131, describing this event:

"In trying to get out of range a number of the natives perched themselves above the companionway, which they had closed, and this gave Jones an idea. Placing an open cannister of powder close under this group, he laid a short train and then, regardless of the danger he incurred, he fired it. The explosion tore off the roof of the cabin and hurled the natives away, whereupon Jones led his men on deck and drove the savages overboard before they could recover from the panic the explosion had created."

In Blake's "History of Barnstable County" there is a fine portrait of Silas Jones, and in the biographical sketches an account of the Marshall islands tragedy. Extract: "The natives came on board in great numbers, and seizing the cutting spades, commenced the work of slaughter upon the ship's company, and immediately cleared the deck, killing the captain, first and second officers and four seamen. Mr. Jones succeeded in reaching the cabin, with one sailor-boy, named Charley Marshall, and securing the firearms, rescued the ship, after a struggle of about one hour."

No mention is made of the explosion episode. Mr. Jones was third mate of the ship.

GILBERT O. COMEAROUND.

Wellfleet, Feb. 20.

Not Overlooked.

As the World Wags:

May I say to Miss Sandahl that I did not overlook the word slough (a miry place) in her list, but wished to note that there is another "slough," with a different origin, pronunciation and meaning, which was not given in The Herald list as printed.

Boston, Feb. 23. DISCENS.

Mr. Maurice and Miss Walton Aided by Tenor, Violinist, Pianist and Orchestra.

Mr. Maurice and Miss Florence Walton delighted a large and brilliant audience at the Shubert Theatre yesterday afternoon by their modern ballroom and costume dances. They were assisted in the entertainment by Paul Dufault, tenor; Franklyn Holding, violinist; Romayne Simmons, pianist, and the "Chez Maurice" orchestra from New York.

The dances included valse classique, one-step eccentrique, the Maurice hesitation, the Argentine tango, the fox trot and danse d'Apache. Mr. Holding played pieces by Wagner-Wilhelmj, Kreisler, Moszkowsky and Hubay. Mr. Dufault sang songs by Sinding, Pfeiffer, Holmes, McFayden, Tipton and Huhn.

Mr. Maurice and Miss Walton are remarkable for the grace, symmetry and poetry of their dancing. Alone, Mr. Maurice gave a lesson in the fox trot and danced his skating waltz, which excited the admiration of skaters in the audience.

With Miss Walton, whose costumes rivalled each other in beauty, coloring, taste and texture, he danced "Adorable Tourment," the closing number, composed by Enrico Caruso, sung by Mr. Dufault, with violin obbligato by Mr. Holding and accompaniment by Mr. ... d t... or ... XVI. costume.

Mr. Holding and Mr. Dufault are both ... artists. Mr. Simmons's delightful playing was a feature of the afternoon.

Feb 28 1915

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover!
Shattered, scattered, cut, and bowled down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the Times, or a talk about town,
Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
Was the theme of all conversation!
Had it been a pillar of church and state,
Or a prop to support the whole dead weight,
It could not have furnished more debate
To the heads and tails of the nation!

A Leg, an Arm, and Eyes.

The wonderful Sarah Bernhardt consented to the amputation of a leg because she could not endure the thought of being idle. She will return to the stage which she has for so long a time glorified. "I hope again to be able to use all that force of art which now upholds me and will sustain me until beyond the grave." A speech worthy of one of Plutarch's men!

It was in July, 1859, that Gustave Roger, the celebrated French tenor, while hunting pheasants, lost his right arm. Keeping a journal, he dictated to Fanny, his wife, on July 27: "I have now one arm—and courage." The account of the accident in Grove's Dictionary of Music is erroneous, one of many misstatements in the "revised edition." Roger's gun did not burst. To cross a ditch he put his gun close to a hedge. When he took the gun up, he carelessly drew it with the muzzle towards him and the trigger was caught by a twig. With an artificial arm he returned to the stage, but with all his skill as an actor, his usefulness was over, though he was heard in opera at home and in Germany for two years. May Mme. Bernhardt be more fortunate!

Roger could joke about his accident. Extracts from his journal were published in Figaro, before they appeared as a volume in 1880—he died in 1879, teacher at the Paris Conservatory. He said to Villemessant, the editor, with reference to these extracts: "Don't be afraid to cut out anything you find uninteresting. Prune, cut—I am accustomed to amputations." And he once said to Philippe Gille: "My lost arm has been of great service to me. I learned during my convalescence to reflect. I had perhaps flown a little too high, I sometimes exaggerated the importance of a human creature. A musket shot was enough; it broke a wing of my dream and I fell to earth. But let's not cry over it. I shall go on singing in the duet from 'La Dame Blanche' just the same, only I cannot sing with so much expression 'This pretty hand' while I think of the one I now have."

Roger in his prime was among tenors what Mme. Bernhardt is among actresses, a thinker, and out of the ordinary run of human beings.

Meanwhile, Miss Ellen Terry has undergone an operation for cataract. When she was playing in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in the English provinces, not long after her marriage to Mr. Carew, the strong stage lights hurt her eyes, and she would pass the waits in her dressing room with all lights out. She would have a table and arm chair in a dark part of the stage behind the scene for shorter rests. Miss Terry will be 67 years old next Saturday. Mme. Bernhardt is in her 71st year.

There are already legends about Mme. Bernhardt, and now the legend of the leg is added to them. Some say that in "Joan of Arc" she persisted in throwing herself violently on her knees, although warned against it. There is a taxi-cab driver in Los Angeles who passes remorseful days and perturbed nights because with her as a passenger he ran into something and thus she hurt her knee, although at the time she laughed and said with consideration for his feelings that it was of no consequence.

Positively the Last.

As the World Wags:

May I reply to "J. E. F." in Saturday's Herald in regard to his phrase containing six different pronunciations of "ough"?

My family home also repeated the quoted phrase, but with the second line which completes it and also adds another pronunciation of "ough," making seven in all:

Though tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
I still through Life's dark lough my way pursue.

Doesn't this relegate "J. E. F." to the distinction of "also ran" and grant me the lead? G. C. LANE.

Quincy, Feb. 21.

Ugh!

"Hugh Gough of Boroughbridge was a rough soldier on a furlough, but a man of doughty deeds in war, though before he fought for his country he was a thorough dough face ploughman. His horse having been houghed in an engagement with the enemy, Hugh was taken prisoner, and, I ought to add, was kept on a short enough clough of food, and suffered from drought as well as from hunger. Having on his return home drunk too large a draught of usquebaugh he became intoxicated, and was laughing, coughing and hiccoughing by a trough, against which he sought to steady himself. There he was accosted by another rough, who showed him a chough which he had caught on a clough near; also the slough of a snake which he held at the end of a tough bough of eugh-tree, and which his shaggy slough had found and brought to him from the entrance to a sough which ran through and drained a slough that was close to a lough in the neighborhood."

Pleasing Repetition.

As the World Wags:

Does the world move in circles? Do not the story tellers and the cartoonists devise new ideas or do they start old ones over again and put them into circulation anew after a shorter or longer lapse of time?

For example, The Herald today prints a paragraph to the effect that the Daily Telegraph of London seems to have found a "fresh story of Boston's Augustan Age," and then proceeds to narrate a tale that is found in various books and periodicals, how Longfellow, Sumner, Hillard, Felton and Cleveland remarked one after another at the James T. Fields book store "Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch did for love," referring to the then just issued "In Memoriam."

And that reminds me that a few days ago a New York cartoonist illustrated the responsibility for starting the war by placing the Kaiser, the Czar, the King, the President and the rest of the European rulers in a circle, each pointing his finger at the man next to him. But this is only an adaptation of the famous cartoon of Thomas Nast, in the days of New York's Tweed Ring. Nast put the grafters in a big circle all facing outward and had each man jerk his thumb backward and sidewise at the man next. The legend for this picture, which made a most effective weapon for the reformers, was as good as the drawing.

OBADIAH STEPPENHIGH.

Boston, Feb. 17.

Feb 26 1915

BUSONI, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, after an absence of four years, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of good size—the gallery was ... ally full—and the pianist was recalled many times. The program was as follows:

Bach-Busoni, Prelude and Triple Fugue in E-flat major, originally for organ; Bach-Busoni, Capriccio on the departure of a well beloved brother; Beethoven, Sonata, C minor, op. 111; Schumann, Eight Fantasie stuecke, Liszt, Six Etudes after Paganini; 19th Hungarian Rhapsody.

Mr. Busoni has long been classed among the pianists honorably characterized by the Germans as formidable. His programs are also formidable. He frames them as one rejoicing in strength and endurance: but without consideration for the staying power and nerves of a hearer. His programs are as a rule unusual. No one but Mr. Busoni, if a Hungarian Rhapsody is to be chosen, would select one of the three first published in the year of Liszt's death. Has Mr. Busoni played the 20th? The last we heard of this work it was in manuscript.

Of course he played some of his transcriptions. Whether it is worth while to play a transcription of an organ work, when Bach wrote so many beautiful pieces for the clavichord and other forerunners of the piano, is a question that need not now be discussed. The organ work transcribed for yesterday's holiday is made up of a prelude and the triple fugue known to English organists as the "St. Ann's fugue." It is thought that the noble prelude has no connection with the fugue that follows. The Capriccio has been heard here. It is an interesting early example of program music. Bach's brother, John Jacob, entered the service of Charles XII. of Sweden in 1704 as an oboe player in the King's Guard, and his departure inspired John Sebastian to express his own feelings in tones. "Flattery by friends to prevent him from taking his departure" may or may not be expressed musically, but the Arioso to which this descriptive title is given is charming in itself. So is the slow movement that with its descending chromatic wail is supposed to picture the general lament of John Jacob's friends. This composition, with its song of the Postillion and fugue on the Post-horn motive, is often described as "amusing." The fun in it is hard to seek; but perhaps "amusing" is here used as "amusant" in the slang of the French painters. There are fine passages in the Capriccio and more than once we are reminded of the fact that even the young Bach may in 1915 be ranked among the moderns. Mr. Busoni in his transcription emphasized the modernity.

Mr. Busoni's excellent, surprising, imposing qualities are well known. He plays with a peculiar authority. There is an air of finality. His mechanical proficiency has been great for many years, and now it seems as though it could go no further. His phrasing, although at times it may well excite discussion, is carefully considered, is oracular. The performance of the Prelude and Fugue might be aptly characterized as stupendous. There were moments when his enunciation of a cantus in the bass was out of proportion to the rapid play of other voices or decorative passages. There was the theme boldly naked; the rest was as a confused murmur. But as a whole the performance was one to be remembered.

With all his masterly qualities, Mr. Busoni in music of a certain character is disappointing to those unacquainted with his style. He is not fortunate as an interpreter of Schumann's whimsical fancies, romantic yearnings, and intimate confessions. And lofty as was his conception of Beethoven's sonata, there was something lacking in the performance. The music, as that of Schumann's, was treated objectively. The spirit of the pianist was not merged in that of either composer. Seldom does Mr. Busoni express deep emotion. His playing is in black and white. He is neither a daring colorist nor a painter with exquisite tints. Seldom, if ever, sensuous, he is commanding, brilliant, now and then overwhelming. He is cerebral in expression. The hearer realizes that in certain aspects the performance is worthy of all respect; that it is not extravagant to call it great; but he listens with more pleasure to pianists of lesser metal and with more poetic soul.

Soup of the evening! Beautiful soup!

A correspondent, wishing to be a master of restaurant French, asks "What is the difference between 'soup' and 'potage'?" He writes: "I find in Gasc's French English Dictionary: 'Soupe,' soup, porridge, sop; 'potage,' soup pottage, porridge. Nor is the distinction made in Larouse's pocket French dictionary clear to me: Potage, bouillon with some edible substance cooked in it. Soupe, a dish of bouillon and slices of bread."

If our correspondent will consult old Randle Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary (1673) he will find these definitions: "Potage," pottage, porridge. "Soupe," a sop; a piece of bread in broth or in brewis. also pottage or broth (wherein there is store of sops, or sippets). But under "soupe" we find various soups, as garlic broth, soup with cheese, "soupe vermeille," a dish or sauce made of "red wine, vinegar and cinnamon strained together and boiled with marrow; and then with small pieces of chickens, pigeons, or partridges, well sugared and served in."

In old times a slice or hunk of bread in what we know as soup was called by the French a "soupe," or sop. The annotators of Tablemant des Reaux's "Historiettes" say: "We have forgotten the true meaning and we say 'une soupe au vermicelle, au riz,' for a potage or a bouillon." This is apropos of an anecdote concerning one Vandy. Dining with his uncle, the Count de Grandpre, he saw that the "potage" set on the table had only two miserable "soupes," one chasing the other. Vandy wished to secure one, but as the dish was very large he missed his aim. Strive as he did, he could not catch a "soupe," whereupon he rose from the table and said to his valet, "Pull off my boots!" M. de Joyeuse turned: "What are you doing, cousin? I think you must be crazy." "Let him unboot me," answered Vandy coldly. "I intend to swim in this dish until I get that sop." Now Vandy was killed at the siege of Brissac in 1638. The story about him shows that in the 17th century and in houses of "the best people," the guests fished in the soup-tureen. The ladle or great spoon did not come into use until later. Coulanges about 1680 wrote in verse about the changes in behavior; how each guest formerly dipped his own spoon into the tureen, and smeared his bread and his fingers in the fricassee; but now "each one eats his 'potage' from his own plate; the spoon and the fork are handled politely and from time to time a servant washes them at the sideboard." The buffet, or sideboard, by the way, was then called a high-standing cupboard.

Reckless Poets.

As the World Wags:

I should like to remind your correspondent, who complained because no historical references were made to Whitby when that town was "kultured," that journalistic ciceroni are of a most unreliable variety. He should have been satisfied with the fact that it really was Whitby and not Thrums that was bombarded. For it is very difficult to obtain even geographical accuracy from

[illegible] ner in Colonel's [illegible] islands in the Pacific ocean. A [illegible] about

[illegible] weeks ago the author of an article on the Tower of London in The Sunday Herald—not satisfied with all the aristocratic gore which has bespattered the old tower, added to it the blood of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

Besides, Scott — whom your correspondent mentioned in connection with Whitby—is not a very reliable man. He made a blunder in speaking of the Spanish frontier town of Fuenterrabia, a mistake which Milton made before him.

Milton said:

"When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. . . ."

and Scott:

"A blast from that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne."

Yet Roncesvalles, where the Frank King was defeated, is 40 miles away from Fuenterrabia. M. J. L.

Lynn, Feb. 20.

Richard Ford noting Milton's looseness in geography, adds: "Yet such is the guiding power of genius, that his chance expression confers on obscure sites an undying interest, and this Fuenterrabia rivals Vallombrosa." Fuenterrabia had for its four quarterings an angel holding a key, a whale, two sirens and a castle between two stars. Why a whale?—Ed.

Long Winded.

Senator Smoot proved himself to be "some talker." What was his record? 11 hours 35 minutes? Did not Mark Twain hear a deputy in the Reichsrath at Vienna speak for 12 hours, not as one heating the air, but making a skilful argument? We believe that the longest speech in the House of Commons was made by Joseph Biggar; but he spoke only for four hours, and read freely during that time from blue books.

As the World Wags:

I send you this slip to add to the gaiety of nations in this wagging world. The slip is nearly worn out by carrying [illegible] years in successive pocket books, [illegible] be some 30 years. Printed long ago, it is now offered for the edification of "C. W. P.," "H. McG. N.," "H. J. L.," et al. A. N. OLDEN.

Boston, Feb. 23.

Feb 2[illegible] 1915

Orchestral Music Chiefly by Germans and Their Allies Given During Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows. Schubert, Symphony in C major, No. 7; Strube, Variations on an original theme (first performance); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala."

The first symphony concerts this season were on Oct. 16, 17. So far 35 orchestral works by German, Austrian, Hungarian and Bohemian composers have been performed. We do not speak of concertos for pianists, violinists, violoncellists, or of arias for singers. Finland has been represented five times by Sibelius, who is supposed to be prejudiced against Russia. The only French composer represented so far is Ravel, for Enesco is a Roumanian by birth. The Americans have been Chadwick and Strube. Meanwhile in New York compositions by modern French composers have been freely performed under two conductors of foreign birth and German antecedents and prejudices. The only Russian represented here this season has been Stravinsky, who has not lived for some years in Russia. Brethren, these things should not be.

At the 16th concert Tschaikowsky and [illegible] will be represented. At the 17th Berlioz, D'Indy and Sinigaglia will be heard. This is rather late in the day, [illegible] no one of the compositions to be played will be of contemporaneous interest.

Is there any reason why Schubert's symphony in C major should be heard every two years, when many modern works that might be interesting and at least would show what our contemporaries are doing, are studiously ignored? There are fine things in the symphony of Schubert, there are also pages of endless repetition and sheer padding.

There was good reason for the performance yesterday of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. It was a belated tribute to the composer who died nearly two months ago. Some would have preferred one of his overtures that is less familiar, but the choice was a wise one, for the two most characteristic works of Goldmark are the "Sakuntala" overture and the opera "The Queen of Sheba." In them his Oriental-[illegible] Orientalism is [illegible] of Goldmark's [illegible].

Mr. Strube informs us that his latest composition was composed in the spring of 1914. He writes "The theme is my own (at least I hope so). The variations are plastic. I have avoided unnecessary noise. What there is was necessary for contrast's sake." The exposition of the theme, the first two variations and the double variation with the theme, first for horn, then for oboe, are the crowning features of this composition. The theme is in itself beautiful and it is beautifully exposed. Mr. Strube is known as a cunning master of instrumentation. His scoring is sometimes super-refined, and in his interest to gain unusual and original effects he forgets, or disdains, weightier matters. He, too, has fallen into mannerisms. Witness his abuse of muted trumpets. Yet this work on the whole is interesting. It amuses at the time. The one durable impression is that made by the theme itself, the variation in canon form for violins, the double variation for horn and oboe, and the peaceful close.

Dr. Muck led a stirring performance of Schubert's symphony. He succeeded in making stretches of the desert blossom as the rose. Fortunate the conductor who in the performance of this symphony has such a wind-choir. The only flaw yesterday was the inadequacy of the trumpets. The final pages of Goldmark's overture were dramatically read, but we have heard more sensuous readings of the earlier ones.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Converse, symphonic poem "Ormazd"; Lalo, concerto for violoncello (Mr. Casals); Mozart, symphony in G minor.

I hear the violoncello ('tis the young man's heart's complaint.)

Mr. Pablo Casals will play the violoncello in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon. When he appeared in Paris with Lamoureux's orchestra on Nov. 12, 1899, M. Gauthier-Villars, otherwise known as "Willy" and "L'Ouvreuse"—like Artemus Ward's kangaroo he is "amoozin'"—wrote that he was applauded for his "aesthetic violin, his hair swept behind, his eyes fixed on the chandelier, and for his genuine talent."

He visited Boston 14 years ago. The concert was in the Colonial Theatre on Nov. 26, 1901. His associates on that melancholy occasion were Mme. Emma Nevada, who in Grecian costume asked in an artless burst of song whether she should wear red or white roses, but asked in vain, for no one in the audience was so bold as to say which would better become her; Mr. Heathe-Gregory, a baritone who took a cheerful view of life; Mr. Leon Moreau, a composer, who played the piano delightfully, and Mr. Daniel Maquarre, a flute player, who afterwards was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for some years. The concert was an old-fashioned one in certain ways, and yet there was not that feverish anxiety as to whether the prima donna would really sing, whether she might have suddenly a sore throat, whether the manager would appear with a carefully rehearsed and apologetic cough, and a gentleness of speech as though he were fresh from a deathbed. Mr. Casals did not seem to be in a joyous mood and he probably did not play his best. Now he is recognized as a remarkable virtuoso.

M. Gauthier-Villars spoke of Mr. Casals's eyes on the chandelier. A violoncellist must look somewhere. Some virtuosos try to pierce the wall that separates the hall from the box office. Some put a seductive eye on women in the front seats. We have seen violoncellists that gazed anxiously at their instrument as if they were wondering what would come out of it. In Symphony Hall there will be no trouble. Mr. Casals can fix his eyes, in fine frenzy rolling, on the statue of Apollo above the centre top gallery; or they can wander from statue to statue on the right and left.

Some years ago it was announced in European music periodicals that Mr. Casals had married Miss Suggia, a violoncellist of repute. The two made pleasing appearances together with a double concerto for violoncellos. Mme. Suggia is now playing solo pieces. About a year ago it was stated that Mr. Casals had married Miss Susan Metcalf, who has sung here in public and in private.

Erich Wolff.

Mme. Julia Culp will sing this afternoon a group of songs by Erich Wolff. When Miss Elena Gerhardt sang in Boston two years ago Mr. Wolff accompanied her, and his name was on the program as a composer. He was then apparently in robust health. A few days afterward he died in New York. An operation for mastoiditis did not save him.

Disjoined.

The communication signed "A. N. Olden" that was printed in this column yesterday should have preceded the paragraph headed "Ugh," published here on Thursday.

In Memoriam.

[illegible] who recently died at the age of [illegible] was [illegible]

A Dinner Party.

It was Mrs. Ezra Hijump[illegible] who on her return from Europe, when she was asked whether she saw the Dardanelles, answered impressively: "Yes, indeed. We dined with them twice."

Villon's Straight Tip.

Mr. John B. Sullivan of Denver, Col., asks us to publish "a poem that appeared in The Sunday Herald some years ago." He identifies the poem by the line "Booze and the blowens cop the lot."

The poem was written by William E. Henley. It is a version of Villon's "Ballade de Bonne Doctrine," dedicated "to those of evil life." The refrain is "tout aux tavernes et aux filles."

Suppose you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? Or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? Or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? Or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? Or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack,
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag,
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack,
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag,
Bonnet or tout, or mump and gag,
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot,
You cannot bank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummers mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not.
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Feb 28 1915

Mr. Andreas Dippel now comes to Boston as an impresario, which being literally translated means undertaker, as we are informed by those acquainted with the beautiful language of Dante, Boccaccio and the ingenious d'Annunzio. He is the director of the Dippel Opera Comique Company, which will produce tomorrow night "The Lilac Domino," an operetta in three acts. It was first performed in Leipsic on Feb. 13, 1913. The music is by Charles Cuvillier, a young Frenchman, who is now fighting for his country. Mr. Dippel met him, it is said, in Vienna where he was studying composition. The book and lyrics by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach have been adapted by the indefatigable Smiths, Harry and Robert. The operetta has been performed with great success in Berlin and other cities of Germany. It was produced in New York at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre Oct. 28, 1914.

Mr. Dippel has expressed his views concerning the proper definition of "comic opera," "opera-comique" and operetta elsewhere in this issue of The Herald.

He has long been known here as a tenor in grand opera. It was in 1891, on April 15 in Music Hall that he first sang. The occasion was a performance of "Parsifal" in concert form led by B. J. Lang. His associates were Mme. Mielke and Messrs. Reichmann, Meyn and Fischer.

On Dec. 6, 1899, Mr Dippel appeared here in opera at the Boston Theatre as Lohengrin. His associates were Mmes. Susan Strong and Schumann-Heink and Theodor Bertram, who afterwards killed himself. Emil Paur conducted, and in a violent manner [illegible] the course of following years Mr Dippel was heard as Raoul, Erik, Siegmund, Siegfried, [illegible] Almaviva, Radames, Faust, Walther, Alwa, [illegible] singer with a great repertoire, ready to sing in German, Italian, French, he was an invaluable member of the company. In March, 1905, he [illegible] that he was [illegible] appearing as Gabriel in Strauss's "Fledermaus." [illegible] brings with him Miss Eleanor Painter as the leading singer. If press agents and other purveyors of biographical information are to be believed, Miss Painter was born in Walkerville, Iowa, about 23 years ago. She sang there in a church choir and went to Kansas City as a choir singer. About five years ago she went to New York, and was then advised to go to Berlin to study. At last she was engaged at the Charlottenburg Opera House, where she pleased especially as Madama Butterfly and Mignon.

There is promise of agreeable concerts this week. First of all the chamber concert of Messrs. Bauer and Casals this afternoon should be an event of more than ordinary interest. Miss Seydel is well known here as in [illegible] German cities as a young violinist of indisputable talent. Last Thursday night she was applauded with unusual warmth at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Concord [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] the S[illegible] an interesting one [illegible] "Romeo and Juliet" has [illegible] here since December. [illegible] Converse's "Ormazd," which was performed in Chicago on Feb. [illegible], was produced here by Mr. [illegible] years ago this month. Mr. [illegible] will play Lalo's fine concerto for violoncello. He chose this work when he made his debut as a soloist at a [illegible] concert in Paris in 18[illegible]. [illegible] Mozart's symphony in G minor, we all know how beautifully [illegible] interprets the music of Mozart.

Mr. Percy Grainger, the [illegible] composer and pianist, who [illegible] sensation in New York, will [illegible] here for the first time [illegible] afternoon. He was born at [illegible] Melbourne, July 8, 1882. He [illegible] with his mother [illegible]. Having raised money [illegible] went to Germany where he [illegible] sons of Kwast and [illegible] went to London and [illegible] in recitals and with [illegible] thought highly of him and [illegible] him in every way. [illegible] love of folk songs led Mr. Grainger to revive an interest in English [illegible]. He has arranged many of them. [illegible] is his set of Irish [illegible] arrangements of English, Welsh and Irish tunes for unaccompanied [illegible] there is "Molly on the Shore" [illegible] quartet; there are [illegible] orchestra and for piano. Mr. Grainger [illegible] has made tours through [illegible] New Zealand, South Africa, Scandinavia.

The Boston Quartet, Messrs. [illegible], Roth, Fenir, Schroeder, will give its first concert [illegible] from tomorrow night. The ability of the members and their long experience as players of chamber music [illegible] performances and large audiences. The quartet has been rehearsing diligently for some months. It recently played in a private house with great success. This season there will be only one concert.

The Drama in London and Paris

"She Stoops to Conquer" was revived at the Court Theatre London, Feb. [illegible]. The critics rejoiced in a "practically pure text." "We were also permitted to see [illegible] Gregory and the rest of Mr. Hardcastle's man-servants acting in a natural, and therefore entertaining, instead of, as usual, a very unnatural and [illegible] entertaining way; a [illegible] whose modesty was not idiocy, and whose assurance was not insolent; a Hardcastle whose manner towards Mrs. Hardcastle, even when she was rather laying herself open to his laughter, was still that of a gentleman, and a number of other things to which performances of Goldsmith's beautiful comedy on the London stage have not hitherto over-accustomed us. A suggestion of the 'case' of the play being winter-time was also quite acceptable, and might well be [illegible] rated."

A one-act play, "Pont Orewyn" in verse, by "T. E. Ellis," [illegible] at the Haymarket, London, Feb. [illegible]. It describes "with [illegible] and passion" the last tragic incident in the life of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, and the devotion with which his [illegible] fought and died for him. The incidental music was written by J[illegible] Holbrooke.

Mr. H. B. Irving [illegible] at the Savoy Feb. 11, in a new play by Horace Annesley Vachell, whose first book was published 21 years ago. He was intended for a soldier, and for a time was in the Rifle Brigade. The Pall Mall Gazette said of Mr. Irving and the play: "Our stage [illegible] when an actor of his [illegible] from it, and, if his new part gives him but moderate opportunities for the display of his talents at their [illegible] at any rate enables him to show once more how important an asset he is to the British theatre. Mr. Vachell reintroduces us to the familiar wife. The [illegible] Mrs. Blaine, like the heroine of "Le Maître de Forges," is an aristocrat who is married to a manufacturer for the sake of his money, while he has married her for the sake of her [illegible]. There, however, the parallel ends. [illegible] Mrs. Blaine [illegible] little or no [illegible] to "play the game." In the second act [illegible]

[illegible] What [illegible] knowledge have accomplished in the theatre some of us could tell. By your marvellous art you have made short people tall, dark people fair, fat people thin. How, I can't imagine, and dare not ask, but it has made you the tenth wonder of the world. And now we beg you to accept this"—pointing to the salver—"and hope when you sit beside it, or in front of it, or behind it, you will gather your friends around you for a dish of tea, for we know that you will pour into each cup the milk of human kindness and sugar the contents with your own sweet thoughts. May health and happiness be yours. And God bless you." Sir George in his reply took the opportunity of expressing his indebtedness to the press.

Miss Adeline Genee, who announced at the time of her marriage that she would dance no more, but returned and again bade farewell, has again been persuaded, and she will dance at the Coliseum, London, March 22 and thereafter. "Honestly, I had firmly made up my mind that my professional career had come to an end. But Mr. Oswald Stoll has been extremely insistent, and so I have at last agreed to fall in with his wishes. Also, I had another reason for acceding. You see I have always kept very present in my mind the long-cherished project of giving a big matinee in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, and it seems to me that this coming engagement may serve in a way to lead up to it. Of course the scheme must remain in the background a little longer, as there are so many funds crying for assistance just now. Further, I feel I rather belong to the English public, who have always been so kind and so helpful to me." Yes, yes.

The principal newcomers to the Coliseum next week are Jack Norworth, with his stirring little ditty, "Mother's Sitting Knitting Little Mittens for the Navy," and two Russian dancers, Mlle. Nicolayeva and Nicolas Legat, from the Imperial Opera House, Petrograd. The latter are to be seen in an Oriental ballet, named "The Khan's Vision," music by Tschaikowsky and Drigo. In it Mr. Legat impersonates a young Khan, who has lost all taste for mundane pleasures. He seeks to console himself by dreams begotten by opium smoking. Suddenly the vision of a lovely maiden appears; her presence charms his sense and arouses passionate love in his heart. He forgets his weariness, endeavors to follow her and declare his love, but she eludes him and vanishes from sight, leaving him saddened and bewildered. Overcome by grief, he falls to the ground in a swoon. The story may not, as the foregoing resume conclusively shows, be remarkable for strength or originality, but doubtless it serves all needful purposes. — Daily Telegraph, Feb. 4.

Antoine, once of the Odeen, more recently of the conservatoire at Constantinople, and now, finding through young Turkish folly that occupatien gone, returned to France, yesterday (communing more, one fancies, with his own soul than with his audience) made full and solemn recantation of German sympathies which he acknowledged to have cherished before the war. His speech at one of "matinees nationales" at the Sorbonne was warmly applauded. Never, in his long and justly popular career as an artist, has Antoine so splendidly carried his audience with him. "I come before you," he said, "to make loyal act of penitence. I was one of those who have most striven to make Germany known and admired in France. I had thought highly of the Germans, had admired their vigor and their activity. Their hypocrisy deceived me, as it has deceived so many others. To-day I am here my own accuser, and to ask your pardon." Then Antoine spoke of his ancient friendship with the German writer Hauptmann, and of how with him he had dreamed Utopian dreams of peace.

"Today," he said, "the sun has risen on horrors, horrors of which Hauptmann approves. It is finished. I shall have no more dealings with them." Then, to give a personal and poignant application to this recantation of his, Antoine went on to recall the days when Hauptmann's son and his own, together in quiet sunshiny Brittany, talked of life and art and letters. "Now," he ended, "both are at the war, en opposing fronts, and I have said to my son, 'Should you see him, old companion as he is, coldly, pitilessly shoot him down.'" —Daily Telegraph.

Notes About Music and Musicians

Ravel's "Three Poems of Stephane Mallarme" for flutes, clarinets, string quartets and pianoforte will be played in London for the first time on March 17.

We noted last Sunday the reappearance in concert of Sir Charles Santley, who is 81 years old today, and of Edward Lloyd, who will be 70 next Sunday. They sang on Feb. 3 for the Belgian refugee fund. The English are a loyal folk. The Daily Chronicle said of them: "That they have been able to preserve so much of the original beauty of their voices and perfection of vocal methods is apparently a vindication of the methods of the old school of singing. Mr. Lloyd sang "Lend Me Your Aid" and "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" "in consummate style and again with extraordinary beauty of voice." Santley stood erect and sang vigorously "Son of the Ocean Isle." "Some of the superb voice of old was still there, and all of the style and delivery which was always such a model of bel canto." He also sang "Simon the Cellarer."

The Daily Telegraph (London) found that there was a quarter of an hour or so in Paul Gilson's symphonic poem "The Sea" that was unattractive. It is a long time since this composition was heard here at a symphony concert.

This is the chorus of Mr. Harry Lauder's new patriotic song, which he is trying with every success this week on the Glasgow dog:

It's a dear old land is the Motherland,
Her sons are ever true,
Her boys in the far-off other-lands
Will see her through and through.
It's a dear old home in the homeland,
It's as good as in days of yore;
We are steady, aye, and ready,
While the British bulldog's watching at the door!

The song has already been done into Russian, with "Russian bear" substituted for "British bulldog," and will presently be heard in Moscow, Petrograd and Archangel.—Daily Chronicle.

This reminds us that Mr. Lauder in Glasgow wrote mottoes and his autograph on boxes of Belgian chocolates, thus enhancing their value, and also acted as salesman for a couple of hours on three separate afternoons. It did not cost the thrifty man anything. There is a story that once when he was in this country he promised a handsome present to one that that had been indispensable to him and had furthered his interests in many ways. When the time came for farewell, Mr. Lauder said: "Wait a bit. I have something to give you." The something was a photograph of himself. "See—I have written my name on it."

At one time much of the music played to enliven our troops was furnished by black bandsmen. These were first attached to the army in 1.33, owing to one of the Guards' bands having refused, in a body, to play at an entertainment organized by the officers. As none of the men were attested, they could not be punished for insubordination, so the officers petitioned the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, that bandsmen should in future be made subject to military law. To this the Duke would not agree, but he brought over from Hanover for the Guards a compete German military band, which included Negro players of the bass drum, cymbals, and triangles. Nearly every regiment in the service hastened to reorganize its band, engaging colored performers for all percussion instruments. Down to 1841 the band of the Scots Guards included a Negro musician.—Daily Chronicle.

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" was revived at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Feb. 7. "Does it mean that at last light romantic opera in English is to make a stand against musical comedy? If so, the right line has been taken in fighting the more prosperous rival with his own weapons, chief among which are bright staging and clear diction. Mr. Courtneidge's production of 'Tales of Hoffmann' probably owes much to his musical comedy experience. An operatic producer of the traditional type would scarcely have given us so animated a stage picture unless, perchance, he had 'sat under' the Russian metteur en scene at Drury Lane. Not that further improvement is impossible. There remains much to be done, but the initial break with obsolete methods has been made. In the second act, for instance it is now recognized that the libretto only demands one doll, Olympia, and not an entire chorus of marionettes. The dance in this scene stil retained a slight awkwardness, but it was human rather than operatic, and some of the revellers almost made one forget that they were only revelling because is was indicated in the stage directions. Whether the musical comedy atmosphere lingering on the premises also affected the diction one cannot say, but the most lyrical of artists in that genre depend for their success on being at least approximately understood. There is a good story of a worthy Catholic priest, who, desiring the narrative lines of the Passion music to reach his congregation intact, invited a pious music hall comedian to sing them. Many an English operatic impresario might be asked to reflect upon the moral, But Mr. Courtneidge's cast escapes its application all but completely."

Everything that Thomas Beecham does as a conductor is wonderful and beyond all whooping in the ears of the Pall Mall Gazette's critics. Listen to this: "Cesar Franck's symphony ended the program. The tempi were somewhat more rapid than they are usually taken, but the work lost none of its stateliness, although the opening Lento was displayed in an unfamiliar aspect. It is even possible that a Franckist fanatic might raise objections, but it would be alike ungracious and ungrateful to do so, for a spirited, musically sensitive reading such as Mr. Beecham gave us is more likely to secure recognition for the work than the sedate intellectual treatment it often receives." Now every one knows or should know that too rapid tempi often discredit Franck's music. It is evident that Mr. Beecham misinterpreted the symphony.

Mme. Edvina sang at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society on Feb. 11. As was to be expected, her selection was "Depuis le Jour." Her voice is said to be "more mellow in quality."

The Rev. Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., spoke at a concert in London on Feb. 10. Opening with an anecdote, he asserted a great belief in humor, and said that he preferred that the lines of the human countenance should be drawn upwards rather than downwards, implying a symbolistic meaning that needed no driving home. But the war is no entertainment. It has been compared to Hell let loose, and if Hell resembles what we hear from the front, it behooves us to climb in the opposite direction. If we were fighting for a "scrap of paper," the American Constitution, Magna Charter, and even the Gospel of his Master were "scraps of paper." Meanwhile, our poor contemptible army had swollen like somebody else's head, and we should not sheathe the sword until justice had been done to Belgium. From the general subject of the war Fr. Vaughan passed to the particular subject of the distress among artists. There is nothing more helpless in the world than the artistic temperament with nothing to do. Possessors of it are not trained to much else than to reveal their art, and those which have received much from them at other times have a debt to reply.

The year that the London Choral Society has devoted to modern music have had the effect that it can invoke Baal as if it believed in that much-maligned tribal Diety, whereas most other choirs do so with obvious mental reservations. That was the keynote of last night's performance of "Elijah" at Queen's Hall. The choral sections were given, not with the unctuous rectitude of a society that deems itself the defender of a faith that is assailed by Jacobins, but with the conviction that Jacobins themselves bring when they become revivalists. In short, Mr. Arthur Fagge's forces gave the lie direct to those misguided conservatives who maintain that if you admire the music of today you cannot do justice to that of your grandmother.—Pall Mall Gazett, Feb. 11.

From the always obliging correspondence editor of "The Musical Herald" a baritone seeks advice. He is not altogether satisfied with his voice, which, he says, is "rather thin above C." And he adds: "I make a fairly big row in singing, but they are all chest notes. Am I doing wrong?" He should really ask his neighbors.—Daily Telegraph.

In "Hymne a la Tamise," of which the appropriate music is composed by Eugene Manescau, Th. Gringoire has written verses in praise of the beauties of the Thames, proclaiming them as symbolical of the peace, power and poverty of England. The song is from an opera, "La Muse de Windsor," upon which MM. Gringoire and Manescau were engaged when war broke out. The composer is serving at the front.

The ubiquitous "Tipperary" is said to have found its way to Denmark, and to be "whistled all day long by the street gamins (of Copenhagen), fiddled in the restaurants and cafes, strummed and sung in the music halls, one-stepped at every dance and printed on postcards." The Danish title of the insistent ditty, please note, is "Der er lang-lang vej til Tipperary"—which doesn't sound at all unlike the original. All the regimental bands, it is stated, have added the tune to their repertoires, and the music shops are doing a roaring trade with it. From the same source comes the information that "The Germans have taken care to supply Scandinavian music publishers with Teuton war songs, but these are listened to coldly, whereas 'Tipperary' is always sure of an encore." Upon which fact you are entitled to base any conjectures you chose.—Daily Telegraph, Feb. 6.

"The balcony was one row of wounded troopers, arms in slings, heads bandaged, sometimes eyes almost covered—but all the men gay and enjoying the old French songs—at Mme. Yvette Guilbert's matinee in aid of the wounded and of her humbler fellow-comedians in distress, many of whom might go hungry but for the Buffet Theatral, which she helps, and whence all may eat an 18-penny meal for 5 pence, no questions asked. She sang many of the delightful old songs of the 17th and 18th centuries, which she has unearthed and, as it were, made her own. Among them were some new discoveries, soldiers' marching songs of old times, like 'The Girls of Dauphine,' soldierly—only too soldierly, indeed, for it ends in a lament of the girls the soldiers left behind them; and the delightful 'Petit Mathieu,' who, under Napoleon, rose from drummer-boy, son of cantiniere and grenadier, to be marshal of France, and into which Mme. Yvette Guilbert puts the real rollicking spirit of the old grognard."

"J. W." on Men, Women and Songs

To the Editor of The Herald:

When I was a boy "Pop Goes the Weasel" was all the rage, but when I went the other day to look for my old familiar copy, which had been in my

[illegible] disappointed [illegible] Sunday afternoon [illegible] leaving [illegible] Myron Whitney [illegible] Serenaders in their hall at the corner of Court street and Summer streets. In those days there were lawns in front of some of the houses, having front yards with trees and shrubbery. At Buckley's there was a bar at the entrance hall, with a long stair to climb. You could watch the gyrations from the stairway before the minstrel show began. I came across a reference the other day to a singing school on Franklin street, where a brother and sister of Charlotte Cushman were taught to sing. Does "Baize" recollect this school? I can't recall the Federal Street Theatre, but I remember some of the dwelling houses on Franklin street in the early sixties, before the days when the Pilot was at No. 21, with John Boyle O'Reilly as editor. I stood near the head of Milk street when Morris Brothers minstrel hall went skyward. It was a hot looking fire and burned like tinder. I often wonder how the show would strike one now. Eph. Horn, I think, must have been the real thing. Billy Morris scintillated, but "Eph's" fun was deeper, more subtle. He was the true philosophical darkey, with a good deal of wit and insight. As

I write it comes across me that he was like Uncle Remus. Regarding popular songs some dogmatic person has recently declared that the song "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" is not the favorite marching song of Tommy Atkins, and is seldom heard in the British trenches on the Belgium border or elsewhere. We shall next hear that there is no such song as "Wapping Old Stairs," although it is preserved from decay by a mixture of tar and pitch, as is proved by the first verse

> Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
> Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
> When I swore that I still would continue the same,
> And gave you the 'baccobox marked with my name.
> When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
> Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
> To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stay'd,
> For his trousers I washed, and his grog, too, I made.

Molly was evidently the forerunner of the Ritz cup. It was near Wapping Old Stairs that Richard Grant White [illegible] across, on the deck of a [illegible], a little band of [illegible] a fiddle, a flute and an apology for a harp. The harper, or harpist, [illegible] things were going "purty [illegible]" [illegible] was n't 'preciated how [illegible]. On being told that [illegible] to be something of a musician [illegible], with a pause of [illegible] self-consciousness: "Somewhere [illegible] I'll 'ave played in a [illegible] street, I'll 've played in [illegible] Russell square." [illegible] regarding his friend, the [illegible] player, [illegible] him to exclaim: [illegible] a 'littler friend o' mine. Business [illegible] No great musician, [illegible] well enough, but no feeling [illegible] sentiment; an' sentiment's the [illegible]."

Speaking of sentiment, when Nelson [illegible] making a tour through England [illegible] to the theatre in Birmingham [illegible] with Lady Hamilton. The play [illegible] Merry Wives of Windsor." When [illegible] with the right arm empty [illegible] attached to his breast, entered [illegible] box with Lady H., the uproar was [illegible]. After the play there was a [illegible] divertissement in honor, of the [illegible] and a song was sung:

> We'll [illegible] hands and be friends; if they [illegible],
> [illegible] what then?
> [illegible] our [illegible] Nelson to thrash 'em again
> Derry down, etc.

Lady Hamilton, it is said, laughing [illegible] without stint, clapped her [illegible] with all her heart and kicked her [illegible] against the footboard of the seat, [illegible] Nelson placidly and with mourn[illegible] look—perhaps in pity for the poet—[illegible] repeatedly to the cheering. When [illegible] Grand Duke Alexis was here in [illegible] there was much enthusiasm [illegible] a large chorus sang in his pres[ence]

[illegible] what purported to be the Russian [nat]ional air, but which afterwards [illegible] out to be a hymn sung only at the funeral of a member of the royal family. Referring to Russian Grand Dukes, there is a "Derry down" song in the "Mikado" peculiarly appropriate to the present European predicament:

> There's beauty in the bellow of the blast,
> There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
> There is eloquent out-pouring
> When the lion is a-roaring,
> And the big bear's a-fighting, tooth and nail.

To which the German eagle might naturally respond:

> In spite of all my meekness,
> If I have a little weakness,
> It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts!
> CHORUS.
> If that is so, sing Derry down, etc.

[illegible] of the war [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] popular song [illegible].

I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket. For any of us so lucky as to possess that princely sum there are just now a lot of chances to give five of it to those less fortunate than ourselves.

Roxbury. J. W.

JULIA CULP SINGS

Mme. Julia Culp gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Shubert, Heimliches Lieben, Nacht und Traeume, Der Musensohn, Wiegenlied, Die Forelle, Du bist die Ruh; Erich Wolff, Ein Solcher ist Mein Freund, Wie Melodie aus Reiner Sphaere, Knabe und Veilchen, Ich bin gen Baden gezogen, Weisst ich Nur, Maerchen; Schumann, In der Fremde, Intermezzo, Waldesgespraech, Mondnacht, Fruehlingsnacht. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist.

There was a very large audience, many sat on the stage and others stood. The size of this audience was a justly deserved tribute to Mme. Culp's rare voice and gracious art.

The singer was in the vein. There was the familiar melting quality of tone, the velvety pianissimo, the sense of reserve in dramatic outbursts. Mme. Culp, too, has a repose, a quiet authority which is irresistible. Her phrasing yesterday was flawless, her diction admirable. Her interpretations were those of a lieder singer of the first rank.

Of the songs by Erich Wolff, a composer of unusual gifts, who unfortunately died too soon, the first two were the most effective, although "Knabe und Veilchen," sentimental and innocuous was vociferously redemanded. "Ein Solcher ist Mein Freund" is a compelling expression of amorous ecstasy while "Wie Melodie aus Reiner Sphaere," with its subtle suggestion of the orient, is a song of exquisite and poetic beauty.

There were many memorable moments in the recital as in Mme. Culp's singing of "Wiegenlied," "Die Forelle," the first two songs by Wolff and "In der Fremde." At all times the singer's unfeigned sincerity and significant emotional expression were in evidence.

Repeatedly recalled Mme. Culp lengthened the program. Mr. Bos's accompaniments were, as usual, worthy of the singer.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY — Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Chamber concert by Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, violoncellist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Irma Seydel. Handel, sonata in A; Spohr, Concerto, "Gesangscene"; Maquarre, Au Clair de Lune; Prutting, Pastel; Strube, Romance in B; Ketten-Loeffler, Caprice Espagnole, Vieuxtemps, Rondino; Beethoven, Romance in G; Mozart, Minuet in D; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 8. Miss Ethel Harding, accompanist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club (44th season), Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Sullivan, The Beleaguered; Robinson, Knowledge; Cobb, Gifts; Genee, Italian Salad (tenor solo, F. Paul Welsch); Thayer, The Nuns; Schreck, In the Woods (baritone solo by John W. Webster); Felton Winter's Night Thoughts; Saar, Venetian Love Song (violin obbligato); Mair, Consecration, a Song (tenor solo, Thomas M. Whitney, baritone solo, Wado W. Cole. Miss Marie Nichols will play these violin pieces. Wieniawski, "Faust" Fantasie, Couperin, La Precieuse, Nardini, Larghetto; Novecek, Perpetuum Mobile.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club, assisted by Miss Fay, singer. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert given by Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, mezzo-soprano; Miss Elsie Lucker, pianist, mezzo-soprano, Ralph Smalley, violoncellist, and Vincent Doyle, pianist, under the auspices of the Notre Dame Alumni, Roxbury, for the benefit of the Belgians. Miss Fox, who was last heard here with the Boston Theatre Opera Company, will sing these songs: Strauss, Zueignung; Tosti, Aprile; Bizet, Habanera, Seguedilla; Beach, Shena Van, Chanson d'Amour, Old Scotch, Loch Lomond; Martinez, Living Poems; Saint-Saens, air from "Samson et Dalila"; Vannuccini, La Visione. Mr. Smalley will play with Miss Lucker, Strauss's sonata for piano and violoncello, and these solo pieces, Cavatina, Vitale Dance; Schubert, Serenade; Popper, Vito. Mr. Doyle will play piano pieces by Debussy, Bartlett, Campbell-Tipton and Coleridge-Taylor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 16th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. First appearance in Boston of Percy Grainger, pianist and composer. See leading article. Bach Busoni, Prelude and Fugue in D major; Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel; Grieg, Norwegian Folk-songs and Peasant Dances: In Ola Valley op. 66, No. 14, Cattle Call, op. 66, No. 1, Roenamskout op. 72, No. 7; Grainger, Colonial Song, Mock Morris Dance; Chopin, Posthumous Study in A flat; Ravel, Ondine; Albeniz, Triana.

Symphony Hall 8 P. M. 16th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Karl Muck conductor. See special notice.

Mch 1915

Casals Heard Again in Boston After Many Years—Perfect Ensemble with Bauer.

By PHILIP HALE.

Messrs. Pablo Casals, violoncellist, and Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata in A major for piano and violoncello, op. 69 (Messrs. Bauer and Casals); Schumann, Fantasie stuecke, op. 12 (Mr. Bauer); Bach, Suite in C major for the violoncello, alone (Mr. Casals); Brahms, Sonata in F major for pianoforte and violoncello, op. 99 (Messrs. Bauer and Casals).

Mr. Casals first visited Boston as a member of Mme. Emma Nevada's concert company, which appeared in the Colonial Theatre in November, 1901. He played Gabriel Faure's Elegie and a sonata by Locatelli. Even then his reputation had preceded him. During the years of his absence this reputation, enviable soon after his first appearance in Paris, has steadily grown until by many he is regarded as the first of violoncellists.

As is well known Beethoven wrote on the title page of the sonata played yesterday, "Inter Lacrymas et Luctum." But before it was performed he wrote to a firm of publishers demanding 90 florins for it, the symphony in C minor, the "Pastoral" symphony and the Mass in C. He hoped that Kraft the violoncellist, and Dorothea Ertmann would play it. Correcting the proofs he made fresh faults, and wrote again to the publishers: "I am just in that state which may be described as 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'" His prayer was not answered for the corrections were not made. They are to be found in Kalischer's edition of Beethoven's letters.

Brahms was moved to write his sonata in F major in the summer of 1886 at Thun by the request of Hausmann a violoncellist whom he admired greatly. We heard Hausmann often in Berlin. He was an earnest, [illegible] emotional player. They said of him there that no one, not even Hausmann, could be so foolish as he looked. Brahms and this violoncellist were the first to play it. Mrs. von Herzogenberg, after seeing the receipt of the sonata, wrote to Brahms that she could hear him "snorting and puffing" in the vigorous scherzo, for Johannes Brahms was in the habit of making uncouth noises when he played the piano, forgetful of the sound advice given by old Daniel Gottlob Tuerk years before in his "pianoforte school."

Mr. Casals certainly deserves his reputation. He has a singularly pure tone, remarkable facility, unimpeachable musical taste. Hearing him, one is reminded of Tennyson's Miss Maud, who was dead perfection. It would not be just to say that he was faultily regular, for in the sonatas and in the Sarabande of Bach he showed a perceptible degree of warmth. We have heard violoncellists during the last 30 years who had a more sensuous tone and made a stronger emotional appeal. We have heard very few who were so inherently musical in the abstract sense as Mr. Casals. There are violoncellists who play their instrument as if they wished to persuade the hearer that it was a violin. It may perhaps be a cause for regret that Mr. Casals, with his undeniable talent, did not devote himself to the latter instrument.

Mr. Bauer and Mr. Casals have long been associated in chamber concerts. Again the word perfection is the only one that describes their ensemble playing. But to some the feature of the concert was Mr. Bauer's beautiful performance of Schumann's romantic pieces. We know of no pianist now before the public who has so caught the spirit of Schumann.

A very large audience was enthusiastic. The concert next Sunday afternoon will be in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra.

Mch 2 1915

PAVLOWA AT BOSTON WINS NEW LAURELS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—Miss Pavlowa and her Russian ballet in "Amarilla," "Chopiniana" and nine divertissements. Chief assistant dancers, Miss Plaskovietzka, Miss Kuhn, Miss Svirskaia, Messrs Volinine and Constine. Theodore Stier, conductor.

[illegible] in this [illegible] high [illegible] the [illegible] the cavalier [illegible] folk [illegible] and noble dames [illegible] of the old [illegible] now laughing [illegible] of gypsies enters. Amarilla recognizes a fine gentleman that had loved her and evidently won her love, but he stares at her coldly as he sits with a fair one. The gypsy girl would run away. But the chief, a brother of old, old friend in "Mignon," pulls her back and compels her to dance, while her brother (Mr. Volinine) gives her cheer. Jealousy, rage, despair on the part of Amarilla, all expressed in graceful gestures, exquisite poses, dances now animated, now wildly free; but the ex-lover maintains his glassy stare. At last Amarilla and the ex-lover are alone. There is mute embracing, and then the faithless one spoils it all by offering her a purse. She rejects it, noble girl, and, weeping, falls to the ground. The ballet is not a very interesting one, but it served to show the pantomimic skill of the incomparable Pavlowa.

"Chopiniana," with Chopin's music arranged and orchestrated by Glazounov, was much more pleasing to the eye and ear. The stage setting with the lighting, giving the idea of dancing by moonlight in a dell, is one of the most effective scenes that the Russians have shown us here. The costumes were a rich symphony of colors, almost equalled later in the "Valse Danube." The groupings were beautiful. Everything was so harmonious, there was no appearance of effort, the spectator felt as if he were intruding, and might at any moment be detected and pay the penalty decreed against Actaeon.

The third part of the program was made up of divertissements. First was the grotesque "Gopak" of Russia for men only. Miss Pavlowa, a fantastical apparition, danced the "Dragon Fly" to music by Kreisler. Mr. Kobeleff and Mmes. Butsova and Grifova danced gracefully to a waltz by Strauss. The strange music of Sibelius's "Valse Triste" accompanied an admirably performed pantomimic dance by Miss Svirskala and Mr. Oukrainsky. A chief feature of the evening was the familiar "Moment Musical" of Schubert with the charming joyousness and mirthful innocence of the Misses Plaskovietzka, Butsova and Crombova, figures that might have left a Grecian urn. No wonder that this was redemanded. To the delight of all, Miss Pavlowa and Mr. Clustine danced the gavotte that will always be associated with the former, nor is it possible to think of another moving with such archness and grace.

An athletic mazurka—music by Wieniawski—followed with Miss Kuhn and Messrs. Vajinski and Zalewski furiously in earnest. "The Beautiful Blue Danube" of Strauss was wonderful in effects of color, grouping, evolutions. And at last came the inevitable and necessary Bacchanale with Glazounov's music, in which Miss Pavlowa and Mr. Volinine rioted as though intoxicated with the juice of the grapes, their own virtuosity and the sheer animal joy of living.

The company is a large and excellent one. It is not a case of Miss Pavlowa and some others. The assistants have native talent and they have been so artfully drilled that their dancing is spontaneous, their evolutions as though they occurred to the dancers at the moment.

And what is to be said of Miss Pavlowa at this late day? Nothing, except again to pay tribute gladly, to rejoice in her existence and that she again favors us. There is no one like her. Art and natural charm combined inextricably set her apart from other daughters of Terpsichore. Her companion, Mr. Volinine, always a manly dancer, has gained in lightness and pantomimic expression.

The theatre was by no means full. The audience, however, was enthusiastic. Tonight the bill will include the ballets "Puppen Fee," "Walpurgis Night" and divertissements.

MISS SEYDEL GIVES RECITAL AT JORDAN HALL

Her Personality and Wide Range of Program Impress Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, assisted by Miss Edith Harding, accompanist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a warmly interested audience of good size. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in A; Spohr, Concerto "Gesangsscene"; Maquarre, Au Clair de Lune; Prutting, Pastel; Strube, Romance in B; Better-Loeffler, Caprice Espagnole; Vieuxtemps, Rondino; Beethoven, Romance in G; Mozart, Minuet in D; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 8.

Miss Seydel, it will be remembered, [illegible] promise as a child [illegible] she is [illegible] She has [illegible] and has [illegible] of admiration [illegible] she [illegible]

[illegible] ... of the [illegible] order of salon [illegible]. In the first [illegible] showed the solidity of her training. [illegible] her performance was not merely academic; it had vitality, warmth, sentiment. The tone was rich, full, pure. There was breadth of style; there was musical as well as rhetorical phrasing that was not due only to intelligent instruction. And in the lighter pieces there was a display of facility and brilliance. There was no attempt to give them greater importance than they deserved. The amiable, pleasing music was played in a pleasing manner. The modesty and the unaffected manner of Miss Seydel also contributed to the enjoyment of the audience.

Light skirt dancers, blithe and boon,
With high hosen and low shoon,
'Twixt sandal bordure and kirtle rim
Showing one pure wave of limb
And frequent to the cestus fine
Lavish beauty's undulous line
Till like roses veiled in snow
'Neath the gauze your blushes glow;
Nymphs with tresses which the wind
Sleekly tosses to its mind
More deliriously disheveled
Than when the Naxian widow reveled
With her flush bridegroom on the ooze,
Hurry me, Sisters, where ye choose!

An "Article de Paris."

The Moulin Rouge that was destroyed by fire early last Saturday was one of the entertainments provided for foreigners, who, visiting it, thought they were seeing "Parisian life." The establishment was founded in 1888 by Zidler, who had managed the Jardin de Paris. He was described by Maurice Delsol as a curious type of the manager, a mixture of Yankee and true Parisian portrayed by Zola. "If he created his 'mill' he also knew how to stock it with a lot of young girls who preferred to throw their caps over it than to pursue the toilsome life of the workshop." He was a stern disciplinarian, but paternal towards the pretty dancers who he thought were drawing cards. It is said that, afraid of the newspapers, he spent on them over 1,000,000 francs yearly, hoping that they would let him alone. Zidler retired, prosperous, and was succeeded by M. Oller, a "sympathetic" person. For many years the Moulin Rouge was the home of the chahut.

La Goulue.

The crowning glory of the Moulin Rouge in its splendid years was La Gouloe. Her real name was Louise Weber. Somewhere about 1880, calling herself La Gouloe, she was one of a naturalistic quadrille at the Elysee-Montmartre, where she danced wildly and to the astonishment of foreigners. Her chief associates in this dance were Grille d'Egout, La Macarona and Nini Patte-en-l'Air—all of them most charming and estimable young ladies. This was the glorious epoch of La Goulue, for afterwards at the Moulin Rouge her steps were discreeter, her capers were less piquant. And yet at the Moulin Rouge she still blazed with a certain splendor, although she was comparatively chastened in spirit. She had known many vicissitudes; she had seen many phases of life. She had won her name by eating a tremendous supper of ham and sauerkraut at the restaurant of the Rat Mort; she had once paid a fine of 2000 francs on account of the whirl of her petticoats and the "singular elasticity of her anatomy." Even at the Moulin Rouge she was celebrated and without contradiction, as the queen of the "chahuteuses naturalistes." Maurice Delsol paid her tribute in passionate prose. "Although she had not the freshness of first youth, this girl, contrived by nature for a hurrah in the dance house, had still beautiful remains. Never did a toe point skyward with such childlike grace. The principles taught by Nini Patte-en-l'Air she found too academic. To the music of a tearing quadrille, you saw her in her element: her eyes sparkled, her nostrils dilated, a bacchantic smile parted pouting lips. There were eccentric Englishmen who were enthusiastic over her and they would have covered her with gold, but she preferred her joyous independence; she preferred to queen it over the people dear to her."

Sated at last with terpsichorean glory, she became a lion-tamer, and one day, pirouetting in a cage of the Brothers Pezon's show, a lion was so infatuated with her that he attempted the clumsy compliment of eating her, costume and all. But she escaped with slight damage, and afterward, no doubt as the reward of virtue, she became the owner of a traveling menagerie.

On May 10, 1900, La Goulue married Mr. Joseph Droxler, a rising young conjurer. The ceremony was at the Montmartre town hall. The witnesses were Olivier Le Catalan, the king of snake charmers, and one Romain, the son of the famous wrestler. Her sisters, La Bayonette, a fortune-teller; Violetta La Victorieuse, skilled in sleight-of-hand, and Mme. Lucienne, whose husband showed wild beasts, attended her. La Goulue wore a black satin dress, with red roses in her bodice, and crimson [illegible] in her hat. On leaving the building she was cheered by the crowd [illegible] these cheers were [illegible] to the courage of the groom. La Goulue was grateful for this sympathy, and she, too, was not unmoved. She gave a short exhibition of the art that had set her above other women, and as a finishing touch she adroitly passed her leg over her husband's head as he stood by her side in a state of love and wonder. E'en in her ashes lived her wonted fires. In 1904 she was badly mauled by a lion.

The Downfall.

In 1903 there was an attempt to turn the Moulin Rouge into an ordinary music hall. The attempt was not successful, and in 1906 there was dancing again with the hope that the delirious "Iquique" would lure the foreigner.

Exeunt Omnes.

And what has become of La Goulue's amiable companions? Demi-Siphon died in 1893, soon after her consumptive companion, Tour-Eiffel. But where are Rayon-d'Or, La Mome-Fromage, Chatut-Kao, Miss Rigolette, La Souris, L'Etoile-Filante, Margot, La Sauterelle, La Glu, Grille d'Egout and others of the sisterhood? Many of them were poorly paid by the proprietors of the dance halls, nor did they receive over $20 a month. Rayon d'Or was paid $140 a month, she of the henna-colored and flowing and abundant locks.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Girl of Today," a comedy in four acts by Porter Emerson Browne, with Ann Murdock and the following cast:

Elaine Van Dorn	Ann Murdock
Gordon Blake, her guardian	Frank Mills
Mrs. Roggies	Pauline Duffield
Gleason Waterbury	George Alison
Harkness	William Evill
Lagrand Lockwood	William Holden
Angelica Lockwood	Eleanor Gordon
Raymond Lockwood	Eugene O'Brien
Betts Lockwood	Edwin Nicander
Patricia Vane	Belle Daube

This piece will doubtless achieve great success if provided with a score from the pen of some popular Broadway composer. The plot is altogether in musical comedy vein—in no sense more reasonable, and only a trifle too involved in its absurdities; the humor will stand "as is." One felt, as a matter of fact, a certain indefinable sense of relief when, in the second act, the phonograph was finally started on "Down by the Old Sea Shore," and a few moments of "modern dancing" proved how this particular form of art is a perfect solvent for all degrees and varieties of commonness. Nor with Mr. Nicander was the play lacking in pure vaudeville features. The part assigned to him was essentially a "humorous" monologue.

Miss Murdock, one suspects, has as yet undeveloped personality, but the present play does not favor her. One fancies that she might, for example, do good work in a "strong" part where some restraint was required. Last night the exigencies of the melodrama called for a complete abandonment of restraint and in her efforts to carry the "big" moments she had recourse to hysteria.

The acting, as a whole, was characterized by too much ranting. Mr. Mills restrained himself to a degree, the others were hardly so careful.

The plot concerns itself with the ward of a New York millionaire who is supposedly drowned at sea before he has signed the will which should provide for the young girl dependent upon him. As a consequence a family of impossible cousins from Bridgeport, Ct., inherit and take possession of the property. All this is explained in the first act by the most amateurish sort of induction. The cousins, once in possession, allow the now destitute ward to remain, on condition that she "behave." What she does is to fall in love with their eldest son, whom one must understand from the lines to be a "gentleman." How it, or he, could happen under the circumsances, is altogether beyond credence. It is his brother, Betts, who does the monologue comedy part—which is objectionable.

The plot works up to a climax where the heavy father compels the girl to renounce his son. She does it in a repulsive bacchanalian scene. This is succeeded by another in which the rejected lover tries, first by persuasion and then, apparently, by cruelty, to win her back.

The end is, as one has guessed, of course, the return of the millionaire, who has not been drowned. His entrance is altogether unexplained. As he confronts his ward, she has apparently an acute attack of St. Vitus's dance, then faints in his arms.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN APPEARS AT B. F. KEITH'S

"Thou Shalt Not Kill" a Powerful Sketch—Other Numbers.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," a peace play by Maurice Campbell, is the vehicle in which Henrietta Crosman is appearing at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The sketch gives Miss Crosman an excellent opportunity for display of her emotional abilities, but suffers by contrast with "The War Brides," in which Nazimova appeared last week.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill" depicts the [illegible] conflict of a [illegible] boy into military service at the outbreak of war and is an appeal for universal peace. Although designed to be neutral, it has a pronounced Teutonic flavor. The scene is laid in a cottage in a rural community. The sketch opens with a dialogue tending to show that he is bravest who refuses to go to war and kill his fellow-men. Suddenly the sound of bugles is heard and there comes a cry that war is declared.

The sounds of bugle, fife and drum draw nearer and an officer appears in the door of the cottage with a demand for the boy. Henrietta Crosman as the mother pleads that her son, all that is left her, be spared, but the officer is obdurate and the boy is led away. As the mother resigns herself to the inevitable and bids the boy godspeed, suppressed sobs can be heard in the audience.

In an abandon of hysteria the mother stands in the door of the cottage, waving and shouting a farewell as the troops march away.

Naturally, Henrietta Crosman dominates the entire sketch, although there are other necessary characters. Her portrayal of the motherly and then the emotional scenes are superb and not, as might easily happen, overdone.

Donahue and Stewart in what is called "A bundle of talent and refined nonsense, labelled 'Him and Her,'" furnish entertainment for their full period of 20 minutes. Wille Brothers, balancers, give some thrills in equilibrium. Hazel Cox, in a series of character song studies, got a hearty round of applause. Miss Cox is attractive personally and has a pleasing voice.

Fisher and Green, in "The Partners," present a sketch not unfamiliar to Boston vaudeville patrons that scents strongly of Montague Glass, although the real author is James Horan. Ramon Blanchart, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, received an ovation. The baritone gives a selection of popular and classical selections.

The Beauties, a typical Jesse Lasky production, closes the performance. The abbreviated musical comedy gives several chorus ladies an oportunity to display stunning costumes and also provides a little fun of not too heavy nature.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Andreas Dippel Opera Company in "The Lilac Domino," an operetta in three acts. Music by Charles Cuvillier; book and lyrics by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach; English adaptation by Harry B. Smith; English lyrics by Robert B. Smith. First performance in Boston.

Vicomte de Brissac	George Curzon
Georgine	Ethel Pettit
Elledon	James Harrod
Leonie d'Andoreet	Rene Detling
Count Andre de St. Amand	B. Kirkbride
Prosper	John E. Hazzard
Casimir	Robert O'Connor
Baroness de Villiers	Jeanne Maubourg
Istvan	Harry Hermsen

This operetta was first produced at the Oldstadt Theatre, Leipzig, a little over a year ago. It was first seen in New York at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, Oct. 28, 1914. The composer, a young Frenchman, is now with the French army.

Mr. Cuvillier's music and the sumptuous stage settings are the two conspicuous features of the work. No doubt the voices of the chief singers, Miss Eleanor Painter and Wilfrid Douthitt, would have enhanced the pleasure of the large audience last evening, but unfortunately both were absent from the east.

Mr. Dippel, however, once himself an admired artist, now a shrewd and astute manager, old in the ways of the theatre, was ready for the emergency. He knows that prima donnas may be indisposed or temperamental, that baritones have their good and bad days.

The substitutes, Miss Pettit and Mr. Kirkbride, had been wisely chosen. Both were effective and both had the advantage of youth.

Miss Pettit, comely and of engaging personality, has a light, fresh voice of good range and pleasing quality. She sang well, with authority which was not mere assurance. She was well suited in appearance to the girlish role and was attractive alternately in coquettish and sentimental moments.

Mr. Kirkbride's voice was less telling, but he used it cleverly, and his diction was excellent. His impersonation of Andre was genuinely boyish.

The story of the operetta is slight. Count Andre de St. Amand wagers that he will marry an heiress and thus save himself and his friends, Prosper and Casimir, from ignominious poverty.

At a ball he meets the fascinating wearer of the lilac domino, Georgine, daughter of the Vicomte de Brissac and an heiress. Andre is at once enamored, but, forced to keep his pledge, he meets Georgine the next day at a The Dansant and presses his suit, not realizing that she is his charmer of the ball.

Georgine returns his love but learns of the wager and will have none of him. Andre is inconsolable and there is a happy ending.

There are other characters who contribute to the general gaiety, Leonie d'Andoreet, Elledon her lover, the ridiculous pair, Prosper and Casimir, Georgine's father, a true Vicomte of operetta, and the Baroness de Villiers, Georgine's governess. All these are capably impersonated.

Mme. Maubourg is a familiar figure. She has sung at many opera houses in Europe and America. A Belgian by birth, she was married in 1911 to Claude Benedict, recently the shining light of the French troupe in its season at the Toy Theatre. As the governess she played with Gallic lightness of touch, vivacity and charm.

The scenes of the operetta take place during the carnival at Nice. This naturally provides opportunities for elaborate settings. Mr. Dippel may well plume himself upon the production. Each of the three acts, the Bal Masque, the exterior of Vicomte de Brissac's residence and the square of the Prefecture at Nice rivalled each other in beauty, elegance and exquisite effects in lighting. The costumes were in good taste, by choice of color and contrasts and in modernity of design. The kinemacolor pictures between acts 2 and 3, showing the Battle of Flowers and carnival scenes at Nice, were an entertaining innovation.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Third Party," a farcical comedy in three acts, by Jocelyn Brandon and Frederick Arthur; American version by Mark Swan. Cast:

Admiral Peter Maxwell	George Gaston
Louise Pottinger	Edna Phillips
Harriet Maxwell	Mattie Keene
Algernon Brockenhorst	William L. Gibson
Rose Gaythorne	Marjorie Wood
Hillary Chester	Taylor Holmes
Luigi, "Chaperon," Mr. Gazzaza	James Georg.
Christopher Pottinger	Walter Jones
Doris Mayne	Alma Belwin
Colonel Redwood	Richard W. Temple

If all the private dining rooms at the Restaurant Royal had not been taken, Christopher Pottinger, M. P., social reformer, would not have had to conceal his luncheon with Rose Gaythorne, "classic dancer," behind a screen in the reception hall and there would have been no third "party." All the trouble began right there. The proprietor told Pottinger and his guest he would make it right by giving them his professional chaperon, Mr. Gazzaza, who couldn't understand English. Then, even if Mrs. Pottinger had happened along, introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Gazzaza would straighten matters right out.

Well, strange to say, Mrs. Pottinger did happen along with her brother and the introduction took place, but, far from being straightened out, the situation was catapulted into a state of dire confusion and fearful terrors. Pottinger, instead of getting Gazzaza as his protecting third party, drew Hillary Chester, a lively young gentleman, who tried the chaperon game as a lark. Mrs. Pottinger asked "Mr. and Mrs. Gazzaza" down to her country place, and, despite protests from Pottinger, Chester and Rose, they were bundled into the auto and whisked down.

At the Pottingers' was Doris Mayne fiancee of Chester. There were many frights for Pottinger, Rose and Chester before Doris met the young man, including the presence of Col. Redwood, a justice of the peace, who always jailed couples that masqueraded as husband and wife. When Doris did meet Hillary she fainted and so did Rose.

Efforts to explain matters with impossible stories and the imitation nervous prostration of the guilty innocents made the fun of the piece, which reached its climax of absurd terrors when Algernon Brockenhurst, friend of both Hillary and Col. Redwood, came along and found Rose, his fiancee masquerading as Mrs. Gazzaza. After apparently insufferable difficulties the tangled mess was cleared up to everyone's satisfaction.

The story with its situations is extremely comic and much of the dialogue is crisp and bright. There is plenty of genuine humor and snappy epigrammatic quips in the lines. But the piece is marred by tremendous overemphasis. Walter Jones as Pottinger and Taylor Holmes as Chester are two-thirds of the time most excellent comedians, and their fun is wholesome and contagious. Then every few minutes they are stricken with debasing, overmastering fear and they become chattering, palsied, quaking asylum freaks. They tear flowers to pieces, spill their drinks, shoot quarts of carbonic water from syphons around the room and make a general mess that takes the laugh out of the situation.

Marjorie Wood as Rose is fetching in every sense of the word and most of the time plays her part with charm and restraint. But she, too, goes all to pieces at the reiterated suggestions that the room for Mr. and Mrs. Gazzaza is being prepared for the night and finally joins the madhouse party.

Edna Phillips as Mrs. Pottinger and Alma Belwin as Doris are two most charming and admirable ladies, and fortunately they are not called upon to seem to lose their wits.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Good-Nigh[illegible] Nurse," a farce by Ethel Watts Mum[illegible]ford. The cast:

William Chalmer	Robert Ca[illegible]
Sajl	Allen Atw[illegible]
Dr. Flexner	Harold Russ[illegible]
Dr. Widner	John Daly Murp[illegible]
Wilson Jay	Hale Hamil[illegible]
Miss Joyce	Alma M[illegible]
Miss Carpenter	Helen [illegible]
Georgeina Du[illegible]	Merle C[illegible]
Mrs. Snydam	[illegible]
Nona Snydam	Hazel L[illegible]
Bradley Bradf[illegible]	William Ros[illegible]
Miss Hepworth	Angela [illegible]
Dr. M[illegible]	Albert Tr[illegible]
Samuel Pierrepont	Bedford [illegible]

[illegible] "Great Stakes" [illegible] Mr. [illegible] last night [illegible] the plane of the unusual. It was [illegible] comic.

The plot itself, as is to be found in [illegible] where there is no scruple for [illegible] extravagance, [illegible] led to little [illegible] self around the attempt to [illegible] which in its [illegible] is a farcical undertaking. [illegible] who is a rising young [illegible] of business, is connected with one of the [illegible] men of the country. He is summoned to appear before the Interstate Commerce commission to give evidence that may have a bearing against his employer, who, by the way, has watched over Wilson with the kindness and indulgence of a father.

To appear against his benefactor [illegible] impossible, and the young man's heart turns cold at the thought. The fact that he knows little of the matters on which he would be called to testify adds to his bewilderment, and it is finally decided that he shall sham sickness and send word that he cannot go to Washington.

The beautiful nurse who comes to play so large a part in the future of the [illegible] in question, and in his life case in particular, uses a strategy in the moments of greatest suspense that is bewildering. The sham sickness works successfully until word comes from Washington that a government physician is coming to make an examination of the patient. Then the abyss appears. The final examination of the "sick" man by the Washington representative is one of the funniest things seen on the Boston stage in many years. Jay's [illegible] of getting a high temperature [illegible] and a heart failure at the [illegible] are delicious absurdities. It would be spoiling the story of the play to confess them.

A pretty sub-plot that amounts to little [illegible] to add a touch of the more serious, [illegible] in a newspaper reporter and a [illegible] little girl confederate, who [illegible] the worst thing [illegible] at the best [illegible].

The [illegible] of the plot are closely followed [illegible] a favorable quality frequently [illegible] of in the comic play this year. [illegible] Hamilton, fresh from a success [illegible] the play in New York, turned himself loose on a Boston audience and carried it with him. In the weaker portions of the play he worked the hardest, and throughout the evening the audience was with him. Marie Chambers, as Miss Durant, the nurse, worked in harmony with him. Together they carried the farce almost into the realms of realism at times, only to be followed with an overwhelming impossibility that brought unpreventable roars of laughter. Mr. [illegible], in his physical actions during the evening, excelled himself. His [illegible] with the bed were much on the [illegible] of the acrobat, and he showed little sign of fatigue after some marvelous convolutions with the blankets.

The two leading parts were ably seconded by the work of the doctors, [illegible] by Harold Russell, John Daly [illegible]phy and Albert Travernier. With [illegible] high degree of excellence in the [illegible] of these parts, the play would have been impossible. They all did well. [illegible] Dergeon made a most homely [illegible] Hepworth, as the part required, [illegible] her action was good. Hazel Lowry [illegible] as sweet and demure as Nona [illegible] should have been. It is to be [illegible] that William Roselle will develop [illegible] enunciation; his part is a [illegible] one, and may be improved. [illegible] Atwell, as Saji, the Japanese servant, played a difficult part excellently. [illegible] make-up and oriental ac[illegible] highly appreciated by the audience. Robert Cain, as William Chal[illegible] was successful.

[illegible]ON OPERA HOUSE—The Henry [illegible] players in Shakespeare's comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." [illegible] principals of the cast:

[illegible]	L'Estrange Millman
[illegible]	Mary Forbes
[illegible]	Leonard Willey
[illegible]ius	Frank Conroy
[illegible]	Irby Marshal
[illegible]	Max Montesole
[illegible]	Henry Crocker
[illegible]	Claude Beerbohm
[illegible]	Leonard Mudie
[illegible]	Ernest G. Cove
[illegible]ling	H. Ashleton Tonge
[illegible]	Alice Moffat
[illegible]	George Relph
[illegible]	Viola Compton

The performance last evening takes [illegible] place with the work of the Jewett [illegible] in the long-to-be-remembered "Merry Wives of Windsor."

[illegible] performances of the comedy in [illegible] have been turned into glittering [illegible] tacles and the romantic vein has [illegible] destroyed by clowning, burlesque [illegible] farce, and many of the tradesmen [illegible] been made ridiculous with frightful facial make-up. It is to the credit of the Jewett players that they did not [illegible] the features that have always [illegible] associated with the remark: "The [illegible] like [illegible]."

[illegible] Max Montesole [illegible] feature of the performance. She was the [illegible], irrepressible, joyful [illegible] of Oberon. She has a good voice, too, [illegible], and it might be here added that there were altogether too many interpolated songs last evening. Because Miss Moffatt has a good voice she was tempted to sing "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," a song a little too difficult for her.

Mr. Crocker's Bottom was an admirable performance and takes its place with his Falstaff. He was droll in his every move and speech, and the part is one that tempts one only too easily to mugging and clowning. Whether in his ecstatic mood as the metamorphosed lover of the fairy queen or as the plain weaver he was always convincing.

George Relph was seen as Oberon. He was majestic in his authority over his fairy kingdom, and his splendid enunciation and diction were a pleasure.

The Quince of Max Montesole was a clever character study. He was a bronzed, a withered fellow, though as the rehearser of the play within the play he provoked much laughter.

The bickerings of Lysander and Demetrius and Helena and Hermia were watched with keen enjoyment, though the Demetrius of Frank Conway was often lethargic and halting.

There was a good sized audience that was greatly amused and there were many curtain calls.

Mch 3 1915

"Fly with me. To New York! I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop-girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Braddoniana.

English newspapers recently received publish entertaining gossip about the late and excellent Miss Braddon. Her early success was somewhat accidental. The magazine for which she was writing "Lady Audley's Secret" came to an untimely end, and the serial stopped in the middle of the story. Mr. Buckland, actor and dramatist, wrote to Miss Braddon that he must surely know the end. Thus encouraged, she found another publisher to take up the tale. The publishers Tinsley offered to produce it at once in book form. She therefore hurried to complete it.

"Lady Audley's Secret" was published in 1862, and there was then living a real Lady Audley, the wife of Lord Audley, a peer whose title dated from 1313. It has been in abeyance since his death in 1872. The real Lady Audley brought no suit for libel, nor did her husband write indignant letters to the Times. Novelists and playwrights within the last half dozen years have not been so fortunate as Miss Braddon was in this respect. Grotesque suits arising from similarity of names have been brought and damages awarded. The English law of libel is a fearsome thing.

Miss Braddon did not take her earlier novels too seriously. She once wrote to Edmund Yates, who published several of them in Temple Bar, when he was editor of it. "Did you see what the —— says about 'Aurora Floyd' and my philosophy in the matter of beer, brandy, cigars and tobacco? It is all Mr. Tinsley's fault for advertising me as Mary Elizabeth. I used to be called Mr. Braddon, and provincial critics were wont to regret that my experience of women had been so bitter as to make me an implacable foe to the fair sex. They thought I had been 'cradled into magazines by wrong,' and had learned in the Divorce Court what I taught in three-volume novels."

Some of the melodramatic ideas in her head never found their way to paper. "What a novel a la Wilkie Collins," she said, "could be written round a protracted search for the missing members of a murdered man, dividing the work, not into books, but bits! 'Bit the first: the leg in the grey stocking found at Deptford.' 'Bit the second: the white hand and the onyx ring with half an initial letter (unknown) and crest, skull with a coronet, found in an Alpine crevasse.'"

She published nearly 100 novels, but others have surpassed her in prolificity; thus Mrs. L. T. Meade wrote over 200 novels and children's tales. Other English novelists have turned out their hundredth. Miss Braddon wrote with singular ease. She would sit in a comfortable chair with a writing pad on her knees and work at the rate of 1600 words an hour.

The Squeeze of a Lemon.

The report that the oyster is to come under the Pure Food law leads us to publish the following communication:

As the World Wags:

From the letter written by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, dated "Wompuit, Feb. 9," I [illegible]mise that Mr. Johnson and the editor [illegible] to oysters, if [illegible]. It was only a [illegible] that the editor in language [illegible] that of Mr. Johnson, claimed a love for oysters which needed only a touch of lemon juice—nothing more—to bring it to the point of true devotion.

I dimly recollect—how sad it is to have a failing memory!—a poem I once read. There were some lines which I cannot quote correctly, but I remember them as follows:

> A hunk of bread, a lemon squeezed and thou
> Wi[illegible]e—

And then there was some allusion to the wilderness, but I cannot recall just how it fitted in. Now that I search my mind, I believe that the poem was about a girl, instead of an oyster. Nevertheless, the idea was the same. It treated of something which could be appreciated all by itself without superfluities to disguise or modify its flavor.

A bond of union seems to exist between Mr. Johnson, the editor, and my hazily remembered poet: in that they all are contented with the simple life.

What is a "haddock lug"?

H. J. L.

Medford.

The poet Robert Fergusson of Edinburgh, quoted by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, in his remarks about the fitting drink to go down with oysters, sang of the joy in sitting

> Our oysters and a dram o' gin,
> Or haddock lug.

Is lug in this connection a dish, or platter? "Lug" often means the ear of a dish. In Burns's familiar line "lug" is "ear." Lug has many meanings; one is "a large marine worm used for bait." Any poet that would drink gin with oysters might easily gloat over a dish of haddock and lugs.—Ed.

"Slivering" Again.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Sept. 2, 1912, et seq. the word "slivering" (first i long), meaning the obtaining of the thin coating of pulpy matter under the bark of pine trees, was quite fully discussed, and, apropos of that discussion, I will say that about half of page 224 (in the latter part of chapter 15) of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber's book entitled "Ike Partington; or, the Adventures of a Human Boy and His Friends" treats of "slivering." Mr. Shillaber says that "the thin ribbon of the tender prize * * * was devoured with as much gusto as if it had been on the bill of fare at an alderman's feast—perhaps more." That book of Mr. Shillaber's was published in 1879. HERALD READER.

Brookline.

BOSTON THEATRE—Miss Pavlowa and her Russian ballet in "Puppen-Fee" (The Fairy Doll), "Walpurgis Night" and eight divertissements.

Both ballets have been presented here lately by Miss Pavlowa. In "Puppen-Fee" the scene takes place in a toy shop. Customers enter and the dolls are exhibited. Each has some special accomplishment. The Fairy Doll, however, is the one bought by the fastidious Englishwoman. Before she leaves the toy shop she waves her magic wand. All the dolls come to life and hold midnight revels.

"Walpurgis Night" is taken from Gounod's "Faust," arranged by Ivan Clustine. Faust and Mephisto disport themselves amid the rival charms of Luna, Lays, Helena Aspasia and other ladies of their kind. The costumes are wildly fantastical, gorgeous in coloring, riotous in design.

In both ballets as the Fairy Doll and Helena, Miss Pavlowa danced with the utmost perfection. She was admirably supported by Mr. Volinine and the company, significant [illegible] alike in dance and pantomime.

First of the divertissement was "Overlass," a charming peasant dance, with music by Lewandowski. Miss Sirrakaia next appeared alone. Miss Pavlowa, a figure of exquisite and poetic beauty, in snowy plumage, fluttered, drooped and quivered in "The Swan" to Saint-Saens' music. A chief feature of the evening was Mr. Oukrainsky's "Pe[illegible]u Dance," in which he displayed extraordinary flexibility and skill in posturing. Then there was a "Pizzicato" by Drigo, the familiar "Moment Musical" of Schubert which was repeated, a "Valse de Visions" by Berlioz, and Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," the concluding number by Miss Pavlowa and Mr. Volinine.

The program this afternoon will include "Flora's Awakening," modern ballroom soiree and divertissement. Tonight "Raymonda" will be performed for for the first time.

B. Y. M. C. U. GIVES AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

[illegible] of [illegible] orchestral [illegible] the B. Y. M. C. U. [illegible] street [illegible] given last night. The program consisted of standard music, with an orchestra of professional players, directed by William Howard. [illegible] number on the program was explained by Louis C. Elson. Mme. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert sang "Elsa's Dream" from Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the other solo was by Mr. Howard, for violin, "Souvenir de Haydn," by Leonard.

A second concert of the same character will be given at the same hall Tuesday evening, March 9. The general plan is almost the same as that of the former municipal concerts.

Mch 4 1915

While there's a Cider-Man,
Or a Metheglinist, while there's a Cup
Of Beer or Ale, I do forswear to sip
Of Wicked Sack.

Try Metheglin.

As the World Wags:

Ever since reading "Pan [illegible]," "The Deluge" and "With Fire and Sword," I have wondered as to the nature of mead, and the close of the watery Aquarial Gardens discussion seems a fitting moment for such a bibulous question. "There were giants in those days," yet a gallon, taken at a sitting (with uncounted drinks before) [illegible] put even the doughty Panzaglo[illegible] among the dead men, yet if I remember right, he had none of the distressing after effects (popularly, hang-over), that half the quantity of rum (except possibly real Old Jamaica) would cause. It must have been a noble drink. Is the recipe by chance known to the editor or any other Porphyry member?

What a pity it is that so many valuable old-time drinks now exist only in novels. If one could go up to a bar and ask for a cup of sack without having Gus remark: "Guess you've had enough already," it would indeed be fine. JAFFREY RESEVOIR.

Jaffrey, N. H.

The Scholiast.

There is a famous passage [illegible] in the story of Lavengro's adventures. The genuine mead, made by fermenting a mixture of honey and water, is decidedly alcoholic and heady. Earl, in the 11th century there was this definition: "Meth or hydromel is of two sorts, the weaker and the stronger (Mede and Metheglen)." Still earlier it was written, "Metheglin, which is most used in Wales, by reason of hot herbs boiled with honey, is hotter than mead." Good old Doc Venner (1650) recommended rosemary, hyssop, thyme, penny royal and sage as the herbs. He also informs us that in his day the proportion of [illegible] were one part of honey and "six times so much pure water or more." George Borrow as Lavengro drank mead on a famous occasion, although ale was his steady tipple. Did he drink metheglin in Wales? Every book worth reading [illegible] keeping should be indexed. "Wild Wales" has an itinerary that serves as a table of contents, but it is a poor thing, of no more worth than a guide post that is lying flat near the crossroads. We remember that Borrow kept on drinking ale in Wales. Mrs. Borrow was with him on that journey, perhaps for that reason there is very little in "Wild Wales" about his intercourse with gipsies. The book is written in a somewhat restrained vein foreign to the author of "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye" and "The Bible in Spain." Nevertheless it is delightful reading. We saw this although some one recently asked "How can any one read Borrow" and Mr. Newman of Birmingham (Eng.)—that is not his real name; he is of the Hebraic persuasion—wrote an article to prove that Borrow was a "bounder." Borrow's rhapsody on the first leg of Welsh mutton he ate at Llangollen—it weighed just four pounds—is alone worth the price of the book. Looking hastily over "Wild Wales" we find something about ale on every other page. We ran across the one where Borrow tells of the dog in an inn who laid a paw on its master's knee.

"Down, Perro," said he.

"Perro!" said I. "Why do you call the dog Perro?"

"We call him Perro," said the man, "because his name is Perro."

We read again of the strange and terrible drink served by a woman [illegible] hill-side inn. "Those who wish for either whiskey or brandy far above proof should always go to a temperance house." There is the amusing account of the man that came from "Varmont." There is the description of a "noble" breakfast; tea and coffee, a goodly white loaf and butter, a couple of eggs, two mutton chops, broiled and pickled salmon, fried trout, potted trout and potted shrimps. There is the praise of the umbrella, "a tent, a shield, a lance, and a voucher for character." There is the strange story of Johanna Colgan, the "bedevilled woman from the County of Limerick." But nowhere do we find Borrow drinking metheglin o[illegible] Welsh rabbits.

Miss Duncan

[illegible] Isadora Dun[illegible] p[illegible] from [illegible] stage of the Metropolitan Op[illegible] [illegible]ouse, said bitter things about the [illegible]ople 'in those boxes,' and she point[illegible]d at them. The poor of the East Side [illegible]e those that appreciate her, and she [illegible]ould gladly have some one build a [illegible]heatre for her there. "We (indicating her pupils) have no jewels and fancy [illegible]thes, but we have our art. It is the [illegible]t of the West. It is the art of the Yosemite Valley. It is the art of Niagara Falls. It is universal art." Also cosmic art. There are some who think that Miss Duncan and her engaging pupils have no clothes at all when they are on the stage. We believe that Mayor Curley is among them. When there was talk of her and the pupils coming to Boston this season, the word was passed that they must not be barelegged. Or was a complete suit of armor recommended for the older ones and Miss Duncan?

What Was It?

As the World Wags:

In the early sixties, when the Zulu, the Hottentot and the white whale were at the Aquarial Gardens there was also one freak in the exhibition, the "What Is It?" I remember him or it on account of some tricks a cheeky schoolmate played one day. M. J. C.

Boston.

LAST CONCERT OF LONGY CLUB

The Longy Club gave its last concert of the season at Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: J. Amberg, Suite; Weber, concerto, op. 26, for clarinet and piano; Mozart, serenade for two oboes, two horns, two clarinets and two bassoons. Miss Mary Fay, soprano, the assisting artist, sang Faure's "Apres Un Reve," Gedalge's "Serenade" and Busser's "Venus, Etoile du Soir." Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts was the accompanist.

The program was unconventional. J. Amberg, whose suite for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano was heard for the first time, is said to be a Norwegian. The suite is in three movements, "Seguedille," "Desant la Cathedrale" and "Ronde Villageoise." The piece is modern in spirit. The Ronde is the most effective of the three movements.

Andre Gedalge was born at Paris in [illegible]56. He was for some years a bookseller. He studied at the Conservatoire, where he later became a teacher of composition. Among his pieces is a pantomime "Le Petit Savoyard." Others are a comic opera, "Pris au Piege," two symphonies, an orchestral suite, a string quartet, piano pieces and songs. His chief work, however, is an elaborate "Treatise on the Fugue." He is also the author of "Les Glovies Musicales du Monde."

Henri Paul Busser was born at Toulouse in 1872, the son of Fritz Busser, organist at the Toulouse Cathedral. He is an officer of public instruction, a composer and a teacher of vocal ensemble at the Conservatoire of Paris. In 1893 he received the Prix de Rome for his cantata, "Amadis de Gaule." His "Daphnis et Chloe," a pastoral opera in one act, and a ballet in three acts, "La Ronde des Saisons," have both been given in Paris. He has besides composed choruses for women's voices, religious music, masses, songs and symphonic suites.

Mr. Sand played Weber's piece with consummate art and rare beauty of tone.

Miss Fay has a light soprano voice of limited range. She studied for a time with Mme. Arnaud of New York. Lately she has been a pupil of Mr. Longy in interpretation. Last evening she showed the results of excellent training. She sang with intelligence, taste and a certain style. She was at her best in Gedalge's "Serenade." Busser's song, the most interesting of the three, requires a voice of maturer emotional quality, a more experienced singer.

The club played with its customary excellence. An audience of good size was interested and appreciative.

PROTEST ON "MATERNITY" INDORSED BY MANAGER CORT

John Cort, manager of the Cort Theatre, declared last night that he will [illegible]tand with the mayor against the pro[illegible]uction of Brieux's play, "Maternity," [illegible] his theatre Friday afternoon.

"Although I have not discussed the [illegible]atter with anybody yet," said Mr. [illegible]rt, "I am not in favor of the produc[illegible]n of the play. The presentation was [illegible]ginally planned by the suffragists for [illegible] benefit of the unemployed. After [illegible]y had rented the theatre for Friday [illegible]ernoon they found that the play is [illegible]g the same l[illegible]es as 'Damaged [illegible]s,' by th[illegible] same author, w[illegible]h [illegible]ed so mu[illegible] discussion last year. [illegible]e suffragists th[illegible]n decided it wo[illegible] [illegible]tter for them not t[illegible] the play [illegible] [illegible] Bennett t[illegible] [illegible] rental of the theatre for the afternoon. Although the responsibility for the production is not mine, I shall take up the discussion of the matter tomorrow, and I shall stand with the mayor against the production."

Exquisite Performance of "Seven Daughters of Ghost King" Given.

BOSTON THEATRE—Miss Pavlowa and her Russian ballet in "Puppen-Fee," "The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King" and divertissements.

The novelty last evening was "The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King," a ballet composed by Michael Fokine, with music by Alexander Spendiarow and scenery and costumes by Boris Anisfeld.

Seven beautiful maidens have been guarded from contact with mortal man in the Ghost King's palace. One day Prince Hassam, with his train, visits the lonely princesses. Only the youngest, Crystal Spring, refrains from welcoming the mortals. The Ghost King suddenly returns, destroys his six erring daughters and leaves Crystal Spring disconsolate without her sisters. She has fallen in love with Prince Hassam and dances herself to death.

The scenery and costumes of this ballet are gorgeous in coloring and exquisitely beautiful in design. The princesses are as so many graceful birds of contrasting hues with snowy wings and feathered head-dresses. The music is exotic and descriptive.

In the divertissements Miss Plaskovictzka, a valuable member of the supporting company and a young woman of enchanting beauty, was seen with Mr. Vajinski in a Pastorale with music by Strauss.

Miss Pavlowa danced "Rose Indurante" and Glazounoff's "Bacchanale" with Mr. Volinine.

Yesterday afternoon "Flora's Awakening," modern ballroom soiree and divertissements were performed.

This evening "Raymonda" will be given for the first time in Boston, followed by divertissements.

M. 5 1. 5

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?

We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to the Bacon!

The Changing Years.

In an English comedy recently performed here a guest is told by the host that if he must smoke, it would be better for him to go out to the balcony or better yet, into the garden. A London journalist remembers that only 25 years ago, when he was staying at a riverside house for the Henley regatta, his hostess told him it was Liberty Hall, except for smoking. She could not stand tobacco. Just before going to bed, he puffed through his chamber window. He suspected that she noticed it. The next morning he smoked on a garden seat that could not be seen from the house. The hostess came to him and asked him in a commanding voice to get farther away. This reminds one of the sad confession of George Savage Fitz-Boodle, Esq., as related by Mr. Thackeray: how Fitz-Boodle lost the charming Mary McAllister because, yielding to temptation, finding a box of cigars, left in his bedroom by a hated rival, he broke his promise to Mary that he would not smoke for a year. Mary sent him a dozen boxes, which, she said, would console him. Fitz-Boodle in 1842 asked why women in town and in country-houses objected to tobacco. He believed it was because a cigar was their rival and conqueror. "In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrahim causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Prof. Strumpff of Goettingen takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings and knits in quiet." If Fitz-Boodle were in Boston today many women would insist on his smoking. They would offer cigarettes and cigars, even at afternoon tea, and the majority of them would join him. O tempora! O mores!

Anecdotical.

Admiral Montagu, 73 years old when he died, remembered the time when tobacco was so frowned on in polite circles that no man of high breeding dared to be seen smoking a cigar in Hyde Park. "I have stayed in more than one house," he wrote, "when smoking was not allowed at all, and in many houses you could not possibly smoke until all the ladies had deserted to bed. Then you were relegated to a [illegible]ary, damp cold office in [illegible] the servants' hall or the [illegible]r's room." Once visiting his [illegible] the[illegible] law he was allowed as a great favor to smoke one cigarette after dinner in the study. An Indian colonial, also a guest, joined him in this dissipation and was at once ordered to leave the house.

Some one wrote on this subject to the Daily Chronicle: "Just over 20 years ago I was staying at a manse in the western Highlands, where the good old minister could not stand the least suspicion of it. His invincible repugnance warred with his sense of hospitality, but I understood quite clearly that if I smoked inside the house I should make him ill. Even the fumes of my pipe, consumed in the garden yards away from the building, pervaded the whole of it and were only just tolerable—while he could see the smoke. But when he had gone to bed at night the son of the house encouraged me to smoke to my heart's content indoors; and the old man never sniffed anything in the morning."

Anti-Tobacconists.

A long list of famous men that objected to smoking could be drawn up from the King James of the counterblast to the sensitive of the present year. Gladstone disliked intensely the odor of tobacco. Sir Algernon West once went into his room smelling strongly. Sir Algernon apologized, saying he could not help it, for he had been shut up for an hour with Sir William Harcourt. Gladstone exclaimed: "Does Harcourt smoke? Then you must tell him always to change his clothes before he comes to me."

Roscoe Conkling mortally offended a man in New York state that had been his stanch supporter. Conkling was at dinner with some politicians, and the poor wretch told the servant he had important news. He was admitted to the dining room. Before he could open his mouth, Conkling cried out in his most arrogant manner: "Sir, stand far back. You reek with tobacco."

Yet what a pathetic sight is that of the good man, the stay and prop of the household, the provider, the tower of strength, condemned in the dead of winter to smoke his pipe or cigar on the veranda. We have known instances of this cruel persecution. The victims were not even allowed to smoke in the kitchen after the maids had gone out.

A Queer Trick.

Have you ever wondered who started the custom of tapping the end of the cigarette before lighting it? A few years ago nobody tapped; now the habit is general. And you may have observed that some smokers put the tapped end to the lips, while others light it. No doubt the latter do so in the belief that a cigarette with a smooth end burns more evenly, while those who reverse the process may wish to keep the loose threads of tobacco from their mouths. But one inveterate tapper confesses that he taps from habit, without any definite object. Moreover, you will find that as a rule women—who, when they light a cigarette shape their lips as if they were about to whistle—are non-tappers.—Daily Chronicle (London).

BOSTON THEATRE—Miss Pavlowa and her Russian ballet in "Raymonda" and eight divertissements.

The ballet was seen for the first time in Boston last evening. It has been given in New York. It was arranged by the versatile Mr. Clustine. The music is by Glazounoff. The scene takes place in the south of France in the XIII. century.

Raymonda is betrothed to Jean de Brienne, a crusader. Her nuptial celebration is about to begin when her castle is entered by a Mauritanian knight, Abdurachman. Enchanted by her beauty and grace, he would fain woo her, but Raymonda repulses his affection and spurns his jewels. That night Raymonda is lured into the palace garden by the Lady in White. Here she meets her betrothed and dances with him in a merry company. Suddenly her friends vanish, leaving Raymonda in the rude arms of Abdurachman. The vision changes. Sprites prevent Raymonda from leaving the garden. She falls exhausted, and is found by her friends as the sun rises.

The settings of both acts were elaborate and effective, the costumes gorgeous in colorings. The ballet taxed the technic and versatility of Miss Pavlowa's admirable company and provided her with excellent opportunities to display the perfection of her art.

On account of the many requests for "Puppen-Fee" ("The Fairy Doll") and for "Walpurgis Night" these two ballets will be given at the Saturday matinee. At the final performance, Saturday night, the picturesque gypsy ballet "Amarilla" and the classical ballet "Chopiniana" will be given. Two different sets of divertissements will be given on Saturday—eight at each performance.

W. 6 1/15

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

That River of Ink.

As the World Wags:

For the benefit of "M. E. W.," whose question regarding a river of natural ink was treated as something of a joke when it appeared a week or two ago, I send the following from a miscellaneous collection of facts, published in 1881.

"Among the wonders of nature in Algeria, there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the junction of two streams, one flowing from a region of ferruginous soil, and the other draining a peat swamp. The waters of the former are, of course, strongly impregnated with iron; those of the latter with gallic acid. On meeting, the acid of the one stream unites with the iron of the other, and a true ink is the result." H. P.

Boston.

Pilots and Mines.

As the World Wags:

Some mighty serious things about the war are funny; the psychology of the whole war is dead funny, if you look at it that way. Here's man running amok—and he thought he was civilized. Here are two great peoples, living side by side in the utter publicity of the twentieth century; and it develops that they hadn't learned a solitary thing about each other. Of course, we Americans understand everybody else, and have learned everything about everybody. Of course. Undoubtedly. That's why we put wings on one crowd, and horns on the other. We are neutral, tolerant, broad, civilized.

But my object in writing you was to quote from a news column of a few days ago. I saw the identical wording in three papers; so infer that it was put out by the Associated Press. It was under the heading: "German Reply Excites Alarm." Here is the sentence that took me flat aback.

"When mines were laid in the North sea the American government took the position that it could not determine which of the belligerents was responsible for the action, and did not protest, especially since pilots were furnished by Great Britain, and neutral vessels were enabled to continue their journeys."

I have reason to believe that this was the standpoint taken by the American government. But does it imagine that there is anywhere a fool so benighted that he is not aware that pilots through mine fields can be furnished only by those who have laid the mines?

Boston. A. D. B.

As the World Wags:

When Scott wrote:

"A blast from that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes born."

He did not refer to the account in Eginhardi Annais of the attack on the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army in 778, but had in mind the "Song of Roland" and spoke of the blast from Roland's olifant, which summoned back Charlemagne and his army after they had passed out from Spain and the mountains and were in the plain of Gascony.

"And therewith he sets his ivory horn to his lips and grasps it well, and blows it with all the might he hath. High are the hills and the sound echoes far, and for full 30 leagues they hear it resound."

What if Fontarabia be 40 miles away. That's the very reason it is mentioned to show how the sound carried. "Mighty is the blast of the horn and Charles passing the mountains hears it." He was out on the plains at the time Roland, Oliver and Turpin were fighting the Paynims at Roncevalles, but returned too late.

Roland "was a full, noble warrior." He "had not his fellow for courage under the cope of heaven" and he was some horn blower. Why, believe me, that fellow up in the back seats at the Symphony concerts who plays that great, brass monstrosity, a little with his mouth and a good deal with his foot-bellows—he and his whole apparatus in comparison to Roland's lung power would have been that of an unsnuffed talow-tip to the blazing midday sun in July.

Dante knew about him, and it was of the blast of Roland's horn he thought, when in the darkness of the ninth pit of the Inferno he heard a trumpet "so loud it turned all thunder faint."

Even I myself have heard the human voice over 60 miles, and no Roland was talking either.

Boston. M. J. C.

A Convict Song.

As the World Wags

The visit of the Australian convict ship Success to these shores brings to mind a song composed and sung by Australian convicts in the "good old days of the Eighteen Fifties." The song follows:

Oh, I've just come back from Australia,
Where I've been for a little change of air;
And, ole pals, on the quiet I can tell yer,
There's lots of decent living over there.
For they feeds yer and they clothes yer,
Yer lives better than a working-man or sojer—
Oho, oho, oho, penal servitude's the sort of life for me!
For yer does a little work just a portion of the day,
(Treadmill action with hands here.)
And then yer goes to Church upon a Sunday.
Oho, oho, oho, penal servitude's the sort of life for me!

[illegible] one day in Old [illegible]
[illegible] found me [illegible]
[illegible] the seas for seven years they
[illegible]
[illegible] soon got a ticket, bo's of leave,
[illegible]

[illegible] now what I was sent for
[illegible] always up to every sort of game.
[illegible] got a [illegible] number to repent for
[illegible] trouble much about the
[illegible]

[illegible] and the parsons goes on preach-
[illegible]

[illegible] was dumb it wouldn't be no loss;
[illegible] use in all their teaching,
[illegible] blokes that gets their living on
[illegible] cross
. . . .
[illegible] the judge, I says, and blast the
[illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] of bally cowards, every
[illegible]
[illegible] of the pluck, I do assure ye,
[illegible] do the very same as I have done!

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

[illegible]xbury, Feb. 9.

Tschaikowsky Overture, "Romeo and Juliet." Feature of the Concert.

[illegible] 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Converse, symphonic poem, "Ormazd"; Lalo, concerto for violoncello (Mr. Casals); Mozart, symphony in G minor.

Tschaikowsky's beautiful overture [illegible] a feature of the concert. There are [illegible] themes which characterize Friar Law[illegible], the street brawls, the amorous ecstasy of the lovers, passages in turn grave, brilliant, passionate, pages that glow with romantic and youthful ardor. The performance of the orchestra was admirable, the contrasting themes were brought out with rare skill, while beautiful effects succeeded each other.

Mr. Converse's piece was first played [illegible] three years ago. Descriptive [illegible] its subject is the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman, light and darkness, deified by the disciples of [illegible] as the gods of good and evil. This symphonic poem is planned on broad and imposing lines. It is sonorous, dramatic, with effective contrasts [illegible] color, and striking harmonic progressions. It has, too, the imaginative quality, the elemental strength, the virility, [illegible] are characteristics of Mr. Converse's work.

The music, which describes Ahriman, [illegible] and malignant, and the pictorial pages which represent the clash [illegible] din of the spirits contending fiercely [illegible] battle, are on the whole less impressive than the musical characterization [illegible] Ormazd and the marching hosts of [illegible]. The song of the good souls, the Fravashis, before the battle, and afterwards triumphant, exulting in victory [illegible] acclaiming the conqueror, is significant [illegible] appeals to the emotions. Dr. Muck's reading was brilliant and gave full [illegible] to the score.

As was to be expected, Mr. Casals's performance of Lalo's concerto was masterly and polished. Again he expressed admiration for the perfection of [illegible] art. He was repeatedly recalled.

The program of the concerts next [illegible] will be as follows: Beethoven, andante from the Seventh Symphony, in memoriam: John Chipman Gray; Berlioz, Symphony No. 3, "Harold in Italy," solo viola, Mr. Emile Ferir; [illegible], Fantasy for oboe and orchestra, [illegible] Georges Longy; Brahms, "Academic Festival" overture.

'MATERNITY' TO BE GIVEN ON 11TH

Bennett Says He Has a Theatre —Mayor Says He Has Insulted the City.

[illegible] statement of Richard Bennett, the actor-manager, appearing in the newspapers that Boston is the most degenerate city in the world, is an insult to every decent woman and man in Boston," said Mayor Curley yesterday in answer to the attack made upon him by the sponsor of the problem play, "Maternity." The mayor added that the play [illegible] not be given in Boston, if he [illegible] prevent it.

Mr. Bennett declared last night that the play would be presented next Thursday afternoon, "this time absolutely without fail." He admitted that all attempts to lease several large halls, including Copley and Symphony halls, had [illegible] futile. "But I have leased a theatre [illegible] both Mr. [illegible] [illegible] determine whether Brieux's [illegible] production is moral."

He would not say what theatre he had leased, but declared that he would make the name public next Wednesday, or possibly Monday.

Mayor Curley stated yesterday that the protest against the production of "Maternity" was based on the same grounds as that against "Damaged Goods," that the play was of "such a low moral order as to warrant the request that the management refrain from producing the same."

"It is not my purpose as mayor," he continued, "to permit the production of any play savoring of degeneracy, and this is the only reason prompting the position I have taken with reference to Eugene Brieux's play, 'Maternity.'" The mayor said he had profound respect for Manager John Cort, and thanked him heartily for deciding not to allow the play to be given in his theatre.

It is said Mr. Cort's refusal to permit the play at his theatre had caused feeling between Mr. Bennett and the manager of the playhouse.

"If Mayor Curley and city officials do not believe that a play is fit for Boston public," said Mr. Cort, "I do not want to antagonize them by allowing such a play at my theatre. The Cort theatre management has nothing to do with the production, except that it had offered the use of the theatre for yesterday afternoon to Mr. Bennett to produce the play 'Maternity,' partly for a charitable cause. When Mayor Curley protested to me against the play, I told him that I would not allow it at the Cort Theatre. Afterward I telephoned my father in New York, and he said that I had done right.

"If Mr. Bennett is determined to give a performance of the play elsewhere, it is nothing to me."

Mch 7 1915

The firm of Walter H. Baker & Co. has published a singular play, "Falstaff in Rebellion; or the Mutineers of Eastcheap," by John W. Postgate. He calls this play a Shakespearian travesty in three acts. He might have given the title "Falstaff Redivivus."

For while Mrs. Quickly with Nym, Bardolph and Pistol are drinking and mourning Sir John, lo, the knight appears on the threshold and looks on the scene. His old companions exclaim in the words of Hamlet seeing his father's ghost. But it is Sir John himself complaining soon that there is lime in the sack, complaining also that the prince, becoming king, shook him rudely off. "After all my pains in his training, to think that Hal should immerse me in the fleet with villains vile and rank." Robert Greene comes in, but he will not drink. He has drunk and seen the spider. Falstaff deplores the prospect of universal prohibition. "They've already started it in the old southern states, where erstwhile the mint julep was the merry cheerer of every true gentleman's heart." Greene is otherwise depressed.

Greene—I came to learn from your own lips, Sir John, whether William Shakespeare, when you wooed our hostess here, knew of your love.

Fal.—He did; he planned the soulful scenes and framed the dulcet dialogue with which we wooed.

Greene—Indeed.

Fal.—Indeed, ay indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that contrary to the canons of Christian courtship? Is he not honest?

Greene—Sir John, for aught I know.

Fal.—What dost thou think?

Greene—Think, Sir John?

Fal.—Think, Sir John. By heaven, he echoes me, as if there was some monster in his thought too hideous to be shown. Now, Master Greene, I like not this style of dialogue; it savors too much of that blackamoor tomfoolery at the Globe Theatre.

It appears that while Sir John was in prison Dame Quickly circulated a report that he had died of a broken heart, with a nose as sharp as a pen, and babbling o' green fields. O frailty! thy name is Quickly! Taxed with her false stories, she puts the blame on Shakespeare. "He it was that told me to heap clothes on the bed and to feel thy feet and thy knees and thy pulsidge, and all was really as cold as any stone, Sir John."

Shakespeare did worse: he put words of bitter derogation into the mouth of Fluellen, an ill-smelling, leet-eating Welshman. Not content with this, he had belittled and defamed other worthy gentlemen, as Macbeth, Mercutio, Sir Toby Belch, my lord Hamlet, Shylock the Jew, the noble Antony. But Greene and Falstaff will work together to make the days of Shakespeare wretched.

Greene—Take him grossly, full of bread, with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. Trip him so that his heels may kick at heaven, and his soul may be damned and black as hell!

Malvolio enters after they are all gone. He carries a cloak and black mask. He will baffle their plots. "Then will I smile and smile my way into the benign favor of Master Shakespeare." He hides behind the arras.

Falstaff returns and reproaches Mrs. Quickly in the words of Claudio, fearing death:

"To lie in dull, cold obstruction and to rot, to bathe in fiery floods," etc. She [illegible] now [illegible] the [illegible] infamy [illegible] the bizarre [illegible] of Cr[illegible]io's [illegible] Tearsheet she by name, and [illegible] I have and I will hold, the [illegible] Quickly for the only she."

[illegible] Malvolio, disguised as Othello, [illegible] advancing with cloak and [illegible]—Most potent, grave and reverend signors—

F[illegible]—That sounds familiar. Ah! our old [illegible] chum, the dusky Othello. Welcome to Eastchap, my lord.

[illegible]—That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter—

[illegible]—Forget that, Othello; cut it out!

[illegible]—The very head and front of my offending—

[illegible]—Yes, yes, we know all that. A magnificent speech, well phrased, aptly [illegible] and grandly majestic in its [illegible] flow of Ethiopian eloquence. But you have the wrong cue, Otto, my boy. The Senate has adjourned; Brabantio is [illegible] and this is the Boar's Head tavern, where wine and wassail combine with wit and wisdom to divert [illegible] existence into rippling rivers of mirth and hilarity.

Mal.—Oh, Desdemona! Oh! False to [illegible] to me!

Fal. (to Pistol)—Get him poppy, or mandragora, or juice of cursed ebona [illegible] and old soporific to stop this raving. He'll spoil the play.

Sir Toby comes in.

Sir T.—Oh, knight, thou lackest a cup of can[illegible]!

Fal.—Anon, Sir Toby, anon. The management of this inn has changed, and I am a trifle uncertain as to my credit yet.

Malvolio is unmasked. Many of Shakespeare's characters come in and sit in a semicircle like the set of a minstrel show, with Sir Toby and Pistol as end men and Falstaff as interlocutor.

Pistol—How do you sagaitiate this evening, Brother Tobey?

Sir T.—Somewhat salubrious and suspicious, thank you, Brother Pistol. And what may be the mental and physical state of your corporosity?

Pistol—Oh, I'se scrumptious and bumptious. Brother Toby, can you tell me when Shakespeare is not Shakespeare.

Sir Toby—That's easy, Brother Pistol. Shakespeare is not Shakespeare when he lacks Bacon.

Pistol—Why, Brother Toby, I'se surprised at your ignoramousness. There may be some hams here, but this is not a baconical convention. Try again, Brother Toby.

Sir T.—Well, Brother Pistol, if Shakespeare is himself without Bacon, I give it up. When is Shakespeare not Shakespeare, Brother Pistol?

Pistol—When he is put on the stage. (Characters laugh).

And then the characters each in turn complain of Shakespeare's outrageous treatment.

Lady Macbeth—Of me, a woman of noble birth and gentle breeding, he made a whining somnambulist, wrestling with a damned spot, and enacting again the scene of a tragedy necessary to the honor and fame of Bonnie Scotland.

Mrs. Q.—Greatly against my grain and unnatural inclination, he wheedled me into making a false report of Sir John's death, and then married me to Pistol.

Mer.—That was the most unkindest cut of all.

Pistol—Sir!

Fal.—But we have not heard from the noblest Roman of them all. What sayest thou, Antony?

Antony—I have no personal complaint, good Sir John. Shakespeare's treatment of Cleopatra and myself was very kind and considerate.

Fal.—What, man! where is thy Roman pride? He served thee worse than Christopher Sly; he gave thee the first authenticated attack of delirium tremens.

Antony—Jest not, Sir John. It ill becomes the High Priest of Sack to speak lightly on such a theme.

Fal.—I jest not, noble Antony, nor do I speak lightly. Besti[illegible] thy brains. Dost not recollect that scene with Eros? Didst thou not [illegible] 'black vesper's pageants'? Didn't thou sometimes see a cloud that's dragonish, a vapor sometime like a bear or lion, a blue promontory with nodding trees upon 't and green monkeys and pink rabbits that mocked and gibbered at thee?

Antony—Stop, I implore thee! Methinks I see them still!

Pistol—He had them, sure enough!

Antony—I will take any pledge; I'll vote ay for anything.

Fal.—Then are we all agreed and absolute for revenge. The next question is what form shall our vengeance take?

Shy.—I move that Lady Macbeth, Dame Quickly, Maria, and our noble chairman be appointed a committee on that subject with power to act.

Hamlet was not present. The constant dread of an insane asylum kept him in seclusion.

Act II is in Shakespeare's workshop. Here is the stage direction. "Three curtained cabinets labeled 'Comedy,' 'History,' 'Tragedy.' Armor and stage properties scattered around. Table with large paste-pot and shears, pens, ink, etc. Bookcase near table containing Montaigne's Essays, North's Plutarch, Familiar Quotations, Rhyming Dictionary, Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, etc."

[illegible] Gentlemen [illegible] my own. [illegible] drift [illegible] death [illegible] to [illegible] ters."

[illegible] (Coming forward [illegible])—Oh, dear Master [illegible] not's there's a word [illegible].

Shake.—What looks it like, [illegible]?

Des.—Why, it might [illegible] thing, Master Shakespeare [illegible] martin, mouse or mortal—[illegible] "mortal"—"than the soft [illegible]."

Shake.—Well, it matters not [illegible] it be, sweetheart, one word [illegible] as another in these benighted [illegible]. [illegible] it be "mortal," and thou wilt, dear heart; some pedant will surely change it after it leaves the press and pride himself on discovering a new reading. Let be, chuck, let be.

Ophe.—That girl is abominable; [illegible] always making excuses to hang around Will.

Ben Jonson comes in. He has a Katzenjammer.

Shakespeare—Why, I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Jonson—Yes, I've heard that before. But will they come when thou [illegible]?

Shake. (going to dumb waiter, [illegible]ing)—What see'st thou there?

Jonson—A fearful and dark abysm, rumbles of voices and odors [illegible] powerful and pleasant. Heavens, Will, what mystery is this?

Shake.—'Tis my well of English undefiled! Now for an incantation. Stand back, Men, stand back! (Chants.)

Black and White, Mountain Dew,
Come up quick for us two!

(Scotch whiskey, seltzer bottle and glasses spring up. Shake. mixes two highballs, hands one to Jonson, who drinks and sighs in ecstasy.)

Jonson—Day and night, this is wondrous strange!

Shake.—Therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome, Ben.

Malvolio enters. He discloses the plot against Shakespeare, who is incredulous. "Falstaff is dead; I killed him myself!"

Jonson—May I ask, noble Othello, why you did not take part in this extraordinary convention?

Oth.—The knaves drew the color line on me. Otherwise I should have delivered a speech in opposition to the movement.

Jonson—Yes, you are fond of making speeches. On what ground would you have based your opposition?

Oth.—Sir, no fault have I to find with Master Shakespeare. My lines were always strong and mouth-filling, the situations were thrilling, and the end was bloody enough to satisfy my martial spirit.

Jonson—True, noble Othello. Will certainly showed kindness toward the colored race. 'Twas pity though, the law against miscegenation was not enforced in your case.

Oth.—Toads and monkeys sir!

Jonson—Don't get angry, noble Othello; that fustian doesn't count here. And you, Malvolio, why didn't you join the procession?

Mal.—To be round with you, sir, 'twas because I had enemies in the convention.

Jonson—Ah, still governed by personal motives.

The women chatter.

Viola—Twas real n[illegible] of [illegible] to reveal the plot.

Ophe.—'Twas very unselfish on his part, seeing how fond he is of smothering things.

Des.—That's an unkind remark, Ophelia, dear.

Ophe.—Not unless you take it to yourself.

Des.—I had a Christian deathbed anyway, and not a suicide's grave.

Ophe.—You horrid thing, no respectable northern girl would have eloped with a Negro.

Des.—He was not a Negro; he was the Moor of Venice and had royal blood in his veins. You're a nasty, spiteful creature, and never had a husband at all.

Viola—Ladies! Pray stop this wrangling; it's a serious reflection on our characters. Now, Ophelia, I am sure you meant no harm; and the gentle Desdemona is loved everywhere for her sweetness. Kiss and be friends.

Tea is served.

Viola—This reminds me of a picnic in Illyria.

Des.—It's better than a feast in Cyprus.

Ophe.—Or a cold bath under a slanting willow tree.

Viola.—It's invigorating.

Des.—And cheering.

Ophe.—The nicest ever.

Viola.—Of course, we must stick to Shakespeare.

Ophe.—Oh, yes; what would we have been without him?

Des.—He certainly was good to me.

Ophe.—Well, don't brag about it.

Des.—I was not bragging, dear Ophelia.

Ophe.—Yes, you were.

Des.—I was not.

Ophe.—Of course, you'll have the last word. You talked back with the pillow in your mouth.

Des.—It's a lie, a wicked lie!

Ophe.—Don't you call me names, [illegible] [illegible]n white trash!

Viola—[illegible] not to quarrel. [illegible]

Des—I am not quarrelsome; I am too gentle to quarrel [illegible]

Viola—Let's invoke the spirits in aid of Shakespeare.

Des—That's a happy thought. But how shall we do't?

Ophe—You ought to know, you were wooed by witchcraft.

Des—I was not; I was wooed and won by Othello's valor

Ophe—Well, your father didn't believe that.

Des—Don't you dare to say a word about my father.

Ophe—And why not, pray? Much you cared for your father when you ran off with a blackamoor.

Des—Oh, I wish I were not so gentle; I'd scratch your horrid eyes out. No wonder Hamlet told you to go to a nunnery.

Ophe—Well, it's the last place one would find you in.

Viola—Ladies, ladies! how unseemly this is.

Des—Marry come up, Miss Patience on a Mounment! Mind your own business!

Ophe—Yes, do! You are entirely too meddlesome. You never told your love, you didn't, but you trapped the Duke all the same.

Viola—What I did was honorably done.

Ophe—No such thing! 'Twas unmaidenly done. You put on tights and masqueraded as a page.

Des—And, pretending to be a man, you acted like a silly, giddy girl. I blushed for you when I heard of it.

Viola—Oh, why did I leave Illyria?

Ophe—Perhaps the Duke wearied of you.

Viola—Oh, oh!

Des—There, there, don't cry, Viola. We are awfully wicked and spiteful.

Ophe—We are only women, you know.

Viola—You touched me on a tender spot, dear.

Ophe—Yes, I know. But let us forget and forgive, and never, never be naughty with one another again.

Falstaff comes in; Ophelia, Desdemona and Viola surround him.

Fal—Bless my heart, here'e three of them, and—yes—no, yee—it'e that trinity of heroines in their stage attire. Here in Shakespeare's studio! I am pleased to meet ye, fair dames, but I mistrust your presence here. What a Turk that man must be!

Ophe—Do not impugn our motives, Sir John; we are here on business.

Fal—Business, forsooth; what business?

Viola—Our business.

Dee—And it's none of your business.

Fal—Well, judging from your variegated pasts, your business is of a nature that will not stand the test of critical examination.

Ophe—Good Sir John, be not so harsh with us. All flesh is frail.

Fal—Not so, young woman, not so. Were all flesh frail, where would my morality be? 'Tis a false and foolish conclusion.

Viola—And do you, Sir John, set up as an example of virtue? When did you last see Master Ford, and how liked you the bath in Datchedmead?

Fal—Will that tale never be downed? That's another score against Master Shakespeare.

And then Falstaff brings in Mrs. Quickly disguised as Shakespeare's wife.

Fal—Don't be alarmed, my dear Mistress Shakespeare; I'll be bound this is not the only time you have heard him swear. Take a good look around before you embrace your loving hueband. Note what company he keeps—two grass widows and an adventuress from Elsinore.

Mrs. Q.—Oh, you brazen trulls! What are you doing with my husband?

Viola—We are no trulls, I'd have you know, madam; we are Master Shakespeare's stenographers.

Mrs. Q.—Stenographers! Oh, good Sir John, listen to that! Stenographers! Could it be worse, Sir John, could it be worse? I have heard of these stenographers! They lisp and they amble and murder the Queen's English; and go to the playhouse with their masters, and eat up our substance at tavern lunches while doting wivee sit lonesomely miserable at home! Stenographers! Oh, my fan and my salts, Sir John; I am quite flustrated with agitating commotions.

Fal—Be calm, Mistress Shakespeare, be calm. Appearances are certainly against him, but he may etill be true, he may still be true!

Mrs. Q.—Oh, dear Sir John, look at the man, and then tell me he etays in London for nothing but play-acting, while I sit at home darning and spinning and worriting to make ends meet. Look at him, quite chapfallen, dumbfounded as a mouse in the paws of a cat.

Fal—Now that I mark him, he has a hangdog expression. For shame, Master Shakespeare! Dismiss these trulls! Take the wife of your youth to your bosom. Ask her pardon like a man.

Shakespeare denies that he is married. The women, not believing him, beg him to be reconciled to his wife. Mrs. Quickly as Ann Hatheway swears she will never speak ill of the stenographers again.

The third act is not so amusing. There is, however, an agreeable tavern ecene. This tavern has a [illegible] seat the odors nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves into our gentler senses.

Jonson—The bird of summer, the heer-loving hobo, does approve by his loved attendance that the bottle's breath smells woolingly here. Where he most drinks and haunts, I have observed, the odors are always delicate.

Shake—

Then is he ev'rywhere. All the world's tavern,
And all the men and women merely drinkers;
They have their cocktails and their whiskey straight,
And one man in his time drinks many quarts,
His course being seven stages. At first a clear head,
Sober and steadfast in all sober resolves;
Then the morning bitters, with cherry red
Or slice of mellow pine, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to toil. And then the tippler,
Sneaking back again, with a woeful story
Of pains internally. Then a toper,
Full of strange oaths and loaded to the guard,
Jealous in potting, eager, and quick to imbibe,
Seeking the babbling repetition
Even at the bottle's mouth. And then the drunkard,
With grumbling belly with poor liquor lined,
With eyes bleary and beard for days uncut,
Foolish in speech and prone to quarreling;
And so he swills his part. The sixth stage shifts
Into the grim and ragged runagate,
With carbuncles on nose and patch on head,
His bloated face begrimed, while bar to bar
He beats his way; and his big manly voice,
Unhinged by rum and thirst colossal, pleads
And whimpers for a drink. Last scene of all,
That end this sad and shameful history,
Is beastly sottishness and foul oblivion—
Sans soul, sans sense, sans hope, sans everything!

Capt. Bobadil smokes cigarettes. Sir Toby coming into the tavern has this entrance speech: "Thus far have we marched into the enemy's country without impediment, barring hesitation on the part of the bold captain's legs. At times I thought he had locomotor ataxia from smoking this same filthy, roguish tobacco."

Bobadil and Falstaff fight in a duel. The former's dimensions are chalked on Falstaff's body and all blows outside the lines are counted foul. Bobadil's sword jabs Falstaff's side three inches outside the chalk line and Falstaff falls to the floor. They think the knight is dead. But a cup of sack is put to his lips. He wakes and drinks.

Fal—What! you thought old Jack was dead? Never fear for me! Ye cannot kill Falstaff. I'll live forever, if only to show that good liquor and a merry heart are the panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Francis, a cup of sack! you rogue!

Fran—Anon, anon, sir!

Falstaff as a Shocking Example

A zealous prohibitionist might be pardoned for declaiming against this play as a eulogy of sack and loose living; but, strange to stay, Mr. Postgate is also the author of articles attempting to prove that Shakespeare intended Falstaff to be a "horrible example." He is not inclined to believe the legends about Shakepeare's hard drinking, for the dramatist was a thrifty soul, and thrift and dissipation do not go together. "Moreover, medical authorities are now agreed that habitual drinking impairs the intellect and blunts the moral sense. No evidence of deterioration is to be found in Shakeepeare's works; on the contrary, they grow in beauty and power with his advancing years."

Mr. Postgate in his articles published in The Scoop of Chicago (Jan. 30, Feb. 13) insists that no firmer friend of temperance, even as it is understood in our day, ever lived than William Shakespeare."

"He drew some rare scenes of revelry, and introduced us to many reckless, rollicking characters, but he was portraying the life of the period and did not seek to emblazon or extol drinking and riotous living. On the contrary, he improved every opportunity to throw odium upon customs that he solemnly affirmed were 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' My view that Shakespeare was, in fact, an apostle of total abstinence in an age when drunkenness was prevalent in every grade of life was at first regarded as unique and startling. Many students are prone to associate the dramatist with certain of his stage characters. The belief obtains that Sir John Falstaff and Sir Toby Belch reflect, in a measure, the character of their creator. No man, it is contended, could draw such perfect pictures of Elizabethan swashers and rioters unless he had himself been an actor in the scenes depicted. This contention is but another, if unconscious, tribute to the marvelous mind of Shakespeare. It is in line with the opinion that he must have been a lawyer, a doctor, a mariner and astrologer, a master of various crafts and professions, which he introduces in his works with much aptitude and technical knowledge."

Mr. Postgate epeaks of the reckless life of certain contemporaries of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Peele. "Heavy drinking was the fashion. Bacchus was the national idol; and surely Shakespeare, who wrote largely with an eye to the box office receipts of the Globe Theatre, might be expected to cater to the sentiments of his patrons. Yet, no matter how he may have been personally attracted to the social side of tavern life, there is abundant evidence in the plays of a disposition to make drinking and drunkenness disreputable in the highest degree. From the facts already submitted in these articles, it is easy to understand that advocates of temperance would regard bad odor in Shakespeare's time. It required no small amount of courage to attack the common bane. A man had little or no social standing who would not 'stuff his skin' with ale or liquor, and Burton, in the Anatomy of Melancholy, testified that sobriety was a 'moet intolerable offence and not to be forgiven." The strong head was prized more than the weak stomach, and he who drank deep, and yet went diligently about his affairs, was assured of a due meed of success and popularity. Shakespeare, like Sir Walter Raleigh, had the courage to denounce the drink habit in good round terms, and produced whole scenes picturing its demoralizing effects. His audiences evidently closed their ears to the moral lessons thus conveyed, being content to delight their eyes with actions that aroused sympathetic emotions in their envious breasts. From the mouth of Sir John Falstaff alone issues earnest commendation of wine and wassail, and, coming from this loud swaggerer, who usually had a 'whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff' in his hold, and was in a constant state of moral muddle, this praise may easily be regarded as censure, were the theatregoers disposed to ponder the results of his conduct."

The only praise of drinking in Shakespeare's plays is Falstaff's eulogy of "Sherris-sack," and this eulogy is put in the mouth of Falstaff, "a drunken braggart who is totally lacking in the very qualities which, according to his oft-proclaimed philosophy, should spring from his own deep and thick potations. There seems little doubt, in view of all the circumstances, that the dramatist had a definite object in view when he placed Falstaff on the stage." Sir John is an abominable misleader of youth, a companion of footpads, a man utterly bereft of honor; yet his unctuous humor, his easy conscience are always entertaining. "He boasts of his lack of honesty; and yet we laugh at his devious conduct, and applaud his sparkling repartee. He lies as unblushingly as Munchausen, and we approve his finesse and roguish ingenuity. He proclaims his trade to be that of a thief and a footpad, and we sympathize with his creed that 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.' He confesses that he is a coward by instinct, and we condone the mean, petty tricks by which he acquires the reputation of a man of war. A subtle sympathy, a kind of fellow feeling, spreads from that 'huge bombard of sack,' and blinds us to his vices, his total lack of principle, his destitution of morals. We are ever ready to take his own bombastic estimate of himself—to accept him as 'sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore, more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff.' We feel harshly toward Prince Hal for heaping opprobrious epithets upon him." And so on, and so on.

Falstaff knew his degeneracy. "Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

In his sober moments he has twitches of conscience.

"Falstaff may have been solely the offspring of Shakespeare's brain. His traits do not fully coincide with those of any known drunkard and swaggerer of the age. He displays more oddities, tricks and conceits than are usually found in any one man. While some individual may have suggested the outline of the character, its rounding out was, in all probability, a composite picture of several notorious topers of Elizabeth's London—an epitome of the vagaries of human nature when thoroughly drenched in drink. At any rate, this theory becomes fairly tenable if we accept the suggestion that Shakespeare had a well-defined moral purpose in his mind when he placed Falstaff on the stage.

"But the audiences of the Globe Theatre did not concern themselves with the ethical side of Falstaff. They accepted him, as later worshippers accept him, as a rollicking exponent of the low comedy of life. * * * Perhaps, after all, his surname was expressly selected to show that a hulk of vice, cowardice and chicanery is a false-staff for heroic days. Dramatists played upon names in the Elizabethan era, and Shakespeare had a deplorable trick of punning, even on occasion of great pith and moment."

Thus Mr. Postgate. Reading his articles we recall the essay of Dr. William Maginn, with the quatrain for a motto, in which it is asserted that Falstaff revelling with his companions was at heart more melancholy than the cynic Jaques in the forest of Arden. For the Falstaff of Maginn knew that he had wasted opportunities and debased an acute intellect. His days were lonely, for the companions worthy of his better nature were occupied with honorable cares, and for him there was only the tavern life with tosspots and bullies. Only at night did his spirit revive and then through sack. Nor was he unconscious that the sweet Prince sowing his wild oats secretly despised him. Mounting the throne, Henry could not bear the familiarity of the fat knight. Maginn's paradox is delightful reading, and it is plausible, yet there is an answer to be made to Maginn and also to Postgate, and it is summed up in sentences from Hudson's analysis of Falstaff's character: "Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. He has more or is more than that one can easily tell what he is. * * * If we were to fix upon anything as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. * * * Verily, he is a most multitudinous man; a thorough epitome of ancient John Bull; one can spin fun enough out of his marvellous brain to make all the world 'laugh and grow fat.'" Hudson, if he were alive, would laugh at Mr. Postgate's theory; for Hudson, though a clergyman and recognizing Mrs. Quickly as one of the wicked, yet saw that she hae always "an odor of womanhood" about her.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of its Pension Fund. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Boston Quartet (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir and Schroeder), with Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Beethoven, Quartet, B flat major, op. 18, No. 6; Cesar Franck, Quintet for piano and strings; Haydn, Quartet D major, op. 64, No. 5.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Emanuel Ondricek, violinist, assisted by Mme. Elia Kalova Ondricek, violinist, and Alfred De Voto, pianist. Sinding, Serenade for two violins and piano; Benda, Sonata, A major, for violin (Mr. Ondricek); Juon, Idylle, Conte mysterieuse, Musette miniature for two violins and piano (first time here); Anlin, Concerto, A minor, for violin, Mr. Ondricek (first time here).

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Brahms, Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Moor, Trois Preludes en forme de suite, pour violon seul, op. 100, Mr. Pochon; Beethoven, Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Opera Night in the Tremont Temple series. Mme. Clara Huntington, soprano; Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto; Attilio di Crescenzo, tenor; C. Po Plancon, baritone. Festival chorus of 150, conducted by John A. O'Shea.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

PERCY GRAINGER

Percy Grainger gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, organ Prelude and Fugue in D Major; Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, op. 24; Grieg, Norwegian Folksongs and Peasant Dances; Grainger, "Colonial Song," "Mock Morris Dance"; Chopin, Posthumous study in A flat; Ravel, "Ondine" (the water-sprite); Albeniz, "Triance" (the Gypsy quarter of Seville).

The young Australian pianist and composer made his first appearance in Boston yesterday. Born at Brighton in Victoria, in 1884, he gave his first recital in Melbourne at the age of 10. He was then looked upon as an infant prodigy. His mother was his first teacher. Later he studied piano and composition with Professor Pabst of the Moscow conservatory during his visit to Australia. Mr. Grainger made enough money by recitals to go with his mother to Germany, where he studied with Profs. James Kwart and Busoni.

Mr. Grainger has given recitals throughout Europe. He played for the first time in America at Aeolian Hall, New York, last month. A passionate collector of folk songs, he has wandered far and wide with his gramophone in search of material. Two of his compositions, "Colonial Song" and "Mock Morris Dance" were on the program.

The first is intended to express feelings aroused by Australian scenery. An arrangement for soprano, tenor and harp eolos and orchestra was played two years ago in London at one of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts. The dance was inspired by the motto: "Always Merry and Bright." It has been played with success by the Kneisel Quartet. No folk tunes are employed in either of these pieces. Both are interesting in color, treatment and melodic inventiveness. They excite a desire to hear other works by the composer.

As a pianist Mr. Grainger has marked individuality. Youthful vigor, energy and virility are salient features of his playing. He has not a sensuous tone, but his touch is on the whole agreeable and he has both elemental strength and poetic insight, imagination and a vivid sense of rhythm. He is technically well equipped.

His performance of Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ prelude and fugue was robust, after the manner of his master. In this, as at other times during the recital when Mr. Grainger exulted overmuch in his strength, the pianist's chords were often rigid and relentless, lacking in depth and sonority. On the other hand there were moments of striking beauty and true originality of conception in his playing of Brahms's Variations.

A close friend of Greig, who valued

[illegible] highly, as an interpreter of his [illegible], Mr. Grainger was, perhaps, at his best in the three sharply contrasted pieces, "In Ola Valley," "Cattle Call" and "Rotnainsknut." In these, as in Ravel's "Ondine," the mood of the composer was vividly suggested and maintained.

A large audience was interested and [illegible]ative. Mr. Grainger will be heard again later at a Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall.

BOSTON THEATRE—Anna Pavlowa and her company of Russian dancers in "Amarilla," "Chopiniana" and eight "divertissements."

Miss Pavlowa closed her Boston engagement last evening in nothing short of an ovation. The huge theatre was crowded from the orchestra rail to the last seat in the gallery. The audience was a brilliant one.

Of "Amarilla" and "Chopiniana" much has already been said in these columns. Both are splendid outlets for the art of the dancer. Nor does Miss Pavlowa in the excellence of her art surround herself with inferior talent, for many in her organization could maintain a place at the head of their own company of dancers with credit.

Of the "divertissements" it is a pleasure to recall the riotous frenzy of the "Pizzicato" such a glaring contrast to the "Moment Musical" as danced by Miss Plaskovictzka. Butsova and Crombova to the music of Schubert, and one of the daintiest dances seen on a Boston stage, the incarnation of youth, of joyousness! "Flirtation," a picture of the year 1830, was a dainty bit of coquetry and gallantry, as danced by Miss Plaskovictzka and Mr. Custine and then there was the exotic dance of "Anitra," now sinuous, now wildly barbaric, as interpreted by Miss Svirskaia. But with all the subtlety of the art of Pavlowa, with all the virility and grace of Volinine, in their various dances, it is hard to think of any others in the riotous intoxication of "L'Automne Bacchanal," which ended the program. When all the superlatives have been exhausted, then it is time to begin to describe the dancing of Pavlowa and Volinine.

mch 8 1915

Is he gone to a land of no laughter—
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter,
Where the echoes of earth cannot fall?
Once closed have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

With an "E."

As the World Wags:

On the 25th, 29th and 30th of September and the 7th of October you had some discussion as to the correct method of spelling Artemus Ward's real surname—whether it was Brown, or Browne—and apropos of that discussion I will say that I have consulted some old Boston Directories to see how his name as there given was spelled. In the Directory of 1860 C. F. Browne was listed as a printer at 4 Spring lane, with house at 1 Bussey place. In the Directory of 1859 Charles F. Brown (business not given) was listed as boarding at 4 Bussey place, in the Directory of 1858 Charles F. Brown (business not given) was listed as boarding at 1 Hancock street; in the Directory of 1857 Charles F. Browne was listed as a clerk (street not given) and as boarding at 1 Hancock street; in the Directory of 1856 no Charles F. Brown or Browne who was Artemus was listed, in the Directory of 1855 Charles F. Brown was listed as a clerk (street not given) and as boarding at 23 Chelsea street, and in the Directory of 1854 Charles F. Brown was listed as a clerk at Kneeland street, corner of Hudson street, and as boarding at the same place. Since in early life Artemus worked in Boston for a while at the printing trade, undoubtedly the above-mentioned Charles F. Browne, who in the Directory of 1860 was listed as a printer at 4 Spring lane, was Artemus, and I am inclined to think that the Charles F. Brown spoken of above as listed in the Directories of 1854, 1855, 1858 and 1859, and the Charles F. Browne spoken of above as listed in the Directory of 1857, were likewise, one and all, Artemus. It therefore appears, if the Directories can be relied upon as evidence on the question as to how he spelled his real surname, that he sometimes spelled it with and sometimes without a final "e."

A newspaper of the name of the Washingtonian was being published (by Wright & Potter) at 4 Spring lane in 1860, and probably it was on that newspaper that Artemus was then working as a printer. BROWN STUDY.

Brookline.

We are informed by a gentleman named Browne that before the revolutionary war the members of his family spelled their name with an "e." This had been the spelling since the first Browne came to this country. Soon after the war, the "e" was considered to be too English and obnoxious to a true patriot. It was dropped for a time, but after a few years it was restored. Letters from those who knew the family of Artemus [illegible] parents spelled the surname "Browne" have been published in The [illegible]. Artemus himself after he went to New York spelled his name with an "e." Perhaps he spelled it so in Boston and Cleveland.—Ed.

War Notes.

The Juristen Zeitung of Germany states that the casualty lists published till January 25 contain the names of 179 lawyers who had been killed on the battlefield; five professors, 275 government and municipal officials; 220 solicitors, and 334 judges.

A German professor at Tokio University wished to go home to fight. The government gave him a year's leave at full salary to go home and do his worst. The Japanese are a courteous nation.

The English Dorsets have invented a name for one of the comforts supplied by the women that are knitting. "They are sometimes hungry at the front, and the body belts which some of us call 'belly bands' are called politely 'dados round the dining room.'"

Confectioners in Austria may now use only 70 per cent. of the best flour in cakes and pastry, which may be made only on two days of the week. Mr. Weisskirchner, the burgomaster of Vienna, speaking at a political meeting, bitterly complained that thousands of families in Vienna were living just as though there was no war. Elegantly dressed women sat in cafes drinking whipped cream with their coffee and eating the finest cakes heedless of the fact that their sons and brothers were giving their lives for the fatherland.

To some of us Mr Jones's delightful comedy, "Mary Goes First," is fresh in the mind. It seems that the war has introduced perplexing problems of social precedence in England. A "soldier's widow" states her case in the Observer. She has a young friend, a ranker, to spend a week-end with her. Her nephew, a captain, would like to be invited to dinner. Under the old order of things could they be asked to meet? Here is another case. A mother has two sons, one a private, the other an officer. The mother says: "I do not know if I can walk out with both together," for she remembers the days when the woman separated the officer from the private. "My advice," says the editor of "The Office Window" in the Daily Chronicle, "is that she should 'walk out' with the linked arms of her sons, and help to abolish some of our remaining absurdities of military etiquette." We recall a curious incident in a Boston club. A member was entertaining a marine, the wayward son of an old friend, but a manly, presentable, well-behaved young fellow. A surgeon in the United States navy happened to see the marine through the door of an adjacent room. He at once sat down and wrote a letter to the House Committee, insisting that the member should be disciplined, for conduct misbecoming a gentleman.

The following advertisement was recently published in the London Times: "First aeroplane bomb—A contribution to the fund has been made in the shape of a fragment of the first bomb which fell on English soil in this European war. The contributor considers that, as an enduring record of the war, the fragment should increase in value as time goes on, and he has decided that it shall be offered for sale to the highest bidder, and the amount realized credited to The Times Fund for the Sick and Wounded. The donor will give to the purchaser of this fragment of the bomb the authentic history of how it came into his possession. The highest bid received by noon on March 1 will be accepted."

LAST SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT OF SEASON

Enthusiastic Audience Fills Hall to Its Capacity.

The second and last concert of the season in aid of the pension fund was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon. Symphony Hall was filled to its capacity with an enthusiastic audience. Dr. Karl Muck conducted.

The program was as follows:

Symphony in B minor, No. 6, "Pathetique" ... Tschaikowsky
Selections from act III., "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ... Wagner
Selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods" (arranged by Hans Richter) ... Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser" ... Wagner

No stronger proof could have been given of the excellent performance by the orchestra or the pleasure of the hearers than the unbroken stillness during each number and the hearty applause at its close. Dr. Muck responded to numerous recalls, and the entire orchestra rose at the end of the symphony and at the close of the concert.

mch 9 1915

Nations are not ruined by war: for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians and Jews and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement; the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn nor the weight [illegible]

[illegible] a few years [illegible] traces of [illegible]. But [illegible] country is too [illegible] irretrievably [illegible] part of the rising generation, and there are they about to sink [illegible] perish, when the rule is given, by an unrepressed and an unreproved example, the lesson of bad faith.

Cannon Ball Freaks.

As the World Wags:

What is the most curious shot ever made by a cannon ball or a shell fired by an enemy in battle? A letter appears in The Academy of London, written by a signal officer who was on the bridge of the British ship which sank the famous Emden. He says:

"A shot cut away the port signal halyards, cut through the range finder—about six feet of brass—blew off the range taker's leg, cut a rail off, came through the hammocks lining the inside of the bridge, through the screen and through the ship awning which was launched outside the screen, and then burst. One lump of shell hit the deck only a foot away from me (I have the piece), shooting by my head by inches, and another piece hit the deck and then bounced up and through the bridge screen, taking exactly half a pair of binoculars with it. Not bad for one shot, was it?"

Albert D. Richardson, who went through part of the American civil war for the New York Tribune, records this story. He was on board the flagship of Commodore Foote, the Benton, before Island No. 10, in the Mississippi river, in 1862. The ship was constantly under the fire of confederate batteries. One day he says that

"An eight-inch solid shot penetrated a half-inch iron plating and five inches of timber near the bows as if they were paper, buried itself in the deck and rebounded, striking the roof. It then danced along the entire length of the boat, through the cabin, the wardroom, the machinery pantry, and at the very end fell and remained on the commodore's writing desk, crushing in the lid." Probably the commodore kept it for use as a paper weight.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston.

"Authentic" Advertisements.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald "Prude" gave as an "authentic" advertisement, "The Misses Smith, having cast off clothing of every description, invite immediate inspection." If that advertisement is "authentic," as claimed, how does it happen that, when it is printed in the newspapers, the names of the advertisers are never twice given alike? The Herald of Oct. 4, 1894, had, under the heading "Over the Door at the North End," the following, which it will be seen is a variant of the advertisement given by "Prude": "Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Levi, having cast off clothing of all descriptions, invite public inspection." A reference to the Boston directories of that time shows that there were then in Boston no Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Levi who were dealers in second-hand clothing, so it is safe to say that The Herald's statement that the above-given advertisement, or announcement, was "over a door at the North end" was fiction. The following item was in the plate matter of the Groton Landmark of Aug. 19, 1903: "Our English cousins use 'left off' for our 'cast off,' as applied to second-hand garments. The following ad. recently appeared in a London paper: 'Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have left off clothing of all kinds. They can be seen any day between 3 and 6 P. M.'" Notice that in this case the advertisers are neither Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Levi, as The Herald gave their names when it printed their alleged advertisement, nor the Misses Smith, as "Prude" gave their names when the latter sent you their alleged advertisement.

That alleged advertisement, in the form of some of its numerous variants, gets into the newspapers every little while, but I am of the opinion that it would puzzle anybody to prove that, as claimed by "Prude," it is authentic.

Feb. 17. INCONSTANT READER.

Nouns and Verbs.

As the World Wags:

I notice that in quoting from George Augustus Sala's memoirs the expression "one of the most powerful romances which has ever been penned," etc., you interpolate "sic" after "has," thereby, I suppose, indicating that you regard "has" as an error for "have." On that point your sentiments are mine, but I guess that you and I are nearly if not quite alone in being of that way of thinking, for in the numberless instances of expression of that kind which I have seen in print I don't think that I have ever seen a plural verb used—so it would seem that in such cases a singular verb must be in accord with the genius of the language (whatever that overworked expression means). Can you cite any instances of such expressions in which a plural verb is used? That a singular verb should be used in expressions of that kind is to me all the more inexplicable because of [illegible] distance from the [illegible] the [illegible] pronoun and its grammatical [illegible] the verb were in the [illegible].

It is a curious coincidence that the very issue of The Herald in which you stamp as erroneous the use of a singular verb in such expressions had an editorial article which contained such an expression with a singular verb, namely, the following sentence in the editorial article entitled "A Plea for Justice": "Textually and pictorially here is one of the most impressive presentations of our neglected duty to the red man that has been offered to an apathetic public in many years."

Brookline. L.

A Strange Phrase.

As the World Wags:

For the benefit of the average reader, won't you please elucidate a phrase recently used in an editorial published in The Herald on the growth of religious bodies in this country? No doubt it was, as you say, an interesting sidelight on the situation that the "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians" have gained no adherents this year. Who, oh, who, are the "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians"? I cannot believe that I am alone in my ignorance of a sect with so unforgettable a name, so I am sure an explanation would be of interest to many readers besides myself. M. U. L.

West Medfield.

We have consulted clergymen of various denominations. They were unable to explain the phrase.—Ed.

Boston Quartet Makes Its First Appearance in Public in Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Quartet, a new chamber music club composed of Sylvain Noack, Otto Roth, Emile Ferir and Alwin Schroeder, having given two or three concerts in private this season, made its first appearance in public last evening in Jordan Hall. There was a large and very friendly audience. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in B-flat major, op. 18, No. 6; Cesar Franck, piano quintet in F minor; Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.

A string quartet does not come up in a night like Jonah's gourd. On the contrary, an excellent string quartet is like confidence in the adage. The gentlemen composing this new organization are recognized as players of marked ability and long experience in orchestral and chamber music. Messrs. Roth and Schroeder were for years valuable members of the Kneisel Quartet when that chamber club was at the zenith of its reputation. Mr. Ferir was a brilliant member of the Boston Symphony Quartet led by Mr. Willy Hess, who always played solo throughout a concert in a restless, impetuous, monochromatic manner. Mr. Noack was known abroad as a quartet player before he was invited to be the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

However experienced these players may individually be, they know full well that perfect ensemble is not gained in a month or in a year. They have practised diligently, and the results of their labor were shown last night in the prevailing accuracy, smoothness and balance. The performance of one of Beethoven's earlier quartets gave pleasure by the exhibition of the qualities above named and also by reason of the euphony and the musical intelligence displayed.

But more than this is required in a performance of Cesar Franck's superb quintet, one of the greatest compositions in the literature of chamber music, a work that is romantically classic. In the performance last night breadth, nobility, and a certain emotional ecstasy peculiar to Franck were missing. The performance was respectable, but respectability in this instance is not sufficient. It is not necessary to go into close analysis, to dwell upon the fact that the second movement was taken at too fast a pace, etc. It is enough to say that the rapturous spirit and the expression of longing that cannot be put into even inspired prose or poetry were lacking. The flight of imagination was not far above the earth.

Nevertheless, the intention was pure and honorable.

Orville Harrold Pleases House—W. C. Kelly and Other Favorites on Bill.

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week carries a number of excellent and varied acts, all of which were well received by two audiences of customary Monday proportions yesterday. Orville Harrold, late of the Century Opera [illegible]

Company of [illegible] several other famous [illegible] ing a brief tour in vaudeville and comes to Boston this week under the management of Gus Edwards. Mr. Harrold has long been famous as one of America's greatest tenors, one of his triumphs having been his "I'm Falling in Love with Some One," from "Naughty Marietta." With Emil Polak accompanying him, Mr. Harrold is appearing this week in a number of classical and popular selections.

Just before Orville Harrold upon the program is that old Boston favorite, Walter C. Kelly, who has for years been doing his "The Virginia Judge" act in the vaudeville houses of this country and of all countries for that matter. Indeed he has but recently returned from a trip abroad, and comes here direct from the Winter Garden. As usual, Kelly prefaces his holding of court down in Breakwater, Va., with a series of capital stories, and whether they are all true to life or not, each of them is good. Then follows the session of the court with Kelly of course the judge, dispensing Virginia justice at wholesale to a long line of offenders, the crimes being almost as numerous as the criminals.

Mrs. Gene Hughes was excellent as the star in her own company giving Edgar Allen Woolf's capital little comedy of morals entitled "Lady Gossip." Mrs. Hughes had the roe of Lady Gossip and in the course of the act she appears in a number of stunning, striking costumes. The sketch is good; so is the company as a whole. Altogether "Lady Gossip" was one of the best things upon the bill, nor should the excellent work of Betty Swartz, as Sarah, the maid, be over-looked. It deserved and received a curtain call.

Matthews, Shayne & Co. have a sketch that is altogether out of the ordinary. It is of Mr. Matthews' creation and is entitled "Dreamland," the scene being laid in that part of New York where the dope burns freely and the pipe is frequently hit.

Bessie Wynn, the lady dainty of vaudeville, returns to Keith's this week after an absence of several years to find her friends as enthusiastic as ever. Miss Wynn's act is entirely new, and her songs are particularly good and well chosen.

Also upon this week's bill are the La Grohis, a European novelty effect; McDevitt, Kelly and Lucy in "The Piano Movers and the Actress"; Ted Lorraine and Hattie Burks in singing and dancing; the Tuscano brothers, who juggle Roman battle axes as though they were no more dangerous than wands; also the week's news as portrayed in the movies.

Next week Mrs. Leslie Carter will be the star of the bill.

SHUBERT THEATRE—The Winter Garden's production of "Dancing Around," a modern musical spectacle in two acts and 11 scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Harry Carroll.

Lieut. Harry Graham	Harry Clarke
Lieut. Robert	Earl Fox
Lieut. Hartley	Frank Carter
Pinky Roberts	Kitty Doner
Mlle. Mitzi of the Frivolity	Mary Robson
Annette Truesdale	Lucy Weston
Tillie	Rae Boudin
Lucy	Mae Dealy
Clarence	Olin Howland
Second Lieutenant	Harry G. Wilcox
Gus	Al Jolson
Ethel	Eileen Molyneaux
Beulah Elliot	Helen Lee
Lord Graham	Fred Leslie
Patricia	Mae Poth
John Elliott	Melville Ellis

Joyous Mr. Jolson returned to Boston last evening as the leading figure in "Dancing Around," a kaleidoscopic and vivid entertainment in two acts. The comedian was warmly welcomed. He appeared in many characters, as Lieutenant Hartley's servant, as a Hindu prince, as the doorkeeper of the Frivolity Theatre, as a porter, clerk and guide at the Hotel Lavender.

The comedian was as usual genial, witty, entertaining. His good humor is contagious, his spontaneity irresistible. He was a delight in jokes, songs and repartee. "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers" excited laughter and amazement at Mr. Jolson's glibness, while the comedian had no difficulty in pursuading the audience to join in the chorus.

The show is highly spectacular and lavishly staged. The dialogue is breezy. The plot is barely perceptible, but sufficient to provide excuse for Mr. Jolson's changes of character. Comely young women of every variety, statuesque and cuddlesome, gospel-eyed and brazen, generous in pleasing revelations, disport themselves on the stage or frisk about on the illuminated runway.

The costumes are gorgeous in color schemes and bewildering in designs. There is a pervading atmosphere of jollity and dancing of every kind. The male chorus is especially efficient in this respect. The stage settings are sumptuous. Effective ensembles, as the Shepherd Gavotte and the Call to the Colors, abound.

The company is large and efficient. Miss Doner as Pinky displayed extraordinary agility and vivacity. Mr. Carter is an adept in acrobatic dancing. Miss Robson as Mlle. Mitzi was sculptural. Miss Boudin, seen here earlier in the season in "The Model Maid" played a character part in Italics. Then there was Fred Leslie as the asinine and senile Lord Graham and the talented Mr. Ellis with his familiar piano-logue.

A [illegible] which crowded the [illegible] tre laughed heartily and continuously at Mr. Jolson and showed marked pleasure in the spectacular features of the entertainment. Among these the realistic shower in the first act should not be overlooked. The engagement is limited to two weeks.

RIDICULES BAN ON 'MATERNITY'

New York Speaker Says Such Acts Make Boston a Laughing-Stock.

Mayor Curley's refusal to permit the performance of Brieux's "Maternity" in Boston was ridiculed last night by Leonard D. Abbott of New York at the Boston School of Social Science meeting in Lorimer Hall.

"I see from your papers," said Mr. Abbott, "that your mayor will not allow a performance of 'Maternity' because he is not willing to have the boards of any theatre in this city stained by such an unsavory play. It is this kind of thing that makes us a laughing-stock for the world.

"I wonder if the mayor has seen the play he condemns. Brieux is a member of the French government, one of the most gifted writers of the day—not a revolutionary, but a liberal whose heart burns at the sex wrongs and injustices of our time, and one who writes with the moral fervor of a prophet. How can anybody who sees 'Damaged Goods' and 'Maternity' see anything immoral in them?

"You are still crucifying the prophets, for here we have not got the intelligence or the discrimination to recognize a great man. Ibsen had to go through the same thing; at the beginning of his career he had the same fight with this stupid Philistinism. It is not 'Damaged Goods' and 'Maternity' that are unsavory; it is the mind of the man who sees anything unsavory in them.

"The trouble is that we are not yet grown up. We cannot allow free discussion of great questions. This 'Maternity' play deals with sex questions; therefore hit it on the head. We in America have the same provincial and Puritanical ideas they had in former times. It is still against the law to discuss sex questions."

Mr. Abbott lectured on "Francisco Ferrer and the Modern School." He called Ferrer a martyr to the cause of education.

Asked about the bomb-planting in a New York cathedral, he expressed the opinion that "it looks like a frame-up," saying further, "It is one of the most ghastly and horrible things for detectives to set into revolutionary groups and try to incite them to foolish violence."

Mch 10 1915

The oriental attitude of of mind that enabled the Shah of Persia calmly to decline the invitation of the Prince of Wales to attend the Derby, on the ground that "he knew one horse could run faster than another," is foreign to that of Western civilization.

In New Orleans.

Miss Maggie Teyte sang in New Orleans on Feb. 27. Her coming was eagerly anticipated, for New Orleans has justly boasted of her devotion to music as shown by the early establishment of an opera house and her pride in Louis Moreau Gottschalk, who was born there in 1829. The New Orleans Item of Feb. 21 announced the approach of Miss Teyte:

"Maggie Teyte, the little lyric soprano, who delights in shocking the Anthony Comstockites by trotting about in knickerbockers and silk hose, will sing before the New Orleans Philharmonic Society at the Athenaeum, on the evening of Feb. 27.

Maggie Teyte has just returned from a tour of the West, where the newspapers were properly shocked at her knickerbockers and tickled in their unmoral ears by her splendid voice. . . . There will be none of the mountain goat athletics at the concert, such as belated arrivals climbing over the craggy knees of those already in their seats. . . . At 8:30 Maggie Teyte will appear, and the doors will remain closed during the entire first number. The tardy contingent can then come in without taking the limelight from the star."

There is a four-column cut of Miss Teyte flat on her back with this legend: "Miss Teyte is here shown in the knickerbockers and silk hose with which she shocked the West." Did the patrons of music in New Orleans expect that she would sing in them?

De Jitney Bus.

As the World Wags:

To those sacred holders of stock in electric street railways I respectfully recommend the following variant of a well-known maxim:

"De jitney bus non est desputandum."
HARVARD '74.

Cambridge, March 8.

The One "Out."

As the World Wags:

Mr. George P. Bolivar's account of the Southron who always had an "out" in his harness reminds me of the following lines from a tale read in the long ago:

"Jiggledy, jaggledy, joogledy jum
Bless my soul, but the Joodle's come!
Come with his cane and his high silk hat,
But dash my wig, he's forgotten his pink cravat!"

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, March 6.

The "What Is It?"

As the World Wags:

The note, "What Was It?" in your issue of this morning, stating that the writer remembers "him or it" at the Aquarial Garden in the early sixties, seems to be at variance with my declaration (in the issue for Feb. 20) that "there were no freaks."

It might not be worth while to occupy your space in defence of my judgment as to what constitutes a "freak," or of my observing powers, or of my memory, or even of my veracity. But it does seem to me worth while to determine whether I am right in assuming that Louis Agassiz and Jeffries Wyman would not have countenanced the exhibition of anything comparable with the "What Is It?" of Barnum.

Granting the accuracy of your correspondent's recollection, may not two different periods be concerned? Perhaps the attraction of normal objects failed to secure sufficient attendance and the proprietors added later a "Connecting Link Between Man and the Brute Creation." If so the two naturalists named above, and their disciples, probably lost their interest. I entered the army medical corps in July, 1862. If "M. J. C." will favor me with his address, a comparison of dates may enable us to effect a reconciliation.

In this connection two incidents may interest your readers:

1—About 1860, when visiting Barnum's Museum in New York, I persuaded the custodian of the "What Is It?" to let me examine him without clothing. He was simply an idiotic negro boy, the only ape-like feature being the small head.

2—A letter written by me from Folly island (next Morris Id., south of Charleston harbor), Oct. 1, 1863, contains the following passage: "A few days ago I heard that the servant boy of Col. James Beecher of the First North Carolina [afterward the 35th U. S. Colored Troops] was the 'What Is It?' of Barnum. Col. Beecher had got him from Col. H [the word looks like Howe] in New York. I called him to my tent and examined him closely. He is an ordinary negro boy, not at all idiotic like the real 'What Is It?' He says that when the real one was ill or tired he sometimes took his place, and was instructed by Barnum how to behave. He told a consistent story; said the other boy never talked at all."

BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, March 4.

Natural History.

As the World Wags:

Among other mental and moral weaknesses, I am afflicted with a fondness for live animals. Unfortunately, I live in a flat, and my housekeeper, who is a woman of husky build and unrelenting disposition, refuses to harbor dogs, cats, snakes, rabbits, parrots or any other form of bird or beast within the four walls of our otherwise happy home. One midnight not long ago I met on Dover street a man carrying a perfectly good young pig which I could have bought for $2 on account of the animal's boisterous squealing, but didn't because of the inevitable results if I had.

So, then, I have been reduced to the companionship of fish. Goldfish I had, but they died. After that I acquired a wild fish, a perch, which the neighbor's boys caught in a milk bottle in Franklin Park. His name was John. He was passionately fond of flies and, in the winter season, of cockroaches, of which we have, unfortunately, a limited supply, owing to the constant sprinkling about the kitchen sink of roach food, so called, by the above mentioned housekeeper.

Well, John is dead. It happened this way. I play the mouth organ from time to time and my repertoire is limited. About the only thing I do really well is "Home, Sweet Home." On the eve of my last departure for the European war zone I played this tune in my best manner. Throughout the rendition John dashed madly about the bowl.

When I returned home, after eight weeks' absence, the bowl was empty. John was dead. The housekeeper avers that she found him stiff and cold in the middle of the rug the morning after I left, and that he had bitten himself abaft the dorsal fin. Would you consider it probable that a fish, even so extraordinary a fish as John, would commit suicide upon hearing "Home, Sweet Home" played by his owner. Or was it, do you think, murder?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston, March 7.

Mch 11 1915

GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. ONDRICEK

By PHILIP HALE.

Emanuel Ondricek, violinist, assisted by his wife, Ella Kalova Ondricek, violinist, and Alfred De Voto, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Sinding, serenade for two violins and piano, Benda, sonata in A major for violin, Mr. Ondricek; Juon, Idylle, Conte Mysterieuse, Musette miniature for two violins and piano (first time here); Aulin, concerto in A minor (Mr. Ondricek), first time here.

The Ondriceks belong to the violin family. Franz, the most distinguished of three or more brothers, all sons of a violinist, played here at a Symphony concert in December, 1895, and later with Mme. Szunowska, and with the Apollo Club. Another was well known here as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a chamber player. Mr. Emanuel Ondricek has lived here some time as a teacher. His wife has played in cities of Austria and Germany.

The concert they gave last night was on the whole a pleasant one. Sinding's Serenade has decided character. The sparkling little Allegretto would win anywhere immediate popularity, but the other movements are agreeably written, musical, euphonious, and not pretentious. The Benda family was famous in its day, and Georg is still known to students of opera by his melodramas. The sonata by Franz played last night is not stiffly archaic. Although it has not the flowing lines of his Italian contemporaries, it has a certain dignity, a reserved emotional quality, and an artistic self-respect that compel admiration. Mr. Ondricek introduced a cadenza of his own making that we could easily have spared, for it was not conspicuous for brilliance, nor was it wholly in keeping with Benda's music.

Paul Juon's little pieces are delightful, especially the first two. Music by this Russian who makes his home in Berlin has been played here without attracting much attention, but a more alluring side of his musical character was revealed last night. Some composers, when they write an Idylle, remind one of Mr. George Moore's caustic and unjust remark that Mr. Thomas Hardy described pastoral scenes and characters only to show how "jolly country" he could be. Juon's Idylle is unforced and honest, not recalling the barnyard or the diligently watered lawn.

Tor Aulin, born at Stockholm, has written at least three concertos for the violin. In the one performed last night the most impressive pages of the first movement were those of the Cadenza: impressive because the Cadenza was long and tedious, a fearsome thing. It might work for civic righteousness if Mayor Curley, after he has compiled his list of plays that will not harm even the most sensitive citizen, would exercise the censorship in the matter of cadenzas, regulate their character and length, and freely expurgate. A cadenza like that in Aulin's concerto does more harm to a community, however able the violinist may be, than all the dramas of M. Brieux of the French Academy could possibly do, even if they were badly played.

Mr. Ondricek has a rich and agreeable tone, sufficient technical facility, and an emotionally musical nature. Mrs. Ondricek also has a warm, full tone, and she plays with an evident gusto that pleases the eye as well as the ear.

A small audience was attentive and heartily applausive.

The stories of the various forms and estimations with which men have worn and regarded the beard, serve only to show the capriciousness of mankind, and the little agreement there is among them in the ideas of beauty and propriety. We find some of them looking upon it as the greatest ornament and honor which could adorn the body, and preserving every hair with the most religious solemnity; whilst others have regarded it with an equal share of disgust, and have been as industrious to shave, pluck, and destroy every particle of hair from their chins; but all agree on considering it as disagreeable in those women on whom Nature has wantonly bestowed it.

Pictor Ignotus.

As the World Wags:

Whiskers have played an important part in my life for many years. I am by profession a portraitist and what modest

[illegible] come to me [illegible] the [illegible] of my [illegible] master of [illegible] presidents.

In the beginning of my career the masters of "haute finance" wore Piccadilly Weepers, or mutton chop, although a few of the older generation still sported the type called Uncle Sams. Later came the mustache and then the full beard. Through all these varying modes I continued moderately successful, but my greatest vogue was during the period of the full beard. This, alas! was followed by the clean shaven face: then my custom fell off alarmingly. Perhaps I should here confess that I was never very good at mouths and the smooth [illegible] exposed my weakness. However, [illegible] the moustache has returned, my [illegible]ess has picked up a bit. All this is merely to explain my earnest interest in the subject.

It was the scholarly "Contributions to a Thesaurus of American Synonyms for Whiskers," by James P. Ratcliffe, Ph. D., published in the Smart Set, which now moves me to write. I have found a few synonyms which he has overlooked, or they may be local terms. These I will add in a postscript.

You may, perhaps, have noted the remarkable decorative effects achieved in Mr. Paul Manship's sculpture by the use of conventionalized whiskers. In his recent exhibition at the St. Botolph Club, the "Terminal Heads" of Theseus, Hercules, Silenus and Odysseus were fine examples of the possibilities of characterization and emotional expression by means of the beard, for the features are much the same in all; but how marvelously the differentiated whiskers express each individuality!

If Mr. Manship had studied in Belgium in the days of good King Leopold, he might have added greatly to his store of notes on decorative possibilities, for in those happy days each Belgian sought personal expression by a unique manner of wearing hair on his face. Who can ever forget the majesty of the zymos up which the fair Cleo climbed to fame? Now, alas, if one may judge by the pictures in the newspapers, the delightful and surprising variety is gone and the heroic remnant of Belgium's defenders is wearing Weary Willies.

After all, that is perhaps the best of [illegible], but personally I prefer the style approved by the old New England whaler, in which the upper lip is shaven. This, I find, gives me a certain advantage at meals, and at the same time protects the waistcoat, which is helpful, for that my wife has forbidden me to [illegible] the napkin in my collar. It may be that I am wrong in my preference, for a distinguished architect who honors me with his friendship, once said: "Look here, a man either wears a beard or he does not wear one!" He was a [illegible]. I still maintain that between the full beard and a clean shaven face there are many entertaining artistic possibilities.

ABOLINO TINKHAM.

Newton, March 9.

P. S.—Here are the synonyms that I [illegible] in Dr. Ratcliffe's article: Brush, [illegible], chest protectors, eelgrass, ex[illegible], fluffs, front lawn, gillijogs, gill[illegible]ys, Galway sluggers, goat, grogans, [illegible]olds, mutton chops, Piccadilly weepers, sideburns, soupfilters, Uncle Sams, Weary Willies, wigwags, zephyr sieves, [illegible].

A. T.

Lifted?

As the World Wags:

You probably noted the second installment of the "autobiography" of Mr. [illegible] Campbell in The Herald's "Letter [illegible] of Friday.

Getting down to that "illustrated" part to which he signs himself:

> No need to doubt the ancient plan
> [illegible] which an ass talked like a man,
> [illegible] nowadays it comes to pass
> That many a man talks like an ass.
> W. CAMPBELL.

Now, I am dead sure that this is not original with him, but I cannot find the "deadly parallel" to prove it. Others have said that the rhyme is too familiar, that they have heard the same thing before.

Can you not dig out the original in this case? This information would make the laurels I placed on the head of our laureate look like a ring of roses around the neck of Dr. Cook.

JUSTICE HENRY SHAW.

Portsmouth, March 6.

A Lemonade Lake.

As the World Wags:

The reference in The Herald today to a "river of ink" reminds me of the lake of lemonade I drank from when I was in Japan in 1899. It was at Kusatsu, the famous hot spring resort, or very near there, if I am not mistaken.

I remember drinking first from a well at the hostelry where I lodged and being puzzled at the odd taste of the water, which seemed strongly impregnated with citric acid. Later I found that a large pond near by had water with the same taste. Mixed with a little sugar either produced excellent lemonade cool and refreshing. Some one explained to me that a peculiar vegetable deposit caused the strange effect.

A pipe line to Tokio and Yokohama, with a hundred charming mousmes at the end, might pay good dividends. Certainly I never drank better lemonade than this lake produces.

LINN BOYD PORTER.

Brookline, March 6.

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Brassbound	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Redbrook	[illegible]
Johnson	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Sidi el Assif	[illegible]
Cadi el Kintafi	[illegible]
An American Bluejacket	[illegible]
Capt. Kearney, U. S. N.	[illegible]

The piece has been played here at the Hollis Street Theatre with Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Cicely.

Regarding the sources of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Mr. Shaw says: "I claim as a notable belief in the authorship of this play that I have been intelligent enough to steal its scenery, its surroundings, its atmosphere, its geography, its knowledge of the east, its fascinating cadis and krooboys and sheikhs and mud castles from an excellent book of philosophic travel and vivid adventure entitled Mogreb el Acksa (Morocco the Most Holy), by Cunninghame Graham. My own first-hand knowledge of Morocco is based on a morning's walk through Tangier and a cursory observation of the coast through a binocular from the deck of an Orient steamer, both later in date than the writing of the play."

This comedy is not written in Mr. Shaw's happiest vein. It is unusually verbose and conversational. The character drawing is grotesque. Conventional trappings of romance, including a son's vengeance, incidents of kidnapping, pirates, a Moorish raid, a rescuing American warship, are used for purposes of burlesque. As a satire on melodrama, the play is mildly amusing, as an exhibition of the author's theories strewn with paradoxes and epigrams, it is vapid and incoherent.

Mr. Rankin and Drinkwater are the two most consistent characters. Lady Cicely is overbearing and a cynic; Captain Brassbound is but a shadow.

Miss Kingston played with intelligence, deliberateness and force. Mr. Hare was imposing as Brassbound. Mr. Louden was excellent as Sir Howard Hallam. Other members of the supporting company were efficient.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Henry Jewett Players in Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night." The principals of the cast:

Orsino	George Relph
Sebastian	L'Estrange Millman
Antonio	Leonard Willey
Sir Toby Belch	Henry Crocker
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Lennard Mudie
Malvolio	Max Montesole
Feste	Frank Conroy
Olivia	Irby Marshal
Viola	Viola Compton
Maria	Agnes Elliot Scott

The Jewett Players added another to their list of successes last evening. And looking over the ground they have covered in the last few months, it is not impertinent to say that they have excelled in the comedies of the poet, nor should this be construed as belittling their work in the tragedies. It may be laid to the credit of the Jewett Players that all their performances have been characterized by a lucidity of presentation that finds immediate favor with the uninitiated, they have made it possible for the beginner not alone to hear Shakespeare understandingly, but to see it played and the principal characters made human—something more than mere readers of the author. We say all this in view of the temporary closing next Saturday night for the Easter recess, and we are glad to learn that Manager Macdonald is to reopen Easter Monday night and that the repertory of the future will include modern and romantic plays, and that the works of George Bernard Shaw will be included.

Last night the company caught the spirit of the author and it was steadily maintained. The piece was handsomely mounted, though not in any way to overshadow the performance. The scene in the kitchen of Olivia's house was nothing less than side-splitting, the business was good, though it was often too long drawn out. But the audience was tickled.

Viola Compton was seen as Viola. Her performance was characterized by a natural charm; it was a wonder that Orsino had not detected her. There was a well studied plan to leave behind her any suggestion of femininity, and the best that can be said was that she was convincing that she found herself in the arms of the duke, and here she was equally convincing in another way.

One of the chief features of the performance was the Sir Toby Belch of Henry Crocker. To be sure, he made much of the character as the tippler, he was obviously sincere in his drinking; there was no delicacy in his handling of his cup, for he grabbed it with a full hand in the manner that would delight the eye of Herkimer Johnson—and his grip never loosened till the dregs had flowed. But for all his continual "pickle" his real comedy moments were a delight, and he was a pleasure in repose as well as action. He has indeed added a worthy picture to his Falstaff and Bottom.

The Malvolio of Max Montesole gave great pleasure. He pictured the steward in a [illegible]-aesthetic vein. Always [illegible]

[illegible] from [illegible] The [illegible] of [illegible] his interpretation in [illegible].

[illegible] Olonzo was good [illegible] in his [illegible] showed [illegible] it the applause [illegible] appreciation.

[illegible] of the [illegible] answered [illegible] Leonard [illegible] Andrew Aguecheek, who helped Mr. [illegible] the comedy element.

There was a good-sized audience that was greatly amused.

Mar 12 1915

LAST CONCERT BY FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its third and last concert of its eighth series in Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Brahms, Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Moor, three preludes in form of a suite for violin alone, op. 1[illegible]; Beethoven, Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

It is doubtful whether a hearer tolerably well versed in music would accuse Brahms of plagiarism in the C minor quartet, yet Mr Kalbeck, the interminable biographer of the composer, goes out of his way to find Erda's motive and the Walhalla theme in the first movement and a suggestion in the Romanza of Strauss's waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song." The hunter after "reminiscences" is as tiresome a bore as the detector of forbidden progressions and violations of orthodox form. It would be more to the purpose in this instance to inquire into the precise nature of the melancholy that is almost whining and the peculiar monotony that makes the third movement the most striking and attractive portion of the quartet. The finale, even when it is played by the Flonzaleys, is a burst of impotent rage.

Emanuel Moor, we are told, is convinced that he is a great genius. This is not surprising, for even composers are sometimes self-deceivers, but his music is taken seriously by such men as Ysaye, Thibaud, Marteau. Pablo Casals and his first wife, Guilhermina Suggia, used to go about playing a concerto for two violoncellos by Moor, who by the way, visited Boston 20 years ago this week as the director of a concert company that included Lilli Lehmann, Ovide Musin and Franz Rummel. Mr. Bauer played a piano concerto by Moor, who is a most voluminous composer, at a Symphony concert in 19[illegible], and the Flonzaleys performed a nobly beautiful Adagio by Moor some time ago.

The suite played by Mr. Pochon for the first time in Boston is a curious mingling of effective archaic imitation, modern expression, fine ideas and also trivial ones, mere chattering. The first of the three preludes is solidly built, mainly in the old fashioned grand style. The second is more imaginative. The beauty is individual and musical. The third, beginning with a sort of jig that gives promise, is, with this exception, insignificant in ideas and workmanship. Mr. Pochon did full justice to the suite, but his taste and skill could not give even momentary value to the third prelude.

The enthusiastic and eccentric Lenz asked whether Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor would not have gained if it had been written in C minor, and answered foolishly his foolish question by quoting Montesquieu's remark that to decide whether Hannibal made a mistake in going to Capua, it would be necessary to be Hannibal. We know that Beethoven, writing to the publishers Schott in 1826 about this quartet advised them "not to be alarmed by the four sharps."

It is more pertinent to ask whether this colossal composition should not be put on a program by itself, or with a quartet in less serious vein than one by Johannes Brahms. There may well be discussion concerning the last great quartets of Beethoven, whether they are not in a way superb sketches preparatory to large orchestral works, whether Beethoven crowded into the quartet would elaborated ideas that might better have furnished material for free symphonies. But there the quartets are; wonderful even in their wild extravagance. It would seem that Beethoven in the one in C sharp minor was intoxicated not with his own verbosity, but by the repetition of figures and rhythms; that like a whirling dervish he could not stop till he fell exhausted. But what other composer could have conceived the serene and sustained beauty of the opening Adagio, or the rapt melodic pages of the Andante?

It is not necessary to characterize again the playing of the Flonzaleys. Their high position long ago was beyond doubt and praise [illegible]. The music of Brahms and [illegible] more [illegible] eign to them that that of Mozart, Tschaikowsky, [illegible]. The [illegible] Quartet now [illegible].

[illegible]

OPERA SINGERS HEARD BY 3000 AT TREMONT TEMPLE

Mme. Clara Huntington Heard After Six Years' Absence Abroad.

After an absence of [illegible] years [illegible] many Mme. Clara Huntington [illegible] heard at Tremont Temple last night [illegible] audience of 3000 persons, who gave her a hearty reception. She came to the [illegible] to sing with the Boston Opera company only to learn that opera would not be given this year. While she has been heard at small semi-private gatherings in this city before, it was her first big concert and therefore the first real opportunity Boston music lovers in large numbers had to listen to her voice.

Her voice is a rich, sweet soprano and was shown to good advantage in her first number, an aria from "[illegible]." For an encore she gave Strauss's "Voice of Spring" waltz, [illegible] the Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater" [illegible] a chorus of 150 mixed voices.

The other artists were [illegible] Leveroni, contralto; Attilio [illegible] Crescenzo, tenor, and C. [illegible] Pol[illegible], baritone. All received their share of applause. It was one of the best concerts of the series.

Crescenzo made a tremendous hit and had to give encore after encore before the audience was satisfied. The [illegible] liquid tones of his voice were most pleasing to the gathering. His regular numbers were "Che Gelida Manina" from "Boheme," "Questa o Quella" and "La Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto." The latter song was finely given and brought forth a storm of plaudits. His extras were "[illegible]" Donizetti, "Torna a Surriento" [illegible] Curtis, "Funiculi Funicula" [illegible] and "Mattinata" by Leoncavallo.

Miss Leveroni also scored [illegible] from the first the audience was friendly to her. She sang the [illegible] "Gioconda," "Long Ago," "[illegible] Sweet [illegible]," "The [illegible]," "Humoresque," "Mandolinata," "Sally [illegible]," "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Vacant Chair." She has a [illegible] but despite the [illegible].

Mr. Pianco[illegible] voice pleased [illegible]. His songs were the prologue from "[illegible]," "[illegible]," "Sono [illegible]," "[illegible] Your Eyes," "La Spagnola" and "Brown October Ale."

During his [illegible] Miss Marie O'Connell was at the piano, and Adolph Vogel [illegible] cello [illegible]. John A. O'Shea was conductor of the concert. During the singing of the [illegible] from "Tannhauser," "The [illegible] [illegible]," [illegible] and "The Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation" [illegible] Reginald W. [illegible] at the organ and Miss Ida McCarthy at the piano. The choruses were beautifully sung.

What conflicting opinions there are in this world. The publican yonder tells me to think of my pint and pipe and let everything else go to the devil, and the tombstone here tells me to reflect with dread that in a very little time I must die, and lie in the ground till I am called to judgment. Now, which is most right, the tombstone or the publican? Why, I should say the tombstone decidedly. The publican is too sweeping when he tells you to think of your pint and pipe and nothing else. A pint and pipe are good things. I don't smoke myself, but I dare say a pipe is a good thing for them who like it, but there are certainly things worth being thought of in this world besides a pint and pipe—hills and dales, woods and rivers, for example—death and judgment, too, are worthy now and then of very serious thought.

Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit.

"M. U. L." recently asked in this column the meaning of the phrase "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians," which had been used in an editorial article of The Herald. Being rather "shy" on information concerning free-will and predestination, we consulted several clergymen, but the oracles were dumb. We are obliged to Mr. Fred S. Retan for the following letter:

As the World Wags:

The O. T.-S.-I.-t.-S. P. are quite fully described in "The American Church History Series," vol. 1, pp. 48-54. This work is published by the Christian Literature Company.

We are told that this sect is strongest in the South, though there are only about 12,000 communicants; that they are strongly Calvinistic, holding firmly to the doctrine of predestination, and to the belief that there are two seeds—one of evil and one of good. The propounder of this latter idea is said to have been Elder Daniel Parker, a Virginian. This people is opposed to a paid ministry, to all evangelistic and missionary effort, to Sunday schools, theological seminaries and Bible so[illegible].

Boston, March [illegible].

As the World Wags:

The "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists" are followers of Daniel Parker, a native of [illegible]. They derive their name from a doctrine of his set forth in some pamphlets (1826-29) called the "Doctrine of Two Seeds."

When God created Adam and Eve, he infused into them particles of himself, so that they were wholly good. The devil corrupted them by infusing particles of himself. It was predetermined by God that Eve should bring forth a certain number of good offspring, the seed of God. The particles infused by the devil led to another set of offspring, the seed of Satan. For the former the atonement was absolute, they will all be saved. To the latter it did not apply, and they are hopelessly lost. It was an absolutely fatalistic doctrine.

There are believed to be less than 1000 of this denomination now left. C. W. P.

Boston, March 10.

The Kikapoos.

As the World Wags:

It was a critical period of my life in the sixties when I was separated from cider brandy and molasses (three fingers to the tablespoon) I used Kikapoo bitters with fairly satisfactory results. The Herald this morning says the Kikapoo Indians are on the warpath. My heart goes out to them who may have to do without the bitters. J. D. K.

Boston, March 10.

"Oh the Pity of It."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Wheelwright's letter in The Herald of the 9th with its suggestion of stenciling the new wings of the State House to match the old front (scraped) is a happier idea than the present unfortunate scheme decided upon after much discussion. Conviction grows each time one passes the State House that a mistake, and rather an incomprehensible mistake, has been made in the treatment of this architectural problem. One need but see the Park Street and the Old South churches, and the Old State House in their restoration to be convinced, if conviction were needed, of the dignity and unostentatious respectability, so to speak, similar treatment would have given the Beacon street building. How incomparably better would the result have been had the committee, by scraping the Bulfinch front, restored its old rough texture, and matched the old building with wings of similar bricks, which if not procurable in the market could surely have been especially baked and copied in color and texture. One inevitably calls to mind in considering the present scheme Aesop's misguided frog, who, spurred by ambition, tried to be something which he was not. One can only wish that the chosen plan might, like the fabled frog, have blown up before it was executed.

March 10, 1915 "BRICK"LEY.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Edmund Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," romantic comedy in four acts. First presentation by Edward Vroom. A benefit performance for the Belgium fund, Boston's unemployed and Opportunity farm, which reclaims boys

Cyrano de Bergerac	Mr. Vroom
Christian de Neuvillette	Mr. Bliss
Count de Guiche	Mr. Rowe
Roxane	Mrs. Briggs
Ragueneau	Mr. Mifflin
Le Bret	Mr. Burnham
Capt. Castel-Jaloux	Mr. Scheuck

Cadets of Gascony (Harvard and Technology students)—Messrs. Coggeshall, Wilkins, Russell, Shortt, Riggs, Leslabay, McLaughlin, De Kay and Hanley. Minor characters—Spanish soldiers, nuns, lackeys, citizens and pages, making a cast of about 80 people.

Ferir and Longy in Generous Artistic Rivalry with the Viola and the Oboe.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven
Andante from the Seventh Symphony
In memoriam: John Chipman Gray.
Berlioz....."Harold in Italy"
Viola solo by Emile Ferir
d'Indy...Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk tunes. First time with orchestra in Boston.
Georges Longy, oboe.
Brahms.......Academic Festival Overture

Fortunate, thrice fortunate is the orchestra that numbers among its members such artists as Mr. Ferir and Mr. Longy! The two are masters of their instruments. Their technical skill serves in eloquent expression of the composer's thoughts. As was once said of a celebrated European virtuoso, they would "die for a phrase"; not in cold academic blood, but with soul aflame. It was a pleasure to hear them yesterday in generous rivalry, not contending in self-glorification, but for the perfect exposition of music that commanded their respect and affection.

Vincent d'Indy's Fantasia composed in 1888 was performed at the end of that year at a Lamoureux concert when [illegible] [illegible] the oboist. He was for two [illegible] a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Returning to return from Paris in the fall of 1898 he went down on the Bourgogne, outward bound from New York with his colleagues, Pourteau, the incomparable clarionetist, and Jacquet, the excellent flutist of the orchestra.

D'Indy's love of nature is well known. It has inspired several of his compositions. The mountains of the Cevennes, especially dear to him, are often barren and forbidding; hence probably a certain austerity in his mountain music, an austerity that goes hand in hand with the noble reserve found in other works by him. A collector of folk tunes, he has used in this Fantasia some that are characteristic, this one melancholy, another gay, with a gaiety that is not careless, reckless, but with the thought of the reaction that comes afterwards. Of the themes employed, the first has the most marked beauty, objective and subjective, and the treatment of it brings out the individuality and the finesse of the composer as harmonist and orchestrator. The treatment of the dance tune that follows is more common, no doubt designedly primitive, to portray in tones the rustic spirit. While the Fantasia is interesting and much more than a potpourri, it is not to be counted as a work of art among the leading works of the composer. The version for oboe and piano had already been played here by Messrs. Longy and Gebhard; also by Messrs. Longy and d'Indy.

It is doubtful whether the young in this country read "Childe Harold" today, or even "Don Juan." It would be well for them if they did. They would then the better understand the Romanticism of the Thirties and, incidentally, the music of Hector Berlioz before he became Virgilian in his compositions and a follower of Gluck. One reading his extravagant memoirs and hearing the "Fantastic" symphony and "Harold in Italy" may smile at the wildness of his ideas, but there is no doubt of the man's sincerity in his music. Henley spoke of the modern element in Romanticism that came from Byron as an "absurd and curious combination of vulgarity and terror, cynicism and passion, truculence and indecency." The brigands in their orgies were very real to Berlioz, but in 1915 "the mouths of brass" do not "seem to vomit forth curses and reply with blasphemies to entreating voices." We are less impressionable, perhaps. The greater the pity. Inferior as "Harold" is in strange imagination to the "Fantastic" symphony; inferior in beauty and nobility as it is to many pages of the "Romeo and Juliet" music, the symphony is nevertheless, now that it is over 80 years old, a singularly fascinating work. There are fine moments in the first movement, although one of the themes leads the hearer to suspect that Offenbach took his "Voici le Sabre" from it. The Pilgrim march, with hymn, still works its curious spell. Nor are the remaining pages without revelations of the towering genius of Berlioz.

Dr. Muck gave a supremely romantic reading of this romantic music, and led the performance of the "Academic" overture in a stirring fashion, as one remembering joyfully his university days and nights.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for March 26, 27 will include these orchestral works: Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2; Reger, Four Tone Poems (after Boecklin's pictures); Weber, overture to "Oberon." Miss Elena Gerhardt will sing these songs with orchestra: Beethoven, Wonne der Wehmut, Freudvoll und Leidvoll, Die Himmel ruehmen des Ewigen Ehre; Brahms, Immerleiser wird mein Schlummer, Wir Wandelten, Auf dem Kirchhofe.

Letters by Messrs. Ditrichstein, Del Castillo and "I. P. M.," addressed to the editor of this column, will be published in The Sunday Herald (tomorrow).

Fulton's Quarto.

The catalogue of booksellers in Cleveland, O., includes Robert Fulton's "Torpedo War and Submarine Explosions," an oblong quarto with all the five plates. This book was dedicated by Fulton to President Madison and Congress and published in New York (1810). "My conviction," says Fulton, "that this invention improved and practised to the perfection which it is capable of obtaining will be of the first importance to our country, has induced me to present to you a description of my system."

There is this note in the catalogue: "In 1797 Fulton set vigorously to work to bring to perfection a system of submarine navigation and torpedo warfare (the term 'torpedo' being first applied by him) which had been attempted, but without any degree of success on the Hudson during the revolutionary war. His first demonstrations were made in France, where he failed; but on going to England, after a series of trials, he succeeded in blowing up the brig Dorothea in the harbor of Deal. Notwithstanding the triumph, motives of policy resulting from their sovereignty of the sea, caused Fulton and his new weapon to be rejected by the British government, whereupon he returned to America only to be met with a similar repulse here. The inventor's faith, however, in his ability to render his system of ultimate practical utility to his country survived to the last, for he was at work on a modification of his first idea when death put an end to his labors."

The plates show the destruction of the Dorothea and the various mechanical devices of Fulton's system. Strange to say, this book is not named in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors." The only book by Fulton mentioned there is the "Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation" (London, 1796).

The Torpedo.

Was the term "torpedo" first applied by Fulton? Washington Irving in "Salmagundi" (1807) spoke of a torpedo "by which the stoutest line-of-battle ship may be decomposed in a twinkling." About a month afterward the admiralty secretary in England noted "a description of the machine invented by Mr. Robert Fulton for exploding under ships' bottoms and by him called the torpedo." It seems that the original torpedo was a towed or drifting submarine mine; "it was towed at an angle by means of a spar extending at right angles (otter or towing torpedo), or carried on a ram or projecting pole (boom, outrigger, spar torpedo)."

Did not Capt. David Bushnell of the engineer corps, U. S. A., invent a primitive torpedo boat that was launched in New York harbor in 1776? Fulton declared in 1810 that it would be difficult for a torpedo boat to depart from any port of America and return without being detected.

A statement made by the Pall Mall Gazette in 1884 is curious reading today: "To torpedo boat our coast on the German, Russian or Austrian scale we should require, not 100 torpedo boats, but 1000."

And who can tell when a submarine boat was first mentioned? Bishop John Wilkins, in his "Mathematical Magic" (1641), wrote "concerning the possibility of framing an ark for submarine navigation." But Wilkins also wrote about the probability of a habitable world in the moon; how a man may with privacy and speed communicate his thoughts to a friend at a distance; also about the art of flying. His plan of a universal language led Horace Walpole to say that the bishop no doubt calculated it "to prevent the want of an interpreter when he should arrive at the moon," for Wilkins wrote a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to it.

Another Myth.

As the World Wags:

In the editorial article in yesterday's Herald entitled "The Blizzard Recalled," it is stated that in the blizzard referred to—that of March, 1888—Roscoe Conkling suffered "hardships from which he soon died." The statement that Conkling died as the result of his exposure in that blizzard is often made; indeed, it has been so many times repeated that it has become fixed in the popular mind as an unquestioned and unquestionable fact. It is not a fact, however, but fiction. Instead of dying as the result of his exposure in that blizzard, he died as the result of a cold which he contracted—not in the blizzard, but more than a fortnight afterwards, as is shown by the following quotation from page 702 of "The Life and Letters of Roscoe Conkling," by Alfred R. Conkling: "Many have supposed that the fatigue and exposure of that terrible night (March 12) were the immediate cause of his mortal illness. He was certainly much exhausted, but he continued for more than a fortnight to attend to business. Mr. Henry Melville, his associate, has given this true explanation: 'It was not the bitter experience (in the blizzard),' he declares; 'it was a cold contracted in a lawyer's office on March 29.'" The impression that he died as the result of his exposure in that blizzard of March, 1888, is, however, so widespread and is so firmly fixed in the popular mind that, though it is a baseless myth, it will, perhaps, be impossible to prevent it from continuing to masquerade in the guise of veracious biography. Conkling died on April 18, 1888.

March 8. "SCRUTATOR."

Sir Walter's Geography.

As the World Wags:

I wish I could accept "M. J. C.'s" explanation of the lines I quoted from Scott about Fuenterrabia, for I can truthfully say that I love Scott, and would rather be in the wrong myself than that the Laird of Abbotsford should. But facts are facts.

In the first place, Scott drew a parallel—although the tables were to a certain extent turned—between the plight of Rowland and Olivier, who were harassed by the enemy while the King led his vanguard into Gascony, and the predicament of King James who was hard pressed by the English army while his "victor va'ward wing," led by Huntley and Home, went on plundering and slaying. And just as Rowland's horn warned Charlemagne, he wished for some such blast to recall Huntley and Home to the side of their King. The similarity of the situations is so striking that there is no doubt in my mind that Scott was thinking of Eginhardi's Annals when he penned the lines in question.

In the second place, Charlemagne advanced due north from Rencesvalles while Fuenterrabia is due west. Now, in the name of sense, why should Scott mention the name of a place lying in a direction exactly at right angles to that in which the horn's blast could have been of any use? Did he do it to mystify the reader and lead him to believe that Charlemagne proceeded toward Fuenterrabia? No; according to "M. J. C.," Scott mentioned the place because he wished to show that Rowland's horn could be heard 30 leagues away. Very well; but Fuenterrabia is only 13 leagues from Rencesvalles!

I persist in my opinion that Scott knew Milton better than he knew the geography of the Franco-Iberian frontier, and that his lines are sense only if Milton's be correct. If Rowland had fought "by," that is, at or beside, Fuenterrabia, then the blast could have been carried to the King "by Fontarabian echoes." Otherwise they could not.

If "M. J. C." will look over Scott's poems he will find, by the numerous allusions, that Scott had Milton very much in mind when we wrote them. I would, besides, call "M. J. C.'s" attention to the fact that not the Paynims, but the Basques, defeated Rowland. And as to his feat of hearing the human voice over 50 miles, I will parody the blind beggars in Spain who, after they have received an alms, invariably say: "Hermanite: Dios le conserve la vista" (Little brother, God preserve your eyesight), and I will say: Hermanite, Dios le conserve el oide (hearing). M. J. L.

Lynn, March 9.

mch 14 1915

Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" will be performed here for the first time tomorrow evening at the Colonial Theatre. It was produced at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, Oct. 16, 1913; then at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, Nov. 1, 1913. Mr. Shaw then described the incident as "a compliment paid by German and Austrian culture to himself, and one which he values very highly." In Berlin the comedy, exclusive of waits, occupied an hour and 50 minutes. The Austrian version used there was somewhat shorter than the original, for much of the dialogue—the London slang of the flower-girl—was too local for translation.

When the play was produced in London for the first time, at His Majesty's, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Eliza and Sir Herbert Tree as Higgins, April 11, 1914, the setting of the first act was somewhat different from that in Vienna and Berlin.

The first performance in the United States was in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, March 24, 1914, with Heinrich Marlow as Higgins and Hansi Arnstaedt as Eliza. The first performance in this country in English was at the Park Theatre, New York, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the Eliza and Philip Merivale played Higgins.

A word spoken by Eliza in this comedy shocked London; shocked it so that the theatre was crowded with persons eager to hear Eliza say it. She is asked whether she intends to walk or ride. "Walk when taxis are only eightpence? Not bloody likely."

The protests led Mr. Shaw to talk with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle. "I did not think the critics would have written with such a strong feeling of resentment. There are always a number of people protesting against something they consider to be indelicate, always lecturing on indelicacy. I can truly say I am very sorry if their feelings are hurt, but they are in a hopeless minority. After all, they can stay away from the theatre.

"I see in today's Daily Telegraph Sir Herbert Tree has hesitated to use the criticised word.

"I rejoice that the great majority of English newspapers were sensible enough to print the word without any affectation. They cite it as having been used in 'Admiral Guinea,' but as a matter of fact it has been used of late years over and over again on the stage. Like every other word in the language that is not absolutely obscene, it is only unusual, say, in the dress circle because it happens to be a 'class' word. It can be used without the slightest offence on the stage or anywhere else if used sincerely and artistically. My opinion is that the fuss made about it is nine-tenths affectation, and the remaining one-tenth is due to incapacity of intellect."

The London newspapers published entertaining letters concerning the origin of the objectionable term. One correspondent derived the swear-word from the German "bloede," meaning "stupid." Farmer and Henley in "Slang and its Analogues" discuss the word for nearly two pages. "An epithet difficult to define, and used in a multitude of vague and varying senses. Most frequently, however, as it falls with wearisome reiteration every two or three seconds from the mouths of London roughs of the lowest type, no special meaning, much less a sanguinary one, can be attached to its use. In such a case it forms a convenient intensitive, sufficiently important as regards sound to satisfy those whose lack of language causes them to fall back upon a frequent use of words of this type." There are quotations from Dana's immortal "Before the Mast," John Ruskin—"the use of the word 'bloody' in modern low English is a deeper corruption, not altering the form of the word, but defiling the thought in it"—George Augustus

[illegible], the [illegible] ... [illegible] Hotten, Etheredge (1676), D[illegible] Farquhar, Michael Scott. Swift [illegible] to his "omna" to Stella: "It was [illegible] walking today." "The word would appear to have been once in [illegible] use. It is not now customary to [illegible] in full but thus, [illegible]. In [illegible] it [illegible] mentioned that there is no [illegible] attributing its derivation to 'By Our Lady'."

[illegible] Tiedeman says that the German "[illegible]" is sometimes used in the same [illegible]: that he often heard in Dresden [illegible] such phrases as "Ich habe keinen blutlen [illegible] nicht" (I haven't a bloody [illegible]). So the Dutch "bloedig" [illegible] the French "sanglant" may be used [illegible].

The Daily Chronicle took the matter [illegible]: 'The main result of 'Pygmalion' [illegible] to be that Mr Shaw has brought [illegible] expletive into fashion. We [illegible] bored with 'awfully' and tired with '[illegible]ly' and sick of other words that [illegible] trouble and express lots of [illegible] think. But now the new [illegible] probably become fashionable. [illegible] get into print after its [illegible] of perfectly innocent use in [illegible]. My only complaint is that it will be spoiled by frequent use in so[illegible]. For the theatre supper parties last night were throwing backwards and forwards the expletive—the perfectly innocent one—that does not get beyond a '[illegible]' in print."

Before the play was produced, Mr. Shaw pointed out to a representative of the Observer that "Pygmalion" had already been translated into five languages, and widely performed on the Continent with "monotonous and unbroken success. There must be something radically wrong with it if it pleases everybody; but I cannot find out what it is.

"I call it a romance because it is a [illegible] of a poor girl who meets a gentleman at a church door, and is transformed by him, like Cinderella, into a beautiful lady. That is what I call romance. It is also what everybody else [illegible] so we are all agreed for [illegible].

"No, she does not marry anybody. I draw the line at that. She can marry [illegible] she likes when the curtain [illegible] down; I have something better for her to do while it is up.

"Yes, Sir Herbert Tree is to be the gentleman and Mrs. Patrick Campbell the lady. I cannot tell you whether they are going to be good or not; but I [illegible] no reason to apprehend any change in their characters from appearing in a play of mine. Others have done so without [illegible] ruin. If you mean will they [illegible] I can only say that they have a reputation for doing so, and that as far as I know they mean to act up to their reputation. They will no doubt do their best to please you.

"[illegible] their parts are not at all suited to their personalities. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not accustomed to sell flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and express herself in broad cockney. Mr. Gurney's private pursuits are not those of a dustman.

"Sir Herbert Tree's part is monstrously [illegible] to him: he has never been [illegible] anything like it before. He did [illegible] want to play it. I persuaded him to [illegible] now he hardly knows himself. [illegible] always tell an actor-manager that [illegible] act, and at last he comes [illegible] it. That is what drives him [illegible] Shakespeare."

The [illegible] of London Truth observed: "[illegible] satirized himself in the 'Wild [illegible]' [illegible] Mr. Shaw, who is nothing [illegible] Ibsenian, makes a reductio ad absurdum of his own ideas in 'Pygmalion.' The purely scientific amelioration of society is a chimera, because, while the scientific process is going on, some unknown factor enters the alembic and your experiment is vitiated.

What was supposed to be a Scientific Food Congress turns out to have been [illegible] Supper at Emmaus, and a new mystery is in your midst, rich and incalculable in its consequences."

The story of Pygmalion and Galatea has inspired dramatists and musicians for over two centuries. There are many operas, ballets, plays printed on the [illegible] story of the Cyprian King and the statue with which he fell madly in love.

The "Pygmalion" of Jean Jacques Rousseau, with music by Coignet (1775) [illegible] at Munich in 1904. It was [illegible] New York on Nov. 9, 1790, [illegible] announcement was made by St [illegible] that he would have the "lyric scene," often called a melodrama, translated into the English language. This performance was at the City Tavern. Mr. and Mrs. St. Aivre were, probably, the leading singers. There was a performance at Charleston, S. C., Feb. 8, 1791, by some French actors, lately from St. Domingo. They were plundered by privateers, and conducted at first to Providence. Dainville took the part of the sculptor and Mrs. Val that of Galatea. There were performances in Charleston, July 1[illegible], 1794.

Rousseau's "Pygmalion" was produced in Boston on May 10, 1797.

[illegible] in this country. I am indebted to Mr. O. G. Sonneck's valuable work "Early Opera in America" just published by G. Schirmer.

A curious comedy, "Pygmalion," in three acts and in prose with a divertissement, by Baurans, Romagnesi and Procope, was produced at the Italiens, Paris, in 1741. Pygmalion had determined to remain a bachelor, and Venus was bound to take vengeance, for he fell in love with the statue of Agalmeris. On account of his vow he had refused to wed Cleonide. The statue came to life in the presence of Sosie, a slave of the sculptor. He answered her questions and made love to her, but she could not understand the meaning of the word. Pygmalion, on his return, was overjoyed, but he found the animated statue a coquette, ungrateful, haughty, in short with all the faults of her sex and none of the amiable qualities. He insisted, however, on marrying her, but she repulsed him. Not till the end of the piece, touched by his perseverance, did she yield.

The opera of Victor Masse and the play of W. S. Gilbert are familiar to many. In Masse's opera (Paris, 18[illegible]), Galatea is an insolent hussy, who makes love to an imbecile, takes presents from old Midas, and finally disgusts Pygmalion by getting drunk on wine of Chios. He prays Venus to turn Galatea back to a statue. This done, he sells the statue to Midas. This opera-comique, reduced to one act, was performed by the National Opera Company, Theodore Thomas director, at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 5, 1887: Galatea, Laura Moore; Pygmalion, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Midas, W. Hamilton; Ganymede, J. E. Brand.

Gilbert's play was produced at Wallack's in New York on Oct. 1, 1872, with Katharine Rogers and George Boniface as the statue and the sculptor. In London at the Haymarket Dec. 7, 1871, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

Gilbert was accused of stealing his comedy from the libretto of Suppe's "Die Schoene Galathea" (Vienna, 1865), but the charge was absurd: for the libretto was a shabby version of the one written by Barbier and Carre to which Masse set music. Gilbert's play was produced in Boston at the Globe Theatre Dec. 23, 1872, with Carlotta Leclerc, Galatea, W. E. Sheridan, Pygmalion, Stuart Robson, Chrysos, Josie Orton (Mrs. B. E. Woolf), Cynisca.

Erotic and Church Music This Week

The program of the Kneisel Quartet for next Tuesday evening in Steinert Hall, the last concert of the Quartet this season, will include Brahms's quartet in A minor op. 51 No. 2, Schoenberg's sextet "Verklaerte Nacht," ("Transfigured Night") and a quintet by Boccherini. Samuel Gardner, viola, and Hyman Eisenberg, violoncellist, will assist. The sextet of Schoenberg will be played here for the first time. Composed in 1899, it is his first work for instruments, Op. 1, 2, 3 are songs. The Sextet has a program, but the Kneisels will probably not print [illegible] an expurgated argument, much less the poem that inspired the music. The poem "Transfigured Night" is from Richard Dehmel's "Woman and the World." When the sextet was first played in New York by the Kneisels (March 2) Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel published the contents, though he did not translate literally, for the Tribune is presumably a "family paper," in his review of the Kneisels' concert. "Two mortals walk through a cold, barren grove. The moon sails over the tall oaks, which send their scrawny branches up through the unclouded moonlight. A woman speaks. She confesses a sin to the man at her side. She is with a child and he is not its father. She had lost belief in happiness and longing for life's fulness, for motherhood and mother's duty, she had surrendered herself, shuddering, to the embraces of a man she knew not. She had thought herself blessed, but now life had arranged itself upon her by giving her true love of him she walked with. She staggers onward, gazing with lacklustre eye at the moon which follows her. A man speaks. Let her not burden her soul with thoughts of guilt. See, the moon's sheen enwraps the universe! Together they are driving over chill waters, but a flame from each warms the other. It, too, will transfigure the little stranger, and she will bear the child to him. For she has inspired the brilliant glow within him and made him, too, a child. They sink into each other's arms. Their breaths meet in kisses in the air. Two mortals wander through the wondrous moonlight!"

Oskar Fried composed music for alto, tenor and orchestra to Dehmel's poem, and the composition was brought out in Berlin.

The program of the Cecelia concert next Thursday evening will include these works: Cesar Franck, Psalm; Di Lasso, Matona and Audite Nova, Wolf, The Fire Rider, folk song, "From a Bygone Day," arranged by George L. Osgood, Lang, Wild Brier, Boughton, "Pan"; Bantock, "Annie Laurie", Nevin, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod", Cornelius, "Salamalsikum", Robert Maitland, baritone, will be the soloist. "The Fire Rider" was based by Wolf on his ballad for voice and piano in the

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] than in the [illegible] [illegible]ation adds [illegible] [illegible] effects. The name of [illegible] [illegible] is almost unknown here. His orchestral suite, "The Chilterns," was produced in London on De[illegible], the symphonic poem, "Into the Everlasting," was produced in London Sept 2[illegible], 1903. Born at Aylesbury, [illegible] is now about 3[illegible] years old. He studied at the Royal College of Music under Dr Walford Davies and Sir Charles Stanford. He has composed symphonic poems, cycles of vocal solos, etc. His latest work is a two-act opera, "The Immortal Hour," which was produced at the Glastonbury festival last August and again at Bournemouth, Jan. 7. The libretto is based on Fiona Macleod's poem of the same name. The London Times said: "The significant fact about the works is that the music is most successful when it is least like ordinary opera." Mr. Ernest Newman wrote in The Speaker about Boughton as far back as 1902. He then had great hopes of him, for he exhibited none of the customary faults of youth except an inability to curb a somewhat too vigorous, too turbulent spirit. Mr. Newman praised a volume of songs, "The Passing Year": "I do not mean to say that they are toweringly great, for they are very tiny cameos, and are moreover quite early work. But to him that hath ears to hear and eyes to see there are sundry indications in these little songs that the composer has been born a musician, in the sense that music is to him a perfectly natural, not an acquired, form of speech. His imagination moves freely and easily in the tenuous atmosphere of [illegible]. * * * Placing Mr. Holbrooke on one side, indeed, I know of no other of the younger school in whom there are such clear indications of a quite personal style to come. * * * The proper suggestions of atmosphere, the thousand and one unconscious and unforeseen felicities of melody, of harmony and rhythm—these show themselves in the early work only of those who have the real root of music in them; and I venture to say there are numerous foreshadowings of them in Mr. Boughton's work. He is very alert to the real suggestions of life and the world." Mr Newman praised Boughton's "Invincible Armada" for baritone and orchestra, and his "Elegaic" overture.

Notes on Music and Musicians

The German professors have unearthed another grievance. They are now demanding that the German national anthem, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," shall no longer be sung to the tune of the British "God Save the King," which a Holstein clergyman placidly stole 125 years ago, though we must, in fairness, acknowledge that he had the honesty to admit the theft. We shall, indeed, be glad to hear that the professors get their way. We English felt our tune honoured when Beethoven admired it and wrote his Variations on it, but we do not feel it honoured when the present German people sing it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Pall Mall Gazette published on Feb. 19 this foolish paragraph: "In his address on Music After the War, yesterday Mr. Edwin Evans said he hoped the idea was beginning to sink into the public mind that the reign of Germany was over both as to composers and performers. We hope so, too. But nothing worth while will be achieved until British music and musicians are thoroughly organized. German intelligence and organization have done quite as much for German music as the genius of their composers and the talents of their players and singers."

The Daily Chronicle (London) published this dispatch from Bombay, dated Feb. 16:

"Prof. Albe of Lahore has invented a phonoscope enabling the totally deaf to perceive sounds, speech and music by means of the eye." This comment was added:

"The word given to Prof. Albe's invention is not new. It is derived from the Greek phone—sound and skopos—watcher, and is thus defined in the New Standard Dictionary

1. An instrument for testing the quality of musical strings or for recording music as it is performed.
2. A [illegible]phone.
3. A combination of rotating vacuum-tube with an induction coil, whose contact break is a vibrating diaphragm: for showing illuminated figures corresponding to sounds of different pitch.
4. A phenakistoscope representing a person speaking, so that a deaf mute can understand what is said.

This does not throw much light on the subject of the professor's invention and experts to whom a Daily Chronicle representative submitted the message were not inclined to express any opinion until details were forthcoming.

It is to be hoped—for the sake of his reputation—that Richard Strauss will be more successful with his latest piece [illegible] than he was with the one he wrote, the Festliches Praeludium—for the opening of a Vienna concert hall. The Kaiser, we read, ordered the composer of "Elektra" to write an imperial march, "inspired by the present war." The work, it is further reported, is now finished, and "has been formally approved by the [illegible] to whom it is dedicated." The [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] The German writes [illegible] [illegible] left [illegible] [illegible] fact that [illegible] [illegible] of the causes of the [illegible] [illegible] to this pronouncement of Prof. Heinrich Kretzschmar, director of the [illegible] Royal high school of music with reference to the lamentable effects of the importation into the Fatherland of Slavonic music. "This foreign cult," he solemnly declared, "has even had an influence in bringing about the war. At least, it is more than a mere assumption that the last years of idolizing of the half-barbarian Tchaikovsky helped to bring the conceit of the Russians to bursting point. This (he ingenuously added) can be proved from Russian newspapers." To anybody but a German, the idea of the Russians [illegible] being inflated with pride, and [illegible] with desire for conquest because of the popularity of Tchaikovsky, must seem deliciously humorous!—London Daily Telegraph.

Mme. Liza Lehmann has edited five volumes of "Useful Teaching Songs," published by Chappel, London. In a preface Mme. Lehmann writes. It is said that a good singer is born, not made, and one might almost say that a good teaching song is born not made in other words, a song unconsciously either possesses the necessary characteristics, or not, from the moment of its inception in a composer's brain. This is true and Mme. Lehmann has compiled in this series a wonderful little anthology of songs not only good and beautiful in themselves, but entirely admirable from the point of view of the teacher and the serious student of singing. A dozen songs are contained in each volume each volume being, as it were, a compendium of vocal styles within, of course, the metier of the particular voice. For this reason, if for this alone, teachers of singing will welcome so useful a series. In making the selection Mme. Lehmann has not forgotten the claims of the English song to serious attention. The Soprano volume, for example, contains—in addition to songs of Handel, Gluck, Flotow, Schubert, M[illegible], Brahms, and others—examples of Sterndael Bennett (Dawn, Gentle [illegible]), Dr. Boyce (By Thy Banks, Gentle [illegible]) and Dr Arne (By [illegible]). The other volumes contain something of the same just proportion of [illegible] classics. The songs are [illegible] annotated, and although an [illegible] breath-mark might be open to question each little book should prove itself a veritable treasure to the [illegible]."

The Welsh Guards have a fine marching song ready for them in "Land of My Fathers." This, according to Sir Ernest Clarke, is the oldest Welsh melody extant, having been composed in 795. "After many hundred years [illegible] James, an obscure schoolmaster, wrote some words to it, which have come to be adopted as the Welsh National Anthem. At a mass meeting in Wales to celebrate the end of the South African war very few knew 'God Save the King,' but 'Land of My Fathers' was rendered with immense enthusiasm." The "Men of Harlech" is usually regarded by Englishmen as the national song of Wales. I had been taught it in a Kentish [illegible] but when I arrived for the first time in Wales and asked the aged harper sitting on the station platform to play it he couldn't, although I whistled it. After all, it might have been my [illegible] —London Daily Chronicle.

"What several people are asking in the musical world: The name of the composer of popular ballads who, in an unsigned autobiography in M[illegible] Opinion, mentions that he keeps at his house in the country, two motor cars, three bath rooms, and the best wine in Europe."

Speaking on the subject of the future of opera in England, Mr. de Lara said that we did not want to discover here a new Puccini, a new Strauss or a new Wagner. We wanted some new form of art to spring up here, and the fault of our composers had been that they had copied too slavishly the formulae of others and had done it less well. The British public had never shown much tendency to support opera, and for that reason it had never had it. It would always get what it showed a tendency to support, and he quoted the case of cricket as an example. He admitted that there was much that was ridiculous in the opera of today, and he suggested that it would be no bad thing if the experiment were tried of reverting in some measure to the old forms—that is to say, the ordinary things of life were spoken, with perhaps a musical accompaniment, and only the lyric passages sung. He suggested, too, that the expenses of mounting operas should be reduced, that the scenery should be far less elaborate and the costly [illegible] abolished altogether, and that subjects should be chosen that would appeal to the public. It was only with the support of the people that opera could be successful and if [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] much might be done.—[illegible]

[illegible] who [illegible] not at the [illegible] joined [illegible] live [illegible] under the [illegible] guidance of [illegible] and M. Gabriel Pierne. The latter conducted at the Cesar Franck festival. The novelty is 45 years old. You remember the prose poem by a [illegible] of the Garde Mobile written in 1870, of which I translated a few passages the other day. It seems that both Dr. Saint-Saens and Cesar Franck set the words of 'Paris' to music, but the then manager of the Opera rejected both compositions. M. Saint-Saens afterwards used his work for his 'Marche Heroique,' but Cesar Franck's composition was never played in any form until Sunday last. It is characteristic of the great modern religious composer. The first phrase, 'I am Paris, queen of cities * * *' are, as it were, a splendid and proud, but austere hymn of praise. Suddenly, at the words, 'I put on my armour,' the voice changes to warlike accents. The appeal to the nations, 'Come and see heroes die,' is magnificent. 'I remember my youthful years'—and the voice sings dreamily. 'But before my breasts are withered you who were beaten at Jena will fly to the Rhine, and I will take up my harp again and sing a long triumphal song,' and the music is indeed a song of triumph. The piece ends with a return to the hymn of the beginning. It was sung with splendid breadth by Mlle. Marthe Chenal. At the close she gave us the 'Marseillaise' as only she can sing it, and the version was that orchestrated by Berlioz, which is startlingly effective, each verse being heralded by a few bars of martial music, like a call to arms. Before leading the band M. Pierne said, 'Berlioz wrote a choral part. We have, unfortunately, no chorus. But Berlioz himself put a footnote in his score, 'The burthen will be taken up by all who have a drop of blood in their veins.' You, ladies and gentlemen, will supply the chorus.' And we did, M. Pierne himself singing with the rest. It was a moment of real emotion. Wounded soldiers around me sang passionately, and I saw many men suspiciously blowing their noses at the close. The concert included Cesar Franck's admirable fourth Beatitude, well chosen, for it is on the text, 'Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness' sake,' and was finely sung by the tenor of the Opera, M. Laffitte."

"How the Theatre Is "Carrying on"

The theatre, as an institution, is now beginning to recover from the blow which set it reeling in August last. For a time chaos seemed come again. Playgoing nearly ceased, play after play was withdrawn, and the management of a London theatre became more than ever a puzzle. Gradually, however, things righted themselves. The public felt that a good play well acted could still provide one of the pleasantest of relaxations. The managers, moreover, met the public half-way by, in many cases, reducing the prices of seats. At the same time they had no difficulty in persuading the members of their companies to accept considerably reduced salaries. And for the most part they put on cheerful plays. Consequently, the public gradually returned to the playhouse; and at the present moment the situation is amazingly more rosy than any one could have anticipated six months ago.

The relations between the theatre and the public have improved in many ways. The nation has heard that hundreds of actors have thrown aside all the attractions of their profession to take up arms for their King and country and share the perils of the soldier. Several of our dramatists have done the same. Other actors, unable to seek glory in this way, are helping as special constables; while there is scarcely an actress in London who is not working for the country in some fine, patriotic way. This attitude, although of course there was nothing unexpected or unhistorical about it—for our actors have always been stout patriots—has delighted the country, and when an appeal was made at Covent Garden for the benefit of players who have been thrown into distress by the war, the house was packed by an audience headed by the King and Queen in person.

Now, as we have said, things are going decidedly well considering all the circumstances; and it is no uncommon thing for a would-be playgoer to have to pass from one theatre to another of an evening rejected everywhere by the words "House full." And a glance down the theatrical advertisement columns of the Pall Mall Gazette will show how unanimously the managers have decided that cheerfulness is the word. Comedy, farce and light opera are the chief concomitants of the huge nightly bill of the play for London. The "problem play"—for the present at any rate, has gone its ways. The "triangle"—the husband, the wife and the lover—has ceased to be the dominating factor in the orchestra of [illegible] been accompanied by a [illegible] complete cleansing of the stage from the drama and farce of [illegible].

Whether in this respect the situation has been permanently corrected remains to be seen, but the general feeling is that the British Theatre will not, during the lives of the present generation, be again quite what it was before the war. As a people changes, so must its institutions change; and already the organization of the theatre has been radically altered. How things will proceed it is as yet too early to say, but the general feeling is an optimistic one. And there, for the present, we may leave it.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 13.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Massenet, Field and Rudersdorff

There has long been a grievance on my mind in regard to the pointless way in which an inane and unjust criticism has been wedged into the credulous mind concerning Massenet's Meditation from "Thais." For many moons it has been fashionable for the conversation-bluffers to say: "Yes, of course, the Meditahseeong is very beautiful, but so mock-religious, don't you think?"

Why does this attitude so generally exist? Because it has always been taken as axiomatic that the music represents Thais in the mood of a newly-scrubbed saint ready to assume the conventional Lady Bountiful attitude. But to my way of thinking Thais is not so much coldly revelling in her passionlessly smug prospect of atonement, but rather renunciating the wild pleasures of her past. No one can deny that the character of the music is amorous, even voluptuous, in fact, that is the very point of the criticism.

The only indication pointing the other way is the ascetic baldness of melody and accompaniment, but even that rather vindicates my own conception than indicates that Massenet was trying to create a hard-shell Baptist hymn tune atmosphere. For if, as I think, the Meditation was intended to conjure up Thais in the act of relinquishing her cerise past for her mauve future, what could be more appropriate than a voluptuous theme stripped of its richness of coloring, a chanson d'amour resolving itself to a Gregorian chant, as it were?

Massenet was in full possession of his senses when he wrote "Thais," and, even as you and I, recognized a sensuous tune when he heard it, notwithstanding it was his own.

L. G. DEL CASTILLO.

Cambridge, March 8.

Editor of The Herald:

I have often wondered how much musical talent the late Eugene Field possessed. That this good poet was a singer in more than one sense of the word the following incident, which has not, so far as I can learn, been published, will attest:

In 1882 the writer was living in Denver, Col. Emma Abbot's Company was in Colorado in October of that year and played in Leadville and Denver, at the Tabor. While attending the opera one night my roommate, who had just arrived from St. Louis, said to me: "If you will never mention this I will tell you something funny. I met my friend 'Gene Field today; he is on the Denver Tribune and he told me that a few days ago he went up to Leadville, unknown to anyone, and sang with Emma Abbott in "Il Trovatore," and came quietly back the following day, but he did not want any one in Denver to know of it."

What part he sang I am unable to say and regret that I did not find out whether he substituted for a soloist or was submerged in the chorus. At that time, Fabrini sang Manrico; the Count Di Luna was taken by Sig. Tagliapietra; "Handsome Tag" he was called, although off the stage he hardly justified the title. Perhaps some of your many readers may know something in regard to the singing ability of Mr. Field. If so, I should like to be informed.

The eccentricities of Richard Mansfield's mother, Mme. Rudersdorff, were widely known. Her summer residence, "Lakeside," Berlin, Mass., was near the home of the writer, and in winter, when madame lived in Boston, she would frequently write letters to the neighbors to look out for things at Lakeside.

Looking over an old batch of her letters, written in '79 or '80, I note this:

"The next time you go up to Lakeside I want you to scold John."

John was the hired man, but what he was to be scolded for was not apparent.

After a lapse of 35 years I met the original John quite recently and reminded him of the circumstance. He said that scolding was part of the routine at Lakeside.

On one occasion madame and her pupils, assisted by Charles R. Adams, gave a concert in a nearby town, and on arriving at the hall it was discovered that a part of the music had been carelessly left at home. A swift courier was sent for it, and during the wait madame gave a vivid illustration of Congress's conception of a woman scorned, yet had other moods than anger, for at the close of the prison scene, with Adams as Manrico, she [illegible] saying, "I feel [illegible] that man could sing so well."

Once madame drove to the local store, accompanied by a plainly dressed young woman, and ordered a bag of grain. When the grocer called the following month to collect the bill, madame was positive she had bought no grain.

"Why, madame," said the grocer, "don't you remember the day you and your maid drove down to my store?"

"My maid! Mr. H—, my maid! I never ride with my maid. Ah, I remember now, I did order grain, but that girl with me was the Countess K—of Vienna, one of my pupils. My maid, indeed.

Marlboro. I. P. M.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Ditrichstein a Spectator in Italy

Apropos of Beatty Kingston's experience, which I read in your column this morning, I think mine beats his. I had to go to Italy in '85 for my health. I passed through Trieste, where I had to stay over night and wait for the boat for Venice. There was nothing to do to kill time but to go to the theatre. Looking at the official column for a guide, I noticed a play called "Barbara Merick," which was that night's bill at the Teatro del Armonia. The story of the play was familiar to me inasmuch as it was the true story of a nun, which had been printed, I dare say, in every paper of the world. This nun for some offence, the nature of which I cannot recall, was immurred alive, at the order of the mother superior. Several years after, apropos of some alterations in the building, the skeleton was found and the incident came to light. The plot of the play ran parallel to the story then current and was meant as an indictment of monastic life.

The play itself was one of those dramatic monstrosities, hammered together with an axe, and most uninteresting to me. But the audience! It was my first experience in an Italian theatre. The audience was in a constant uproar over the merits of the play. My neighbors kept on addressing, elbowing, shoving me, to get an expression of opinion, which I could not give because I did not understand what was wanted of me. When they reached the scene where Barbara was to be immured, pandemonium broke loose. I sat there in fear and trembling. I did not dare leave my seat, because my neighbors kept shouting at me, at the actors, at each other, and I really thought they'd insult me or do me bodily harm if I tried to move. I could not make out what the row was about. The curtain came down, but the noise continued. The stage director tried to address the audience. He could not make himself heard. This state of bedlam lasted an eternity to me, but I am sure not less than 15 minutes' actual time. Finally the curtain rose again; the audience quieted down and the play proceeded, but according to the dictates of the auditors—instead of immuring the poor nun they immured the mother superior. That's what the row was about. They insisted upon practical justice being done. That shortened the play by half an hour or more, but they were satisfied. Chuckling and gesticulating they left the theatre in orderly fashion. I was one of the last to go. The humor of it only struck me the day after. I thought it might be of interest to you. I hope we'll be able to gather the clans once more before shaking the dust of Boston from our garments.

LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

National Ideals and "Enemy Composers"

Two references to Wagner have appeared this week in those columns of the Times which mirror the views of Belgium and of Germany. In the first of the articles on "The Heart of Belgium" it was recorded that a Belgian lady told a German officer that Brussels had had enough of Wagner for a thousand years, to which he replied with singular obtuseness, "What has war to do with music?" In Berlin, however, there are those who think that war has much to do with music, or at any rate that music has much to do with war. Herr Walther Kirchhoff, a singer who is well known at Covent Garden, evolved a little emendation in the part of Siegfried; it set the critical flies buzzing and gave Frau Kirchhoff the opportunity of championing her husband and holding forth about the service of art. Of course, Herr Kirchhoff's emendation—he called Siegfried's sword Deutschlands schwert—had nothing to do with the service of art; it was merely an artless underlining of an obvious characteristic of Wagner's hero.

Those of us who are not Germans, but who, like the Brussels lady, have loved Wagner's art, have always recognized the "bull in the chinashop" character of his "young Siegfried." It has annoyed us sometimes; but we have generally laughed at it or winked at it, and treated it as one of Wagner's many foibles, which after all do not matter very much because there is so much else in The Ring and elsewhere which does matter. It has been left for Herr Karlhott to point out in Berlin that Germany is now following, not Wagner's art but Wagner's foible.

The incident gives us the opportunity to clear out own views a little. Early in the war our concert-givers met with some rather puny protests against the performance of modern German music, particularly Wagner, but these protests were soon shelved with the phrase, "Art knows no frontiers." Armed with this blessed balm, people went on enjoying their Monday nights at the Promenade concerts, and Sunday and other popular orchestral concerts were enabled to carry on. But we can see that the phrase is only useful to people who can view their art with some degree of mental detachment, and they may exercise this detachment in either of two ways. It may be that they are so absorbed in the artistic qualities of a work of art that they are very little affected by its subject matter, by that part which relates it to life. Or it may be that they are really detached from the spirit of the art itself and that they go to it for nothing more than the pleasant stimulus which it gives to the senses. Thus people on high and low levels of artistic susceptibility meet and declare that art knows no frontiers. But we cannot ignore that which links artistic expression with the ideals of an individual or a community, and even music, which is less dependent than the other arts upon this subject matter, is to some extent affected by it. We have seen German music since Wagner getting more pompous and swelled-headed till a climax was reached in a certain ballet performed at Drury Lane only last summer.

The French, with their keen penetration into the human significance of art, have fought against the German domination for years, and have set up a strong bulwark against it by the expression of their own ideals in music. They have not ignored foreign music, least of all Wagner, but they have not been conquered by it. They have formed a standard of their own from which they can extend their appreciation. We, on the other hand, have accepted foreign standards by which we judge, and frequently condemn, our own artists. Now that we begin to fear that those standards have not been always quite reliable we are in some difficulty. Shall we give up listening to Wagner and possibly to Brahms, and pretend that we never cared much about them? Common sense revolts at the suggestion. Shall we fill our programs as much as possible with the symphonic works of Cesar Franck, Debussy and other foreign allies, and see if they can't be made to take the place of the great Germans? A good many recent programs in London suggest that the experiment is being tried, but we shall not be much the better for it.

The fact is that we cannot escape the task of discrimination. Under the stress of present feeling we may feel that Siegfried and the "Triumphlied" and "Ein Heldenleben" are all to much tarnished by what we have found to be false in German thought and feeling to allow them to be bearable to our ears, but that will not lead us to sweeping rejection of any one of the three composers. One can well sympathize with any inhabitant of Brussels who does not want to hear any of them again for a thousand years, while we recognize that that is not our case. What we have to do is to cultivate our own standards, not to trust blindly to those of anyone else, and it will be helpful to this if we can begin by scanning the music of our own country and asking ourselves what comes nearest to the expression of our ideals and aspirations.—London Times, Feb. 13.

Value of Unconsciousness in Music

Those who depend upon London concertrooms for their musical experiences are not getting very many of them just now, but that may not be all a disadvantage, for such as they do get may be the more vital for their rarity. From the performances of the past week two works stand out with a prominence which they would hardly have gained in a normal season—Verdi's Requiem, performed by students at the Royal College of Music on Tuesday, and Beethoven's Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, played by Mr. Tovey to a small audience of devotees on Thursday night.

It would be difficult to find two works which are further apart from one another in their musical content than the dramatic and emotional requiem and the 33 studies which subject a rather ordinary waltz tune to a microscopic scrutiny of every feature. They represent the two sides of music which are always more or less at variance—the unbuttoned expression of strong impulses and the strenuous pursuance of processes of thought. Both are such extreme cases as to arouse certain prejudices in opposite directions. The very name of 33 variations on anything and by anybody is enough to frighten the timid and lash the truculent emotionalist into a frenzy; on the other hand, many musicians who are by no means only swayed by an intellectual sense of fitness have experienced first a shock

[illegible] in order to [illegible] Verdi's conception of the "Dies Irae" and the "Sanctus."

The most people who have heard the Requiem many times have found that without any particular effort on their part it gradually bears down their prejudices, having curled at it all the epithets of "sugar, theatrical, and sensational" (all of which things it undoubtedly is in a sense), one realizes that there is something in it in consideration of which these disadvantages are seen to be merely superficial excrescences. It may be the most thoughtless piece of great music ever written, but it is great music, and one comes to appreciate its greatness the more one forgets the details in the general conception. The better one knows the picture the further one stands from the canvas to enjoy it.

With such a series of pictures, however, as the Beethoven Variations present one must come very close to the canvas in order to get a true perspective. The Diabelli Variations will never of themselves wear down anybody's prejudice against them. You have got to set yourself to the study of them to find them out, not to the study of their beauty, though that has an intellectual fascination for some, but to the study of their characters. Then, after one has paid respect to Beethoven's fertility of intellectual inventiveness, a fertility which awakens admiration but which leaves the hearer cold, one finds that there, too, is great music, something immeasurable, but which one feels without being able to define.

So Beethoven impeded here by his intellectuality and Verdi by his sensationalism have something in common after all, which the hearer reaches in [illegible] by opposite methods of approach. Both masters have been careless of the [illegible] impressions they have produced. Neither has trained his manners as [illegible] and more self-conscious artists [illegible] They have not been afraid of misunderstanding, and that is what gives such wonderful expansiveness to their works. So much modern music is essentially self-conscious, the minor composer necessarily takes infinite pains to represent himself to his audience in exactly the right way, and he is anxious to be either arresting or persuasive. But Beethoven and Verdi, because they care for none of these things, give their hearers a new and enlarging experience.—London Times, Feb. 20.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano, and Miss Beatrice Harrison, violinist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth and last concert of the Kneisel quartet. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia society. See special notice.

mch 15 1915

I know a minister's wife who never pays the slightest attention to anything that is being said to her, being engrossed in a torrent of explanation regarding her children's education and minor diseases. Once a bored companion in a momentary pause fixed her sternly with his eye and said distinctly: "But I don't give a —— about children!" At which the lady smiled brightly and replied: "Yes. Quite so. Exactly. As I was saying, Johnny got a —"

Class in Natural History.

As the World Wags:

I consider myself in Mr. Witherspoon's class as to mental weakness—"the class wouldn't hurt a fly class." While living in Boston in a "dogs keep out hotel" I managed to acquire some guinea pigs. I had to dispose of them on account of their midnight serenades. A young alligator came into my life next; its life was short but sweet. Then a young gray squirrel was presented to me, who seemed to enjoy the surroundings and also my company. We lived happily (Flip and I) for many months. Flip was never caged. He slept in any coat pocket most convenient for him. Summer came. We went to the White Mountains, where he would enjoy five or ten minute sprees on trees and come back to me. Finally, we made our home in New York, where several days after our arrival he breathed his last. I blamed the New York nuts. A. A. B.

Philadelphia, March 11.

As the World Wags:

Can any of the readers of As the World Wags tell who and what were the Wild Men of Borneo that were exhibited during the 60's and 70's throughout the country? An article in The Herald some years ago stated that these strange little men were brought to Boston by a Capt. Hammond, but did not tell where they came from.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's pet fish Johnny calls to mind the experiment of Herr Professor Schafkopf with his celebrated anchovy Gretchen. The facts are well authenticated.

"Some time ago the Herr Professor captured a small live anchovy which he put into a large vat of salt water.

"Every morning the Herr Professor dipped out of this vat one teaspoonful [illegible] salt water and [illegible] it [illegible]. His [illegible] was to accustom [illegible] fish gradually to live in fresh water instead of salt.

"The anchovy [illegible] and [illegible] in the best of spirits. In the course of time the water in the tank was rendered completely fresh. Not a grain of salt was left in it. And Gretchen remained cheerful and in good health. Next he began to deprive the fish, little by little, of the fresh water element in which she lived. In this also was he successful, and after a while the anchovy gambolled around in a perfectly dry tank.

"The Herr Professor congratulated himself on the success of his efforts. He had a land fish at last.

"The Herr Professor put Gretchen in a bird cage, and the intelligent creature uttered plaintive little notes of satisfaction and affection when the Herr Professor stroked her caressingly on the back. Nice little messes of food were given the fish, but the Herr Professor noticed one day that something seemed to be the matter with his pet. Gretchen seemed to desire something very much. The Herr Professor meditated.

"'Really!' he exclaimed presently; 'I have it. I had forgotten to give poor little Gretchen anything to drink.' He brought a dish of water, put it in the cage and left her to drink at her leisure.

"Next morning when the Herr Professor came to look at his pet a sad sight met his gaze. Gretchen had fallen head first into the dish of water and been drowned." EDGARD P. HOWARD.

Brookline, March 10.

[The story of the Wild Men of Borneo has been told in full several times in The Herald. The Herr Professor should have put a piece of toast in the bird cage for Gretchen to rest on.—Ed.]

The Annual Rotation.

As the World Wags:

Cannot Mr. Herkimer Johnson devote a portion of his monumental work to the Rotation of Games? We see this most interesting cycle yearly and yet how few of us know anything about the force which impels all the boys in this broad land to begin suddenly to play marbles. For a fortnight of more I have noticed all the boys in my neighborhood playing marbles; indeed at one time the street became so congested that the services of the police were required to force a passage for automobiles!

Today everyone seems to have a rubber ball attached to an elastic cord which returns it to the hand after being thrown, and the marble players are in a minority.

It needs a mind like Mr. Johnson's to search out the underlying cause. Will he not help us? XENES.

Chestnut Hill, March 12.

Newspapers and Criminals.

As the World Wags:

It is claimed that newspapers often aid in bringing about the arrest of criminals, and there can be no question but that such is the case. It is no less true that newspapers often aid criminals to escape arrest. An instance of the latter kind was furnished by one of the Boston newspapers last Sunday in its account of the robbery by two bandits of a store at 67 Atlantic avenue. One of the bandits was captured and one escaped. The bandit who was captured gave his address as 24 Bulfinch street. At that house, so the aforesaid newspaper said, the police found evidence which led them to believe that the bandit who escaped roomed there also, and, accordingly, so the newspaper said, "an officer was detailed to watch the place." After that statement in the newspaper was read by the bandit who escaped, he would have been a 24-karat idiot if he had not given a wide berth to the house where the officer was lying in wait to arrest him. The failure to catch him in the trap which the newspaper had thus heralded abroad as having been set for him at that house calls to mind an anecdote which is narrated of that rare embodiment of droll humor, the late Isaac O. Barnes of Boston. When Barnes was United States marshal Boston was one of the leading stations on the "underground railroad," by which runaway slaves made their way from "the land of Dixie" to Canada. Barnes was accused of laxity in enforcing the fugitive-slave law, and, on one occasion when he was in a tight fix to explain an apparent instance of such laxity, he assumed the air of one whose confidence had been shamefully abused and said: "I learned last night that a runaway nigger was being harbored at a house on Joy street. I went up to the house and gave the nigger notice that I should be there at 10 o'clock this morning to arrest him. He promised to be there. I got to the house at the appointed hour to arrest him, but he had cleared out. D—n those runaway niggers, you can't believe a word they say!" INCONSTANT READER.

March 2.

Miss Gerhardt, Singer, and Miss Harrison Give Concert in Symphony Hall.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano and Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, [illegible] [illegible] accompanist. [illegible] Miss Gerhardt's [illegible] program was as follows: Schubert, "[illegible] mich [illegible] rede," "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," "Im Abendroth," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Der Musensohn"; Rummel, "The Bitterness of Love," "Ecstasy"; Handel, "O Sleep, Why Dost Leave Me?" Carey, pastorale. Wolf, "Weyla's Gesang," "Ihr Jungen Leute," "Nein, junger Herr," "Die Zigeunerin," "Er Ist's"; Handel, sonata in G minor; Bach, prelude in C major for 'cello solo; Wagner-Becker, Preislied; Kreisler, Liebesleid, Liebesfreud.

Miss Gerhardt, a distinguished mistress of song, displayed the qualities for which she is famous. The natural beauty of her voice was for the most part fully revealed. Occasionally her intonation was insecure. The singer's phrasing and skilful management of breath constantly excited admiration.

Miss Gerhardt's strength does not lie merely in the technics of her art. She is interesting and imaginative as an interpreter. She has at her command a variety of tonal color. She can be humorous, romantic, passionate in song. To some she is most effective in her lyric moments.

Yesterday the songs were widely contrasted in mood. There were memorable moments as in Miss Gerhardt's singing of "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "O Sleep" and "Weyla's Gesang." Rummel's "Bitterness of Love" is strangely beautiful, while "Ecstasy," less interesting, is rather a trap for applause. The first was sung with emotional vehemence which suggested the lonely wanderer in the moonlight, moved to hatred by the sight of the lovers' rapture on the dune; the second with irresistible exaltation. This song was repeated. In no song on the program, however, was Miss Gerhardt's art more triumphant than in Strauss's "Morgen," added to her second group.

Miss Harrison, too, was a welcome apparition. Her tone is enchanting, full, deep, always emotional. Her technic is that of a skilled virtuoso, and in her interpretation of conventional pieces she displays individuality. She, too, lengthened the program and added Cui's Orientale.

Mr. Epstein's accompaniments were musical, sympathetic and, when occasion permitted, brilliant. An audience of fair size was appreciative.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be by Mme. Culp and Percy Grainger.

mch 16 1915

George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" Produced with Great Success.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Pygmalion," a romance in five acts by G. Bernard Shaw.

Henry Higgins	Philip Merivale
Col. Pickering	Dallas Cairns
Freddy Eynsford-Hill	Vernon Greig
Alfred Doolittle	Edmund Gurney
A Bystander	Richard Hatteras
Another One	Thomas Robinson
Eliza Doolittle	Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill	Beatrice May
Miss Eynsford-Hill	Olive Wilmot Davies
Mrs. Higgins	Madeline Meredith
Mrs. Pearce	Nelly Mortyne
Parlor Maid	Doris Bateman

Mr. Shaw took peculiar pleasure in describing "Pygmalion" as a romance. He might better have called it a fantasy. For surely Prof. Higgins, the London Pygmalion, is a fantastical creature, nervous, high strung philosophically selfish, with ideas and opinions that now remind one of a daintily rhetorical phrenologist of the Sixties, and now persuade us that Mr. Shaw himself is on the stage, taking the part, instead of writing letters to the London Times or lecturing to a perplexed audience drawn from the middle class. The leading motive is fantastical. The whole play is fantastical.

So much has been said about "Pygmalion" since its first performances on the continent and in London; so many have read synopses and extracts or the play as published in an American magazine, that it is not necessary to dwell on the story. Higgins wagers that by his system of phonetics he can turn a flower girl into a duchess, as far as conversation is concerned. He wins his bet. She learns deportment. The process of education is slow and painful. The primitive nature now and then asserts itself. Eliza at times lapses into her old way of speech, as in the drawing room, where her vulgarity crops out in an amusing scene; but her crudities of speech are taken by Miss Eynsford-Hill to be the latest and most fashionable small talk.

Higgins, alas, [illegible] that Eliza has sensibilities and a [illegible]. He has transformed her, but what is to be done for her after the wager is won? No wonder that she at last exclaims against his treatment, that she wishes he had never taken her from the gutter. She is unfitted for the old life, she is not fully prepared for the new in spite of the veneer that he has cunningly [illegible]. [illegible] hardly [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] success [illegible] [illegible] And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] at last a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] its good [illegible] year [illegible]. Was the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] She had been [illegible]. [illegible] his she fetched [illegible]. It [illegible] only struck her [illegible] of [illegible] her by his [illegible] [illegible], she would have [illegible] but Higgins did not [illegible] to be [illegible].

Some in London [illegible] to [illegible] play the comedy. Some found [illegible] bohemian in [illegible] others saw [illegible] social truths. All the [illegible] tickled Mr. Shaw who did his [illegible] the public by writing a [illegible] amusing play. Many lessons [illegible] learned from it, but not each [illegible] learn them to suit his own [illegible] or confirm his own suspicions [illegible] perience.

Thomas Day, the [illegible] author of "Sanford and Merton," educated a girl or two that he might have a suitable wife. The experiment was a [illegible] failure. Higgins educated Eliza to glorify his own skill in phonetics and thereby win a wager. The one [illegible] that really understood Eliza was the mother of Higgins, a sweet [illegible] aged lady, and it took a woman [illegible] her to appreciate Eliza. As for the amusing Mr. Doolittle, he is the most [illegible] piece of Mr. Shaw in his most entertaining vein.

This unusual and delightful comedy was capitally acted. Mr. Merivale, by his nervousness, his unexpected quirks and turns of speech, his intense belief in his scientific skill, his delightful [illegible] sense of manners, his callousness, made Higgins a character that is as real as the neighbor in the apartment house or the daily letter carrier of the district. His extravagances were those of Mr. Shaw; but the real man was revealed by Mr. Merivale. He knew phonetics; he had a great command of language; he knew little about woman, and did not realize that she will not submit to experiments without resentment, if at the end she is not applauded or caressed.

Excellent, too, was the Doolittle of Mr. Gurney, who played the part in London. The Spectator may not have known the speech and behavior of dustmen, but Mr. Gurney at once convinced him that he was the real, inimitable thing. He was indescribably droll in speech and actions, in [illegible] and body. His philosophy was that of Mr. Shaw in extravagantly whimsical moments.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was not wholly successful in persuading the spectator that she was the flower-girl in Mr. Shaw's first act. There was too [illegible] the evidence of a [illegible] [illegible] role. But the development of Eliza was skilfully portrayed. There was a crescendo of sympathy for her. In the scene of passionate revolt in the fourth act she played with genuine power. In the last act she was womanly in a [illegible] appealing manner, yet not without a [illegible] of malice in her comparison [illegible] Higgins and Pickering. No, Higgins did not deserve her. What [illegible] high or low degree could [illegible] with [illegible]

The other parts were [illegible] adequately taken. Especially [illegible] notice were the Mrs. Higgins of Miss Meredith and the Mrs. Pearce of Miss Mortyne. The play is [illegible] in a tasteful manner, and the rain scene in the first act is remarkably effective. An audience of good size heartily enjoyed the play and the performance.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Sea Wolf," a play in four acts, founded on Jack London's story, adapted by Joseph Noel and Guy Bolton. First performance in Boston.

John Larsen	Charles Dalton
Thos. Mugridge	[illegible]
Humphrey Van Weyden	[illegible]
Ruddy Barker	[illegible]
Johansen	Bertram Marburgh
George Leach	[illegible]
Prof. Bowse	[illegible]
Dago Louis	Antonio S[illegible]
Bobbie Alexander	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Geo. Wright, Jr.
Lem [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Joseph [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Maude Brewster	Jane Salisbury
Annie	Frances [illegible]
Dolores	[illegible]
Nellie	Bess Andrea

Messrs. Noel and Bolton's adaptation of Jack London's story "The Sea Wolf" is a rousing melodrama of the old school, piping-hot [illegible] seasoned with oaths and seasoned with villainy, romance and warring elements. The scenes take place in [illegible] on board the Ghost [illegible] in a cave on Endeavor Island. There is a [illegible] climax at the end of each act [illegible] the climaxes are in crescendo.

Maude Brewster, a [illegible] young journalist, goes to Charles [illegible] in San Francisco to [illegible] The evening [illegible] of the resort [illegible] wildly in [illegible] There is a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] the Ghost [illegible] Lights go out [illegible] Miss Maude [illegible] Van Weyden [illegible] the costumes [illegible] The [illegible] cook of the Ghost [illegible] the young man as a valuable addition to the crew. He too, is taken into captivity.

In Act 2, on board the Ghost [illegible] is already brewing. Annie, Larsen's companion on his latest voyage, is an unwelcome passenger. She makes a scene, with the result that Larsen determines to marry Miss Brewster on the spot. A Scotch marriage is about to be performed, in spite of gallant Mr Van Weyden's attempts to incite the crew to mutiny with promises of handsome bribes when the elements intervene to thwart the bold, bad captain's scheme and give Annie momentary relief. Amid thunder and lightning Larsen is forced to take the wheel and postpone his wedding.

In act III, Larsen continues his wooing after the manner of cavemen. Mr. Muggridge, "Cookie," is in turn humorous, cringing and a traitor. Miss Brewster, by a ruse, succeeds in persuading Larsen to lend her his coat. She at once brandishes the revolver, which she knows to be hidden in one of its pockets. Single-handed she holds crew and captain at bay while Mr. Van Weyden flies to the rescue. Meanwhile fire breaks out. Miss Brewster, Van Weyden, "Cookie," Larsen and the rest of the crew take to the boats.

In act IV. Larsen is blind, young Van Weyden declares his love and there is anxious waiting for a passing ship. Larsen, in one last attempt to appropriate Miss Brewster, attempts to drag her with him over the cliff. Van Weyden, however, is a good shot. The Sea Wolf disappears forever mourned only by the faithful Annie and amid cries of "A sail!"

There have been many departures from the novel for dramatic purposes. Annie is an added character. She is lachrymose and sentimental nor does her unfortunate affair throw any unexpected light on Larsen's character. The captain's cruelty, too, is rather hinted at than shown.

The piece was excellently acted by the men in the cast, headed by Charles Dalton, an able and experienced actor. A stalwart figure, he gave reality to Larsen's much boasted of strength. He was rugged and picturesque. He played with marked sincerity and unflagging vitality.

Mr. Simpson's Muggridge was a capital bit of character acting. It was his duty to provide comic relief and he was both whimsical and grotesque, while his make-up could not have been bettered. Others in the crew of the Ghost were effective. Mr. Hughston as Van Weyden was romantic and impetuous. Miss Salisbury, in her efforts to represent engaging and tremulous femininity, was often stiff and affected. Miss Neilson made the most of Annie, an ungrateful part. The young women in the first act were unpleasantly realistic and thus fulfilled their mission.

The settings were admirable and the storm and fire scenes created the illusion of reality. The lighting, too, was uncommonly fine. There was a sense of perspective in the last act and there was, too, the swish of the waves.

A large audience was interested and entertained.

He then called my attention to the appropriateness and use of all things in nature. Trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef soup strengthened men, that jackasses were created for the purpose of serving as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef soup, and realize that he was no jackass. My companion was delighted to meet with one of sympathetic views, his face glowed with a greater joy, and on parting from me he appeared to be sensibly moved.

Anti and Pro.

Some days ago we named certain famous men that abhorred tobacco. Yesterday we came across a page of Heine, in which he said that he could mention all the great men who never smoked tobacco, "as, for instance, Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, I myself. * * * Mabillion could not for an instant endure the piping of another, for in his 'Itinere Germanico' he complains as regards the German taverns, 'quod molestus ipsi fuent tabaci grave olentis foetor.' On the other hand, very great men have manifested an extraordinary partiality for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn in its praise—Madame you may not, perhaps, be aware that Isaac Elzevir published it in 1628, at Leyden, in quarto—and Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an oration in verses on the same subject. Graevius has even composed a sonnet on the soothing herb, and the great Boxhornius also loved tobacco. Bayle in his Dict. Hist. et Critiq. remarks of him that in smoking he wore a hat with a broad brim, in the fore part of which he had a hole, through which the pipe was stuck that it might not hinder his studies."

You will find this story in Bayle's Dictionary under "Buerius Boxhornius (Marc)." Heine did not add with Bayle that the poor health of Zu[illegible] was occasioned by his smoking [illegible]

[illegible] ly old not [illegible] if we are not mistaken, John Le[illegible] his illustrations to the "Comic History of Rome" represented ancient and grave worthies of that city smoking clay pipes. Why should Julius Caesar in a plug hat and with a pipe in his mouth be a comic figure?

Perhaps no celebrated author was more hostile towards tobacco than Balzac. It is true that Lamartine speaks of the novelist's teeth as blackened by cigar smoke, but Lamartine was not intimate with Balzac. Gautier on the other hand knew him well and wrote eloquently about his hatred of tobacco. Balzac's ruling passion was coffee, which injured him and perhaps killed him. In some of his novels he anathematizes tobacco. When he allows some of his characters to smoke there is veiled contempt. "As for de Marsay he was busied in smoking his cigars."

The Silker.

As for Julius Caesar in a plug hat. We hear from London that the war has dealt a heavy blow to the "topper," which has been passing for the last 20 years. A generation to come may see it in some museum with the chignon, the bustle and the last hansom cab. Years ago Mark Lemon wrote against it in Punch. "It is hot in summer, it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun, it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway carriage; it is always in your way in a drawing room; if you sit on it you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall; it will not go into a portmanteau; it is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea air, it spots with the rain; if it is good you are sure to have taken it by mistake at a soiree; if it is bad you are set down for a swindler."

Lemon did not add that it is a nuisance in the theatre or opera house. A foolish fashion decrees at present that the stovepipe should be sported there instead of the serviceable gibus.

Long ago Sir James Linton remarked that, as the bowler was worn by the Greeks, what was good in Athens should be good in London. "Even Mercury wore a bowler hat—if the Greek vases are to be believed—and if he put wings onto it, it was only by way of trimming." Why do we call the bowler a Derby? The Century Dictionary, stating that it came into fashion here in 1874, does not explain the origin of the term.

Euphonium and Baritone.

As the World Wags:

Is it proper to call a euphonium or bass saxhorn a baritone? Are not all three of these one and the same instrument? And if so, is not baritone the common or vulgar or perhaps slang terms for euphonium, as fiddle is for violin? J. K. S.

Boston.

No, the euphonium is not a baritone. The euphonium is a bass saxhorn with a wide bore in contradistinction to the narrow bored baritone.

The baritone is of lighter build and slenderer bore, with less volume of tone than a euphonium, and it lacks the low notes of the latter, "although theoretically from its length of tube it should have the same compass."

Mr. Cecil Forsyth remarks in his "Orchestration": "As a crying instance of the confusion in military band nomenclature we may mention that the Germans call our E-flat tenor horn an E-flat althorn; our B-flat baritone, a B-flat tenor horn, and our euphonium, a baryton.

Fiddle is not a slang term for violin. For many years in English it was the approved word for the instrument.

We were sorry to see clarinet spelled "clarionet" in The Herald of last Saturday. It is true that famous poets and prose writers have used the latter form, but their example is not to be followed. Dr. Prout in "The Orchestra" enters an emphatic protest against the common, but quite indefensible spelling of the name of the instrument as "clarionet." It has nothing whatever to do with the English word "clarion."—Ed.

A Note on Mead.

As the World Wags:

Morewood in his "History of Inebriating Liquors," published in 1838, says: "At the present day great quantities of mead are manufactured in various parts of Ireland, particularly in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Waterford and Tipperary." This was the case in 1824, 1st ed.

Mede, or Metheglin, was a favorite drink among the ancient Irish, and considered a nobler drink than beer (cuirm). It was known as the Medu or Moedu of the Anglo-Saxons, Metu of the Germans. The great banqueting hall of ancient Tara was called the tech midchuarda, or "mead circling house." So highly esteemed was honey in those days that special laws were framed for the protection of bees, and rents and tributes to the kings were paid in that commodity. Mede was a fermented drink made by dissolving honey in water, but later on aromatic plants were added to flavor it. The name Metheglin came into use in England, probably through the Welsh Meddyglyn, a compound of [illegible] with an adjectiv[illegible], [illegible]h, and llin, a beverage.

MARTIMUS SCRIBLEOUS.

Winthrop.

Painful Carelessness.

As the World Wags:

What are we going to do with these New Yorkers? Here's Harper's Weekly publishing a picture of the Charlestown Navy Yard, showing submarines in close neighborliness with the old Constitution, which the writer labels as the "Constellation." Holy Hymettus, what next?

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, March 10.

LESLIE CARTER AT B. F. KEITH'S

Mrs. Leslie Carter, appearing at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night in a vaudeville adaptation of "Zaza," arranged by herself, was given one of the most enthusiastic receptions, after the curtain had fallen, ever received by a headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre.

Mrs. Carter, as might be imagined, has selected for her 20-minute revival of the play that created such widespread comment and criticism when produced by her 15 years or more ago, the scene of the fourth act in which, after her visit to the home of her lover's wife and little girl, Zaza returns to her St. Etienne apartments. She is no longer happy, rather in utter despair, yet fired with new determination she resolves to keep him to herself. She upbraids him, lies to him, tells him she has told his wife all (when she hasn't said a word). Bernard is filled with indignation that turns rapidly to a plea for forgiveness when she admits she has been lying. But Bernard's angry characterization of her has cut her to the quick and she drives him from her apartment, the curtain falling upon a panting, terrified, despairing woman.

Mrs. Carter as Zaza threw the same tremendous emotion into her work that long ago established her as an emotional actress. Bernard Dufrene, her lover, was well portrayed by Hamilton Revelle, who had not a few friends in the audience himself, while Miss Dolaro Belasco was capital in the role of Zaza's maid.

An act that brought down the house and kept the audience in all but tears from laughter from start to finish was that of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevey, in "The Village Fiddler and the Maid." Mr. McGreevey as an honest-to-goodness rube is a worthy successor to the late Walter Dickinson, and his part of the village fiddler couldn't have been better executed. His wife as the maid, a miss of surely heroic proportions, was equally good. Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers in Moments Musical was another of the acts that received applause. Julia Curtiss, the girl with the many voices, established that statement in her 15 minutes of mimicry in which Eva Tanguay, George M. Cohan, Harry Lauder and a host of other popular performers were burlesqued in voice.

Morris Cronin and his Merry Men proved as lively and, at times, as mystifying as ever. Irving Newhoff and Dode Phelps have a pleasing little sketch, full of sentiment and song, entitled "In Care of General Delivery," while the Six Military Dancers were far above the average for an opening number. Mullen and Coogan have the really difficult place upon the bill, following Leslie Carter, but they made good with a rush in "Old Nonsense," and then came Paul Gordon and Amy Rica in "A Cycle of Surprises."

For next week's anniversary bill Evelyn Thaw with Jack Clifford in modern society dances is the big feature.

Mch 17 1915

Sextet by Schoenberg Played Here for First Time—Based on Strange Poem.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet gave the fourth and last concert of its 30th season last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Schoenberg, sextet in D minor, op. 4 ("Verklaerte Nacht"); Boccherini, quintet in C major. Samuel Gardner, viola, and Hyman Elsenberg, violoncellist, assisted.

Schoenberg's sextet was performed for the first time in this city. It is the first of his compositions for instruments. Schoenberg was moved to write it by a singular poem from Dehmel's "Woman and the World." There was no reference to this poem on the program last night. When the sextet was performed in New York early in the month Mr. Krehbiel gave the following synopsis of the verses, but he did not presume to give a faithful translation. Others than Mrs. Boffin might have been shocked. Mr. Anthony Comstock might have been led to attend chamber concerts of the future in an expectant mood:

"Two mortals walk through a cold, barren grove. The moon sails over the tall oaks, which send their scrawny branches up through the unclouded moonlight. A woman speaks. She confesses a sin to the man at her side. She is with child and he is not its father. She had lost belief in happiness and, longing for life's fulness, for motherhood and mother's duty, she had surrendered herself, shuddering, to the embraces of a man she knew not. She had thought herself blessed, but now life had arranged itself upon her by giving her the love of him she walked with. She staggers onward, gazing with lacklustre eye at the moon which follows her. A man speaks. Let her not burden her soul with thoughts of guilt. See, the moon's sheen enwraps the universe! Together they are driving over chill waters, but a flame from each warms the other. It, too, will transfigure the little stranger, and she will bear the child to him. For she has inspired the brilliant glow within him and made him, too, a child. They sink into each other's arms. Their breaths meet in kisses in the air. Two mortals wander through the wondrous moonlight!"

It has been said that it is not easy in these days to tell the story of many modern operas so that the modest hearer may "dilate with the proper emotion." Have we come to such a pass that it is not an agreeable task to describe the argument of a piece of chamber music?

Fortunately Schoenberg's music is not such an interlinear translation into tones that it depends wholly on an intimate knowledge of the original text. The sextet may be accepted as absolute music that allows the hearer to imagine what he pleases. His pleasure is none the less, if he has not before him the vision of this peculiar couple in the barren grove, if he is not listening to their wildly improper conversation. The music is eloquent without a text.

The eloquence is now beautiful, now passionate. The opening is impressive. A mood is at once established, a mood of romance and mystery. And then there is music of lamentation and despair, followed by strains of passion that culminate in a rapturous climax. It is a musical drama in little. There is fuller and keener dramatic expression than in many laboriously contrived operas.

Some years ago this composition would have been dismissed with the remark that the author had overstepped the bounds of chamber music; that he had attempted to give the sextet orchestral significance. Fortunately we have passed that stage of ignorance and intolerance. In this music of Schoenberg the striking effects are not extravagant; the unusual use of instruments is not disquieting; the strange devices are free from the reproach of affectation. The sextet is more than an uncommonly interesting composition.

In Boston Schoenberg had been known as the composer of later works, an excessively long quartet and the curious five pieces for orchestra. It is to be regretted that the musical public was not first acquainted with the sextet. We have been told that Schoenberg was encouraged in writing his later and perplexing compositions by Busoni, who saw in him the man with the ability to carry out certain theories of the Italian-Austrian. This may or may not be true. One thing is certain, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Kneisels for a superb performance of a remarkably beautiful and dramatic work.

The fine performance of the other compositions gave pleasure to a most attentive audience. The sextet was enthusiastically applauded.

The Kneisels will give four concerts in Steinert Hall next season, on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 2, Nov. 30, Jan. 4, March 14.

We hear from New York that women, old, middle-aged and young, are swooning at the feet of Mr. Percy Grainger, an Australian pianist, even when these feet are not on the pedals. The women rave over his arrangement of hair and the color thereof. They liken him to the Paderewski of the first visit to this country. But Mr. Grainger, a modest and sensible person, is not inclined to play the part of Bunthorne to these women. No doubt he says, with Tennyson: "Let them rave."

In Mr. T. Earle Welby's critical study of Swinburne, recently published in London, there is a story about the poet's aureole of reddish-gold hair, on which in his youth he prided himself. The Rossettis and Swinburne were at a theatre one night. A program boy started back when he saw the hair of Rossetti, only to look on Swinburne's. "There's another of them!" he exclaimed, and at once hastened away. Mr. Paderewski, 25 years ago, looked greatly like Swinburne, the young man, so that Burne-Jones wrote: "He looks so like Swinburne looked at 20 that I could cry over past things, and he has his ways, too—the pretty ways of him—courteous little tricks and low bows, and a hand that clings in shaking hands."

Try Again.

As the World Wags:

I have just read Lloyd del Castillo's letter, sent to this column, but published in the dramatic and musical review in The Sunday Herald. As Mr. del Castillo might express it, I have "a grievance on my mind" as to how the word "renunciating" should be pronounced—or should I say "pronunciated"? Also the word "passionlessly"; is the accent on the first or the third syllable? These two words have been carelessly omitted from the Century Dictionary; so, like Hashimina, "I ask to know." TONGUE TWISTERS.

Cambridge, March 14.

The verb "renunciate," meaning "to make relation, to proclaim openly," was in use in the 17th century, but is now obsolete. The verb "renunciate," meaning to renounce, give up, has been in use for a century in English language, though the use has been rare. Our correspondent will find the word in the Oxford Dictionary. "Passionlessly" is not an unusual word. George Meredith in "Beauchamp's Career"; "How passionlessly pure the little maidenly sentiment was." A. B. Bruce: "The apathetic sage, passionlessly yet passionately following reason, is the beau ideal of stoicism." The accent is on the first syllable.—Ed.

Softly, Brother!

As the World Wags:

It is touching to see a man so intensely pleased with himself as is Mr. Justice Henry Shaw. And all over having accomplished, in several laborious communications, no more than the interesting and important feat of saying "You're another!" in rejoinder to my perhaps too impatient intimation that there were those wandering loose and vocal among us whose ears might not be so noticeable if they waved them less.

He and kindred souls are welcome to browse the fields of thistle-y verse in search of "something like that." Of course, something like it has been written, more than once, although they will not find this particular version elsewhere. Why not plough through Plautus? There had been other dispensers of nonsense before those whom I criticised, and also other Gulpers thereof, before Justice Henry Shaw, away back to the days of wax tablets and the stylus.

That was one thing I meant to hit indirectly in the first place; the Gulper habit, which leads some people to swallow, with no more of thought or critical analysis than a tame sea-lion bestows on a tossed herring, any morsel of fatuity which may be offered. Mr. Shaw's proposed excursion may yield him something like this," also; "There is no plan, theory or doctrine so ridiculous so remote from anything which would move a normal human being to action, but that it will find believers and supporters somewhere, if only it be stated with full, round voice and fervent gesture. For independent judgment and critical capacity are less common than eyes and ears. Elsewise, the true critic would have less arduous labours, and be less needed."

Don't be a Gulper! (Does this suggest something like it, from an eminent authority on conduct?) Don't sit at the feet of every loud talker, in the attitude of tail-wagging Fido beside a complacent master's breakfast table, snapping up each morsel thrown to him with too eager an eye on the next bit coming to know the real flavor of the last one that went down! So endeth the second lesson. W. CAMPBELL.

Boston, March 11.

Conkling's Death.

As the World Wags:

Notwithstanding the statement to the contrary in Alfred R. Conkling's biography of his relative, it is certain that the death of Roscoe Conkling was due to exposure on the day of the blizzard. He lived then on Twenty-fourth street, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and walked all the way home from his office. It was a matter of universal belief among medical men that the disease that killed him dated from that day. He died of abscess of the brain, following mastoiditis, which in turn was due to an acute purulent inflammation of the middle ear. To be sure he attended to business for a time before he was taken down, but his friends noticed that he was getting deaf in one ear, and lawyers in court had noticed him leaning that side upon his hand and now and then pressing the ear and its vicinity with his finger, as if he felt something wrong there. He was very proud of his physique, and made no complaint until the development of the disease compelled him to call on the doctors for advice. That connected and consecutive series of middle ear inflammation, mastoiditis, abscess of the brain, is often slow in development and until the mastoid process became involved he was able to attend to business. It was only a little over a month after exposure that he died—March 13—April 18. Dr. Henry B. Sands operated upon him, but the operation came too late. If he had consulted a physician when he felt the first symptoms of ear trouble, the disease could probably have been arrested. ROGER S. TRACY, M. D.

Ballardvale, March 14.

Mch 18 [illegible]

[illegible] and owing to [illegible] education, and peculiar reading, we have each formed a different individual character. Each of us, spiritually marked, thinks, feels and acts differently from his fellow, and misunderstandings are frequent, that even in roomy houses, life in common costs an effort, and we are everywhere limited, everywhere strange, and everywhere, so to speak, in a strange land.

Just Ordinary Courtesy.

As the World Wags:

Not long since I had occasion to pay a small bill at the office of one of our largest newspapers. The young man who took the money calmly gave me a receipt without uttering a word. Such ineluctable discourtesy obtains here generally. Abroad I have paid many a bill —poor me!—but never without getting a "thank you." Is there reason why a civil word of thanks should be amiss here? I am no choleric grimalkin; I advocate no old-world humility for our citizenry. But—excepting the American hotel clerk, who is hopeless—I would plead with our youth for a standard of courtesy that shall compare favorably with that of other lands.

Boston, March 15. TARBELLUS.

Yes, a man accepting money in payment of a bill might pass the time of day or at least say: "I didn't expect it," even if he is so pressed that he cannot relate the current anecdote or discuss the plays in the theatres. The Bostonian is not noted abroad for his manners, and some of "our best people" set shocking examples for persons regarded by them as their inferiors. An old lady of the old stock was heard last week deploring the fact that the young girls, daughters or grand-daughters of her friends, were wholly mannerless. We are sorry that "Tarbellus" introduced the traditional slur on the hotel clerk. We have found him, as a rule, affable and instructive. If we could afford it, we should like to be a hotel clerk for a year or two, merely for the sake of studying unreasonable and unreasoning mankind.—Ed.

"Bey" or "Dey"?

As the World Wags:

The author of the article in Sunday's Herald, suggested by the centenary of the short war between the United States and Algiers, referred to the chief potentate of Algiers as the "Bey." Yet in the previous issue of The Herald another article describing incidents of 15 years earlier, when an American frigate was in the harbor of Algiers, refers to the same personage as the "Dey."

I am convinced that the latter is correct. The Algerian ruler was called "Dey" until the occupation by the French in 1830. The title "Bey," formerly given by foreigners to the Mohammedan ruler of Tunis, is commonly used by the Governor of any Turkish province.

John Adams, when President, addressed in Tunisian as "Most Illustrious and Most Magnificent Prince, the Bey, who commands the Odgiac of Tunis, the abode of happiness." In commending American emissaries to Algiers addressing the Governor—he used these words: "Most Honored Ibrahim Dey, and Soliman, Aga of the Janisaries, and Chief of the Divan," etc. Y. O. R.

Boston, March 15.

"Bey" is an adaptation of the Osmanli "bey," meaning "prince, governor." The word was spelled in Hakluyt's voyages (1599) By, and Bye. The form "Beg," adaptation of the Osmanli "beg," now pronounced "Bey," is obsolete, though James Mill used it as late as 1818.

"Dey," from the Turkish "dai," meaning "maternal uncle," is the "titular appellation of the commanding officer of the Janissaries of Algiers, who, after having for some time shared the supreme power with the pasha or Turkish civil governor, in 1710 deposed the latter, and became sole ruler. There were also deys at Tunis in the 17th century, and the title is found applied to the governor or pasha of Tripoli."

This definition is clear, but we put our trust in "The Pirates Own Book"—every healthy-minded, ambitious boy should own a copy. In the chapter, "The Algerine Pirates: Containing Accounts of the Cruelties and Atrocities of the Barbary Corsairs, with Narratives of the Expeditions Sent Against Them, and the Final Capture of Algiers by the French in 1830" (pp. 391-428), we find allusions to "the habitation of the Dey and his Court"; "the Dey and the ladies of his harem"; "for the Dey was not only the first robber, but the first merchant in his own dominion." There are many references to the "Dey," not one to the "Bey." And in this chapter is the curious story of the Washington, a small American frigate which was "the first vessel to hoist the American Union in the Thracian Bosphorus."—Ed.

Conkling and Potter.

As the World Wags:

Reading your column of last Saturday I recalled that Clarkson Potter, a New York congressman, was said to have taken pneumonia, which caused his sudden death, from walking down town in the blizzard of 1888, without an outside coat, which was the boasted habit of his 60 years or more. This may have been the explanation of the [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] Potter [illegible] several sons [illegible] Potter [illegible] Pennsylvania. L. P. W.

Cambridge, March 16.

We remember well the famous blizzard. The newspapers at the time spoke of Roscoe Conkling walking in it and becoming exhausted. The obituary notices attributed his death to the result of this exposure.—Ed.

Geographical.

As the World Wags:

In reading the account of the sinking of "A steamer off Ilfracombe, Devonshire, Eng.," witnessed by thousands, I wondered if the account amused any of the readers who knew the location and the time of year. The Quay, Latern Hill, Capstone, and the Loers must have been crowded; as well as the item, "near Barnstable"; as well say Boston was near Waltham. T. P. M.

Westport, Me.

Mch 19 1915

'NATURAL LAW'

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Natural Law," a play in three acts, by Charles Sumner.

Dr. Ralph Webster	Hora[illegible] H[illegible]
Jack Bowling	Otto [illegible]
Freddie Don[illegible]	Carl Eckstrom
Judge White	A[illegible] in W[illegible]
Ruth Stanley	Helen Holmes
Della Fort[illegible]	Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Mrs. Frankl[illegible]	Maggie Holloway F[illegible]

While Dr. Webster was out West his betrothed, Ruth Stanley, met Bowling, an attractive young man who was in training for a Marathon race abroad. He cast a physical spell over her. The physician returning saw her infatuation, but as he wished her happiness he did not seriously interfere. It might have been better for all if he had been more affectionate, more demonstrative. The doctor was a good deal of a prig. Bowling was young, handsome, and a hero in the college world; Ruth was passionate. Towards the end of the first act the athlete and the girl were seen embracing. The stage was darkened. When the lights were turned up Ruth came in weeping violently. Dr. Webster, who had called, was near a window unnoticed. Ruth sobbed her hatred of Jack, who, disconcerted, began to look for his overcoat or hat. The doctor handed it to him.

Some weeks afterward Ruth called at the physician's office. She was in trouble, and begged the doctor to help her. At last the truth dawned on him. He took down from the wall the oath of Hippocrates, which was neatly framed, read a passage to her and then began to talk about her case. She had followed the natural law, the law of attraction and selection. This law was unfortunately, at variance with laws made to guard the sanctity of the home and the welfare of the race. It was opposed to the conventions of society. He illustrated his remarks by giving her a botanical lesson. He showed her how plants sprang up. All this did not greatly console her. Meanwhile the physician had telephoned Bowling and Judge White to come to his office.

It was necessary that there should be a marriage. But Bowling was to sail for England that afternoon. There was no witness for the ceremony, and it was too late to obtain a license. Lo and behold. Ruth refused to marry Bowling, for he had hesitated between his duty and catching the steamer. She declared in a fine burst that she would go into the world alone with her child. Bowling was carried off by his mates and the good physician was sorely perplexed.

Ruth was happy as an illustrator. She won a prize. Friends thought she might marry Webster, whose love was constant. Bowling returned. He had won the race and now wished to wed Ruth. The physician told the judge that he purposed to make Ruth his wife. There was an argument over the matter. The judge said the doctor's conduct would be immoral. The doctor reasoned at length and accused the judge of sophistry. There was a long scene between Ruth and the two lovers. The physician applied what he had called an "acid test" to the young man. Ruth hesitated. She did not wish to marry either man. At last she fell again into Bowling's arms and the good doctor withdrew. Possibly he comforted himself by reading diligently the oath of Hippocrates.

The motive of this play is not a pleasant one. It is treated honestly, but too often with a crudity that led the audience to laugh when it should have been thrilled, or at least duly impressed. There is a discussion of the evils of malpractice and the consequent injury to the patient, practitioner, and the community. There is talk about the law of nature and the law of society, and much of it is sophomorical. Yet, though the dialogue is now platitudinous, now inflated, there is a note of sincerity that almost redeems foolish passages. The play suffers from weak comedy introduced as a relief.

Miss Holmes gave on the whole an excellent impersonation of the unfortunate Ruth [illegible] infatuation [illegible] should have remembered [illegible] the opening [illegible] with Bowling [illegible] requi- [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] and in a [illegible] her doubts [illegible] passed. T[illegible] with the exception of the [illegible] was s[illegible]

Mr. Kruger was [illegible] physically attractive [illegible] runner for the Marathon. [illegible] Dr. Webster is a [illegible] part. Mr. Hall played it well, an air of professional dignity and the approved bedside manner. At the same time Ruth was not to be blamed for choosing Mr. Bowling as a life companion. Miss Conover, Miss [illegible] and Mr. Eckstrom amused the audience, which was easily amused. Mr. Webb also contributed to the comedy.

And then the wild man, turning on his pursuers, uttered dismal cries. Gnashing his teeth, he ran nimbly up the tallest oak and disappeared together with the tree. Deacon Hathaway at once exclaimed that this was manifestly the work of Satan.

Men of Borneo.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Edgard P. Howard asks about the Wild Men of Borneo.

Barney Davis, the survivor, died at Waltham of arterio sclerosis on May 31, 1912, aged 80 years.

Hiram W. Davis died at the same place of old age on March 16, 1905, aged 80 years. Both were buried at Mt. Vernon, O.

The spaces in the death certificates for the birthplaces and the names of the parents are left unfilled in the case of both men. I have heard it stated that they were born "somewhere out West," a tradition which the place of burial seems to confirm. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

An entertaining letter from "C. H. C.," which unfortunately is too long for this column, will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.—Ed.

Frank Bullen.

As the World Wags:

The death of Frank Bullen reminded me of one thing that has stuck in my mind for years. Bullen, in one of his books, describes an exceptionally able young first mate, who accounted for his readiness in meeting emergencies by explaining that when off duty, or when on watch with nothing in especial to look after, he used to imagine all sorts of problems connected with sea-life, and figure out different ways of meeting them. It is just this kind of "skull-practice" that won the baseball championship for Boston last year, and is quite in line with what Mr. Haughton has always insisted on—the "blackboard talks." In Bullen's "Idylls of the Sea" there is an account of the supposed capture of a British windjammer by a German cruiser (it was published in 1899) that might have happened the other day.

Roxbury. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Bullen had a varied career. Receiving low wages at the Meteorological Office, he framed pictures. His success as a writer was sudden. Within two years he had $4000 worth of lecture engagements in a single winter. When all is said, the great book about the whale is not by Bullen; it is "Moby Dick," of Herman Melville.—Ed.

A Good Judge, Too.

We still see the face of the Judge in Barrie's "Legend of Leonora"; we still hear his voice. It is said that Barrie took Mr. Justice Darling for a model.

This is more than probable. We read in a recent issue of the Pall Mall Gazette that this judge had a delightful week and quite outshone himself. He quoted "Box and Cox" from the bench, he reminded his hearers of Robert Bruce and the traditional spider, he told a jury an amusing story from "Midshipman Easy." For recreation he dispensed justice that week as a common law judge, as the president of a Divisional Court, and as one of the judges at the old Bailey: "Like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once."

Our Theatre Public.

Is it possible that the mourners over the apathy—we will not say ignorance—of the theatre public in Boston—are justified in their lamentation? Is it true that this audience no longer cares for wit on the stage, and is ill at ease when any appeal is made to the mind? At the first performance of "Pygmalion" last Monday night, many delightfully humorous and brilliantly witty lines passed unheeded, but there was uproarous laughter when Pygmalion tangled his feet in a rug. The labors of the Drama League seem to be in vain. Perhaps there should be day schools for prospective theatregoers.

War Notes.

The news comes from Leipsic that the chief consolation of German soldiers in the trenches is the reading of novels by Dickens. Shakespeare is now said by deep German thinkers—witness the Dramatist Fulda's recent speech at Hamburg—to be a German [illegible] may yet undergo posthumous [illegible] [illegible]

The British Weekly [illegible] of a [illegible]

...s wife ... in her ... bitterly about the Kaiser ... remonstrated, and reminded the ... that, as a Christian, she should pray for her enemies. "So I do." "And what do you say?" "Oh, jist like this, ma'am: Almighty God, keep your e'e on that loon the Keyser. Saften his hert, an' ... his pouther."

A Berlin telegram speaks of some obscurity attending the recent movements of the Crown Prince. But we learn from the wireless news that "seven valuable pictures have been stolen from the Lichtenstein Palace in Vienna." So it cannot be said that we are absolutely without a clue.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Egyptian Gazette tells how Enver Pasha was not depressed by a lack of soldiers when he was mobilizing and equipping the Turkish army. "I'll issue an order that all able-bodied men who fail to enlist are to be put to death. A dozen or so killed should be sufficient to show that we mean it."

BY CECILIAS

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees, conductor, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. The assisting artists were Robert Maitland, baritone, and William Lester Bates, organist. The program was as follows: Cesar Franck, 150th Psalm for chorus and organ; Di Lasso, "Matona," "Audite Nova", Wolf, "The Mad Fire-Rider," Folk song, arranged by Osgood, "From a By-Gone Day'; Lang, "The Wild Brier"; Boughton, "Pan", Bantock, "Annie Laurie"; Nevin, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod"; Cornelius, "Salamaleikum." Mr. Maitland sang these songs: Schubert, "An die Leyer" "Der Doppelgaenger"; Brahms, "Salamander," "Verruth"; Strauss, "Ach, Weh mer!" Rab, "Passion"; Lully, "Bois Epais"; Hahn, "L'Heure Exquise"; Lehmann, "Myself When Young", Highland melody, "O'er the Moor"; Cowen, Border Ballad.

The program was ambitious and varied. Hugo Wolf's "Fire-Rider" was sung here some six years ago by Dr. Ludwig Wuellner. It was written in 1888, a year in which Wolf accomplished an extraordinary amount of work, sometimes completing two and three songs a day. "Der Feuerreiter" and "An die Geliebte" were composed on Oct. 10.

The laws of magic forbid the Fire-Rider to extinguish the blaze to which he is mysteriously drawn, but the hero of Moerike's strange ballad was forgetful, made the sign of the cross, and suffered a horrible death.

Rutland Boughton, a young Englishman, is known as a composer, writer, lecturer and teacher. His compositions include an opera, symphonic poems, songs. He is also the author of a book on Bach in the "Music of the Masters" series. In association with R. R. Buckly he wrote "The Music Drama of the Future." His "Pan," which was heard in Boston for the first time last evening, is a Pagan rhapsody in praise of the god. It is melodious, sharply rhythmed and in joyous mood.

Unfortunately, the choice of the program was not justified by its performance, which fell below the society's customary high standard. There was often slothfulness when there should have been vigor. There was lack of euphony and general uncertainty as to attack and intonation. "Matona," "Annie Laurie" and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" were among the most successful numbers, but César Franck's Psalm, Wolf's "Fire-Rider," Miss Lang's effective "Wild-Brier" and other compositions suffered.

Mr. Maitland appeared here with the society in 1910. He is an honest singer with a manly voice. In several of the songs Mr. Guckenberger's skill as an accompanist was severely tried. There was a large audience.

Mch. 20 1915

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The coachman, Pattensen grumbles ... on every occasion, 'That's an idea! that's an idea!'' Yesterday evening he was regularly vexed when I inquired what sort of a thing he imagined an idea to be? And vexedly did he growl, "Nr. nu—an idea is an idea—an idea is any d——d nonsense that a man gets into his head." It is in this signification that the word is used in the title of a book by the Court-Counsellor Hieren in Goeteingen.

The True Yale Spirit.

As the World Wags:

The following headline appeared in The Herald today: "Four Full Professors Appointed at Yale."

This awful example should stimulate the efforts of the virtuous anti-beer freshmen across the river.

H. J. L.

Medford, March 16.

Starting Sap.

As the World Wags:

Glory be! The da... ... Spring is almost here. Th...t must ... glory to any one who ... in a ... bedroom. Twil... comes ... a ... t ... before I got home. The view ... back yard of a winter morning ... hideous. Now I can look out in the late afternoon when things are ... There is an apple tree that will blossom soon if it can get nourishment from the ashes that form our back yard soil. I shall watch for the first blooms. There is an alley cat that swaggers along the fence in the sunshine. I used to see him mornings when he was cold and discouraged. Now he is arrogant. He looks exactly like Mr. Duffy, the floor manager on the boys' clothes. He had only one car. The cat, not Mr. Duffy. He walks with the same pussy-footed heavy swing and keeps looking right and left with the same always-on-the-watch expression. When he claws the garbage house door open he looks over his shoulder exactly like old Duffy when he goes into the elevator. I think the cat must be a transmigrated floor manager doing penance. But I like him and I hate old Duffy. I wish he was on the ladies' underwear and I could steal the seven dollar combination that I must have for Easter. My conscience wouldn't hurt, then. Or if the cat was on the department I would take it because he is a good fellow and wouldn't care. Mr. Blaney, the reporter who lives in the square room with alcove next door, says nobody can afford a conscience. I heard him say it one Sunday morning to a friend who was calling on him. I guess he would change his mind if he could see the landlady going through his desk drawers some times. Mr. Blaney goes out at 3 and comes home at 2 in the morning. Some times I hear him come in. He writes mornings and every night the landlady comes up and she and I read what he has written. He is working on a movie scenario now. And he writes poetry. I wish I could send you some of it, but I'm afraid he would see it. I use his typewriter. My bean sprouted yesterday. I planted it in a jar from the five and ten. I simply must have green things about. One can't buy many flowers on six-fifty a week. Glory be! Spring is nearly here.

Greenock street. HAZEL RAY.

A Reasonable Doubt.

As the World Wags:

I cannot accept as correct the suggestion which L. P. W. makes in today's Herald that the fiction to the effect that Roscoe Conkling died as the result of exposure in the famous blizzard of March, 1888, had its origin in Congressman Clarkson Nott Potter's having died from the effects of exposure in that blizzard. I am strongly of the opinion that Potter's death was not due to that cause, one of the principal reasons why I am of that way of thinking being the fact that he died on Jan. 23, 1882, or more than six years before the blizzard occurred. Potter was a representative in the 41st, 42d, 43d and 45th Congresses (from March 4, 1869, to March 3, 1875, and from March 4, 1877, to March 3, 1879). SCRUTATOR.

March 18.

Decoration of the "Double Cross."

As the World Wags:

I suspect that your readers will not care to hear further of the criticisms coming from Mr. W. Campbell or from those interested in his case or in his behalf, whether directed at Dr. Fleischer or Mr. White or myself or any one else, if I state briefly that I have turned over to the postmaster at Portsmouth an objectionable postal card for such attention as he may deem proper, and sent to me, signed with the name of some person who may or may not be a resident of Winthrop, Mass., as purported, and mailed from Boston, recently.

The card is obviously inspired by sympathy with the ideas and epithets suggested by Mr. Campbell, and I regret that any one should have been provoked to such improper, if not indiscreet, action. Some high-class interests, eh?

I am sorry he is so unfortunate in having any friend of such temperament, and his last attempt at comparisons in this respect comes back severely. Do I need to comment further?

JUSTIN HENRY SHAW.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Sounding Brass.

As the World Wags:

In the article, "Euphonium and Baritone," published Tuesday, it was stated that there is confusion in military band nomenclature. I doubt if this statement can be verified in regard to bands in the United States. In this country brass instrument makers manufacture three horns pitched in low B-flat, i. e., B-flat tenor, B-flat baritone or euphonium, and B-flat bass. The tenor has the smallest bore and consequently the thinnest tone, the baritone has a larger bore and a broader tone, and the bass has the largest bore and the richest, broadest tone of these three saxhorns. Baritone and euphonium are convertible terms. I have found that even the leading writers on orchestration, however learned, show at least a very superficial knowledge of brass instruments in their present day development.

DAVID HAMBLEN, JR.

Newtonville, March 16.

Mr. Cecil Forsyth is a composer of repute as well as writer. His treatise is ... modern ... 1914 ... B... ... are not properly ... the ... instrument, although Jehle ... leader of the Clamport Brass Band, m... so consider them.—Ed.

'NATURAL LAW'

Theatre Stops Show as Mayor Cuts Out Scenes

The play, "The Natural Law," which opened an engagement at the Cort Theatre last Thursday night, was stopped today after the management had received an ultimatum from Mayor Curley that two scenes in different acts of the play must be eliminated or he would suspend the theatre's license.

After he had sent a communication to this effect to the management, the mayor delegated John Casy, censor, to attend the afternoon's performance and see that his orders were carried out. The censor had a letter giving him authority to stop the show.

Soon after receiving the mayor's note, the management announced that the scope of the mayor's "toning down" order was such that it would be useless to go on today and the show was called off. The management then held a conference to decide what action it will take later.

The mayor's action followed a conference in City Hall between Police Commissioner O'Meara, the mayor, John Cort of the Cort Theatre, John Casey, the mayor's censor, and Corporation Counsel Sullivan. Following the sending of a police officer to see the play last night, at the request of the mayor, Commissioner O'Meara made his report today, condemning the piece. The conference followed and the mayor said the police opinion of the play coincided with his own.

Bar "Doceor's Office Scene."

The scenes which the mayor says must be omitted are the third scene in act 1 and the "doctor's office scene" in act 2, and the discussion on the right of the doctor to render to the heroine of the play the "help" she seeks.

Commissioner O'Meara, in his report, condemned the performance as "obscene," "immoral" and as one that "tends to injure the morals of the community." He gave his full indorsement to the report of Inspector Wolf, who saw the play, in which the latter condemned it as unfit to be shown in Boston.

Referring to a scene in act 1, which was under discussion, Commissioner O'Meara says in the report:

"The entire scene is grossly unfit for the public stage and in my opinion is obscene and corrupting."

The report reads in part:

"The play called 'The Natural Law' is built around the action of a young man and a young woman, which has taken place as explained to the audience in act 1, scene 3, by word and action, in a room adjoining the one disclosed on the stage, just previous to the rise of the curtain.

"The young man comes from the room wild-eyed and confused. The 18-year-old girl follows and throws herself on a couch, sobs hysterically and shouts 'I hate you,' as the young man walks dazedly across the stage and out of the room.

Bad and Good Interwoven.

"The remainder of the play is so interwoven with the substance ... that scene that it is difficult to separate the morally bad from the good.

'Ideas expressed in acts two and three must be considered as having an injurious effect upon morals of young persons at least and render the whole play 'vicious.'"

Mayor Curley's letter to the theatre management was in part as follows:

"I enclose herewith a copy of the communication from the police commissioner setting forth his opinion of the play, "The Natural Law." This opinion coincides with my own and therefore, acting under the authority given me by chapter 494 of the acts of 1908, I order you to eliminate from said play the third scene of act one and also that part of the second act which portrays the visit of the girl to the office of the doctor, including their discussion.

"I notify you that if you do not eliminate the aforesaid portions of the play, I shall, under the authority of the aforesaid chapter 494, suspend your license so far as it may apply to said play.

"This notice is sent to you as the holder of a license issued by the city of Boston."

Mch 21 1915 73

The industry and accuracy of Mr. O. G. Sonneck have long excited wonder. As an investigator of the early music in this country, he is known throughout the musical world. He has what the Germans call "Sitzfleisch." He is not content with what others have discovered; he does not rashly take the opinion of a predecessor; dusty newspaper files do not choke his ardor. With German thoroughness, he has a light touch and a sense of humor.

His latest book, "Early Opera in America," published by G. Schirmer, was written for serial publication in the New Music Review. The first part, which appeared there in 1907, is reprinted practically intact. "Of the other part merely a summary could be published by the New Music Review in 1908."

Let us today consider only what Mr. Sonneck has to say about opera in Boston and New England during the pre-revolutionary period and the post-revolutionary till 1800.

As many know, Judge Sewall of Boston in 1714 protested against the acting of a play at the Council Chamber, as in 1686 Increase Mather wrote in his "Testimony against profane and superstitious customs," saying in his preface: "There is much discourse now of beginning stage plays in New England." "In fact," says Mr. Sonneck, "Boston remained a negligible quantity in matters theatrical and operatic until toward the end of the century; this was owing to the stringent act passed against public stage-plays, interludes and other theatrical entertainments in 1750 after two young Englishmen, assisted by some volunteer comrades, had horrified the Hub with a performance of Otway's 'Orphan.'" There were different views of life in Williamsburg, Va., for there was a frequented theatre there surely as early as 1722. Yet in 1751 the Boston Gazette announced the proposed publication of "The Suspected Daughter," a farce, "as it was acted by a number of gentlemen and ladies; and in 1762 booksellers here advertised the importation of "The Musical Lady," "Don Quichote," "Love in a Village." This last named operetta was heard read "at a large room" in 1769. In the spring of 1770, the famous "Beggar's Opera" apparently made its appearance "in very much the same manner as the amazingly clever Leopoldo Fregoli nowadays renders grand opera. The 'Person who has read and sung in most of the great towns in America' announced that 'the songs (of which there are 69) will be sung' and further that 'he impersonates all the characters and enters into the different humours, or passions, as they change from one to another throughout the opera.'" This "person" was Mr. Joan, the same probably as James Juhan. Mr. John Rowe, the Boston merchant, noted in his diary that Mr. Joan "read but indifferently, but sung in taste." "Damon and Phillida" was also performed in this manner.

There were theatrical amusements provided by a society of officers and ladies in 1775. After the war, in 1788, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith, by permission, indulged in some 'Moral Lectures' at Concert Hall, including among other blood-curdling, but morally instructive things, a 'dialogue on the horrid crime of Murder, from Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.'"

It is not necessary to tell again the story of the attempt to open a real theatre in Boston; how Samuel Adams could not be heard in Faneuil Hall when he attempted to speak in favor of the repeal of the prohibiting act; how John Gardiner argued in favor and published a pamphlet; how, at last, in 1792, dancers and pantomimists were seen at the New Exhibition Room; how women soon ventured into this home of "Lectures, Moral and Entertaining"; how, at last, there was a dramatic repertory. The newspapers, siding with the audacious comedians, did not care much for opera. "The Romp" was dismissed as "flat, stale and unprofitable." Mr. Sonneck gives a list of the operas and pantomimes performed here in 1792.

When the Federal Street Theatre was opened in February, 1794, "gallery tickets were sold by speculators for more than 12 times their prime cost." The trustees were eminently serious persons. "When the Rev. Mr. Belknap selected a playwright for one of his lectures at the church in Federal street, the theatre remained closed." Col. John S. Tyler was "master of ceremonies." He issued proclamations.

"The ladies, as may be seated in the boxes where the seats are low, would attend without hats, bonnets, feathers, or any other high head-dress, that the sight of the gentlemen, who are seated behind them, may not be obstructed." Furthermore, "The music will be assigned for each evening—it is therefore requested that no particular tunes may be called for by the audience, as the compliance with such a request would destroy the arrangement and of course cannot be attended to." The musicians in 1794 asked through the press for freedom from insult. "They entreat a generous people so far to compassionate their feelings as to prevent the thoughtless or ill-disposed, from throwing apples, stones, etc., into the orchestra, that while they eat the bread of industry in a free country, it may not be tinctured with the poison of humiliation."

[illegible] Hale[illegible] of the stage on the [illegible] the [illegible] and the propriety of [illegible] and establishing a virtuous [illegible] (1792) wrote in amazingly [illegible] tic manner about the establishment of opera. "Banished forever would be all unintelligible Italian airs, [illegible] affected squeaks and quavers. [illegible] the deep-felt voice of nature, in harmonious sounds (vocal and instrumental united), can convey with [illegible] energy, the powers of music to [illegible] soul. Hence the stage [illegible] come to America not only the [illegible] wisdom, but the school of [illegible], sculpture, painting, and music. [illegible] music is not only faulty [illegible] unintelligible sounds, but the [illegible] of loud harsh notes, of bas[illegible] trumpets and hautboys combined [illegible] adapted to excite the rage of [illegible] and drown the cries of battle) and [illegible] noisy organ are such that the human [illegible] is lost. Instead of soothing [illegible] raising the soul and delighting the [illegible] ear, they only serve to [illegible] and torture it with the violence [illegible] sounds. Therefore to the attentive, feeling mind, to the delicate, exquisite ear, the appeal is made and the following trial proposed. Let sublime, [illegible] sentiment in the voice of [illegible] or feminine harmony be accompanied with some instrument or instruments capable of the full, deep, [illegible] well toned bass, as the viol, aided [illegible] the clear symphonie of the violin. Tuned and executed in such manner, as only to give harmony to the human voice, and leave the sentiment at liberty, when the heart is thus attuned, to take full possession of the soul, and [illegible] it in ecstasy to the loftiest heights [illegible] passion; or move it delighted into the profoundest depths of softened humanity (etc.)."

[illegible] operettas—many of them we [illegible] now call comedies with music—[illegible] performed. The newspaper critics [illegible] more and more attention; they be[illegible] to instruct the singers. Mr. Nelson, [illegible] instance, was told that the coldness [illegible] audience was accounted for by [illegible] throwing out his voice suffi[illegible] to fill the house and permit the [illegible] to reach the distant parts of the [illegible]. Mrs. Abbot as Leonora in [illegible] was informed that she [illegible] like a statue than a volatile [illegible], while Mrs. Baker appeared "prac[illegible] sensible of her precipitancy in [illegible] parts of her periods." Pleasure [illegible] expected from Mrs. Hellyer "when [illegible] can get the better of those palpitations which have been visible every time [illegible] has appeared", she was in need of [illegible], "and a little stage 'dagagee' would render her highly agreeable." [illegible] was talk of Mrs. Hughes's "total [illegible] and insipidity."

[illegible] might find the repertory as printed [illegible] Mr. Sonneck's tables to fall far below [illegible] of Philadelphia and New York. "The difference really lies in a less extrava[illegible] display of pantomimes and ballets. [illegible] On the whole the repertory in[illegible] one as conservative, and certain[illegible] the several [illegible] of the Federal [illegible] did not cater to 'American [illegible].'"

[illegible] was an enterprise in Boston, [illegible] the early annals of the American stage, operas and pantomimes were performed by children (Mr. Dearborn's [illegible] February 1795).

There were operatic performances in [illegible] at Portsmouth, N. H., as early as 1[illegible], and the Assembly Room [illegible] that town was turned into a theatre [illegible] 179[illegible].

"The Deserter" was performed, "translated from the French." Poor Mr. [illegible] In 'Robin' he played the piano. "Mr. T[illegible]," said a correspondent, "[illegible] well on the pianoforte, but he [illegible] sing. Why does he not oftener [illegible] that instrument? and why [illegible] a [illegible] to sing at all?" This [illegible] one of the criticism some years [illegible] an Italian tenor in London: "We [illegible] who taught Signor —— and [illegible] humble operatic [illegible] at Worcester, Portland, [illegible], New London, Hartford, Ct. It was at Hartford that we first hear of a benefit per[illegible] for the theatre orchestra in this [illegible] (1799); but the managers made [illegible] there. "Noticing that the [illegible] of Hartford still entertained the [illegible] prejudice against fre[illegible] the pit, with its 'mauvaise [illegible]' of 'segars,' the managers first [illegible] the public that a partition would [illegible] up for their female customers. [illegible] this did not prove satisfactory [illegible] explained that everywhere else in [illegible] world merchants and their wives [illegible] persons of moderate income pre[illegible] the pit to the more expensive [illegible]. Immediately the hated class-[illegible] was scented between the [illegible] of this explanation and the man[illegible] very apologetically protested [illegible] such a construction of their ad[illegible] to the 'most respectable citizens [illegible] their families'—and reduced the [illegible] of admission to the boxes to three-[illegible] of a dollar, pit half a dollar; gallery, one quarter of a dollar, the lat[illegible] the price of admission [illegible] colored people."

[illegible] be said," Mr. Sonneck re[illegible] at the end of his chapter on Bos[illegible] middle of Boston opera was [illegible] [illegible] should not be [illegible] to [illegible] the people of New England [illegible] given a taste of opera, generally well performed, and if it be kept in mind that the sojourn of theatrical companies invariably led to concerts given by the vocalists and instrumentalists with more or less noteworthy programs it is clear that these attempts at provincial [illegible] country opera helped to broaden the musical horizon of the people and to lead them out of the narrow channels of psalmody into which they had been drifting. The New Englanders could not help but notice the difference between the amateurish singing of their townsmen who figured as soloists at the singing societies and local musical events and that of these professional songsters, or again between the skill of a Gottlieb Graupner and that of some self-taught local and probably very irritable, melancholical, yet conceited oboist. After all, taste is merely the faculty for distinction, and once the seed of distinction has been sown it will grow even in arid soil, though, perhaps, at first but slowly. For these reasons, readers with a historical retina may smile, but they certainly will not laugh at these somewhat irregular injections of opera into New England."

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Two Famous Wild Men of Borneo

For a bad headache last night and this morning your correspondent, Mr. Howard, with his confounded Wild Men of Borneo, was directly responsible. References to them in the public press have ordinarily occurred during the last generation in regular cycles of three years, but of late there has been a perfect whirlwind of inquiry and reminiscence, with frightful consequence to my shattered system, until I can no longer suffer in silence, but must make a carelessly wagging world my confidant.

To begin with, the W. M. of B. were introduced to a Boston public before the 60s; that I can swear, for the tragic occurrence which I am now about to relate happened before my parents moved up into "the made land" from the North end. (Do you remember Anson Burlingame's speech from the portico of the Revere House the night before the election of 1860—I think it was—when he addressed his "neighbors," who packed Bowdoin square and with torches and red fire welcomed him home after a strenuous speaking campaign throughout the North? "Weary and worn from the labors and trials of this momentous campaign, with my little remaining strength I have returned to lay my tired head upon the restful bosom of the old North end.") Among the public to whom they—the W. M. of B.—were introduced in the late 50s was my brother, the elder by some five years. Become by this introduction a person of distinction in Friend street and its vicinage, he promptly assembled the youth of the neighborhood in our "back kitchen" and proceeded to make them, so far as possible, partakers of his glory. Some slight change of costume and hair arrangement (alas, the latter would be quite impossible for him today), and he looked the Wild Man. A scowling face, wicked mutterings and fierce snapping of the jaws, and he was the Wild Man, appalling to behold. But he was not satisfied. Those others had shown marvellous strength for such little creatures, lifting heavy men quite off their feet by simply pressing upward with their palms just below the knees of the volunteer subjects. He would do the same. In a twinkling little brother (that's where I came in) became the heavy man and was duly uplifted. But the importance of keeping my knees perfectly rigid had not been sufficiently impressed upon me. I was as putty in the palms of my big brother; when high in air my knees bent, my figure huckled and, sustaining almost a complete reversal of position, my blond head struck the corner of the iron door below the wash boiler and, my curling locks imbued in horrid gore, I lay at the feet of a very white and whimpery Wild Man.

Some 20 years later I made the personal acquaintance of the self-same long-haired exiles from Borneo in a hall at the corner of Tremont street and what was then Montgomery place. One of them was then feeble, lame and very mild, not to say dribbling, of aspect. The other, fierce and unrelenting, scowled horribly at me, drew an index finger across his throat in a most unpleasant manner, and beckoned most suggestively when the manager smilingly requested some gentleman to step to the platform and allow the "little wild man to lift him from the floor by the mere pressure of the palms below the knees." I fled. Now, after 55 years, I bear an occipital scar of nearly two inches in length where one of my most important and sobering bumps should be; there is a horrid depression, and every time I hear the Wild Men of Borneo spoken of I am led to drown my sorrow in drink. Hence the headache of this morning, and hence, Mr. Editor, my plaintive request that from now on your columns shall be closed to all wild men except, of course, Halliday Witherspoon, J. B. C., and a few like them.

[illegible], March 16. C. H. C.

Dramatic Notes from London

[illegible] with [illegible] theatre." The [illegible] review of "The Winter's Tale" at the Royal Victoria Hall, London, [illegible] "But if there be a play in which 'pro[illegible] duction' is really vital, surely 'The Winter's Tale,' where the balance between feeling and fantasy must be delicately held, and the atmosphere of poetry is so easily brightened or dulled by the harmony or discord of accessories."

"Potash and Perlmutter" was acted in London on Feb. 26 for the [illegible]th time.

"Sweet Nell of Old Drury" was revived at the Strand Theatre, London, Feb. 27. Miss Neilson's Nell is said to be as "freshly youthful as ever, still as roughly tomboyant (the word is coined only for the occasion), and still as conspicuously glowing with that virtue which the real Nell did not take overmuch trouble even to assume."

New books about the theatre in England are "Theatrical Bristol" by Guy Tracey Watts, published by Holloway & Son of Portewallo[illegible], Bristol, 250 numbered copies, each copy at 3s. 6d. The Theatre Royal at Bristol is one of the oldest in England, and is about as it was when David Garrick opened it about a century and a half ago. All the great English actors from Edmund Kean to Irving acted there. The "Stage Year-Book" for 1915, edited by L. Carson, is published at "The Stage" office, London, for a shilling. Including the numerous illustrations, the book contains well over two hundred pages, and is simply packed with information concerning the theatres and music-halls of this country and of the United States. It is a volume not only of statistics but of criticism, and the special articles by Mr. E. A. Baughan on "The Drama of the Year" and Mr. Bernard Weller on "The War and the Stage" are of real value.

"Richelieu" was revived at the Coronet Theatre, London, May 1, with Henry Herbert as the Cardinal. "Valuable actor as he is, admirably dignified and sincere we doubt his having quite the necessary strength, much less the electrical quality for such an effort * * * Plentiful as was the applause after each act, the chief sound of which we were conscious during the traffic of the play was the creaking of Lytton's machinery * * * As a piece of dramatic art, the play is full of conventionalities, bewildering complications, and almost childish inaptitudes, while, though there are fine lines in it, there are also many that must be called fustiana. But the character of Richelieu not only gives an actor a chance of being as wily as a fox, as fierce as a lion, as tender as a dove, and as chatty as a magpie, but enables him to wear an extremely picturesque costume all the while, and to bear a very celebrated name." So Richelieu may properly be called a menagerie part. Mr Walbrook remembers "Irving's overwhelming burst of passion at the close of the fourth act and Booth's magnificent exit after the same scene."

"Zonneslag et Cie," by Gustave Libeau and Maurice Saye, "was produced by Belgian Players at the Criterion Theatre, London Feb. 22. The Daily Telegraph says of it: "This is a happy golucky affair. It tries most ways of making you laugh, and is in no great hurry over it. It is the most irresponsible, the most flippant and most the least coherent piece which the Belgian players have given us. But we enjoyed ourselves vastly. All the fun, of course, was not the very finest. We had some sections which did not amuse. But a great deal of it was preposterously droll. You must not demand anything recondite. The farcical devices are quite simple, and not wonderfully new. What makes them irresistible is the rich, jolly humor of M. Libeau and his companions. To see him affecting awful terror about opening a mysterious bag, which, of course, has a merely innocent inside; to watch him trying to moderate the transports of a terrible South American, to hear him plunging into English —all this is great sport. He has the rare infectious quality in his fun. You have to enjoy it with him. Then there are several priceless pieces of oddity—M. Van Den Bosch as a shopman with a wonderful limp; M. Desplas, a figure of fun with a carroty beard in the first act, a cameraman in the second, and some captivating English of his own. The inevitable quaint bonne a tout faire—we find her in all these genial Belgian plays —is again jolly good company with Mlle. Dinah Valence playing her. There was a truly terrible South American adventurer with frenzies and wonderful name, and M. Mathot played him with hurricanes of energy. As for the plot, you need not much trouble yourself with that. Vermeulen was a Brussels grocer, and he had a charming daughter, who wanted to marry a sous-officer in the Belgian army, but was destined by her father for Zonneslag of the great firm of Zonneslag et Cie. There were storms and tears about that in the first act, with interludes of grocery. In the second we went to an Ostend hotel, where the jolly grocer met his South American, and of course acquired a decoration. There is always a decoration somewhere on the horizon for these good bourgeois. Also he met [illegible] who [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] her a [illegible] "The Curtain Calls" [illegible] Musketeers [illegible] George [illegible] is a box [illegible] which is placed in a [illegible] The case is then [illegible] the [illegible] members of the audience are invited on the stage to watch. Among them Mr. Culpitt is found, described as a 'critical spectator.'"

Miss Katherine Clifford is billed in London as "America's Smartest [illegible] Town."

"Florodora" has been revived at the Lyric Theatre, London. The Pall Mall Gazette thinks it is an advantage to belong to the minority of Londoners who did not see the original production years ago. "One went to the Lyric Theatre unbiassed by reminiscences. It was easier to laugh at Mr. Ben Nathan's eccentricities without our old [illegible] of Willie Edouin * * * There is a freshness about the entertainment that [illegible] the passing of fashions. The [illegible] sound a little naive after a [illegible] diet of ragtime and valse [illegible], but that is by no means to its discredit, and there is something peculiarly [illegible] freshing about the English [illegible]. The book may have awkward [illegible] but who cares about the book? The dialogue has been copiously rewritten and there is a war song of Jack and Jill, "meaning the Wiles of [illegible]."

Shirley and Landeck's drama [illegible] of "The Three Musketeers," has been revived at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

The Vossische Zeitung [illegible] that it is intended to close all the Berlin theatres from April 1. Protests from several quarters have been already received.

The first number of a new monthly called the Irvingite has appeared in London. It is described as a periodical pamphlet devoted to the record of our greatest actor." One of the illustrations is a Sleit portrait of Henry Irving as Richard III., "in which the fine [illegible] ness is not very good though the [illegible] is admirable. For the rest, the number contains so very little about Irving that admirers of that great actor will scarcely feel it worth the [illegible] charged for it. However, as the editor suggests, we must not be too severe on a first number."

"The Whip" has been revived at the Aldwych Theatre, London, with great success.

Mme Rejane arriving in London on March 1 to play "a surprise war sketch 'The Bet,'" by Regina [illegible], at the Coliseum, had this to say about Mme. Bernhardt: "But she is so brave and regards her misfortune so lightly and unselfishly that it is impossible to express one's pity for her without feeling a certain awkward sense of intrusion—the same sense that comes over one who offers words of pity to a brave wounded soldier. It seems a terrible thing, after all these years of hard work and beautiful achievement, that my dear comrade should be the victim of this calamity—a calamity which is the more cruel for its coming at a time when she is greatly worried about her business affairs."

The London Times published on March 1 the following review of a performance at Drury Lane on March 1, 18[illegible]. The critic surely did not speak vaguely. "Last night introduced a young candidate for theatrical distinction in the character of Norval, in Home's 'Douglas.' The interest of the part throws its protection so thickly over its representative, that it becomes more difficult than usual to speak of the performer. On this occasion, youth, the natural and not unbecoming etourderie of inexperience, and the embarrassment of anxiety to sustain on the boards the conception with which the debutant had arrived in the closet, still increased the difficulty, and we should wish to decline deciding decidedly of hopes or merits till a more adequate trial has been afforded. The name of this actor is Penley; his figure is slight, strait and tall, his voice equal to the stage, his countenance not disadvantageous, though without force, and his style of acting of that order into which any one might be tutored, but which, if he possesses a genius for the stage, he will be among the first to fling the necessity of discarding 'clean and forever.' His recitation of the opening speech, and his interviews with Lady Randolph, were frequently [illegible]. The other parts of the performance were filled as almost in ridicule of the lasting impression, and if the object was been to relieve the pains of tragedy by the jocularities of farce, it could not have been more ingeniously provided for than by the labours of the whole tribe of the subordinates in the play. The consequence of this spoke in one of the thinnest houses of the season.'

Notes About Music and Musicians

Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" has been cut in seven rolls for the pianola. "Stravinsky is not in the catalogue, but most of his music is now available. Scriabin is badly represented."

It is said that Siegfried Wagner has written an opera on the [illegible] which [illegible] performed in the [illegible] for the [illegible]

... the horror of war ... German's ... Siegfried ... his service to the German army, ... they were declined.

The Pall Mall Gazette published this curious letter from a "Friend ... Neutral": "In Notes of the Day, in your issue of today, on the subject of another grievance unearthed by the German professors, you refer to Beethoven's Variations on the melody of the British National Anthem, and you speak of Beethoven as if he were a German like present Germans. As a neutral, I must protest against this. Taking up your 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' I learn that Beethoven's grandfather was born near Louvain of all places in the world. I furthermore cannot help noticing that the great master stuck to his Flemish name of Van Beethoven, and never adopted the German von B. I have yet to learn that the Germans look upon Beethoven in any other light than as a pure German; but I am pretty certain that if he had been alive in these latter days and seen what had taken place in his ancestral town of Louvain, he would have given us good reasons for the retention in his name of the Flemish prefix van and his rejection of the German von. As a friendly neutral, I cannot understand why a genius like Beethoven, whose ancestry is Flemish, should always be treated by you Englishmen as purely German, notwithstanding that he himself always retained his specially Flemish patronymic, and came from Belgium."

Mr. Malbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette writing with reference to the returned prosperity of the theatres in London, has this to say about "The Tales of Hoffmann" at the Shaftesbury: "Offenbach's opera must always be a musical delight, and all the critics seem agreed that the English artists sing it as well as did the Germans and Austrians who brought the work to us about six years ago and gave a series of performances of it at the Adelphi Theatre, which, to the discredit of the London taste of the day, is said to have resulted in a loss of £6000. On the dramatic side, however, our English players still have something to learn from the Germans. The part of Dr. Miracle, for example, in the last act, was made a tragic figure by the German actor. Mr. Austin, at the Shaftesbury, makes him almost a comic one. At the Adelphi the sinister doctor, a Mephistophelian looking wretch in a red wig, made his appearance in a gradual, ghostly way from behind the piano, with the effect of sending a shiver through the house. At the Shaftesbury, on the night of my visit, he pranced in through the door with a gesture that almost prepared one for some such cry as 'Here we are again!' I wonder if Mr. Austin has ever thought of presenting Dr. Miracle as an entirely tragic and terrible figure. He could do it easily enough if he wished to, for he is a good actor with a personality which is at once powerful and flexible. Perhaps he has, and perhaps the answer has been 'The English public don't want to be harrowed at the theatre.' If such a remark has been made in this connection it may be worth mentioning that there is already so much that is charming in a lyric way and diverting in a comic in 'Tales of Hoffmann' that the dramatization of the figure of Miracle to render it in harmony with the music Offenbach has composed for it could in no way be oppressive. In fact, while it would artistically enhance the scenes in which the demoniacal doctor appears, it would also throw into still brighter relief the lighter and gayer episodes of the charming work. Let us hope that one day the English stage will 'trust the people' more fully than is too often the case in this matter of tragic interpretation." Even the excellent Vanni Marcoux went astray at the Boston Opera House as Dr. Miracle, in his desire to be original at any cost. All he had to do was to copy Taskin's make-up, which was grotesque and sinister without being Mephistophelian.

Ysaye, who has lost most of his possessions by the war and has three sons fighting for his country, gave a concert at the Torquay Pavilion Feb. 27. His concerto was Viotti's, in A minor. "There is perhaps no other violinist who has such a power of transmitting a dual personality into his double-stopping, an attribute which must appeal strongly to the hearer; and the variety of mood—playful, martial, sorrowful, energetic—each in turn has its distinctive place when M. Ysaye handles his instruments. If ever a man spoke in his playing, this artist speaks to his audience—one can almost read his thoughts."

The Independent Musical World, the organ of the Independent Music Club, London, published an article on "The Abuse of Music" by Montagu-Nathan. He argues that the abuse has gone so far that the true sociological purpose of music, as of sport, has been almost wholly ignored. "The public attention was directed in both cases toward the spectacular. Society did not itself indulge in music. The standard of musicainess in the individual was calculated by reference to the number of concerts or operatic performances attended. To be thought musical did not involve any obligation to make music for oneself." To which Mr. Edwin Evans replies: "All of which is lamented ... We have ... as we ... football by proxy. If we only made music with ... spirit ... we dance and fight!"

... only is she a singer of very great talent, but she is also a very pretty woman, and she could not fail to attract the Emperor's attention. He was presented to Mlle. Sylva, and complimented her in the usual way, saying the best things about France and the French people. Mlle. Sylva, like all our other people who had previously received the same compliments from the Emperor, was extremely touched, and informed our ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, of the friendly reception accorded her. But what has happened today? Mlle. Marguerite Sylva, who is a Belgian, has seen her house sacked by William's soldiers, while her family has had to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris.—Paris Midi.

The Midi quotes a letter written to Miss Sylva by her old friend, the heroic Burgomaster Adolphe Max, dated the Fortress of Glatz: "Think, then, that I have been shut up since 4 P. M. on Sept. 26, after having been in the prisons of Namur and Cologne. I have been here in the central dungeon of the fortress since Oct. 12. I cannot say anything to you on the causes of my arrest, nor discuss them, unless I run the risk of my letter not being approved. I was warned today that the too free tone of my correspondence has given offence, and that henceforth they will not let anything pass, but the censor does not prevent you from knowing the joy which you have given me by writing, and how thankful I am to you."

Mr. Ralph Bankes wrote to the London Times this letter about the English national anthem: "With reference to the letters in your columns about the alleged feebleness of the clergy at the present crisis, may I venture to record my feeble protest against the system which prevails in 'choirs and places where they sing' of omitting the second and really revelant verse of the national anthem? Why we should at this period shrink from singing 'confound their politics,' when we want to see them confounded, 'frustrate their knavish tricks,' when we know they are knavish, 'on thee our hopes we fix,' when we do or ought to so fix them, passes my comprehension. It appears to me to be feeble in the extreme."

A Phantasy for string quartet by J. B. McEwen was produced in London March 2. He is described as "a composer who has never received adequate justice, partly owing to his academic position, which in England renders him suspect, and partly because he appeared on the scene too late to be reckoned among the heroes of the last generation and too early to be one of the hopes of this. There is something of this in his music. The quality is really fine, and, although not free from scholasticism, it is not so pedantic as that of some of the heroes aforesaid. On the other hand, it just falls short of the youthful freshneses of the newer men. It is at once imaginative and middle-aged."

The amusement advertisements in the Vienna papers are not without their interest just now. I see that in one or two concerts the names appear of Gounod, Auber and Moszkowsky, who originally was a Pole. The music, however, is of the military order as a rule, of the "Turkish Patrol" kind or the Lehar or Oskar Strauss type. Musical comedy is abundant, too, but of serious music I can find little trace, save and except in the opera houses, where recently "Parsifal" was given with Schmodes as Parsifal, and "Der Freischuetz" in the Volksoper. Was it out of compliment to us that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" has been played a good deal in Vienna of late? Or have the Austrians annexed Shakespeare as the Germans have?—Daily Telegraph.

"Pan and the Star," a pantomime, scenario by Joseph Lindon Smith, music by Edward Burlingame Hill, was performed in Cincinnati by the MacDowell Society on March 11 for the benefit of the Red Cross fund. The Times-Star said that Mr. Hill's music is more than interesting and fine. "There are moments when it rises above the scene and asserts itself. * * * A score which sparkles, which is thoroughly musicianly and which presents an amalgamation of the different forms of music which have become our own, the things which we have inherited from the ages and which we will characteristically combine into our own form of expression. This is the coming art of our country." The Enquirer found that the music was most effective in illuminating the pantomime. "Mr. Hill has wrought a score which is modern in flavor, melodiously rich and excellently developed. It is descriptive music in the good sense of that term, and with its variety of orchestral color adds immeasurably to the beauty of the production."

With a view to stimulating recruiting, Mr. Harry Lauder has organized a special band of pipers, which is to tour the whole of Scotland and the north of England. The band has been officially recognized by the war office, and may be expected to play a prominent part in the recruiting campaign. Mr. Lauder has issued the following appeal: "I want 1000 men. Our country calls for the best that is in us. Anything we can do, let us do it voluntarily and without force. Don't let the spirits of the glorious past laugh us to disaster. Your country calls you.—H. L."—Daily Telegraph

Truly ... some of the discoveries made nowadays. Thus, ... day, with reference to the revival of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," we read that "it is, of course, a question whether the Barcarollo was not the work of another hand, Offenbach having died before the opera was finished." This is the first time we have ever heard of a shadow of a doubt being cast upon the authenticity of the famous barcarolle. And now we are asked to question it because, forsooth, Offenbach died "before the opera was finished." On the same principle one might just as well doubt the authenticity of any other part of the opera. As a matter of fact, the work was only left unfinished in so far as some of the scoring was concerned, and this task was completed by another. But for no other composer has the invention of a single melody in "Hoffmann" ever been claimed. And after some 34 years it really seems rather late in the day to try to rob Offenbach of the credit of his insidious Barcarolle.—Daily Telegraph, Feb. 13.

The operas to be heard during the season of five weeks at Monte Carlo—it began March 2—are Godard's "La Vivandiere," Saint-Saens's "L'Ancetre," Massenet's posthumous work, "Cleopatre"; "Rigoletto," "Aida," "Lucia," "Norma" and other Italian operas. Among the singers are Mmes. Litvinne, Kousnetsov, Deina, Lipkowska, de Hidalgo, Royer-Baillac, Aga, Riva and Messrs. Caruso, Skouffi, a new baritone, Mario, Maguenat, Journet, Chalmin. The entire receipts will be distributed among the local military charities.

National anthems are much in the air just now. It is St. David's day, and in a capital little brochure, issued by the Welsh Department of the Board of Education, is given a history of that beautiful national anthem, "Land of My Fathers." The words were written by Evan James, a Pontypridd weaver; the music by his son. "While the father wrote, the son played on the harp, and between them the winter evenings must have passed pleasantly enough. * * * The story goes that on a Sunday afternoon, early in January of 1856, some sort of spell descended on both father and son—something which compelled them, to give expression to the thoughts which worked within them." "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" was first sung in a Calvinistic chapel at Meeting. It was first published in 1860. "A quarter of a century later it had become the accepted national anthem of Wales." St. David was the illegitimate son of a Welsh prince, who bore the cumbrous name of Sandde ab Ceredig ab Cunedda. Non was the name of his mother. She retired into a religious house, and her name is still perpetuated in "Nun's Well," near St. Bride's Bay. David has always been popular in the West. The late Canon Benham has noted that "no less than 53 churches are dedicated to his memory in South Wales, Monmouth, and Hereford; two were named in memory of his mother, Non; and seven other members of his family had the same distinction. Churches were also founded in his memory in Somerset, Cornwall and Brittany."—Daily Chronicle, London, March 1.

I heard a perfectly authentic story the other day of the extent to which Russian hospitality extends. A Russian visited some strange Russians in whose village he happened to find himself. As is in accord with Russian hospitality, the visitor was liberally entertained, but not asked any questions as to whence he came or whither or when he was going. He was allowed to remain in peace. He remained in that peace and that place for a number of years, and when he died not a soul knew even so much as his name. A long time ago, after the revolutionary year of '48, foreign musicians flocked to our shores in abundance. They, in many cases, created employment for themselves; in others they took what offered. They accepted our hospitality and remained here in peace. Indeed, many of them have remained ever since, or have been replaced by other foreigners. Now most of them have departed, willy-nilly. Are we to be so lacking in energy that we are to permit them all to come back when there is no more war, to come back merely because they are foreigners; and tho British public dearly loves a foreign musician, though it affects to hate all that is not English? Can the public not apply some tltle of its "sporting instinct" to the case, wake up and put matters straight, or rather keep them straight?—R. H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Julia Culp, singer, and Percy Grainger, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Nina Fletcher, John Craig Kelley, accompanist. Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Bach, Saraband, Double and Bourree from Sonata No. 2, B minor, violin alone; Beethoven, Romance in F; Bruch, Romance, op. 42; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance, No. 7; Cui, Cavatina; Zarzycki, Mazourka; Bron, Romance; Saint-Saens, Havanaise.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Carolyn Belcher String Quartet (Carolyn Belcher, Anna Eichorn, Sara Corbett, Charlotte White), assisted by Albert Sand, first clarinetist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dvorak, Quartet in E flat major; Brahms, Quintet in B minor, clarinet and strings; Haydn, Quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell give their festival concert. Assisting will be the Boston Mandolin Orchestra of 200; the Langham Mandolin Orchestra of 40 members, the Lansing Mandolin Orchestra of 40 members; the Boston Ideal Club; John Thomas, humorist, and J. Albert Baumgartner, pianist and organist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano. See special notice.

Mch 22 1915

GRAINGER AND MME. CULP HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Julia Culp and Mr. Percy Grainger gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major transcribed for piano (Mr. Grainger); Mendelssohn, Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges, Der Mond, Bei der Wiege; Jensen, Waldesgespraech, Am Ufer des Flusses (Mme. Culp); Chopin, Barcarole, Polonaise in A flat (Mr. Grainger); Tschaikowsky, Pendant le Bal; Weckerlin, Mignonette; Beethoven, Faithful Johnnie; Carpenter, When I bring you colored toys; Rogers, The Star (Mme. Culp); Ravel, Jeux d'eaux; Grainger, Shepherd's Hey, Irish tune from County Derry; Stanford-Grainger, Maguire's Kick (Mr. Grainger); Wolf, Heimweh, Du denkst mit einen Maedchen; Strauss, Morgen, Heimliche Aufforderung. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos accompanied Mme. Culp. There was a very large audience.

Mr. Grainger is a fascinating pianist. He has a singularly agreeable touch. In passages of tender sentiment his tone is never effeminate; in robust moments he respects the limitations of the instrument. His tonal variety allows him to color at will. His sense of rhythm is keen; his technic, peculiarly individual, suits his musical and poetic nature. He has that rare quality, self-control. The hearer feels at once that this pianist has something to say and is abundantly able to say it.

Mr. Grainger's interpretation is unusual, but not by reason of extravagance or perversion. There is no thought of his choosing this or that reading because he wishes to be regarded as original; because he intends to fly in the face of tradition and "authority"; or because he strives to show how superior he is to predecessors. The man plays according to his nature.

We may regret that he favors Busoni's transcription of one of Bach's inferior organ pieces, for the original fugue is an empty virtuoso piece, showing the influence of Buxtehude in his weaker and florid mood, and Bach has written so many beautiful pieces for the forerunners of the piano that it seems a pity to waste time on a transcription. Mr. Grainger played Busoni's arrangement by special request, the program stated. Thus he showed courtesy to some, while others would gladly have heard something else. He did not play the prelude in his most effective manner. The performance was not always clear; runs were occasionally smeared and there was a careless and blurring abuse of the damper pedal. The fugue, on the other hand, was superbly played. We have seldom heard a finer example of contrapuntal reading, a more unerring leading of voices with a treatment of episodes that kept them from seeming extraneous, or a more masterly control of rhythm that went its way steadily to the final fury of the appointed climax.

Perhaps Mr. Grainger was even more surprising and impressive as a player of Chopin. Few pianists succeed in making the Barcarole a consistent whole. Some put Chopin's gondola on the storm-tossed billows of the Atlantic and the dialogue of the lovers is shouted to the winds and the waves. With others the gondola pokes its way in a cramped canal and the dialogue is whispered as though the two feared to be overheard by the gondolier. Vladimir de Pachmann's interpretation of the Barcarole is justly famous. And so should be the interpretation of Mr. Grainger. To him this composition is neither a show piece nor a rambling, long-drawn out nocturne. His reading is romantically Venetian. His Venice is not unlike the city dear to Henri de Regnier, the city that haunts by the remembrance of past glory, by the melancholy that is an essential attribute of perfect beauty.

Equally unusual was Mr. Grainger's view of the sadly maltreated Polonaise. When this Polonaise is put on the program of a formidable pianist, the experienced concert-goer prepares for the worst or leaves the hall. For this Polonaise is not merely a case of thunder and guns and all that, nor was it written to display octave-technic or a pianist's brute force. Mr. Grainger to the polonaise proper gave the tempo of the stately processional dance. The middle section was treated with great elasticity, at times with the rhapsodic

...dom of an improvisator. A ... effect was made by reserving the ... crescendo for the repetition of the ... measures. Beautiful indeed was ... reading of the page before the return of the chief motive.

Mr. Grainger's conception of Ravel's charming composition was exquisitely fanciful. Of the three pieces that followed, the Irish tune from County Derry was by far the most interesting and the most musical. The harmonizations were something more than clever. Let us hope, however, that Mr. Grainger, the pianist will not be lost in Mr. Grainger, the folk-lorist.

We speak of Mr. Grainger at length rather than of Mme. Culp, for the former is comparatively a stranger, while the voice and art of Mme. Culp are known to all. Yesterday she was excellently disposed. She displayed the qualities that place her at the head of Lieder singers now before the public in this country. To speak more in detail would be to analyze the interpretation of many songs with the necessity of coining new words of eulogy. Again she showed that perfect song is not yet to be numbered among the lost arts. Mr. Bos was as ever in full sympathy with her.

Constantinople has a deleterious effect upon Europeans. So, at least, declared a "great and highly-gifted lady," mentioned by Grant Duff. She had the honor of being received by the Sultan. "I hope you like Constantinople?" inquired the monarch. "Yes," said she, "but I find great difficulty in leading my Inner Life here." The Sultan started, but recovering himself, ... gravely, "Ah, no one should drink water here without having it previously boiled."

R. I. P.

We have received several letters about Roscoe Conkling and the causes of his death. Mr. S. W. George of Haverhill writes with reference to the letter to "L. P. W.," who said that Clarkson Potter contracted pneumonia in the blizzard of 1888 by walking "without an outside coat, which was the boasted habit of 60 years or more."

"The fact that Clarkson N. Potter, son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, and brother of Bishop Henry C. Potter, died Jan. 23, 1882, at the age of 57, six years previous to the date of the memorable blizzard, would seem to call for further explanation. It would be of interest to know who this distinguished citizen was that went more than 60 years without wearing an overcoat and lost his life as a result of the elements March 12, 1888."

Mr. Darwin Caldwell Pavey of Somerville writes with reference to Dr. Tracy's letter published in this column March 17. According to Mr. Pavey's recollection Conkling early in 1888 was living at the Hoffman House.

"Long before obtaining my majority I worked for Mr. Conkling in his campaigns for district attorney of Oneida county and mayor of Utica, long before he was even thought of for Congress, and for many years was intimate with him, politically and otherwise, as a man much younger than himself could be. The last talk I had with him, shortly before that March blizzard, was in his law office at No. 2 Wall street, and he was then in more robust health than I had ever known him to be before. He had the structure, the frame and the strength of an athlete, and after his retirement from political life he took on flesh amazingly fast, but with no corresponding diminution of strength. In fact so confident was he of his ability to face the fiercest gale that ever blew that, contrary to the advice of friends in his office to go to the Astor House, not far away, for the night, he tramped up Broadway to Madison square in the teeth of one of the worst storms in the history of the eastern part of the United States, with the result as noted by Dr. Tracy."

Statesmen's Necks.

As the World Wags:

Confidently I turn to you with a question which has fretted me these many weary nights.

Why do so many of our esteemed cabinet officers wear their hair shaven in the back of the neck? Is it to obviate the demoralizing contact of hair oil and spotless linen? Or is it only a matter of stern economy in a body whose leaders admittedly must take lecture engagements as pot-boilers?

I am a little inclined to this latter conjecture. Truly one of such tonsorial predilections enjoys an immense pecuniary advantage over his less progressive brethren. He needs but have his neck shaven every three weeks (at five cents per, if you will notice the artists' scale of prices); and meanwhile his rear overhang serenely grows eastern ad infinitum.

Incidentally, what do Mr. George P. Bolivar Herkimer Johnson, Esq., et al. think of the term "Shaven-neck Statesman lip"? DAVID A. WASSON.

Colorado Springs, Colo., March 18.

...ncient and ...

As the World Wags:

... a letter from my ... father, dated "Baltimore ... July ...," he says of ... , "I think it ... sell so well here as in Newbury ... we have nothing doing."

This would seem to give a quite respectable antiquity to what most of us would think modern slang.

And in connection with this can you throw any light upon that blessedly convenient, if not yet wholly sanctified, locution "up to"? We used to say, for example, that such and such a course of action was "incumbent upon the secretary of state"; now we can say "It's up to Bryan," and let it go at that.

HARVARD '74.

Cambridge, March 21.

"There is nothing doing" is recognized by the New English Dictionary, but only as modern. There is this preliminary note, which we recommend as a test of memory: "'To be doing' (in which an early passive use of the present participle compare northern doand, 1300, and modern Scotch seems to have blended with 'a-doing,' i. e., the verbal substantive governed by the preposition 'a' equal to on, in) is used with a passive signification . . . for which in more recent use the passive form 'being done' is often substituted." We hope this explanation will be satisfactory to all.—Ed.

The Seven Seas.

There is a curious discussion in the N. Y. Sun about Kipling's "Seven Seas." Mr. Titus Munson Coan suggests that Mr. Kipling may have read of the eight seas which are "the channels between the different islands of Hawaii." Mr. Lewis C. Grover writes: "Kipling used the phrase, to my mind, to denote all the navigable waters of the world, whether the number were seven or more. He may have considered that the perfect number seven completed a perfect phrase."

We had supposed that the seven seas were the Arctic, Antarctic, North and South Pacific, North and South Atlantic, and Indian Oceans. Fitzgerald in his translation of Omar Khayyam (1872) wrote:

> Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Sev'n Seas should heed a pebble cast.

In the fourth edition (1879) these lines are changed:

> Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

For how could Omar, who died in the first quarter of the 12th century, know of the Seven Seas? Kipling's title was published in 1896.

We have the seven champions, the seven islands, the seven jargons, the seven names of God, the seven sisters, the seven stars, the seven sleepers, the seven sages, the seven wonders, the seven deadly sins, the seven head sins, the seven heavens, the seven sacraments, the seven words, etc., etc.; why not the seven seas?

March 23 1915

'SILENT VOICE'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Silent Voice," a play in four acts, by Jules Eckert Goodman.

Mrs. Heloise De Lorme	Eugenia Woodward
Mildred Hallam	Mrs. Skinner
Spring	Owen Meech
Williamson	James Redfield
Montgomery Starr	Otis Skinner
Marjorie Blair	Florence Fisher
Bobby De Lorme	George Gaul
Young Man	Harry Sothern
Young Girl	Esther Cornell
Billy	Philip Leigh
Jennie	Ruth Farnum
A Plain Clothes Policeman	William Wilson

This play is founded on a story by Gouverneur Morris. With the story we now have nothing to do, nor is it material whether the play follows the story closely. The play's the only thing.

Starr, a man of wealth and position, a musician of more than ordinary attainments, a virtuoso pianist, suddenly becomes deaf, as was his mother before him. He learns to hear speech by observing the lips of others. His misfortune embitters him. He doubts the existence of the Deity. If there is a Deity, He is indifferent or cruel. For a time he hesitates about asking his young ward, Marjorie, to be his wife. He woos her, not passionately, but calmly, stating his deafness as an obstacle, but hoping that she will love him. Under obligations to him, perhaps pitying him, she consents to marry him.

Young Bobby, the nephew of Starr, a youth described vaguely as a "clubman," loves Marjorie in his fashion. Starr suspects it and infers that Marjorie returns this love, for this would be natural. He is convinced of it when she confesses that she is unwilling to bear children, lest they should be deaf. She is not persuaded to the contrary by an extract from a magazine article read to her by her husband just before she is going to a dinner, in which the ingenious author states flatly that deafness is not hereditary. Husband and wife have a few words. She accuses him of raising his voice. They part in sorrow rather than in anger. Henceforth they will live in the same house, ... Starr ... the ... he ... sights ... at Heaven, ... seeing a poor ... who must leave the city ... without his sweetheart if he ... to live, he gives him $1000. He ... the couple, he hears their talk through a powerful glass. This is shown, as are scenes in the following ..., by a darkened stage, with various couples in transparencies and the actors talking. It must be taken for granted that they converse so that their lips are always visible to Starr.

Starr leads a lonely life on the roof of his house which overlooks Central Park. He is the directing genius of a virtuous and beneficent roof garden. The silent voice of faith has touched his heart. He is no longer a doubter and a railer. His charitable deeds are numberless. He is the good fairy to little children. He helps the sick, the erring, the wretched. Bobby, who had been for some months in Naples, returns. Starr sees and hears his wife and nephew in the park. Bobby pleads passionately his suit. He taunts her with having married for money, and in other ways proves himself a cad even if he is a member of "exclusive clubs." Marjorie defends her husband and herself. On the roof she makes advances to Starr. He tells her of the comedies and tragedies he has seen through the glass. He tells her the tale of a fair young girl wedded to an ogre. She loves a man nearer her age. What is the ogre to do? He does not love his wife, she does not love him. What is there left for the ogre but to put himself out of the way? Marjorie cries out: "The ogre lies." She proclaims her love. There is rapt embracing, with an allusion to children, but without any reference to possible deafness.

This play is curiously uneven. A fine idea is not skilfully worked. The psychological problem calls for a more experienced and capable dramatist. There are soem scenes realistic in the modern way, others are sentimental in the mid-Victorian manner. The story is told by speech rather than by action. There is little true dramatic interest. The business of the transparencies is prejudicial to the march of the play. The sudden change of light to darkness, and again from darkness to light is to the cool observer preposterous, for the play does not purport to be fantastical. Starr is in the dark. Facial play that should portray his emotions, especially while Bobby and Marjorie have their chief scene, is out of the question. Starr retires while the stage manager shows transparencies, stereopticon views, moving pictures, what you will, to the audience.

In spite of the faults that we have mentioned the drama impresses one by the inherent nobility of the theme and the evident sincerity of the author. Thus the play is a refreshing relief from the trivial plays, the sensual plays, the insignificant appeals to idle lovers of sensationalism, or coarse humor, which today are thrown upon the stage, for the most part with unskilled comedians, too often with some untrained actress forced upon the public as a "star."

This drama also impresses one by reason of the excellent acting of two or three of the chief comedians. Mr. Otis Skinner is easily the first of romantic actors now upon the American stage. He has played here in many dramas that have given him fuller opportunity for the display of his great gifts and acquirements.

Although the part of Starr is not continually a thankful one, it calls for a careful study of character. The dramatist has not been successful in outlining sharply the nature of Starr; there are moments when the actor is left helpless. Nevertheless, Mr. Skinner makes Starr for the most part a plausible and sympathetic being. His imitation of the speech of a deaf man, now hard and incisive, now hesitating and suspicious, is natural. In fact, the superficial impersonation is wholly admirable. But Mr. Skinner is equally impressive in showing the change in the man's nature; his growing belief in goodness; his final conviction that there is a God of love. Nothing could be more chivalric than the treatment of the wife, while the tenderness shown in the story about the ogre that will give freedom to the wife is pathetic without a trace of sentimentalism. Throughout there is always the presence of the well graced actor, who knows the value of repose and reserve.

Mrs. Skinner played with womanly feeling and unstudied charm the part of the sympathetic Mildred, the friend of Starr. Miss Fisher gave a reasonable impersonation of the young wife, light perhaps, but not coquettish, thoughtless until she had learned the great difference between one man's devotion and another's desire for possession. Mr. Gaul was not a seductive Bobby, but he played with a certain vigor. The others were adequate. An audience of good size was deeply interested. Mr. Skinner refused to be baited into making any conventional speech of gratitude. Would that others would follow his example

MISS FLETCHER

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Nina Fletcher, ... , ... of Mr. John Craig ... gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows. Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Bach, Sarabande, Double, Bourrée from Sonata 202, Beethoven, Romance in F, Bruch, Romance op. 42; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance No. 7, Cui, Cavatina; Zarzycki, Mazurka; Bron, Romance. Saint-Saens, Havanaise. There was a warmly appreciative audience of good size.

It was a pleasure to hear Miss Fletcher again, for she has not only a sound and well-developed technic; she has also a pleasing individuality in her interpretation of composition ancient and modern. She began to think for herself some time ago. Her art has ripened, matured; but there is still the delightful flavor of youth with its enthusiasm and its illusions. One of the sorriest sights on the concert stage is a singer, pianist, fiddler, who has devoted so much attention to technic that the heart is no longer sensitive, that the fount of emotion is choked with pedagogic clods and traditional rubbish.

To Miss Fletcher a sonata of Tartini is something more than a valuable and duly ticketed specimen of 18th century art, and Tartini himself more than an ancient singer of an empty lay. In this music she finds passion as well as formal dignity. She infuses eloquence into conventional figures of the period. Bach is to her one of the great romanticists, not merely an aid to the acquirement of technic. The name of Beethoven does not daunt her. His romance she knows is firmly within her grasp; nor does she attempt to turn this song of sentiment into something "titanic" simply because Beethoven wrote it. Haydn is not always "Papa" Haydn, blithe and gay, as careless writers about music would have it; nor is Beethoven always a "Titan"; on the contrary, he could write as sentimentally as others of his day now happily forgotten.

Miss Fletcher has individuality; she has style, and she recognizes the necessity of differentiation in style. If she has breadth, she also has delicacy. When occasion demands, she can be brilliant without arrogance or trickery.

This apostrophe to the Prussian Eagle might now be sung lustily:

> Detestable bird! If e'er thou should'st ...
> In my hands, thou creature perfidious,
> I would tear thy feathers from off thy body,
> And hack off thy talons hideous
> I then would stick thee high up in a pole
> In the air, thou wicked free-booter,
> And then to the joyful shooting invite
> Invite each Rhenish sharpshooter.

These lines were not written by an Englishman for Punch, The Times, The Daily Chronicle. They were written by one Heinrich Heine in 1844, provoked by seeing the Prussian Eagle on a posting house sign at Aix-la-Chapelle. They are to be found, beginning "Du haesslicher Vogel," in chapter III of the poet's "Deutschland."

Miss Hazel's Confession.

As the World Wags:

Yesterday I stole. And I am glad of it. I took the $7 combination that I wanted for Easter and my conscience hasn't troubled me—not yet; but I must tell someone about it, if only to see whether confession is good for the soul.

I shouldn't have taken the combination so soon if I hadn't been driven to rebellion. Wednesday we had our big monthly sale. At 4 o'clock I cried and had to go to the rest room for half an hour, but I turned in a hundred and nine dollar book, and my feet all swelled up. I had to stay home the next day and soak them in hot water and sulpho-napthol. May McCormack says the girls get varicose veins after a couple of years. I shan't. I'll marry Eddie Kelly on the men's shoes first.

Yesterday, when I was in a frame of mind to become a Socialist or an Anarchist or a suffragist, I waited on a 200-pound lady hippopotamus with dyed hair and painted lips and gold teeth. She bought "regardless," and all flimsy frillies that she said wouldn't last a week, because she is hard on her things. Pearl Levy, the corset fitter, says it is no wonder. She knows the woman, and has armor plated her twice, and says she would "bust out" of anything less substantial than unbleached cotton drill. So why should she have the nice things. And if she does have them, why shouldn't I, who can wear them well?

I have the combination whether I should or shouldn't. I took it just before closing time. It made a nice flat bundle and I tucked it under my garter straps and tied it there with a piece of twine. Little Dickinson, the new floor man, was on the door, checking and I thought he looked right through me when I went out. But that was imagination of course.

I put it on last night and it ... A sheer French batiste and ... lace and tiny ribbons ... caught ... with ... I ... ...

... into ... Well. ... not quite.

My bean stalk straightened ... morning and spread out two dainty leaves, green, a dancing green. That's a real technical art term, isn't it? I heard an artist in Heniker call it that last summer. And my leaves are softly crinkled like a new baby's palm. And the bean stalk has a little fuzz, like the fuzz on the back of a baby's hand. Little hands! Little hands! I feel them plucking at my throat. I am glad, because I have no conscience.

Boston. HAZEL RAY.

PLURAL, NOT SINGULAR

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of the 9th inst., under the caption "Nouns and Verbs," L. discusses the use of verbs in the singular in such phrases as "one of the most powerful romances which has ever been penned," and declares that he agrees with you that he *has* is an error for *have*. He makes, however, the damaging admission that he does not think he has ever seen a plural verb used in cases of the kind. Such overwhelming testimony to the correctness of the singular form, governed as such things are by the custom of good writers, should have suggested to L. that a better reason exists for the usage than what he terms the "overworked expression" "the genius of the language."

It seems to me that the singular form is justified by a logical instinct more fundamental than the logic of the analysis by which L. seeks to condemn it. L. thinks that, because the singular *one* in the quoted phrase, which he says must be regarded as the antecedent of *has*, is farther away than the plural *romances*, it would seem more natural that *have* should be used to agree with the latter. Now *one* is not, and is not regarded as, the antecedent of *has*, the antecedent being really *romances*.

A simpler example may make this clearer. In the phrase "the best man who has ever been elected," does *who* refer to the particular man so described? I trow not. That man and others, one after another, *have* been elected, i. e., *each* of many men "*has* been elected," and that man is the best of all. The singuar verb is used to *de*generalize, so to speak, the many into its individual constituents, in order to use the individual men elected, singly and separately, as objects with which to compare that man. The same idea is carried out in the modified form of the statement, "he is one of the best men who has ever held office."

A similar distributive effect is obtained by the use of a verb in the singular with *many a*, e. g., "many a man *has*"—collectively "many men *have*"—failed, under such circumstances.

ROBERT SPRAGUE HALL.

We have seen many instances of the correct use of "have" in sentences like the one quoted above. There are the lines in Halleck's poem that we used to spout in boyhood's unhappy days:

> One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

We quote from Goold Brown's "The Grammar of English Grammar": Example of error: 'The Second book of the Aeneid) is one of the greatest masterpieces that ever was executed by any hand.' Blair's Rhet. p. 439. Here the true antecedent is 'masterpieces,' and not the word 'one'; but 'was executed' is singular, and 'by any hand' implies but one agent. Either say, 'It is one of the greatest masterpieces that ever were executed,' or else, 'It is the greatest masterpiece that ever was executed by any hand.' "—Ed.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Kitty MacKay," a comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. First performance in Boston.

Mrs. MacNab	Marie Stewart
Lil MacNab	Elizabeth Merson
Jean MacPherson	May Pearson
Angus McGregor	John F. Glancy
Sandy MacNab	Jock McGraw
Mag Duncan	Eleanor Daniels
Kitty MacKay	Irene Halsman
Lieut. David Graham	Reginald Denny
Philip Grayson	Harry C. Powers
Mrs. Grayson	Margaret Calvert
Lord Inglehart	R. Henderson Bland
Thomas	Robert Ireland

"Kitty MacKay" is a charming comedy of Scotch life. The characters, quaintly drawn, represent various phases of the Scotch temperament. There is a magnificent contempt for all things not Scotch. There is also sentiment, romance, droll humor and some philosophy.

Kitty MacKay lives with the MacNabs in Drumtochty. Sandy is a two-handed drinker and, inspired by the demon, often thrashes Kitty. Mrs. MacNab is harsh and tyrannical. Lil, the daughter, is haughty, domineering. Poor Kitty is a drudge, but, although ragged, she is imaginative, and Mag Duncan's stanch friendship consoles her.

The MacNabs receive a yearly remittance for keeping Kitty, for there is a mystery about her birth. The money, however, is promptly added by the joyous Sandy to the profits of the public house.

Lieut. David Graham, however, comes to Drumtochty with Philip Grayson. He is the bearer of a legal paper which orders the transfer of Kitty to London relatives. The day is a joyous one for Kitty.

In London ... Lord Inglehart's ward she enjoys finery and happiness. The gay lieutenant, Inglehart's son, makes love to her. They are to elope, but his lordship informs the crestfallen David that Kitty is his daughter.

Kitty runs away to Drumtochty. There have been changes. Sandy MacNab has signed the pledge and joined the Kirk. He has also written to Inglehart that Kitty is not his daughter. The baby girls died in infancy and the MacNabs took Kitty from an orphanage that they might enjoy the coveted remittance. There is a happy ending.

The comedy is refreshing, delightful entertainment. The plot is well carpentered. The characters are human beings. Even the MacNabs have their appealing moments, and the spectacle of Sandy reformed is irresistibly amusing. The dialogue, too, is sprightly.

Kitty and Mag Duncan dominate the scenes. Kitty is youthful, buoyant, sentimental. Mag is prim, caustic in speech and keen of wit. Together they would revise the Bible. Their first improvement would be to omit the story of Jonah, for Mag "never could swallow that fish story." Other changes devised by the young ladies provide an amusing scene.

The cast was on the whole excellent. Miss Haisman in the title role has the advantage of youth. She plays with much charm, grace and vivacity. In the scenes of sentiment and pathos she was quietly effective.

Miss Daniels's impersonation of Mag was capital in make-up, bearing, indeed in every detail. Her accent was real not merely assumed with lapses. Mag's impassioned championship of Kitty to the MacNabs, her fundamental thrift, her behavior in London, her insistence that Kitty should show just pride to the man who had apparently jilted her were among Miss Daniels's most telling moments.

Mr. and Mrs. MacNab were realistically portrayed by Miss Stewart and Mr. McGraw. Mr. Denny was a handsome David, ardent in courtship. Mr. Powers as Philip Grayson was an effective foil. Others in the cast were efficient. A large audience was amused and appreciative.

EVELYN NESBIT HEADS THE B. F. KEITH PROGRAM

Greatly Improved—Several Other Excellent Numbers.

Heading the bill at B. F. Keith's is the act of Evelyn Nesbit. There were many in the audience who were surprised at the improvement that the former chorus girl has made in her comparatively short career in vaudeville. To be sure the dancing—of which her act is chiefly composed—is not conspicuous for its grace, for it resolves itself into a mere feat of endurance, a wild maze of pirouetting, and is essentially acrobatic. In opening her act, Miss Nesbit contributed two songs that were well received. Her voice, too, has the quality that might be called "pleasing"—a voice that might be heard to advantage in the parlor. Miss Nesbit was assisted by Jack Clifford, and he, too, gave himself earnestly to his act and displayed much agility and endurance.

One of the funniest acts was that of Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty in a bit of nonsense that had neither head nor tail. But Mr. Fogarty could be a comedian without the use of a grotesque make-up. Miss Kirk was a picture to look at and made a splendid foil for the comedian.

An act that created much merriment was Derkins's dog and monkey pantomime, "Dogville on a Busy Day." Without going into the endless detail of the act, it is a pleasure to recall the remarkable act of the dog that played the role of the "bum" outside of the saloon. He was keen to a pretty canine face or a dainty foot as it passed on parade before him, and there never was a visitor to the saloon that did not have to "shout" this delightfully played "sponge."

Bickel and Watson in their same old act pleased in the same old way.

Another act that pleased was that of Master David Schooler and Miss Louise Dickinson, the former at the piano and the latter in a number of serio-comic songs. Miss Dickinson was entertaining and sang freely and agreeably. Master Schooler's work at the piano as a "musical prodigy" was pleasing to the lay ear. His playing was, however, rather the reflection of the pianist than that of the interpreter of the composer. He is nimble in his execution, but is given to improvising, and relies on this or that trick to please his audience.

Others on the bill that pleased were the Great Alpine Troupe in a double-wire aerial act; Glen Ellison in songs; Flo Irwin and company in a sketch, "The Lady of the Press"; Lou Lockett and Jack Waldron in a singing and dancing act, and Dupree and Dupree in a cycling act. The Pathe Weekly pictures added to the program.

CAROLYN BELCHER STRING QUARTET ENTERTAINS

Two hundred persons attended the concert last night in Steinert Hall by the Carolyn Belcher string quartet, assisted by Albert Sand, clarinet. The audience was a friendly one and applauded generously. Mr. Sand was at ...

... The quartet ... Carolyn Belcher, first violin; ... Eichorn, second violin; Sara Corbett, viola, and Charlotte White, violoncello. The program consisted of Dvorak's quartet in E flat major, Brahm's quintet in B minor and Haydn's quaret in D major, Op. 64, No. 5. The first two movements of the Brahms number were particularly well received.

Mch 24. 1915

> Little tube of mighty power,
> Charmer of an idle hour,
> Object of my warm desire,
> Lip of wax and eye of fire:
> And thy snowy taper-waist,
> With my finger gently braced;
> And thy swelling ashy-crest,
> With my little stopper pressed,
> And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
> Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Unsuited Faces.

As the World Wags:

Rather interesting, I dare say, to some of your readers, both the verses of "C. S. C.," and the comments of the editor on smoking and tobacco, but why is it that, in your column as in books on tobacco, I find absolutely nothing on the relation of mouths and countenances to smoking? Just as there are great Boston artists who cannot do great historical paintings or baffling allegories in less than a month and who, as "Pictor Ignotus" frankly confesses, are very weak on bank presidents' mouths; precisely as there are well-born, accomplished men of the world who cannot swing a stick in Commonwealth avenue Sunday mornings with natural, unconscious abandon or wear clothes like the 'varsity man on the front inside cover of the magazines; exactly as there are men who cannot remember whether they or their wives should go first through the subway turnstiles; so, sir, are there men—me miserum!—whose faces cannot carry pipe, cigar or cigarette with any suggestion of grace or elegance.

Men there are, on the other hand, who smoke as if their lips were made for a cigar. It becomes them. It embroiders the face. It enhances the manly lines. They may smoke it dry. They may chew it as if it were a lollypop. They may take great pulls on it. It is not only with but of them. It rests confidingly between their fingers. So with the cigarette. It protrudes unobtrusively from a corner of the lips. It doesn't interfere with their remarks. It might have been in the mouth from birth. The smoke never makes the eyes cry, never chokes, never causes coughing, does not even taint the breath. Pipe smokers, too, I know, who do not look natural without a nose warmer or a long Dutch Uncle briar.

Most difficult of all is the smoking, with truly professional ease, of the T. D., either when new, long, chaste, yellow-tipped and blue-white or stubby, yellow and mellow; or of the golden corn cob; or of the well-set meerschaum. Nevertheless, there are superior beings who can suck any of the three with unction and unconcern.

I trust that when the elephant follo reaches P and considers pipes, Mr. Herkimer Johnson will take up on this subject. LEMUEL HANSACKER.

Chestnut Hill.

A Modern Avicenna.

On March 22 Dr. Evans, the learned leech, contributed an article to The Herald entitled: "Rules for Getting Drunk." On the same day we received a letter from "F. S. C." of Boston.

"The ancient Greeks had their household gods. The modern American needs one, and Dr. Evans is the man. Old Dr. Gilbert of Quincy used to tell a friend of mine that a normal man who got drunk properly, but not too frequently, was adding time to his length of days. It stirred up the kidneys, bladder, spleen, and the other 'fifty-seven varieties,' to a temporary tragedy that was pointed by so good a moral that it paid him for his time.

"I feel convinced that Dr. Evans's letter is so timely that it deserves a word in your column. I myself have sent out a small part of this morning's edition with this particular article blue penciled, and the following comment.

" 'This is not an impudent or flippant attempt to be smart, but a friendly, if not a timely, suggestion. All the safeguards with which we can surround ourselves and friends is an evidence of sanity on our own part, and real affection for our friends.'

"If Dr. Evans had added a few observations to the advisability of caution on the ground of age, not morality, it might not have been amiss, and my own limited lapse into conviviality and observation convinces me that the following is a fair statement: From 25 to 35 years let her go wide open; 35 to 50 let her go, but easy; 50 on, safety first.

"Of course there are those who prefer to pay a cash fare and go to the devil, rather than to travel on a free pass on the road that leads to temperance and sobriety, and for them neither Dr. Evans's article nor any other will serve as a brake. Nothing but pneumonia or jail will stop them."

Old Dr. Gilbert of Quincy, cited by "F. S. C.," was merely following in the footsteps of Avicenna, the Arabian philosopher and physician to the Sultan Cabous. He plainly affirmed that it was good for a man to be drunk once a month, for this intoxication resulted in alleviation of spirits, resolution of superfluities, and provocation of sweat. This doctrine, however, was ably combatted by Sir Thomas Browne, who characterized it as a "Common flattery of sensuality." "And indeed although sometimes effects succeed which may relieve the body, yet if they carry mischief or peril unto the soul, we are therein restrainable by divinity, which circumscribeth physic and circumstantially determines the use thereof."

"Averroes, a man of his (Avicenna's) own faith," says Sir Thomas, "was of another belief; restraining his ebriety unto hilarity, and in effect making no more thereof than Seneca commendeth, and was allowable in Cato; that is a sober incalescence and regulated aestuation from wine; or, what may be conceived between Joseph and his brethren, when the text expresseth, they were merry, or drank largely."

No wonder that Dr. Christopher Wren, father of the architect, wrote on the margin of Sir Thomas's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica"; "Noe man could more properlye inveighe against this beastly sinn, than a grave and learned physician, were itt for noe more but the acquitting his noble faculty from the guilt of countenancinge a medicine soe lothsome and soe odious."

The Times Have Changed.

"Ouida's" objection to eating in public fell in with early Victorian prejudices, so far as her own sex was concerned. Sixty years ago it was counted highly improper for a lady to dine in any public resort. Most hotels and coffee rooms of standing refused to serve female customers, and Kinglake records how on one occasion he dined with Lady Morley "at a restaurant where a lady may dine if she runs upstairs very fast."—London Daily Chronicle.

> Like the irregular crab,
> Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,
> Because it goes its own way.

Concerning Crabs.

As the World Wags:

The Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, rests at each corner on a bronze crab. The base of the Washington statue in the "Headquarters" at Newburg-on-the-Hudson also rests on four bronze crabs. What is the significance of the crustaceans in such combination? PHIL OVERBORUM.

Boston, March 22.

We do not know. In zoological mythology the crab is the moon that often saves the solar hero. As the moon watches and makes men watch, the crab's eyes with the flesh of a nightingale, tied up in the skin of a stag, will keep a man awake. The river crab, cut in pieces and drunk, is a remedy against any poison, especially the venom of a toad. The eyes of the crab are also useful in that cruel disease, the stone. Mr. T. C. Hodson informs us that when the Chirus of Manipur wish to make rain they catch a crab and put it in a pot of water. "Then the headman goes to the gate of the village and keeps lifting the crab out of the water and putting it back into it till he is tired." In Tuscany, if a faithless lover marries another, the girl mixes the broken shell of a crab in his food or drink, or hides one of her hairs in a bird's nest. "This will make the marriage unhappy, and the husband will continually pine for his neglected sweetheart. When a crab grows old, two stones of a white color mixed with red are found in his head, which are of such virtue that, given in drink, they heal punctures of the heart." If a crab have a stone in the head, it may freeze in extremely cold weather; then the crab soon dies. The crab's ashes are recommended by Dioscorides in cases of hydrophobia, fissures, chilblains and cancer. Galen speaks confidently of their efficacy in hydrophobia. Avicenna and Rhases gave as a remedy against phthisis the flesh of the river crab with the milk of asses. Lyly says in "Euphues" that "the filthy sow when she is sicke, eateth the sea crab, and is immediately recured." But how does the poor sow catch the crab?

John Russell, in his "Boke of Nurture," written about 1450, instructs the reader about dressing and carving the crab for the table.

> And when ye have piked the stuff owt of every shelle
> With the poynt of youre Knyfe, loke ye temper it welle,
> Put vinegre thereto, verdijus, or ayselle,
> Cast thereon powdur, the better it will smelle.
> Send the crabbe to the Kychyn there fore to hete,
> Again fetch it to thy soverayne sittynge at mete;
> Breke the clawes of the crabbe, the smalle and the grete,
> In a disch them ye lay if hit like your soverayne to ete.

[Here is a store of useful and improving information, but we find nowhere a reason for resting an obelisk or a statue on crabs of bronze or any other material.—Ed.]

Jehiel's Case.

To the World Wags:

The occasional misuse of power by an arbitrary and heartless press cannot fail to stir indignation in the hearts of all citizens of our great and glorious land. The defamation of my dear old friend Jehiel Nickerson, leader of the Clampott brass band, arouses this particular citizen to action. We all know Jehiel. He is the musical centre of his little sphere, and to him are referred all disputes on the comparative difficulty of the various instruments and on the standing of artists of local and national reputation. His answer leaves no haze of uncertainty around the subject. He is an authority, the rock around which ebb and tide generations of musical culture.

Imagine the dismay of his erstwhile faithful disciples upon reading in your column of March 20 that he was wrong about that baritone question. The bottom has fallen out of the world! Jehiel never used a euphonium in his band, but once he almost succumbed to the wiles of a stranded "trooper" who wished to dispose of a "double-bellied euphonium" at a bargain price. Nevertheless he is firmly convinced that baritone and euphonium may be one and the same thing. Words are showered on us from dawn to dark and it is not surprising that occasionally we should be a little in doubt as to just what they mean. Leader Nickerson has been unfortunate enough to meet the usual fate of the innocent bystander in this particular deluge and, speaking for him, I suggest that his defamer turn from Cecil Forsyth to George W. Stewart, for instance, and get a little information on the practical side of the question.

Mr. Nickerson feels very badly over this matter, but assures me that he does not intend to sue The Herald for libel. It may interest his many friends to know that Jehiel has developed a set of sparse chin-whiskers and much to his wife's consternation has again begun to chew tobacco, a habit which he has not indulged in since his wedding, 35 years ago. He finds his ability on the clarinet unaffected by a new set of store teeth.

GROVER GRAUSTARK.

Clamport, March 22.

P. S.—Some of the boys make no secret of the fact that they are glad you gave "Hi" a trimming. He has been a little hard on them lately.

With an Annex.

To the World Wags:

The discrepancy between Mr. Pavey's statement of Roscoe Conkling's residence and mine is only an apparent one. The Hoffman House had an annex or "L" on 24th street. The widely known bar-room art gallery was in this annex, and could be seen from 24th street. Mr. Conkling's rooms were in this part of the hotel, and he probably used the 24th street entrance, as more private than the one on Broadway.

ROGER S. TRACY, M. D.

Ballardvale, March 22.

"Lucile's" Birthplace.

As the World Wags:

In the Washington letter printed in The Herald of Sunday last, reference is made to "a large private house" at the capital "which used formerly to be the British embassy in which Bulwer-Lytton wrote 'Lucile.'"

Is that statement fact or legend? The poet was born in 1831, in 1850 he came to Washington as the unpaid secretary to his uncle, the British minister—his father was the novelist—and remained for two years, and "Lucile," which was not his first published work, was published in 1860.

OBADIAH STEPPENHIGH.

Boston, March 22.

Sir Henry Bulwer—Lord Dalling—went to Washington in 1849. Lytton (Owen Meredith) accompanied him as private secretary. Sir Henry left Washington in 1852, when he was sent to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, and Lytton went with him. Soon afterwards Lytton was attache at The Hague and in Vienna. We do not believe "Lucile" was written at Washington, D. C.—Ed.

In the Neck.

As the World Wags:

As to statesmen's necks, the explanation is that men of the kind whose necks are shaved have been appointed to rattle around in the jobs which have usually been filled by men of different calibre.

If I might include myself in the et al. class, I would not answer Mr. Wasson's question directly, but would merely tell him how sorry I am that the barber doesn't use a guillotine instead of a razor.

H. J. L.

Medford, March 22.

mch - [illegible]

18TH PUBLIC REHEARSAL

The 18th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in B minor.......... Borodin
Three songs with orchestra..........Beethoven
  Wonne der Wehmut.
  Freudvoll und leidvoll, from the music to "Egmont."
  Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur.
Four tone poems for orchestra (after Boecklin.................................Reger
Three songs with orchestra.... ....Brahms
  Immer leiser fird mein Schlummer.
  Wir wandelten, wir Zwei.
  Auf dem Kirchofe.
Overture to "Oberon"......... .... .Weber

Reger's tone poems, heard in Boston for the first time, were inspired by pictures of Arnold Boecklin: "The Hermit Fiddling Before the Statue of the Madonna," "Sport of the Waves," "The Island of the Dead" and "Bacchanale. They were performed for the first time at Essen in 1913. Pictures by this Swiss painter have led other composers to write music. Hans Huber's "Beoecklin" symphony, Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" and Weingartner's "Elysian Fields" have been heard here.

It has been said that Reger's aim was to paint moods and not to unite program music. If this is so he caught the religious mood of the Hermit picture by suggesting ecclesiastical tones used in the divine service. The picture compelled him to employ a solo violin. These solo passages were finely played by Mr. Noack in the absence of Mr. Witek, but it would not be easy to imagine the Holy Mother pleased by the strains if we did not remember that She accepted gratefully the pious homage of the Jongleur that in the legend seemed irreverent to the good monks. The whole tone poem, like the three others, is distinctly work of the head without genuine feeling, true fancy. "Sport of the Waves" is more panoramic. The more melodious measures have a Mendelssohnian flavor.

The first impressions made by Boecklin's "Island of the Dead" are awful stillness—absolute rest. The picture is the most familiar of the four chosen by Reger, who seems to have wholly misconceived, in this instance, the sentiment of the painting. Many of us remember Rachmaninoff's music; how admirably he reproduced this picture in tones, how there was the feeling of a mysterious hush, a solemn quiet unbroken even by the rowed boat with its burden—that is, when the composer conducted, for Mr. Fiedler afterwards made a sad mess of it and turned at once the tranquil sea into storm-tossed billows. Rachmaninoff introduced an episode of mighty lamentation, but in Reger's music the wailing begins almost immediately and there is little calm, no suggestion of the remote island, visited only by the shrouded in the coffin with attendant mourner. Nor is there in this setting a new or impressive note of grief.

The Bacchanale is the least significant of the four pieces. Boecklin's picture might have been painted by a Teniers of Italy; for these revellers before the wine shop near Rome are the tosspots of Teniers and Jan Steen. Perhaps Boecklin wished to show the contrast between the landscape and the lords of the earth. His Bacchanale has not the sacred frenzy; it is neither heroic nor delirious. There is no vinous exaltation; there is merely a lively movement, noisy, crashing; sportive only as the elephant of Milton was mirthful.

These tone poems are another proof of Reger's fatal fluency, his facility in routine, his thick instrumentation, his lack of imagination.

Borodin, the chemist, had in no way the training of Reger or his contrapuntal birthright, but how vivid and vital his symphony sounded in comparison with the four-tone poems. The Russians say that this symphony has a truly national character, yet it appeals to the musically sensitive beyond the boundaries. It is oriental in the repetition of a phrase, the insistence of motive or rhythm, the glaring colors. There is the barharic pomp, the wild and melancholy beauty of a people's song, the savage din of triumphant feasters. In comparison, Tschaikowsky is a timid cosmopolite with a modern and snivelling dread of death. Glazunoff is a thoroughly trained and reactionary German professor.

The performance was a brilliant one, and on the poems of Reger an equal care was bestowed by Dr. Muck and the players.

Miss Gerhardt was evidently suffering from a cold nor was her choice of songs fortunate. The orchestration of the accompaniments did not make the songs more appropriate to the large hall. Mr. Nikisch, who orchestrated two of the airs by Beethoven, showed a more discreet taste than Reger, who was clumsy in his treatment of Brahms's "Auf dem Kirchofe." Miss Gerhardt took "Immer leiser" at so slow a pace that the beauty of the melody and the pathos of the

[illegible] in [illegible] mut," [illegible] at his [illegible] in the song from [illegible] in "Auf der Kirchof" and "Die Ehre Gottes [illegible]

I am the Counter-jumper, weak and effeminate.
I love to loaf and lie about drygoods.
I loaf and invite the Buyer
I am the essence of retail. The sum and result
  of small profits and quick returns.
The picayune is part of me, and so is the half-
  cent, and the mill only arithmetically ap
  preciable.
The shining, cheap-woven sarsnet is of me, and
  I am of it
And the white bobinet,
And the moire antique, thickly webbed and
  strown with impossible flowers,
And the warm winter gloves lined with fur,
And the delicate summer goods of silk threads,
And the intermediate ones built of the hide of
  the Swedish rat,
All these things are of me, and many more also,
For I am the shop, and the counter, and the till,
But particularly the last.

The Easier Way.

As the World Wags:

I don't blame Hazel for taking the $7 combination—don't blame her one single bit. I hope she got a value, and that she made sure it was real val insertion and edge, and not the cheap German val or that thready looking near-val, and that it had nice hand embroidered seed work and silk ribbon through hand made beading and was a Mercelia drawer combination, and not one of those princess or waistline numbers.

I'll tell you why I sympathize with her. I used to be on the French underwear before they transferred me to the knit underwear—the superintendent transferred me because he said my percentages was too small. Anyway, before they shifted me to department W, I ached, I just simply ached day and night for a certain French hand made and hand embroidered brassiere and a pink crepe de chine camisole, with oriental lace top and blue satin ribbon strap shoulders and touches of real Cluny—an excellent value at the price. I could have afforded to pay cost for it, like the buyers and executives and advertising men—pretty soft for some people!—but I couldn't afford cost plus 20, so here's how I got them without doing any smuggling like Hazel did:

I got an ink spot on the brassiere without saying a word to a single living soul. I dropped the camisole one day at the feet of the floor man when he was standing near a counter where we were running some camisole specials for the May White Sale. When he walked away he put his big gunboat right on the crepe de chine part. I gave a little shriek, loud enough for only him to hear, and tried to turn pale as I looked down. He picked it up and gave it to me and said. "Take it home if it fits you and don't say nothing to anybody." Then I told him about the ink spot that somebody had got right on the front of the brassiere and he told me I could have that, too. He was a pretty good fellow and he certainly used elegant English.

I think maybe if Hazel had have used a little savvy, she wouldn't have had to have stolen that combination.

KATRINE GREY.

Boston, March 25.

A Human Document.

As the World Wags:

I know of no life so fascinating as that of the "idle rich." Once I made $1.50 extra, so I decided I didn't have to worry about food and raiment for at least one full day more. The next morning I idled in bed, rose and made my coffee at 9:30, and sat in absolute idleness and a gingham apron, and mused on the glories of being idle and rich. I even thought of buying a motor car—a nice little one—and going spinning over the high roads and byroads, and then as the luxury of a whole day doing nothing but what I pleased got further and further into my blood I mused on trips to Florida, to California, on a husband who would go out every day and work hard and let me go on and on living just like this. The dear ladies who have nice husbands working so hard for them that they can afford to belong to all the clubs in the universe and organize meetings and get up and holler about the down-trodden sex they represent—and all that sort of thing—make a girl who has to get out and earn her own bread and butter—no jam, ever—just laugh. How I should love to be a down-trodden female of that sort—of the sort that invites all her friends to see how badly she can act in quasi-private theatricals, and they don't dare tell her, but gush and giggle and say it was lovely and sweet, or the sort that opens her beautiful home and has an earnest foreigner tell all the other down-trodden how they must band together and put down the men who are abusing them body and soul! And this while they are arrayed in ermine, satins and fine linens and smelling beautifully of a bath and a silken-couched bed. I wish all these down-trodden women might get their wish and be down-trodden; be the drudge in a smelly household, the bread-winner for a family of six, or just the average girl hustler in business who dreads the appearance of one of these down-trodders approaching her to be waited upon. Oh, Lord, deliver me from a state or a nation ever run by [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] ves the [illegible] d [illegible] ay their [illegible] a [illegible] ir [illegible] father's [illegible] he! It [illegible] t [illegible] shrieking from women [illegible] because of over [illegible] women, too [illegible] Give me a state of bliss where fewer women are organizing in their rattle-pates and spending so much money. This is the morning I have off because of that extra $1.50, so that is why I can philosophize so luxuriously and hate so luxuriously those scented, befeathered, empty-pated females of the species who try to say they are representative of womanhood. I rebel at having this type for my spokesman. I would prefer being represented by the Dust Man in "Pygmalion," or some honest person who dons the outward semblance of his inner man. Oh for an island of bliss where we would never hear again the slogan, Vote for Women or Vote Agin Them! I hate both kinds up setters. I just want to be let alone, not battledored and shuttlecocked between these two brands of ermine-lined silk-skinned, loud-tongued women. And they are doing it all for their children. If you took the census, there wouldn't be found to be a good half-dozen children between them. If there were they would not have the time to sit all day in an office, heels on a desk—trying to look masculine and act masculine while all the time they are trying to let on they don't love the men. I believe the true reason why they work so hard to vote is that they want to get every chance they can to talk with men under the approval of Mme Grundy, and so that no overindulgent husband or father can take exception to their hob-nobbing with all sorts and conditions of men. This all comes of my having an idle morning on my hands. If it leads me into such moods and agitation, think what 365 idle days of a year would lead me into! I would be worse than a Pankhurst or an Emma Goldstein as an agitator. Thank fortune I had no indulgent father, or brother or husband, and my time has to be taken up every day hustling for that bread and butter—without jam. Like Hazel Ray, I would rather be busy swiping occasional glimpses of happiness from a beanstalk in a tin can or a bedraggled cat on a back fence, or in rapturing over the glories of a silk suit than be one of the loudest-voiced of all your down-trodden agitaters found among the idle clubbers!

JEAN CH[illegible]

Boston, March 24.

The Supporting Crab.

As the World Wags:

In the old mythologies, wasn't the crab supposed to carry all creation on his back? I have a recollection of seeing a picture depicting an elephant carrying the world on his back and himself standing of the back of a monster crab. Perhaps this may serve as a clue to the reason for resting the Washington monument and the Egyptian obelisk on bronze crabs.

In the discussion on red herring, which appeared in these columns recently, I wonder why nobody quoted Nashe in praise of the herring: "Solyman Herring," "our dappert Piemont Huldrick herring," "the puissant red herring," "the golden Hesperides red herring, the Meonian red herring, the red herring of Red Herrings Hall."

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, March 5.

P. S.—Considering how much he roars, the God of War is certainly well named.

mch 26 1913

An English reviewer says that Mr. Howard Steele's couple of dozen sets of verse entitled "Cleared for Action" show "a remarkable knowledge of life aboard and the psychology of the sailor." This verse is quoted.

I've shot for hours in stinking smoke
  At things I cannot see,
An' 'eard the old range finder's voice
  Come swearin' down at me.
'E's 'owled at me to shift me sights,
  An' damned me when I won't
I've often longed to chuck the lot,
  But—blow me eyes—I don't.

Mr. Chesterton and Doctors.

His severe sickness has not dampened the spirits of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He is still as lively as a cricket and his recent paradoxes would have delighted the Pirates of Penzance. Here is the beginning of an article on Doctors, published in the Daily Chronicle of March 10:

"Doctors are a very valuable and reputable class, which has very properly and rightly been pelted, kicked, thrashed, jumped on, jeered at, and generally made to look an utter fool ever since the dawn of human intelligence. I repeat in all seriousness, 'very rightly and properly.' For if doctors had not been kicked, thrashed, jumped on and jeered at at every opportunity, by this time they would not be reputable but disreputable and not valuable but very dangerous. This is a principle in history that seems to me st[illegible] neglected. Anyone who is gi[illegible] whatever reason, an uncomm[illegible] [illegible] and authority ought to have [illegible] time, and [illegible]

...ding than ... illustration of the ... ethren, that he generally d... healthy nations exist in a state ... al civil war."

Birthday and Birthplace.

...s the World Wags.

Speaking of Friend Street in the late ...fties a short time ago, I received an invitation to dine "Sight unseen" with ... New York friend then making one ...f his frequent visits to the Hub, a man who lives to seek out and introduce his friends to out-of-the-way and unconventionally attractive places. On the evening named, he piloted a party of us to an Italian hotel at the North End which he was quite sure none of us had ever entered, however familiar its name and outward appearance might be. Here a tempting and typically Italian dinner was served in a private room on the second floor, during which our host announced to our surprise that we were celebrating his birthday, and laughingly referred to the fact that he, a New Yorker, should be able to introduce native Bostonians to something so gastronomically desirable. For some time, however, I had been taking observations, getting my latitude and longitude, as it were, and when he had finished I had the pleasure of informing him that I had been "introduced" into that house some 50 odd years before, that in fact we were celebrating his birthday in my birthplace, the same house and so far as I could identify it, the same room.

I well remember in those childhood days the large old-fashioned wooden house next door to us (where now is the junction of Friend and Washington streets) with its attractive garden, its trees, vines, arbors, and brick walks, the home of friends whose friendship had so long survived the breaking of neighborly ties.

But I do not think that even unlimited spaghetti Napolitaine and Spumante Muscata would tempt me to become a resident of Friend street now.

Boston. C. H. C.

An Old-Time Inn.

Mr. John Maude, an Englishman, lived in this country from 1793 to 1800. In the latter year he journeyed by sloop, stage and on horseback from New York to Niagara Falls. Extracts from his journal of that year were recently published in the Ontario Co. Times. We quote the description of a tavern at Watkinstown, or Middletown, now known as Naples:

"The Tavern is a house in which filth and famine strive for mastery. Leonora, who catered for Gil Blas' thieves, must have been a decent body compared to our hostess, who for our dinner hashed up the scrapings and fragments of other men's plates, or rather a wooden tray, out of which we were all obliged to eat. 'Marry, Sir, she's all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and tho tallow in them will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till Doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.' This was decidedly the dirtiest house in which I ever was in any country. It was certainly an exception from the general habits of this people. With attention to cleanliness, the family might have lived in a very enviable manner; they had provisions in abundance, and the neighborhood was well stocked with game and fish. I went to bed in my gloves and boots. The cheese dropped fatness upon us as we sat in the hall. Though settled here many years on an excellent farm we could not get any one article we had a right to look for: neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; neither eggs, nor milk, nor vegetables. Our glasses might pass for dirty horn; they would require boiling in soapsuds and scraping ere it could be guessed what they were made of. Our scraps were the last remains of a fine buck, killed yesterday by the host and his haymakers with scythes and bludgeons. It is supposed he had been chased by wolves, as he was almost spent when he crossed the hay field."

His Epitaph

Mr. Lewin Hill, who died this month in his 82d year, after a service of 43 years in the English Postoffice—he was a nephew of Sir Rowland Hill—collected epitaphs, and in 1888 wrote his own: "Sacred to the Memory of Lewin Hill. Born 13th Jan., 1834. Died ———.

He possibly drew a wrong inference
From an undoubted fact when
He said
He was not a bad fellow,
For
He had a good digestion."

RADCLIFFE IDLER CLUB PRESENTS "SUNKEN BELL"

Will Be Repeated in Agassiz House Theatre Twice Today.

The Radcliffe Idler Club presented Hauptmann's fairy play, "The Sunken Bell," as its annual open Idler in the Agassiz House Theatre last night. The play will be repeated this afternoon and tonight. Part of the proceeds will be sent to Dennison House as usual.

The production was by far the most ambitious the Idler Club has ever undertaken. Not only was intelligent acting ... but careful staging was needed to make the illusion effective. In this part of the production credit is due Esther Suton '15, who planned the settings and lighting, and made a most realistic thunder storm in the first act. A real woods scene was brought to the stage.

The leading parts of Heinrich, the bell-founder, who aims to be the superman, and Rautendelein, the fairy, symbolic of Nature, were played with feeling by Mary Morris '16 and Dorothy Sands '15. Mary Ellis '17 as the elemental wood-sprite was particularly effective. The others in the cast were: Magda, Caroline Church '15; the vicar, Ethel Griffin '17; the schoolmaster, Esther Bacon '15; the barber, Rosamond Eliot '17; old Wittiken, Helen Fish, grad.; the Nicklemann, Eunice Allen '16; neighbor, Margaret Carver '18; two children, Anna Hoyt '17 and Vera Sanford '15; four elves, Helen Hastings '16, Marion Wilson '16, Margaret McKay '16 and Alice Miller '17.

Alice Davis '15, the president of the Idler Club, was the general manager; Rachel Lewis '15 was the chairman for the day; Gertrude Shaw '15 was costume manager; Esther Suton '15, property manager, and Dorothy Fox '15, business manager.

mch 28 1915

G. Schirmer, Inc., of New York, and the Boston Music Company of Boston continue in publishing interesting works. The Boston branch has published Horatio Parker's "Morven and the Grail," an oratorio for solo voices, mixed chorus and orchestra. The work was composed especially for the Centenary Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society April 11-15. The poem is by Brian Hooker, and as in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" there are marginal notes of a narrative or explanatory nature. The story, then, may be told as follows: Morven, seafaring upon the quest of the Grail, heareth the Angels thereof calling unto him to follow the Grail. He will follow the world's dream, even unto the end of the world. He arrives at the Island of Avalon, the heaven of pleasure, and there for a time he abides in bliss. The dwellers in Avalon sing a choric song, an invitation to rest.

Come unto us, and discover the old sweet beauty, returning
Beauty, delight to delight, lover to lover again!
Knights grown weary of hopeless honor, ladies fain of ungathered flowers,
Saints unkissed, and sages dry of wine, and singers barren of song—
Learn the joy ye long for, join the dance of the rosy-footed hours,
Laughing our days along.

But Morven hears in his heart the voice of young Sigurd riding forth against the dragon. Man may not content himself forever in sweet joy. The desire of the soul is not in Avalon. He heeds not the entreaties of the islanders but departs. Arriving at the Valhalla of the old gods, "the heaven of stark manhood," he abides there in glory for a time, until he hears in his soul the voice of St. Cecilia hymning Christ her Lord. He then knows that man cannot content himself forever in triumph; nor is the Grail, the desire of the soul in that heaven; so he departs and comes among the saints in Paradise, and there he abides his time in peace. There he hears in his spirit Our Lady communing with her child new born into the world, and Morven learns that man may not content himself forever at rest: "and of the Grail also, even the desire of the soul that is not in Paradise, neither to be found in any place, but rather followed through all." He departs out of that heaven to be born again and become as a little child. "Thereupon the heavens are opened unto him, and he beholdeth in a vision the Grail and the Angels thereof singing of the mystery of God's creation; how man shall not cease, but through light and darkness, love and pain, death and birth, live on between Hell and Heaven in wonder everlasting. And forasmuch as God of his own heart so imagineth all things that they die and rise again, therefore shall the earth declare the glory of God, world without end."

Morven is a baritone; Sigurd, a tenor; St. Cecilia, a soprano; Our Lady, an alto.

G. Schirmer, Inc., knowing the interest now taken in Mr. Percy Grainger, is the American publisher of his compositions. "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday" was arranged originally for mixed chorus and brass band. The song comes from Lincolnshire and Somerset. Mr. Grainger dedicates the arrangement "lovingly and reverently" to the memory of Grieg. The song goes as follows:

As I rose up one May morning,
One May morning so early (early),
I overtook a pretty fair maid,
Just as the sun was dawnin'.

With me rue rum ray,
Fother-didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

Her stockin's white, and her boots were bright,
And her buckling shone like silver;
She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung round her shoulder.
With me, etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully;
"I'm on errand for me mummy."
With me, etc.

"How old are you, my pretty fair maid,
How old are you, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully:
"I am seventeen come Sunday."
With me, etc.

"Will you take a man, my sweet pretty maid,
Will you take a man, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully:
"I darst not for me mummy."
With me, etc.

"Will you come down to me mummy's house,
When the moon shone bright and clearly,
You'll come down, I'll let you in,
And me mummy shall not hear me."
With me, etc.

"O, It's now I'm with my soldier lad,
His ways they are so winnin';
It's drum and fife is my delight,
And a plut of rum in the morning.
With me, etc.

A good song for a chorus, a sound song, with a moral. The Herald has also received Mr. Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," an Irish reel, a Cork tune, for violin and piano—it is also composed for full orchestra, theatre orchestra, string orchestra, string quartet, pianola: "Shepherd's Hey," for piano, which Mr. Grainger has played here; the beautiful "Irish Tune from County Derby," and the old song "Willow, Willow."

Mr. Grainger is particular and original in giving instructions for the performance of his music. On the first page of "Molly on the Shore" we read: Keep four accents in every bar hammering away throughout; also in the soft bits." He calls the damper pedal the "right side pedal." In the arrangement of "Willow, Willow," for voice, guitar and strings, we read (according to the quotation in Cecil Forsyth's orchestration): "Guitar, fiddle, middle-fiddle, first bass fiddle, second bass fiddle." He apparently has no use for the words 'viola, violoncello, double-bass," and yet his music would probably sound as well if he allowed the latter terms.

Other music and certain books received from these publishers will be noticed later.

The London Times, reviewing the first number of the Musical Quarterly, published by G. Schirmer, has much to say about musical taste. "It (the Quarterly) will no doubt be welcomed by people in England who want to read seriously about music, but those people, one imagines, are rather few at the best of times, and still fewer just now. A reluctance to read about fine art, and especially about the art of music, is not necessarily, however, a symptom of lack of interest in it. One cannot study the musical public of this country for very long without discovering that the average Englishman has his own taste in music very strongly developed, that he abides by it tenaciously as long as it remains his own, discards it remorselessly when he has done with it, and is singularly unaffected by all the preaching and teaching which would tell him what is good and what is bad. There was a time, for example, when any one of Handel's works was certain of a large audience; not only 'The Messiah' has that certainty, but it fills the Albert Hall. A popular song like 'Tipperary' and a symphony like Elgar's first are alike subject to the apparently aribtrary but final decision of the umpire; for a time they cannot be heard too often or enjoyed enough. That time past, no amount of persuasion will rekindle enthusiasm. The British public does not dissect its impressions or form any theories about them; nor will it listen to the theorics of anyone else. But if it finds that some one else's conclusions support its own it is immensely gratified. The American essays are for the most part instructive, the English ones constructive. The former have something which the writers wish to impart and which they have reason to think will be gratefully accepted by their readers. The latter are evolving thought by the process of writing, and that process is its own reward. Their writers are addressing an audience which 'will not be druv,' but may possibly be persuaded to think when sufficiently stimulated by the writer's thought. This attitude of mind on the part of the musical public in England accounts for the slight success of appeals to musical patriotism. Composers may ask to be appreciated because they are the audience's own countrymen, but the audience maintains an attitude of 'move me if you can.' When the composer has shown that he can, the public will praise him to the skies because he is a fellow Briton, but it will not be the more easily moved by him on that account in the first instance. Disheartening though that may be alike to the composer who wants to appeal to his countrymen and to the critic who wants to teach them, it has its advantages. The average Englishman's taste in music may be illogical, eclectic, ignorant, but at least it is positive. He loves the things which mean something to him with all his heart.

Eugene Field as a Musician

To the Editor of The Herald:

A letter in today's Herald signed I. P. M. asks for information with regard to Eugene Field's musical talent, especially as to his singing ability.

It was my privilege to know him well "when we were twenty-one" and for some time after, as may be inferred from the fact that I was one of the ushers at his wedding, and I probably knew as much about his singing at that time as any one. He had an excellent bass voice, but in my experience, made comparatively little use of it. He was a natural mimic and would without doubt have made a successful comedian, and my prominent recollections of him musically are in connection with songs giving scope for facial expression. He seemed to have a gift for portraying old age, and "The Old Sexton" was one of his character songs. I do not think he played any instrument.

That he sang with Emma Abbott at Leadville is quite within the range of probabilities, and the opera named makes it all the more probable, for in those days "Il Trovatore" was far and away the most popular of all the familiar operas, and every one with a musical ear knew it more or less from end to end. Whether Eugene knew any prominent solo part well enough to carry it through may be questioned, but his self-confidence was unlimited, and he may have done it. He was not to be judged by every-day standards. If he did, it was, of course, the part of the Conte di Luna. The one unnatural touch about the story is his alleged desire to conceal what he had done. I didn't know much about him in his Denver days, but I should imagine him as more likely to make a humorous story of it in his paper than to suppress it.

Apropos of "Il Trovatore" and illustrating both his knowledge of songs and his ready wit, there was in St. Louis in the 70s a newspaper known as the "Journal," with which Eugene, his brother Roswell and Stanley Waterloo, all of whom afterward achieved fame in Chicago, were then connected, and there was also in the city a firm of hatters, "Hart, Leonori & Co." It is related that Eugene, then slightly impecunious, was indebted to the firm and that when a collector one day presented a bill to him in the editorial sanctum, he promptly turned it over and wrote on the back, "O Loving 'Hart,' Trust on, trust on. 'Leonori,' Fare thee well!" and returned it with his compliments. In later life he developed a serious strain, as his writings show, but the days of the Journal and Hart, Leonori & Co. were his effervescent days when the world was still his oyster and he took everything lightly.

Reverting to musical matters, and reminiscing somewhat on my own account, there was a manifest musical strain in his family as there was in some degree in my own, and his brother Roswell, whom I have mentioned, my own brother, and I, at one time and another sang together almost everything in the old Arion and Amphion quartette books.

Mr. Roswell Field now lives at Morristown, N. J., and could give unlimited information as to matters about which I am altogether ignorant.

ARTHUR W. ALLEN.

Cambridge, March 17.

Plays New and old in London

"Excuse Me," produced in London at the Garrick on March 6, led the Times to say that if it were considerably compressed it would make a good music hall sketch. Mr. Willis Sweatnam as the "nigger porter" — we are surprised to find the Times spelling Negro with two "g's"—was richly humorous, but "now and then there was just a little too much of the 'burnt cork' philosophy." The Pall Mall Gazette thought that whatever success the farce might have in London would be mainly due to Mr Sweatnam, yet his speech in the third act was "so long and irrelevant that it had all the signs of a music hall 'turn' and evoked at last some slight signs of impatience." According to the Daily Telegraph, there is some fun and some interest out of "the gruesome arrangements for the toilet and ablutions provided by the American train, and the rest of the piece is rather like a collection of newspaper cuttings put on the stage—and sometimes of local newspaper cuttings—than anything invented and constructed." As for Mr. Sweatnam, "we hoped that the Negro porter was to be a fellow of infinite jest, but he dwindled, and after one very long homily, which is not in England amusing, he shed only fitful gleams. Still we have to thank Mr. Sweatnam for the most elaborate and ingenious part of the entertainment." The Daily Chronicle was more favorable: "There were moments when the wings of the fun fell into air pockets, and, becoming inactive, were inclined to let the thing down; but on the whole * * * the amusing riot of absurdities was very well sustained—particularly by the irresistible drolleries of Mr. Sweatnam's colored porter."

A society, the London Welsh Musical and Dramatic Union, has been formed in London, having for its object "the production and performance of musical and dramatic works by Welsh composers and authors, and to be interpreted by Welsh artists."

John Galsworthy's new play, "The Little Man," announced for performance at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, Eng., for March 15, was written in October, 1913. It is cast in Austria. The action takes place "on a departure platform, in a railway carriage, and on an arrival platform of a railway station."

J. Hartley Manners's new play, "The Panorama of Youth," will be produced by Sir George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre London.

[illegible] Want to Do It," by [illegible] and Walter [illegible] was [illegible] at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, March 6. "He was Mr. [illegible] Vivian Smith, or Mr Joseph Coyne: [illegible] what he didn't want to do was to break into Maj Drinkwater's bedroom in a hotel on the Riviera and abstract a leather case containing letters written by Mrs. Marjorie Thompson. But he did it, partly because Mrs. Thompson carried on so pitifully, partly because he was in search of romance, and chiefly because Mrs. Thompson's friend, Paula Wainwright, was very beautiful, with red hair. Now Paula Wainwright was not really Mrs. Thompson's friend; and Mrs. Thompson was not really Mrs. Thompson, and the leather case did not contain letters, but some famous emeralds, which were not really the famous emeralds, but imitations of them, carried about by Maj. Drinkwater, who was not really a major, for his own nefarious ends. That is the kind of thing that yoo must get used to in this bewildering play. No one is what they seem; no one has done what they thought they were doing or intended to do, and confusion writhes into new confusion with every entrance or exit. * * * But 'He Didn't Want to Do It' must certainly be seen. It is not witty; but it is brilliantly and audaciously funny on the traditional lines of complication." So said the Times.

Miss Elsie Janis in "The Passing Show" of 1915 at the Palace, London, "improved her reputation as one of the very best revue artists we have." "Change her name and costume as she may," said another, "there is no disguising the accomplished and captivating actress, whose popularity has evidently lost nothing by her six months' absence."

The closing of the Berlin theatres from April 1, as has been ordered, will mean a considerable saving to the Kaiser. As King of Prussia he owns six theatres, one at Cassel, one at Hanover, one at Wiesbaden and three in Berlin, and, though he receives a state grant toward their support, the deficit, generally a large one, has to be met from his private purse. The Berlin Opera House, in which he has always shown most interest, costs the Emperor £40,000 a year in this way.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The announcement that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson unveiled a memorial in the Walker Theatre at Winnipeg to the late Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney is of significance when it is recalled that it was there they made their last stage appearance. The play was "The Unwritten Law," the date Saturday, May 23, 1914. Exactly one week later it was definitely known in London that they were among the Empress of Ireland's victims.—Pall Mall Gazette.

When the Comedie Francais Company visited London last month, Frederic Febvre, the veteran actor, recalled in Paris the visit to London paid by the House of Moliere 44 years ago, in which he took part. "What he calls 'a far off prologue' took place on July 8, 1871, at the Crystal Palace. The matinee was offered to the Comedie Francaise by the city of London, under the auspices of Queen Victoria, who was represented by Lord Granville. It was an unforgettable day, in which Lord Granville spoke movingly of France, and with a mastery of the French tongue which many a French academician might well have envied him. Each societare of the Comedie Francaise was fetched in a carriage by the Englishman who was to be his neighbor at table. In the centre of the hall, on a pedestral draped in blue with the golden fleur de lys of France, was an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. Lord Granville had M. Got on his right, and Delaunay on his left. Each of us in our glasses found a nosegay in the three French colors. The band of the Grenadier Guards played music by Gounod, Auber, Herold, Herve, Rossini, Offenbach, all French composers. M. Got, in reply to Lord Granville's speech, said that, however flattered the Comedie might be, they could not help knowing that the sympathies expressed by England passed over their heads, and went to the whole of France in her hour of trial. The prejudices of which Lord Granville had spoken had indeed disappeared, for Louis XIV., for the second time, deigned to admit the members of the House of Moliere to his table, and Got pointed to the statue of the Grand Roi. The actor's toast to the Queen, Lord Granville, and to the press, the artists and the writers of hospitable England, roused enthusiasm. Our hosts cried, 'Don't leave [illegible]. [illegible] stay.' We might have coined money if we had chosen to stay, but we all agreed that it would be unworthy of us to make capital out of such a reception, and two days later we were back in France." Edmond Got in his Journal gave an account of this visit, and he carefully jotted down the receipts. His father died while he was playing in London. On July 9, 1871, he wrote out in his Journal the speech he made in answer to the speech of Lord Dufferin and the speech in French of Lord Granville. They had visited him an hour after a performance before that to chat familiarly with him when he was already in bed. He ended his [illegible] world of [illegible] and [illegible]. To the [illegible] art to the [illegible] unity of human intellects. To the name of a comedian and a poet, to a poet and a comedian, to the name of Moliere—to Shakespeare."

Lady Gregory's new play in three acts, "Shonwalla," was announced for performance at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on March 10.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook writes that four plays performed by the Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre on March 7 proved to be of uneven interest, mainly as the result of very uneven acting. "The delicacy of Rostand's 'Two Pierrots,' for instance, was almost entirely lost, owing to the lack of charm and understanding in its interpretation; nor were the long duologues of Isi Collin's 'Sisyphus and the Wandering Jew' much assisted by the elocution of the actors, in the one case too undisciplined, and in the other too artificial. In 'A Dilemma,' on the other hand, we had some quite perfect acting from Miss Gertrude Robins, Miss Wish Wynne, and Mr. Campbell Gullan; but it was almost wasted, as the play dealt only with certain defects in the divorce law with which everybody is familiar and seemed more of a pamphlet than a play, and obviously not a particularly new one, even in the theatre. What proved to be the event of the evening was the production of M. Evreinoff's little tragedy, 'The Theatre of the Soul,' translated from the Russian by Marie Potapenko. Here we had old things put in a new way—the fight in the soul between reason and emotion, the vision of prose and poetry which a faithful wife may present to a husband according to his mood, the ugly reality of the painted courtesan, and so forth; and it all made an absorbing and even thrilling play. The dialogue, too, was full of power, and the machinery of the play most queer, original and fascinating. Judging from the appearance at the finish, most of those present would like to see 'The Theatre of the Soul' again. It was well acted by all concerned, and made the evening a distinguished one."

Thomas Holcroft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin," was revived at the Coronet Theatre, London, March 8, and found full of interest by reason of its homely scenes and simple humorous and pathetic sentiments. "The whole thing has the richness of a pint of good port, and not a little of its cheering effect."

The London Daily Telegraph of March 3 said of Mme. Rejane at the Coliseum: "We shall not do Mme. Rejane the obvious injustice of seriously criticising either her or the playlet selected for her reappearance at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon. Circumstances had combined against the distinguished French actress, and an event for the success of which 'the readiness is all' was largely marred by a general air of unpreparedness. Mme. Rejane would, in truth, have been better advised had she postponed the presentation of 'The Bet' for another day or two, in order to allow of its being properly rehearsed. As matters were the voice of the prompter was all too frequently heard, effects reckoned with failed to come off, and long drawnout pauses served to rob the dialogue of any impression of spontaneity. Yet, even under happier conditions, it may be questioned whether 'The Bet' is likely to be accepted as an adequate vehicle for the exercise of Mme. Rejane's brilliant talent. The story is thin and almost entirely lacking in what the Americans call 'punch,' a property, by the way, absolutely essential to the prosperity of any sketch at a variety theatre. A young English lieutenant, supposed to have had the good luck to be nursed by Mme. Rejane at a French hospital, invites her to supper on Christmas eve at the chateau near La Bassee, where he and his comrades are quartered. In spite of difficulties she contrives to make her way to the front to the delight of her youthful admirer. Shortly afterwards tidings come that the place is sorrounded by Germans, and a retreat to the trenches is ordered. Madame, however, refuses to leave, preferring to face the invaders. On their arrival it is assumed by the major that he is addressing the owner of the chateau. The mistake gives rise to a little mild fun, out of which nothing of any great moment arises. Suddenly the major espies a small leather bag with the name 'Rejane' written on it. But just as in Anatole France's famous story Pontius Pilate betrayed his ignorance on a still more important occasion, the officer merely mutters, 'Rejane, who's Rejane?' and, quitting the chateau, leaves 'Madame' free to resume her knitting. In a 'war play' as 'The Bet' is labelled, one naturally expects to find something of a thrill. In this respect disappointment, however, was tho lot of yesterday's audience at the Coliseum. Of the performance, for reasons stated, we say nothing. Mme. Rejane is far too gifted and accomplished a comedienne to be judged 'a l'improviste.'"

Miss Polaire has been playing at the Coliseum, London, in "Agatha in Petrograd." "The story relates to a famous singer and dancer, passionately attached to a man whom she ultimately discovers to be a spy in the pay of the Germans. Just as the truth is revealed to her she is called upon to rehearse a new scena, and, despite her agonized [illegible] to the [illegible] of the part. Later comes an interview with the man whose treachery has been revealed to her. As a test of his courage she offers him a revolver, suggesting that he shall shoot himself. But the fellow is too much of a coward and refuses. In an access of fury Agatha seizes the pistol, and a moment later her lover falls dead at her feet. 'Take that away,' she says when the alarmed attendants rush in."

Notes on Music and Musicians

The "Vendredi" pieces, written by various composers as tributes to Belaieff, the patron and publisher of Russian music, were performed in London on March 9. "With the exception of a prelude and fugue by Glazounov, they were in the lighter vein, but highly finished from a technical point of view. The 'Friday' polka, despite its commonplace rhythm, is one of those things on which only a prig fails to smile. * * * The 'Vendredi' pieces are the expression of a spirit that is lamentably mute here. The nearest approach to it that we know of is realized in the series of 'Phantasies' due to the initiative of Mr. W. W. Cobbett, but the composers of these interesting, but unequal, pieces do not form a fellowship such as those who contributed to the success of Belaieff's chamber evenings."

A concert in London on March 9 was devoted to works by members of the Society of Women Musicians.

Miss Helene Dolmetsch played the viola da gamba and violoncello in London on March 7 when she brought out a sonata by Schubert: "Which, it is to be presumed, is that written in 1824 for an instrument invented by Staufer of Vienna, and called the arpeggione, which was about the size of a viola da gamba and the shape of a guitar. The music is not profoundly interesting or particularly characteristic; it gives the impression of having been a commission which did not arouse the composer to great enthusiasm."

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 9 said: "Having regard to the object of last night's performance of the Oxford House Choral Society, which was to commemorate our dead, it was unfortunate that Brahms elected to label his Requiem specifically a 'German' one. He might with better logic have inscribed it 'Protestant' or 'Lutheran' or 'Evangelical,' for it distinguishes itself from those of Verdi, Berlioz and other Catholic composers chiefly, and with intent, by the omission of prayers for the dead. With such a label its performance could have aroused protest only from extremists. But Brahms, who could on occasion be intensely, if not fanatically, national, has left us in no doubt concerning his deliberate well-considered intention. Hence another selection would have been wiser. That much has to be said, but it leaves the fact untouched that Brahms' 'German' Requiem is a noble, finely conceived work, worthy of great occasions." It seems that Sir Villiers Stanford protested against the performance. The Pall Mall Gazette published an editorial note before it. "The secret of its origin Brahms never disclosed, though the probability is that it was a tribute to the memory of his mother rather than, as some contend, that it was inspired by his reverence for Schumann. Brahms, at any rate, left it on record that the air 'Ye who now sorrow' was written as a memorial to his mother. However undesirable it may be the performance of the 'Deutsches Requiem' as a musical expression of our national grief at the present juncture, Brahms's work is peculiarly suitable for performances in Protestant countries. Unlike other requiems, the text is drawn entirely from the Bible, and anything which might suggest praying for the dead was deliberately eschewed. 'I have written it for humanity as a whole,' he wrote to one who criticised his libretto."

George Eustathiou Lycudis, a young Greek who had been a prize winner at the Brussels Conservatory, gave his first violin recital in London last month and "showed a fine musical sense in his interpretation of very different kinds of merit."

Mr. W. W. Cobbett has just been mentioned. Mr. Evans of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote recently of him: "Some 25 works in all have either gained prizes offered by him in open competition, or they have been commissioned by him from their respective composers. Here is a repertoire in itself, due to the initiative and generosity of one man. Mr. Cobbett himself would be the last to claim that all his geese were swans, but this miniature library of chamber music contains many works of very remarkable merit."

Mr Edwin Evans, Jr., has a complaint to make "Why is it that the ordinary moral laws do not apply to one's neighbor's books or music? I have a weighty grievance just now. A musician came to me some time ago—so long that his identity escapes me—professing a very laudable desire for closer acquaintance with the classics of Russian music. There are few surer roads to my sympathy, which on this occasion took the form of a loan of the full sore of Borodin's two symphonies. That is the last I have seen of a favorite volume, and I now learn that [illegible]

[illegible] visit [illegible] has [illegible] such excellent [illegible]

This leads him to [illegible] that the [illegible] of reprinting Russian music [illegible] the war is likely to assume [illegible] proportions in Russia. [illegible] for commercial purposes two of the leading Russian firms are officially domiciled in Germany, viz., Belayeff in Leipzig, and the 'Imperial' in Berlin. Another, Gutheil, of Moscow, has had all its engraving executed in Germany. Many of the works of Balakireff and Liapounoff were published by Zimmermann, which is, I believe, a German firm with Russian connections. It is unlikely that the Russians will revert [illegible] to normal relations with Germany, and this music will have to be reprinted either in Russia itself, or, for the protection of the copyrights, in some other country. There is no reason whatever why that country should not be England, save that, as in some other [illegible] we have permitted our technical efficiency to lag behind. We have so long allowed Germany a free field that a very vigorous effort would be needed to establish music-engraving on a sufficiently large basis."

The New York Herald of M[illegible] describing a "futurist" concert at the Plaza Hotel the day before, said that the stage presented an odd appearance with artificial trees bearing gilded apples or oranges [illegible] green [illegible] a plush curtain. "It seemed [illegible] that in this futurist 'atmosphere' a normal grand piano should have been placed, but Mr. Ornstein needed it."

Apropos of "Madama Butterfly" in English at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, "A famous French author [illegible] described all translations as an attempt to solve an insoluble problem. The problem is tougher still [illegible] and toughest when the result [illegible] be fitted to music in [illegible] each emphasized syllable [illegible] strong beat. [illegible] practical experience can [illegible] malignant [illegible] stress of a translated [illegible] all attempts to dislodge it from the most insignificant note of the [illegible] passage."

A new string quintet by J. B. McEwen, one of the "Fantasy" works commissioned by Mr. Cobbett was produced in London early this month. "It is pleasant mosic, with the virtue of simplicity and the disadvantage of obviousness. The worst of it is its lack of imaginative form."

Walt Whitman has moved an English woman ("Welsh") to compose [illegible] Morfydd Owen, a scholar of the Royal Academy of Music, chose Whitman's "Towards the Unknown Region" for a song (tenor and orchestra).

Frederick Corder has scored for full orchestra his "Elegy," originally written for 24 violins.

Mrs. Margaret Meredith has written a choral setting of poems by Sir Henry Newbolt and Sir Owen Seaman. It takes it name from the former's "Sacramentum Supremum." Produced March 1, it savors "more than ordinary sympathy for modern freedom in the matter of harmony and tonality * * * Its modernism has resulted in a decided increase of ruggedness, if not altogether of strength."

"National Songs and Dances of the Allies," music arranged by J. C. Chanter, Mrs. C. W. Kimmins, editor has been published by Messrs. Curwen, London.

In Berlin a good deal of music is being made, but it is idle to pretend that "all things are as usual." They are certainly not, to judge by the advertisements in the Berlin papers; and though concerts are fairly frequent a large proportion are given for charities, while most of the series of concerts, as of the Philharmonic, have been considerably reduced in number, from 10 or more concerts to six, or less. Among the individual performers whose names I find on programmes are Mme. Edyth Walker, an American long engaged at Munich, and well known at Covent Garden; E. Dohnanyi, the Hungarian pianist and composer who used to be persona grata with a certain large section of the London public; Francz von Vecsey, the violinist who created something of a furore here some years ago when he first appeared as a prodigy; Arnold Rose, the leader of the quartet which bears his name. Mme. Carreno likewise has been playing in Berlin. But in spite of a seeming activity there appears to be little of the old order of musical life at present existing either in Berlin or Vienna, where the opera houses are opened, it is true, but not with unbroken consecutiveness.—London Daily Telegraph.

Some remember J. Meredith Ball, who was conductor at the Lyceum Theatre, London, under Henry Irving's management, for he accompanied the actor on most of his tours in this country. He died towards the end of last month. For some years he lived in the country and was seldom seen in London.

Many Revivals in London Theatres

Every one interested in the playhouse [illegible] noted [illegible] ordinary [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] d in [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] At [illegible] London p[illegible]ho[illegible] no fewer than [illegible]7 [illegible] plays. One of them, the Co[illegible]t, [illegible] giving a [illegible]as[illegible]i[illegible] repertory of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith and [illegible] the others are reviving more or less [illegible]nt "popular successes" such as "[illegible] Mine," "Raffles," "Are You a Mason?" "The Flag Lieutenant," "A Country Girl," "Fanny's First Play," "[illegible]lo-o-[illegible]a" and "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." It is pretty certain that [illegible]nder [illegible]orma[illegible] conditions none of these particular entertainments would at this moment have been addressing their so familiar appeal to the public of the West end of London. Several managers, however, have had difficulties in discovering the kind of new play which the public wants at a time like the present, and have in consequence fallen back upon productions which certainly hit the popular taste two or three years ago, and which they hope will once again prove attractive. And in several cases these hopes have been fulfilled. "Raffles" has certainly had another good run; "Baby Mine" evoked shrieks of laughter on the night of its revival, and will probably appeal as favorably as it did three years ago to that section of playgoers which likes that sort of farce; and "The Flag Lieutenant" has enjoyed quite a remarkable success at the Haymarket.

The question, however, is: Should our dramatists be discouraged at such a time? People are saying that the public are now more eager than ever before to take the theatre seriously, and that the moment is peculiarly ripe for the thoughtful welcome of a new work by Mr. Galsworthy, Sir A. W. Pinero, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Arnold Bennett, or any other of the dramatists who "count."

Lecturing to the Playgoers Club on Sunday evening, Mr. S. R. Littlewood said that, although so few new plays were now being "produced," our dramatists were harder at work than ever. No doubt, many of them are, though a number of them are also giving a great deal of their time to the new patriotic [illegible] of the hour. Mr. Maughan, for instance, is helping at the front; Mr. Bennett is doing admirable work in the Liberal press—his article in the Daily News exposing the fallacies of a certain other dramatist's "Common-Sense on the War" was a smashing piece of work, upon which he has been congratulated on all sides; and most, if not all, of the other writers named would find it quite impossible to give the usual proportion of their time to the art with which they have made their reputations.

Still, the fact remains that the playgoing public are beginning to ask for more new plays. They do not want them to be what are called problem plays. Ibsen is not required just now (and the mention of the great Norwegian reminds me that his chief translator in this country, Mr. William Archer, the critic, is also, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, doing brilliant patriotic service in the press, his specialty being the exposure of such matters as Germany's claim to intellectual supremacy and the very real artistic and literary claims of France and Russia, and even of our own little country).

Ibsen, I was saying, is not wanted; he is too grimly sincere. Mr. Shaw is not wanted; he sounds too flippantly insincere. Neither cynicism nor sermonizing is required, and what grew to be called the "Bedroom Drama" is most emphatically not wanted. What is required is the play that combines the Victorian note of sincere feeling with modern dramatic technique and the modern humorous touch. If the author of "Caste" were alive now he would make a fortune. And the comedies of Shakespeare, wittily, gracefully, and reverently presented, might make another.

"Peg o' My Heart" is quite Tom Robertsonian in tendency, so also is "The Flag Lieutenant," while "David Copperfield" is, of course, entirely Victorian in feeling, and even "Potash and Perlmutter" is almost as rich in simple sentiment as in comicality. These are four of the successes of the day, and their attractiveness, I think, points a moral. If it be true, as people are saying, that a few more new plays would be very welcome, the kind of play which is required, just now, seems indicated in the successes already achieved.—Mr. Walbrook in the Pall Mall Gazette, March 2.

Nietzsche and His Friend-Foe Richard Wagner

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? The tag which is so constantly recalled by the social relationships of genius in all countries sums up with peculiar mordancy the apologia submitted by Frau Forster Nietzsche for her distinguished brother. Much may be allowed for sisterly devotion, much for the engrossment of the author's sex in the personal and particular aspects of life, and most of all for the circumstance that her subject was treading a doomed path of neurotic sensibility towards mental eclipse. But with every deduction made, the volume gives a singularly repulsive impression of the family life of German literature and scholarship in the latter half of the 19th century. We carry away a picture of knowledge and intellectual power strangely ba[illegible] of humor, toleration, or humanized temperament. Personal pettiness, ever ready to break out in rancour and recrimination, seems to lurk in the most poetic and intellectual intimacies. Friendship is but a storage of ammunition for coming feud, just as in German politics peace has been dominated by the organization of war. After a time, in the perusal of these letters and recriminations, a casual touch of urbanity only provokes a more acute sense of depression, since we know that it will shortly be avenged by a more than countervailing thrust of spleen.

Few people ever did justice to Nietzsche, according to his sister, and those few only in lucid intervals, and most of those who have written about him reveal the meanest qualities of human nature. Now and then a compatriot would see him as he really was, like the one who said "Nietzsche had no need to yearn for redemption; in fact, I can't see what there was in him to redeem—he was so incredibly good." And even this discerning eulogist quarrelled irretrievably with the philosopher over a question of university patronage! More than 20 years before his death Nietzsche had defined for himself as a duty to "shake off whatever does not belong to me, friends and foes, conveniences, habits, books," and to "live in solitude" for the sake of wisdom. That the friends whom he thus abjured should not cleave to him nevertheless seems to have been no less a surprise than a mortification. His attitude, as he explains to one of them, was a manifestation of the "sublime selfishness which is an instinctive obedience to the highest law." They, in their misguided way, retaliated with "the selfishness and rapacity of the cat," which is, of course, not to be confounded with the sublime selfishness of the philosopher. And they could not perceive their error even when he wrote to point out their "feline egotism" in the most explicit terms, and (as his sister feelingly adds) with "that courtesy which he always observed even under the strongest provocation."

The relations of this "most patient and well-meaning of men" with Richard Wagner form, perhaps, the most substantial theme of a volume whose interest seldom emerges from the morbid. We are introduced to their friendship only at its point of rupture. The philosopher and the composer were spending a holiday together upon the bay of Naples, when the latter unfolded the inspirations of "Parsifal," spoke of "various Christian emotions and experiences" which he had undergone, and was chilled by the persistent silence of his companion. His artless confessions had stamped him as a theatrical humbug in the eyes on one who (ipse dixit) "never yet made a mistake about any human being." He held it impossible "that any one who, like Wagner, had expressed himself as an uncompromising atheist, should ever revert to a simple and genuine faith." "Histrionic self-deception fills me with disgust; where I detect its presence, the man's achievements weigh as nothing with me; I know that this staginess lies at his very core." So much for Buckingham!

With what painstaking fidelity Nietzsche laid his judgment of the later Wagnerian phases before the world is tolerably well known. And, to his indignation, the musician had the bad taste, instead of kissing the rod, to take the counter-offensive with an article entitled "Popularity and the Public." Cet animal est tres mechant! For a proper view of the incident we require, of course, the guidance of the sisterly hand. "The summer of 1876 had brought the great disillusionment as to Wagner's art; now he was tormented by the disillusionment as to Wagner's greatness of soul." Henceforth Nietzsche made it a condition of friendship that there should be full partisanship in the quarrel: "I cannot regard any one as a friend unless he appreciates my relation to Wagner, and does me justice in the matter." And what "justice" implied we may gather from the following passage:

> I had looked so long for a man who stood higher than I and really saw further than I did. In Wagner I thought I had found such a man. It was a mistake. At present I can no longer even compare him with myself. I am on a different plane.

Yet it came to the ears of his "thunderstruck" sister that there were people who called Nietzsche "a consummate egoist"!—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 20.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., concert by Mme. Margarete Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., concert by Pablo Casals, violoncellist, and Harold Bauer, pianist, in aid of the Little House. Grieg, sonata in A minor for piano and violoncello; Chopin, sonata in B flat minor for piano; Locatelli, sonata in D major for violoncello; Cesar Franck, sonata in A major for violin and piano transcribed for violoncello and piano.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Miss Josephine Durrell, violinist, and Lee Pattison, pianist. Sonatas by Brahms, Korngold, Beethoven.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

"Folding Bedouins."

As the World Wags:

C. H. C. should read "La Casa Paterna" of De Amicis. He is evidently a man to appreciate the deliciously mellow spirit of that story. Regard for one's past is the least offensive form of egotism. I have it very strongly, and I extend it even to the past of my friends. There are half a dozen men and women whose ancestry interests me almost as much as my own. It is the mere irony of fate that I have no birthplace, so to speak, and no ancestral home. The tiny 18th century house of brick in which I was born sheltered me but a year, and I can not think of it as my birthplace. My paternal family (Virginians, but not F. F. V.'s) developed, soon after their arrival here in the third quarter of the 17th century, a taste for migration, so that they stayed hardly two generations in any one spot, and after reaching the Middle West returned to the East. The commonplace brick house built by my grandfather rather more than a century ago in a middle western village, and greatly beloved by my father, is now in the hands of strangers, and counts with me for nothing. As a stranger and sojourner on earth I envied an acquaintance 300 miles south of Boston, in whose lovely old 18th century house I was entertained two or three years ago. For almost a century-and-a-half he and his ancestors had inhabited that house, not a great mansion, but a charming and dignified one, with rarely beautiful woodwork, and the richest old mahogany furniture. I disgraced myself at breakfast by the number of his excellent griddle cakes that I ate. It would be delightful to have such an ancestral home to which I could take my children now and then on pious errands. We of nomadic ancestry, however, necessarily have none such, nor are we likely to have other material inheritance. The marvel to me is that my wandering forbears managed to maintain a decent place in society, and to give their children "the sweet food of academic institution." Their total earnings of three generations would hardly maintain a modern fashionable family a single year, yet they managed to make a decent appearance in the world and to hold up their heads with the best wherever they went. Privately I'm a little proud of the fact that they were poor devils who through all their wanderings told the truth and spoke good English.

PIUS AENEAS.

Brookline, March 26.

The Anti-Rat Movement.

It is pleasant to learn that an anti-rat committee has been appointed in the Back Bay, which includes, we hope, "the small of the Back Bay." But will the rats take notice; will they agree to any resolutions passed by this committee? The Chinese attempt to get rid of rats by eating them. They think this diet keeps off baldness. The rats are split open, dried and then powdered with a finely ground white bark. Only yesterday we read what Dr. Arthur Stradling had to say about his table delicacy: "When a man has mustered courage enough to devour anything unfamiliar, he does not like to confess afterwards that it was not good; but, according to my experience, one rarely has the opportunity of a fair test, because one has almost invariably to cook for one's self. No one else, servants included, will touch the things. I firmly believe rats would be very nice if properly prepared. The flesh of those I ate, though perfectly white, was dry and tasteless; but, then, they were only skinned, cleaned and submitted to the fire without any of the etceteras which make other meats savory."

We respectfully suggest to the anti-rat committee the expediency of serving a rat course at formal and informal dinners. This course would at least be a relief from the conventional procession of dishes. Rats might also be substituted for sausages and mashed potatoes, which, we are informed by gilded youths, are now eaten for early breakfast at fashionable balls. Many years ago, in Albany, N. Y., Mr. Erastus Corning gave a rat dinner to stanch and courageous friends. The rats had passed their lives in a granary or malt-house, we have forgotten which. They were clean, plump and nourishing. What sort of a beverage should be served with rats? Punch or a light Rhine wine? Surely no strong waters; no Burgundy.

Anecdotical.

Wilkes dreamed that he was dead and had been ferried over the Styx. There he met his old enemy Lord Sandwich. They were hungry. Lord Sandwich said there was an inn not far away, kept by an old servant of his. "Thither they went, and the man prepared for them an extremely recherche little dinner. In the course of it, however, Lord Sandwich began to swear because the champagne was not iced, whereupon the innkeeper shook his head sadly, and said: 'No ice here—no ice here!' Just at that moment little blue flames came quivering up through the table, and Wilkes awoke."

Imagination.

It is not easy to approve the sentence given to one Bennett in London, a punishment for perjury. This Bennett was no dull, prosaic mortal. He described himself as "a practiser upon the Lord's pathways and on the ocean deep," and he invented the miraculous "Umkualaobo, or Life-Everlasting Plant" which grows "in the forests of Liberia." A man like this would now be invaluable as a war correspondent, and he would not be obliged to leave the newspaper office.

Below the Belt.

Mrs. Golightly writes to us that skirts will contain twice as much material this year as they did last.

Otto Fischel records in his book on costumes of the 19th century that "about 1856 a fashionable lady had to wear a flannel petticoat, an under petticoat three and a half yards wide, a petticoat wadded to the knees and stiffened in the upper part with whalebones inserted a hand's-breadth from one another, a petticoat with three stiffly-starched flounces, two muslin petticoats, and then a skirt. Even if all these petticoats were made of light stuff, the weight and discomfort of such a quantity of material was so great that the idea of a steel crinoline was greeted enthusiastically, and the inventor cleared £30,000 out of it in four weeks."

Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Pianist, Heard in Symphony Hall.

Mme. Margarete Matzenauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Wolf, "Weyla's Gesang"; Schumann, "Mondnacht"; Brahms, "Immer leiser"; Strauss, "Befreit"; Massenet, "Elegie"; Giordani, "Caro Mio Ben"; Caccini, "Amarilli"; Marchesi, "La Folletta"; Beach, "Ah, Love but a Day"; Scott, "Lullaby"; Spross, "Yesterday and Today"; Colburn, "Elf and Dormouse"; Chopin, Ballade, A flat major; Nocturne, G major; Etude, C major; Polonaise, A flat major; Schumann, Carnaval; Grainger, Irish Tune from County Derry, Shepherd's Hey; Faure, Romance; Sapellnikoff, Dance of the Elves; Moszkowski, Etude de Concert. S. C. Colburn was the accompanist.

The concert stage is often a snare to the opera singer. There is no friendly orchestra, no setting to aid the imagination, no situations conveyed by action or gesture to quicken the emotion of the audience. The singer's technic is revealed in bold relief and her art as an interpreter put to the severest test.

Mme. Matzenauer's voice and art are more effective in opera than in concert. The voice itself, with its extraordinary range, power and luscious quality, is best suited to dramatic outbursts. It is with difficulty subdued to the requirements of songs which demand a great variety of tonal color.

Mme. Matzenauer sang the first four songs on the program yesterday after the manner of her countrywomen and with many of the peculiarities common to opera singers in concert. She sometimes scooped in attack. There was spasmodic breathing. The intonation sometimes wavered. Massenet's "Elegie," too, suffered in these respects.

In the Italian songs there was sudden and marked improvement. In Marchesi's "Folletta," which should be a delight to prima donnas, the singer even managed to give the effect of a lighter voice.

Mme. Matzenauer is uninteresting as an interpreter in concert. She lacks perception, subtlety. She knowns little of the poetic, the quietly intense. To her belong heroic roles, stormy emotions and songs in which the composer's mood makes an obvious appeal.

Her enunciation in all four languages was remarkably clear, while she was generally at her best in the English songs.

Mr. Colburn was a sympathetic accompanist with an agreeable touch. His "Elf and Dormouse," amusing and graceful, was repeated.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, an admirable and well-rounded artist, is first of all romantic. As a man, sensitive, dignified and reserved, he does not trade upon his personality, as an artist his playing enchants and fascinates. It appeals to the mind as well as to the emotions.

He played Chopin's Ballade with surpassing beauty of tone and in poetic vein. The other three numbers by the same composer were eloquently contrasted. His imagination and delicacy as an interpreter were yet more fully displayed in Schumann's Carnaval. In Sapellnikoff's Dance of the Elves and Moszkowski's Etude there was opportunity for his accustomed brilliance.

An audience of fair size was appreciative of both artists. Repeatedly recalled, Mr. Gabrilowitsch lengthened the program.

HAROLD BAUER GIVES CONCERT

With Pablo Casals, Violoncellist, He Plays in Aid of the Little House.

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, violoncellist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall in aid of the Little House. The program was as follows: Grieg, sonata in A minor for piano and 'cello; Chopin, sonata in B flat minor for the piano; Locatelli, sonata in D major for 'cello; Cesar Franck, sonata for violin and piano transcribed for 'cello and piano. There was a large and very appreciative audience.

The more enthusiastic admirers of Grieg single out the last movement of this violoncello sonata and say: "Ah! it is so Norwegian!" The majority of our concert-goers are not Norwegians. Some may be pardoned for preferring the two preceding movements. They may not be so "characteristically national," but they are unmistakably by Grieg, and are musically more beautiful. To say that this one's or that one's music is intensely national is not the highest praise. The sonata was admirably played yesterday. The pianist and the violoncellist were fully in sympathy with the composer and the one with the other: skilled virtuosos in thoughtfully considered ensemble.

The performance of Chopin's sonata by Mr Bauer was in some respects unaccountably mannered; one might say affected, if the artistic sincerity of Mr. Bauer were not well known. The contrasting section in the first movement was taken at so slow a pace that continuity suffered and the movement seemed to be only a string of episodes. So in the Scherzo. The Trio crept, and by the slowness that gave it inordinate length it came to be the important portion of the movement, with the scherzo proper as only a brilliant introduction. Equally singular was Mr. Bauer's reading of the Trio in the Funeral March. This pianist seldom falls into sentimentalism; but what is the word that best describes his interpretation of this Trio? There was dragging, there was halting, there were disturbing pauses. Only in the final movement did Mr. Bauer play in a manner to satisfy the ear and at the same time the musical and aesthetic understanding.

Mr Casals gave a remarkable performance of Locatelli's music. The crispness, lightness and grace displayed in the opening allegro; the tonal beauty, the breadth of the sustained song and the exquisite phrasing in the interpretation of the Adagio were enough to make the occasion memorable; but the Minuet with its variations revealed the dazzling virtuoso.

It is to be regretted that Messrs. Casals and Bauer put Franck's violin sonata on the program. It is not a question of how well it was performed. Franck wrote this music for the violin and piano. He had the violin in mind, not the violoncello, and he wrote for the genius of the violin. To carry out his intention to the utmost he dedicated the work to Eugene Ysaye. It may be said that this substitution was sanctioned by the composer; that he gave his name to it. Nowhere does this appear in a memoir of Franck. Publishers are not always scrupulous, and names of composers as arrangers and disarrangers of their own works are often used without warrant. It is true that music written by Locatelli for the violin is sometimes given to the violoncello. The cases are hardly parallel. We should have a right to protest if a 'cellist and a pianist of high rank would sit down and perform the Kreutzer" sonata. The sonata of Franck is a nobler work. Its integrity should be respected. We do not wish to hear this music played on a guitar, by a flute and piano, or in fact by any instrument or combination of instruments save the two for which it was composed.

The war has brought it about that two women servants are now employed in the Athenaeum Club of London. Seventeen of the men servants left to join the army, and no others could be found to take their places. Therefore, after the members and the remaining male servants had been consulted two parlor maids were appointed to work on the [illegible] wife. [illegible] Athenaeum [illegible] F. Grant Duff was elected [illegible] name had [illegible] only eight years on the books. In 1897 Grant Duff noted that a name must be down 16 years. Will the Porphyry be persuaded to follow suit? Experienced male servants know too much about the habits of the members; they are even suspected of keeping a diary. The young, the apprentices, are a trial and a tribulation until they are thoroughly housebroken. Trim, slim, neat-footed Lucy and Jane, taking orders, careful with the siphon, amiable, but not too familiar, would persuade the charter members that they are not ready for the grave; they would surely increase the daily attendance of the younger. Little by little they might turn some from fire water and sausage to tea and buttered toast, for the sight of a white-capped, white-aproned, comely lass busied with tea-table equipage pleases the jaded eye.

"Footwomen."

This reminds us that Lady Randolph Churchill has started the fashion of employing a "footwoman" in the place of a footman. The Pall Mall Gazette thinks that Londoners may gradually become as familiar with this term as with "waitress," which was unknown 80 years ago. De Quincy wrote in 1834 ("Samuel Taylor Coleridge") about the daughter of the inn at Buttermere, who "acted as waiter." He added this footnote when the essay was published in book form 20 years later: "Since this was written, social changes in London, by introducing females very extensively into the office (once monopolized by men) of attending on visitors at the tables of eating-houses, have introduced a corresponding new word, viz., waitress; which word, 25 years back would have been simply ludicrous; but now is become as indispensable to precision of language as the words, traitress, heiress, inheritrix, etc."

Probably G. B. S.

As the World Wags:

I was uplifted and edified by the amusing interviews with the Back Bay salons in today's Herald. I was, however, startled and bewildered by the statement in an introductory paragraph that George Bernard Shaw wrote, "What the Public Wants," and with "true Shavian satire." I am hoping that from the depths of your erudite psychology—or is it psychological erudition?—you will be able to inform me which would be the more gratified by that statement—G. B. S. or Arnold Bennett?

SEEKER OF THE TRUTH.

Brookline, March 28.

To Katrine Grey.

As the World Wags:

Greeting. Salaam. May your shadow never be less. The brassiere, long may it wave. My own lingerie requirements run rather to ruffles. Perhaps when I get to be a big girl and wear corsets instead of girdles I may go after brassieres too and have "savvy" enough to get them out of unfragrant floor men.

HAZEL RAY.

To Jean Cherry.

As the World Wags:

Votes for Women! Surely, let the downtrodden feminist howlers have the vote. Any woman who is married to a man deserves to get any thing she thinks she wants.

The other night I went home with Mrs. Cappucini. She's a five-hour girl. She comes on at 11—that gives her a chance to do her housework and get the children off to school—and she gets off at 4, which lets her go home and get the "spag" ready for the family.

I went home with her because her man wasn't coming home and she brought the children, two boys, 8 and 6, in from the street, oh, so dirty. They live in three rooms. Signor C. did come home after all. He has something to do with concrete mixing and was all white and limy and smoked a cheroot and spat on the stove and laughed a lot. Why does any one raise children in the city? No reinforced concrete in mine when I have them. And I'll have them under a hedge and let them follow the crows in the plowed ground first.

My nasturtiums are up. All a row of brave green gray German soldiers with their shields turned to the sun. But do German soldiers carry shields?

HAZEL RAY.

Gasol"I"ne.

As the World Wags.

Leen, meen, shen, feen!!!

What words are those! They are line, mine, shine and fine, pronounced in the way in which gasolEne is now pronounced, though spelled gasolIne. If gasolIne is going to be pronounced gasoleen, then those words above, and a thousand others will have to be pronounced in the same way. This note is from the Peen Tree State. Do you like that way of pronouncing Pine? I think not. It is, however, no more absurd than to call gasolIne, gasoleen. Yet The [illegible] a [illegible] it [illegible]

[illegible] people [illegible] the last syllable in automobile (a French word) is pronounced "leen," that all English words with a long "I" must have the same sound? Or, again, if they want a French sound to the last syllable, why not have the French sound to the first, and that is oto. Just here my wife says, "I think you should call it otto, because it comes from the Greek." At this I dropped my work, called on my Greek friend Tissaphernes, and I wrote on a bit of paper "auto." Then I said, "Pos onomazete touto?" (What do you call that?") He smiled and said, "Arfto." So you have your choice: Oto, otto or arfto.

Then somebody else said: "You can say gasolIne or gasolEne, just as there are two ways of spelling benzEne." But I turned about and exclaimed: "There are not two ways of spelling benzEne, for benzIne is one chemical derived from petroleum and benzEne is another chemical derived from combination of benzol and lime."

If you hand gasoline up to Judge Knowledge for his literary opinion he will turn it out of court as bad language, bad spelling, unnecessary ignorance and a word that ought to be deleted from The Herald, as well as all motor car advertisements and road-signs throughout the length and breadth of the country.

J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

In the New English Dictionary "gasolene" is the preferred spelling, but "gasoline" is also given as worthy of respect. Other spellings given are gasoleine and gazoline. In 1897 the Westminster Gazette favored "gasoline." But in the New English Dictionary the pronunciation of the final syllable of "gasoline" is "leen."

As for benzine. "'Benzene,' according to Hofmann's nomenclature, is now generally used by chemists, but 'benzine' is in common use for the commercial product."—Ed.

ONE-ACT DRAMA AT B. F. KEITH'S

Miss Calvert Appears in Armstrong's "To Save One Girl"—Other Good Numbers.

Paul Armstrong presents at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, Miss Catherine Calvert in his one-act drama "To Save One Girl." Miss Calvert, who has had the leading part in several of Mr Armstrong's better known successes, including "The Deep Purple" and "A Romance of the Underworld," takes the role of Doris Powers, a young hotel stenographer who has been trapped by politicians and finds herself at night—or rather the trapping politicians, with the aid of a convenient house detective, find her—in the hotel room of John Glenn, a young legislator whom money cannot buy. Glenn is chairman of a vice committee and absolutely refuses to do the bidding of the political bosses, who thus seek to compromise the legislator and the girl in the hope that, to save both from scandal he will yield to their wishes and favorably report a measure he opposes. He refuses, however; instead, he marries the girl.

Eugene Strong is John Glenn, the fearless legislator and he plays well a rather pleasing part. James A. Marcus is capital as a boss politician, but no more true to life than Gus P. Thomas as Connor, a political grafter of familiar type. Altogether there are seven in the company.

Frank Fogarty is paying one of his occasional visits to B. F. Keith's this week with his usual line of talk about O'Brien. Fogarty for years has been one of the best monologue men upon the vaudeville stage and had an enthusiastic reception last night. A company of eight is headed by Marion Littlefield in a varied musical program of 10 numbers, running all the way from the soldiers' chorus from "Faust" to "Old Folks at Home." Robert Emmet Keane and Muriel Winslow, who were with "The Passing Show of 1914," delighted last night's audience with their clever work. Flanagan and Edwards in their new act "Off and On," did some interesting dancing. Robert Everest's novelty circus of monkeys and chimpanzees. Lucille and "Cockie," the "human bird", the El Rey sisters roller skate artists, and the current events of the week in motion pictures complete the bill.

Mar 31 1915

For some years women, young and old, whether they were securely in the fashionable world, indomitable climbers, indifferent, or actresses, have not shunned the camera in public places. Their photographs have been repro[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] that reflect [illegible] A[illegible] dentistry. The [illegible] that these photographs were [illegible] to advertise some tooth-wash.

About a fortnight ago Miss Dorothy [illegible]unton, an actress, appeared in a London court to sue a dentist for libel. A year ago she found a picture of herself being shown on a screen in a music hall. There was letterpress on the curtain advertising "dental surgeries" of which the defendant was the proprietor, and on one side of the curtain was a photograph of a woman without teeth, while on the other side was a photograph of a woman with a full set. Under the first picture was written "before"; under the other "after." The photographs were both those of Miss Dorothy. Underneath were the following beautiful lines:

> Laugh and the world laughs with you,
> But not when your teeth are bad,
> So hustle and pay us a visit,
> And get the laugh that's glad

The defendant, when he was called on for an explanation, said he was sorry, the photograph had been handed to him by the Encore newspaper, but no name had been given. His counsel argued that the matter complained of was not reasonably susceptible of a defamatory meaning. To which Mr. Justice Scrutton — and a good judge, too — answered: "Not to show a young and good looking person with all her teeth out? I am entirely against you." The jury returned a verdict for Miss Dorothy with £30 damages.

Among Those Present

The Cambridge Chronicle of March 25, 1865, noted the close of a billiard tournament for the championship of Massachusetts in Bumstead Hall, Boston, William A. Tobin won over Robert E. Wilmarth "Among those present were Gov. Andrew, Mayor Lincoln, Prof. H. W. Longfellow, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Charles E. Norton "and others of prominence." Would Boston and Cambridge (including Harvard University) be so well represented today at a game of billiards?

The Staff of Life

As the World Wags:

Anent the present controversy concerning the use of plaster-of-paris in bread it might be interesting to quote the following from Carlyle's "French Revolution" (bk. 6, chap. 4)

"Complaints there are that the food is spoiled, and produces an effect on the intestines: not corn but plaster-of-paris! Which effect on the intestines, as well as that 'smarting in the throat and palate,' a Townhall Proclamation warns you to disregard, or even to consider as drastic-beneficial."

SYLVANUS QUEST.

Cambridge, March 29.

Agostino Carbone

Perhaps some in Boston remember Agostino Carbone, who died in New York last Saturday, nearly 60 years old. He was often seen here in opera, a versatile, conscientious baritone, especially excellent in comedy parts. His Beckmesser, when "Die Meistersinger" was performed in Italian at the Mechanics' building, March 21, 1892, was one of the best, if not the best, that we have seen in Germany and in this country. He did not clown the part as is too often the fashion. His associates in that performance were Jean de Reszke, Walther, Lasalle, Hans Sachs; Montariol, David, Serbolini, Pogner; Mme. Albani, Eva, and the faithful Mme. Bauermeister, Magdalene. If we are not mistaken, Campanari took the part of Kothner Anton Seidl conducted. There were Wagnerites in those days, wild Wagnerites, who protested against a performance of any work by "The Master" in Italian; yet this performance of "Die Meistersinger" charmed even their ears. And so Tristan's music never had greater beauty than when Mr. Ferrari-Fontana sang it in Italian at the Boston Opera House. It may be remembered that Mr. Weingartner, hearing a performance of "Die Meistersinger" in Italian at Covent Garden in 1898, wrote an enthusiastic article about it that caused Germans to rub their eyes in wonder. This article is included in Mr. Weingartner's volume of essays entitled "Akkorde."

Mr. Carbone was excellent in other parts: Masetto, Le Dancaire, Bartolo, Laerte. The New York Herald stated on Monday that he was leading singer at La Scala after he was graduated in 1875 at the Genoa Conservatory. He may have sung in that famous opera house, but not as a "leading" baritone, for his name does not appear in the casts given by Pompeo Cambiasi in his history of La Scala.

Magellan

As the World Wags.

In the admirable "Larned's History of the World," which the Boston Herald brought within the reach of thousands recently, I find to my surprise these words: "The voyage of [illegible]

[illegible] first [illegible] it not a fact that M[illegible] as far as the P[illegible] was there killed by [illegible] his lieutenant complet[illegible] that proved the rotundity of the earth?

L. [illegible]

Brookline, March 28.

Our correspondent is correctly informed. Magellan discovered the straits that bear his name and the Philippines. He met his death in the Philippines, where he became the ally of the Prince of Cebu against the ruler of another little island of the group. One of his ships returned to Spain. She was the first to circumnavigate the globe. There was a story that Magellan died from poison.—Ed.

Berlin a World City

Mr. Edward Edgeworth in his book, "The Human German," published recently in London, gives the following pleasing description of Berlin:

"As a hearth of wickedness, Berlin can decently claim to be a world-city. It has even here, though notoriously nowhere else, an individuality, a soul of its own. Berlin's corruption is not Steinheil's mysterious murder, Humbert safes, or Thaw paranoia. It is a lower middle-class corruption of plungers, souteneurs, blackmailers, and fraudulent counts who lack the courage to parade as dukes. The world-city is a heaven for men who pass themselves for what they are not."

Let us not forget, however, that Boston has been pictured in times past, even by resident clergymen, as a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. Even now there are some who would have us believe that this city is more wicked than any other.

SOPRANO AND PIANIST GIVE CONCERT IN STEINERT HALL

Miss Eva A. Egerter, "prima donna soprano," and Miss Florence M. Bishop, "American pianist," gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. The well-selected program gave full opportunity for the display of proficiency, and the interpretations by the singer and pianist gave much pleasure to a friendly audience.

April 1 1915

We are glad to note the increasing interest in the anti-rat movement, and, incidentally, in our proposition that many rats could be put out of the way by eating them. We regret to say that the wisdom of the ancients outside of China fails us in this instance. Mr. Edward Topsel in his "History of Four-Footed Beasts and Serpents" (1658)—page 404—says that the flesh of the rat is far more hot and sharp than the flesh of the vulgar mouse, "as we have gathered by the dissection of it," but he does not speak of the rat as a table-dish, although he mentions white rats once seen in Germany, "taken in the middle of April, having very red eyes standing forth of their head, and a rough and long beard."

Rats, however, have brought a high price "Whiles Annibal lay in siege before the towne Casilinum, a rat was sold within the town for 200 sesterces: the man who bought it at that price lived; but the party who sold it through greediness of mony died for hunger." So Pliny tells the story through Philemon Holland. The rat cost the citizen about $8 in our money, but probably the purchasing power was then much higher.

Before the rat is caught, to be skinned for a stew or to be roasted in his jacket, careful housewives should remember that in many parts of the world it is still customary to put extracted teeth in some place where they will be found by a mouse or rat, "in the hope that, through the sympathy which continues to subsist between them and their former owner, his other teeth may acquire the same firmness and excellence as the teeth of those rodents." Thus a child should be taught to say with the South Slavonians: "Mouse, mouse, there is a bone tooth; give me an iron tooth instead."

Concerning Muskrats.

As the World Wags:

Revenons a nos rats. The muskrat is a favorite food in parts of this country, and I have known marshes to be rented profitably for the muskrat shooting. The main object of the hunters was the skins, which are exported by the million annually to Europe for curing, and sent back here to be sold at high prices as material for garments. I've known the time when muskrat skins sold at 9 cents each. The price now, I believe, is higher. Meanwhile, the flesh is eaten south of Mason and Dixon's line by black and white alike. It is sometimes sold in the market as "marsh rabbit," and often retailed on "public day" from the cart tail by the hundred carcases. I've eaten muskrat, and should like to [illegible] it again. The meat [illegible] sweet and tender. As I recall, it was cooked as rabbit is, and served with a [illegible]ch sauce. It is inferior to roast 'possum or to "coon," and, of course, all meats are inferior to "'possum wid coon gravy" and sweet potatoes roasted in the pan. The thought of these carnal delights still breeds in my octogenarian palate luxurious and sinful tinglings. The muskrat is reputed one of the cleanest and daintiest of beasts. He is said to wash in clean water whatever he eats. Perhaps the vulgar rat (I know not his scientific name) has like cleanly habits. I hear, by the way, that Boston loses many of its rats by way of the pit, that certain highly respectable, even social portentous, Bostonians subsidize waterside characters (you remember Rogue Riderhood) to supply hundreds of these rodents periodically for tremendous mains that take place in spots unknown to the police, or studiously avoided by those excellent guardians of the peace. Can this dreadful rumor really be true?

Brookline. RIDICULUS MUS.

We are informed by men fussy about their food that there is not nearly enough terrapin to satisfy the demand, and that even in Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., muskrat is often served for terrapin, and epicures are seldom aware of the substitution. Terrapin is to be had in this city, but is it terrapin? The dish at its best seems to us absurdly overrated, not to be compared with salt pork fried in cream with shredded apples, or liver and bacon—that is when the liver comes from a gentle and well nourished calf. In 1620 this note was made: "Muske Rats Skins, two shillings a dozen." The so-called muskrat of India, the Crocidura murina—our muskrat is the Fiber Zibethicus—we found these words in a dictionary—has a most disagreeable smell. When was the nickname "muskrats" first given to dwellers in low lying districts, as the St. Clair Flats in Michigan? Who first used the phrase "to shoot up," as "he shot up a bar-room"?—Ed.

A Female Verdict.

One Mr. Brown testified in court held in El Cajon, Cal., that Mr. O. N. Imes, accused of disturbing the peace at a ball, had used language unfit for the ears of women. There was a jury of seven women and five men and Mrs. Rains presided as judge. Mr. Imes swore that the strongest phrase he used was "Gosh dern." The jury and judge, in spite of their disappointment, acquitted Mr. Imes.

Let the Women Do It.

As the World Wags:

A great scheme has just occurred to me! So good that I cannot understand why it has not been suggested before. Next fall when it comes to us men to decide the Votes for Women question, let us simply prefix the letters "F" and "E" instead of striking out the word "male" from the constitution, and thus turn the whole thing over to the ladies. When we were youngsters, if we were nice little boys, we always gave the girls their turn even in the rough games. It is only fair they should have it now, according to the rules of any game. There will be some who won't want their turn, just as there were always shirkers in those brainy games we played later on: capping verses, poetry game, etc.

Suppose, then, that everything were turned over to the women. It is not likely that they would oust every man from office or turn off the police force. The daily life would not be very different except for a trip to the polls now and then. Women would not abandon home any more than does the woman in industry or the society woman today. There would be one great change: Woman would be forced to think harder than ever before, but I doubt if there would be any menace to health in that. Women would at least find out if there is any "worth in a vote" in a democratic country, a question on which there are differing opinions today. The men would get a vacation: they could go to business just the same, but with no political responsibility they could lie back, read novels, loaf, smoke, and feel secure, Papa and the big boys, that they were being represented by Mother at the polls. If there were some specific law they wished put through, they could do it better by indirect influence and not need so much hand Sapolio.

As only a few fanatical feminists want to vote the majority of women would soon vote not to vote! Then good-bye Suffrage Parades, yellow flags and red roses. Woman will then settle back into her sphere.

Boston, March 30. FAIR PLAY.

April 2 1915

Letters are still written to the New York Sun about the "Seven Seas." Thus Mr. Edward Macdonald of Ossining declares that if Omar Khayyam ever mentioned "the seven seas" FitzGerald never did. In support of his statement Mr. Macdonald quotes: "As the Sea's [illegible] should heed a pebble-cast." He quotes from a later edition than that of 1872, in which Mr. Macdonald will find the line (47th stanza): "As the Sev'n Seas should heed a pebble-cast."

Mr. Macdonald adds:

"If the expression 'the seven seas' is as ancient as John Doe asserts possibly the following seas are meant, as they would be the only ones known in ancient times:

Mare Erythraeum,	Arabian Sea.
Sinus Persicus,	Persian Sea.
Sinus Arabicus,	Red Sea.
Mare Caspium,	Caspian Sea.
Pontus Euxinus,	Black Sea.
Mare Internum,	Mediterranean Sea.
Mare Adriaticum,	Adriatic Sea.

As we have already said the term "seven" was given loosely to special collections. Omar may not have used the phrase, but FitzGerald certainly did in his first translation. Perhaps he changed the phrase, thinking some one might charge Omar with not being a skilled geographer.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has sent to us a communication which we now publish.

Persian "Seas."

As the World Wags:

I notice in The Herald that there is some discussion of Rudyard Kipling's title, "The Seven Seas." You speak of an attempt to name these "Seas." It may interest the readers of The Herald to know that Kipling took the title from a famous collection of Persian poems called Heft Kulzum or Haft Quizum, which means the Seven Seas.

Arabic and Persian poetry is quite rich in varying meters, there being no less than 22 employed in the Rubaiyat attributed to Omar Khayyam. The generic name for these meters is behr, which heans Sea, and that must be the origin of the title, I think; though, probably, the numeral seven has its usual indefinite significance, or lack of significance, seven being in almost all languages a sacred number.

A single line in Persian and Arabic is called a bait or beit, which means a night-shelter, a house or a tent. As it always divides into two sections, the parts are, by analogy, called tent-flaps, and a single foot is called a tent-peg, or a tent-pole, each namereferring to some special foot. I may add, what, perhaps, is not generally known and is extremely interesting, that the regeneration of Egypt, owing to the liberality of English rule and the rapid spread of popular education, is giving rise to a new school of Arabic poetry. If only Persia could have the same blessings we might again see the palmy days of Iranic verse return. Persian literature is extraordinarily rich, the number of poets of the first rank being almost beyond belief. The day may come when universities will pay some attention to this now neglected field. Persian is (aside from the Arabic alphabet) not so very difficult, nor so unlike Greek.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

We again say that the Seven Seas, as commonly understood, are the Arctic, Antarctic, north and south Pacific, north and south Atlantic and Indian oceans. This is no "attempt" to name the seas. These seas have been called the Seven for many years and are so recognized by lexicographers. Where did Mr. Dole learn that Mr. Kipling took the title from a "famous collection of Persian poems." What has Mr. Kipling to do with "behr," meaning "sea"?

The Arabian grammarian, as Mr. Dole says, called the one line in poetry a "bayt"; he adopted for metrical details the language of the desert. The metres, our feet, were called "arkan," the stakes and stays of the tent; the syllables were of three kinds: "Sabab," the tent rope; "watad," the tent peg; the "fashilah," the main pole of the tent. The metres were called "buhur," or "seas," meaning, as Sir Richard F. Burton says, "the space within the tent walls, the equivoque alluding to pearls and other treasures of the deep." Does any one really think that Mr. Kipling went to Persia, or Arabia, and tent-life for his title?—Ed.

"Leens."

As the World Wags:

If your "Gasolyne" friend insists on eliminating all final "leens," I suppose he will pronounce "quarantine" with the "tyne" termination. And how about "machine"? C. C. PERINE

(Pronounced for generations "Pureen").

Boston, March 31.

Why Germans Hate.

Sir Hedworth Meux declares that the "incomparable beauty of English-women" is the mainspring of the German's hatred of England. Prof. Bergmann of Munich, a deep thinker, once wrote on the subject of beauty among the nations. He ranked the Italians, the Turks, the Swiss and the Scandinavians above the English in point of good looks. To him the natives of Samoa are the most beautiful race. The Strand Magazine a few years ago instituted an international symposium on this question with this result: the majority of votes were for the Italians, especially the men. As far as women only are concerned, the English women were ranked first. The Scandinavians stood high on the list, but the Germans were never mentioned except in disparagement. Sir Ernest Shackelton, who has visited every country in the world, says "the chances are, taking even Italy, that when one sees a beautiful woman walking along, she is either English or American." A London journalist thinks that Sir Hedworth's theory would have appealed to Renan, who wrote in his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse": "When I was young, I regarded beauty as an attribute of such paramount importance that genius or moral worth count as nothing in comparison. Insomuch that a really beautiful woman is above all laws, for she unites in her own person—as in a vase of myrrh—all the charm that genius struggles to portray by means of a faint reflection."

Concert in Steinert Hall by Miss Josephine Durrell and Lee Pattison.

Miss Josephine Durrell, violinist, and Mr. Lee Pattison, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, sonata in G major, op. 78; Korngold, first and second movements of sonata in G major, op. 6; Beethoven, sonata in D major. There was an appreciative audience.

Miss Durrell and Mr. Pattison are known here as serious and capable musicians, who have already shown their ability in public. The former was graduated with honors at the New England Conservatory; the latter, having studied at the same institution, became a pupil of Arthur Schnabel.

Perhaps the latter influenced Mr. Pattison in the choice of Korngold's sonata, two movements of which were performed here last night for the first time; for Carl Flesch and Schnabel were the first to play the sonata in Berlin and Vienna. This was in the latter part of 1913. The first performance in this country was by Leopold Lichtenberg and Adele Margulies in New York on Feb. 24 of last year.

The sonata, as a whole, is an extraordinary work for a youth to write. Korngold was born in 1897. He has been hailed by injudicious friends as a youthful Mozart. His overture to a drama has been performed here by the Philharmonic Society of New York and his Sinfonietta, which is longer and more elaborate than many symphonies, will be played here this afternoon under Dr. Muck's leadership.

That this sonata should have been written by a boy in his teens is indeed remarkable; for the construction is sure, the ideas are logically expressed, there is control of technic. In his harmonic scheme he appears to be a follower of Richard Strauss. Some undoubtedly found pages of the sonata "ugly" on account of the free use of dissonances. There are fine thoughts in the Scherzo. In the slow movement, which was not on last night's program, there are evidences of Brahms's influence. We have yet to hear music by Korngold that is truly emotional, or frankly beautiful.

The sonata of Brahms is one of his most genial chamber works. It is said that although it stands for his first, it is really his fourth; the three preceding were severely criticised by him and not published, although Schumann recommended one written as early as 1853 to publishers. No doubt the one in G major is not so distinguished as the later ones in workmanship; but its mood is original and delightfully melodic. In its suggestion of Spring it has been likened to Beethoven's op. 96, although the latter is not so personal in its tone. The use of a song by Brahms as thematic material in his violin sonata is also grateful. Nor is the funereal episode, suggested by the death of Franz von Holstein, merely a pessimistic wail, as is too often the case with Brahms when death led him to express himself in music.

The concert, artistic in its purpose, was much enjoyed.

— mar 3. 1915

Liszt's "Faust" Symphony Enjoyed—Klose Composition Also Played.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program consisted of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, in which the orchestra was assisted by a male chorus from the Apollo Club and Mr. Paul Draper, tenor; and Klose's Prelude and Double Fugue for organ (Chorale at the end with trumpets and trombone). Mr. John P. Marshall was the organist.

[illegible]rich Klose has been [illegible] in Boston. His [illegible] the first time [illegible] not [illegible] judge him from it. He has written [illegible] works of [illegible] wreath, among [illegible] important compositions [illegible] as far as the general scheme is [illegible]—in which the organ is used with the orchestra. Born at Carlsruhe [illegible] having taught at Geneva and [illegible], he is now teacher of composition at the Academy of Music in Munich.

How he was led to write the Prelude and Fugue is told in his preface to the score. At Bayreuth in 1882 he met Anton Bruckner, whose "Romantic" symphony had impressed him, and there he talked and drank with him. Bruckner [illegible] the organ for him and improvised a fugue on a "wild ascending theme. Some years later Klose studied with Bruckner. In grateful remembrance of his teacher he wrote this Prelude and Fugue, using as a motto the "wild ascending" theme, which also serves as the beginning of his first fugal subject.

The composition is more interesting to the student of fugue and of the organ than to the public. It is often said of respectable and unemotional music that it is "well made." This compliment is [illegible] often a reproach, if it is not a sneer. Klose's Prelude is not impressive, nor is his Fugue as a whole engrossing or dramatic. There are awkward passages for the organist; passages that do not lie well for hands or feet. The quotation itself from Bruckner is not a striking one, nor is it well adapted always to contrapuntal employment. One of the better portions is the long pedal point which brings the climax. Klose introduces four trumpets and four trombones in the final chorale. Dr. Muck doubled these instruments and added a tuba, but even then the choral with the full organ had little real effect.

The audience listened respectfully at first, but at last—for the composition is very long—many by their attitude recalled to our mind an entry in Grant Duff's Diary: "Congreve, the Positivist pontiff, begins his Conciones ad Populum, in an upper room of the Sussex Hotel, in Bouverie street. Some one said, describing the scene, 'And there was Lord Houghton sleeping exactly as if he had been in church.'"

The performance of the "Faust" symphony in last January made a profound impression. It is not surprising that Dr. Muck wished to repeat the performance this season. It is not necessary to speak again in detail of the symphony or the manner in which it was played. It is enough to say that the music seemed even more poetic, dramatic, imaginative, imposing. Perhaps in the first movement there are a few passages that might be cut out or condensed, but no one would wish the movement "Gretchen" to be changed in any way. Of all the music that is associated with the innocent maiden of Goethe's poem, this is surely the most expressive, the most beautiful. The remorseful, crazed Gretchen is not in Liszt's picture. We find her in the prison music of Boito. And how paltry does the music of Mephistopheles conceived by Gounod seem in comparison with the ironical fiend of Liszt, mocking the doubts and the aspirations of the disillusionized philosopher!

It is the fashion for some to admit the genius of Liszt in shaping the symphonic poem, in enlarging the scope of the symphony, to admit, though grudgingly, his influence on contemporaries and followers even to this day; but they deny his creative power, as there are some who find no "ideas" in the music of Berlioz, no skill in thematic treatment, only an unusual sense of orchestral color and an inexplicable ability in orchestration. Argument is out of the question with these men. They have ears and they do not hear; they will not hear. Berlioz and Liszt are not thus to be lightly dismissed. It is not possible to think of modern music without invoking their glorious names and remembering their music. It is pleasant to think that in this city they have long been rank among the immortals. The music of Berlioz has been heard here since 1[illegible] and often with passionate admiration. The programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra show the prominence given to the Hungarian abbe, as it was given here by Theodore Thomas before the Boston Orchestra was established.

The performance of the "Faust" symphony yesterday should have turned the most prejudiced, the most "conservative" from the error of his ways. Not only Mr. Longy was eloquent in the oboe solos; the whole orchestra was dramatically emotional. No wonder that an unusual tribute was paid to Dr. Muck and the players.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Korngold, Sinfonietta (first time here); Beethoven, concerto in E flat major for piano (Mr. Leonard Borwick, pianist); Sinigaglia, overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzote." Mr. Borwick has not visited Boston since December 1911.

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] w down the new [illegible] the Porter and grunted and [illegible] an [illegible] manner. "Look at these [illegible] Kitchener swears off! 'King George will not drink.' Here I've been on the water wagon for six months at least and there has not been the slightest notice taken of it in the papers, not even in what are called the society columns. If this wave of prohibition sweeps over England, what will become of the two most cherished institutions: the British barmaid and the 'glorious git-tah be-ah'? Who sang that song here long ago when we were much younger and were not conscious of nerves and internal clock-work? Wasn't it William Horace Lingard? I shudder to think of the disappearance, the extinction of the barmaid. She was the one person when I used to visit London who gave me a really friendly greeting and made me feel that after all I was not in a foreign city. If the barmaids are forced out of business, the younger sons of the nobility will have to seek wives exclusively among the daughters of our American untitled millionaires. If the flow of beer is stopped, will the ennobled brewers be stripped of their titles? This has been a sad world to me for six months, and it is growing sadder and sadder. I doubt whether good King Edward would have confined himself to pump and gaseous waters. Over 50 years ago Punch published a picture by John Leech representing sailors ashore drinking vast quantities of tea in a reformed public house—for there was then a movement to deprive Jack of his grog. Leech pictured one sailor asking for more hot water—his tea was so bloomin' strong. What would George Borrow, curious in the matter of ale, ever shouting its praise, say if he were now alive? Is it possible that we shall at last be obliged to visit German cities for beer? And who knows what may happen in Germany? Bismarck said that a man who drinks beer thinks beer. His choice was a bucket of champagne mixed with porter. Of course, no self-respecting German would drink porter now. Yes, it's a sad world. I see that Prof. Muensterberg is again biting the hand that feeds him. Well, as the careless gallant sang of the 'beautiful bit, whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendor that none but the stars are thought fit to attend her,' we shall all be 'damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.' But what are beer, barmaids, war and water wagons to the Infinite?"

A Lucid Account.

We cut from an exchange the following account of a painful accident. "George Martin yesterday afternoon, while carving F. L. Moginot an Amherst College sophomore, who was spending the vacation in Amherst, at the Theta Delta Chi House, and was suddenly taken sick, from his room in the fraternity house to Dr. Nelson Haskill's automobile, which was waiting outside, slipped and broke his left leg."

Anecdote for Lent.

Fallemant des Reaux tells of a coachman who, having been in the confessional, was ordered to fast for a week. "I can't do that." "Why not?" "I don't wish to ruin myself; I'm a poor man with a wife and children. I saw master and mistress fasting all this Lent: I should have to buy quince marmalade, big winter pears, rice, spinach, raisins and figs."

A Note on Spelling.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "J. A. S." of Portland seems to be rather "het up." I would suggest that he would do well to keep away from any considerable quantity of gasoline, however soothingly spelled.

What would "J. A. S." suggest in regard to such old offenders as marine, machine, magazine, paraffin, bombazine? I wonder. There are also numerous trade names in common use, listerine, soapine, pearline, cerealine, percaline. Would he pronounce all these with the long sound of "i"?

Is it not true that when we come to matters of spelling in our great and glorious English tongue the argument by analogy is first cousin to the reductio ad absurdum? I should imagine that a few neat syllogisms might prove any pronunciation to be the logical one for any given word.

What may, perhaps, be only an extreme instance of such reasoning is the name of that southern family which is spelled Carrington and pronounced Fox. I have forgotten the name, or names, as a matter of fact, but the apparent irrelevancy of spelling and pronunciation is not exaggerated.

WILLIAM LOWELL.

Winchester, March 31.

Schneitzhoeffer, a Parisian musician, the composer of the music for the once famous ballet "La Sylphide," in which Taglioni delighted the European world, wished that his name should be pronounced "Guillaume" as a favor to his friends. Dean Le Baron R. Briggs of Harvard University has commented on the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] wit [illegible] [illegible] It will be [illegible] that Artemus Ward in London [illegible] of Chaucer's poems [illegible] knowledge the gift [illegible] Punch. "Mr. C. [illegible] talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a literary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of." There have been poor spellers among French academicians. Gaston Boissier, the biographer of Mme. de Sevigne, once called on Renan in high glee and said: "My popularity is increasing. A letter of mine put up at auction yesterday brought five francs, while one of yours was knocked down for three." To which Renan answered: "Right you are, but your letter would have brought less if it had not three mistakes in spelling. A colleague who happened to be at the auction noticed the mistakes, he tells me, and ran up the price. He was afraid the letter might fall into the hands of a newspaper man who would ridicule the Academy because it had elected a member who cannot spell."—Ed.

April 4 191[illegible]

In years not very far back the [illegible] ing man in a comedy of manners [illegible] ranked as a gentleman, and the comedy was a comedy of good [illegible] The matinee idol was known to the vulgar as a "Cuff-Shooter." 'Home [illegible] dear mother, home to the old [illegible] It's six long years since I have [illegible] you and Claire—dear little Claire!' and then the right arm was suddenly extended with a fine exhibition of white linen. If there were awkward persons or mannerless persons in the comedy, they were as foils to the genteel.

Today the eccentric hero is more or less in fashion. It is not necessary for the hero to wear faultless cut clothes with ease or to present himself with hair pleasingly combed. Nor need he be irreproachable in speech and action.

A correspondent has sent to The Herald the imaginary conversation of young women after they had seen Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Mr. Shaw's Mannerless Stage Heroes

"Why must a Bernard Shaw hero always wear the carpet and the furniture out as though he were suffering from St. Vitus dance, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Jane to Emma and Gladys as they left the theatre after seeing 'Pygmalion' the other afternoon. "It was the same way with 'The Philanderers.' Does he think it adds to manly traits?"

"The way they walk over the furniture is nothing to the way they walk over everybody. As a perfect example of masculine conceit and 'caveman' method, of which I am tired, Henry Higgins takes the cake," put in Gladys.

"Maybe he got his poor manners from his mother," suggested Emma. "The most she did was to sit at her desk and write letters when her afternoon visitors dropped in. And she was expecting them, too! Not much of a hostess."

Jane laughed. "Perhaps this is one of Shaw's subtle ways of showing us the far-reaching effects of the war on the English making them forget their tea. And who knows? Perhaps those letters were Red Cross notes. But go back to his manners, or rather his lack of them, wasn't that [illegible] all he said to justify himself when Eliza complained how rude he was, that she had no right to complain, when he was the same to everybody—that he was rude to every one alike and in that only lay the true test of manners?"

"Yes, that was it!" said Gladys. "Why, he even added that whether our manners are good or bad, the supreme thing is to be alike to everybody! Claimed that good or bad manners were on a par! Now who ever thought that for a minute?"

Emma looked thoughtful. "Do you know, I think there's something in it. Why is it we always detest a girl that's a catty girl so much? It's because she's always pretending to be friendly and soft and sugar-coated while she gets in a dig at you. That's why! Or take a person who all but sits on you and then turns to gush over some one else!"

Jane was interested. "Or a dinky little tradesman who all but walks over you while he bows and smirks over some one far more important! Is it anything more infuriating?" [illegible] giggled. "Well, I'll admit that at least there was no bumbug about Henry Higgins, for at least he let Eliza know where she stood with him. She landed good and hard all right, but if she was black and blue she knew what to expect!"

Gladys appeared highly pleased with her metaphor. "And I guess everybody is black and blue after one of Shaw's plays. He throws out so many hits right and left."

"But Eliza was all right!" cried Jane. "Wasn't that a fine bit she got back at him when she was talking to his friend, Col. Pickering? That Col. Pickering has always treated her like a lady, while to Mr. Higgins she would always be a flower girl? And that the true difference between a flower girl and a lady was not one gets treated [illegible] a flower [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] a lady."

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] —transform a [illegible] like that [illegible] so to pass her off as one to the manner born." Emma looked doubtful.

"Gertrude Atherton thinks so, or any American girl anyway. Look at Ida Compton in 'Perch of the Devil' and what she did with her," cried Jane.

"Well, of course, Ida Compton and Eliza were supposed to be far apart at the beginning, but I'm not so sure about some points. Ida may have [illegible] too far ahead of Eliza to throw a towel over the mirror, as Eliza did when she took her first bath in a bathroom, and Ida was genuine, but so was Eliza, and believe me, some of the things the advised Ida to do, and h[illegible] a young girl, made me think the perch of the devil was elsewhere than in the [illegible] one."

The Theatre in Various Countries

Michael Lykiardopoulos, literary secretary of the Theatre [illegible] Arts in Moscow, has written a letter to Sir Herbert Tree about theatrical affairs in Russia. "[illegible] hae long desired to introduce in Moscow certain modern and old English comedies. "I have," he writes, "at last succeeded our people to produce 'The School for Scandal.' Ever since I saw your beautiful production I have had my ardent wish to see Sheridan's masterpiece done by us in Russia. I think it is decided it shall be given next season, with scenery and costumes designed by Alexander Benois, who work in connection with the Russian ballets 'Petrouchka,' 'Le Pavillon d'Armide,' and 'Le Rossignol' you will remember. We have had a most splendid season, in fact we have been [illegible] all the time to crowded houses. Apparently the war has not affected the Moscow theatres at all. The edict prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors all over Russia has saved everyone a lot of money, and people now spend their surplus cash on theatres in place of restaurants. Our repertory has been the usual one, and judging by our own experience and that of the other Moscow theatres, it would seem that patriotic plays, in Russia at least, have no attractions for the public. People want good, healthy pieces, and will not [illegible] any performances that are of merely momentary interest. So-called patriotic plays have been an absolute failure all over the country. Of course German and Austrian stage works are completely taboo. Our 'branch' theatre, a kind of experimental stage for young actors, founded two years ago, has produced this season an adaptation of Dickens's 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' which achieved an instant and enormous success."

Robert Loraine returned to London a fortnight ago completely restored in health by his trip to Buenos Ayres. "There remains not the least trace of the serious injury caused him while hovering 5000 feet above the enemy's line, by a bullet from a German anti-aircraft gun." He intends to be off as soon as possible to the war zone. "In the Colon (municipal) Theatre in Buenos Ayres there is a frieze on which are inscribed the names of various illustrious actors. France, for example, is represented by Talma, Italy by Salvini.

It pleased my national vanity tremendously to find that no other country save England was accorded space for two names. These were David Garrick and Henry Irving."

The London Times [illegible] not like "[illegible] Days," produced at the New Theatre March [illegible] "If English faith in American humor is to be preserved, [illegible] theatres that give up [illegible] American farces 'Seven Days' [illegible] tial experience not [illegible] Lent [illegible] And the [illegible] the compensation of an new [illegible] slang."

At the Edinburgh [illegible] The atre last night the "[illegible]" play by John Galsworthy [illegible] for the first time [illegible] as "a whimsey in [illegible] rather mystifying to the audience [illegible] action takes place on [illegible] way. In [illegible] group of [illegible] formal [illegible] with [illegible] man, a [illegible] Little [illegible] mixed [illegible] whose [illegible] pressed [illegible] he [illegible] mother [illegible] child [illegible] out [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] excellent as the [illegible] me [illegible] role [illegible] little [illegible] March [illegible].

At the [illegible] hearty welcome was extended to Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Herbert Waring, who appeared in a little play by Miss O'Connor, called "Lucifer and Angel." The Prince of Darkness was [illegible] a gentleman; also he was quite as black as he was painted. A wealthy roué, he had set his affections on a girl called Angel, and in order to win Angel, who hated him, he tried to blackmail her sister, who combined a reputation for saintliness with a habit of cheating at cards. When that trick fails, thanks to the presence of mind of the Lady Frome, he tries another, the old trick of the lady being found in his rooms at dead of night. And when Lady Frome still defies him, her courage in defence of her sister moves Lucifer to admiration; and just as the gay Lord Quex let off Sophie Fullgarney, so Lucifer lets off Lady Frome and resigns his pretensions to the hand of Angel.

The sketch is not new, but it has been much improved since it was last seen, and certainly it has never been so brilliantly acted as it is by Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Herbert Waring, who are both ideal representatives of the smart milieu, and both make the very most of the dramatic twists and turns of the play. Miss Cutler, exquisitely dressed and fashionable to her finger-tips, puts any amount of passion into her part, and there is no one like Mr Waring for making the "bad hat" credible and interesting.—London Times, March 16.

There seems to be an impression abroad that the lord chamberlain's office deals with ballets. In a recent number of the Weekly Dispatch, for example, an attack was made on a certain "turn" in a certain music hall, and the article was headed, "Where is the Censor?" That question can be rather easily answered. He was in his office, carrying out his duties. These, however, are more limited than people know. He has no power over ballets d'action. It is very true that a ballet d'action is [illegible] a wordless play, the scenario of which should be dealt with just as was that of "L'Enfant Prodigue." And suggestions to this effect were, I believe, made in certain quarters apropos of the Russian ballets d'action at Covent Garden when they were beginning to be talked about. The rule, however, has not been altered. The lord chamberlain's office deals with plays, whether with or without words; but the ballet d'action is still subject to no other scrutiny than that of the county council. It is, therefore, to that authority that all such appeals as that of the Weekly Dispatch should be addressed. Pall Mall Gazette.

Nothing is more familiar in the comicana of the theatre than the pistol which, at the fatal moment, fails to go off. As a rule, the person who is supposed to have fired it stands bewildered, while the individual who should have been shot plays his part conscientiously and falls to the floor, while the house rocks with laughter. In a sketch at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon Mlle. Polaire's pistol failed, and for a moment there appears to have been a difficulty. French wit, however, rose to the occasion. Foiled in trying to shoot the villain, Mlle. Polaire, after a moment's reflection, proceeded to strangle him. This, says a critic, was the most notable feature of the performance. We can well believe it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Raffles" was performed at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on March 17 by Gerald Du Maurier and his company for the 450th time. Mr. Du Maurier first played the part in 1906.

"Mr. Galsworthy calls his new play a 'whimsey,' and whimsey is a word that most people have forgotten. It means much the same thing as whim, and that was the sense of it when Ben Jonson wrote

I can feel
A whimsey in my blood.

For all practical purposes it has long been in desuetude, but it is said still to linger in some parts of Devonshire in the conversation of the older folk."

Thomas Holcroft, whose "Road to Ruin" is revived at the Coronet, is credited with one of the most remarkable feats of memory on record. When "Figaro" made a hit in Paris it was decided, in accordance with the lax notions of copyright current a century ago, to pirate it for the English stage. No copy of the play being available, Holcroft went to Paris, attended ten performances of the piece, and strict watch being kept against reporting, memorized the whole and translated it for a London audience.—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, writes: "It is well to avoid being dogmatic on matters of taste and I shall certainly not say that it is the duty of any Englishman to stay away from the theatre in these days any more than I should suggest that it is his duty to support it. All such matters must be left to the private judgment of each individual. But there is no harm in pointing out to those who are [illegible] playgoing during the war an [illegible] insult to our soldiers and an offence to our allies,' that the theatres and opera-houses of Petrograd have been open as usual since the war broke out, and that the court has been freely represented at the performances. Also that many of the playhouses of Berlin and Vienna have remained open, and that those of Paris have lately begun to reopen their doors. As I have said, the question of whether one should go to the play or not is one which every person must decide for himself. Those who are in mourning will obviously not care to do so. Neither will those who are thinking deeply upon what our soldiers and sailors are going through on land and sea. But there is certainly no question of an 'insult to our allies' in the matter."

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon will be shortened to a fortnight's length. It will open on April 19 and end on May 1. F. R. Benson will direct it.

Notes and Gossip About Music

Edouard de Rezske, the bass, recently wrote to a friend in Paris describing his present situation in Poland. He owned a grand estate at Garnek, but the invader left it a desert. The mansion and all of the outbuildings were destroyed. He writes: "For weeks we have lived in my cellar. We have no coal and no light, so it is impossible to imagine the dreary times we pass. We are out of salt, sugar and coffee. We have a scant supply of tea, and after that is used we shall only have water to drink. Prince Lubormoski, whose palace was utterly ruined, is taking refuge with me, as also are my nieces and nephews. We huddle together, wondering each day if it will be our last. The nights are dreadful beyond words; for then we sit in the pitch blackness, and the roar of the cannons seems twice as loud and menacing as it does in the daylight. All we can do is to put our trust in God and hope!"

Francesco Messina, the young Sicilian victim of catalepsy, who once slept eight and on another occasion for 18 months at a stretch, is slowly awakening from a third spell, which has lasted seven months. Poignant grief, consequent on having been robbed of his savings of 6000 lire on the eve of his departure from New York, found its vent in sleep. While unconscious the home-comer was borne to the Hospital for Incurables at Naples. His body had assumed a corpse-like rigidity. Medical specialists began experimenting with him, and by the application of electrical currents succeeded in restoring temporary flexibility of the limbs; but in order to induce him to walk it is found necessary to give him a start, as in the case of an automatic toy. His wife, observing lately that the strains of a mouth-organ seemed to appeal to his inner-consciousness, hired a brass band in the hope of intensifying the effect. The hospital authorities, however, regarded the martial music of the band in the ward as a breach of Italian neutrality. Since then minstrels have been stationed outside, under the man's window. Although flutes and stringed instruments exert but little influence, it is noticed that the rattle of tambourines rouses him from his lethargy, while vigorous thumps on a big drum even cause him to spring out of bed. Physicians have now agreed that musical treatment bids fair in course of time to work a cure.—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Edwin Evans remarked apropos of a young woman playing Ravel's "Jeux d'Eaux," in London: "It is a paradox of the piano that the more aquatic the subject the more dry must be the playing. Only 'jeu perlé' can represent a cascade."

The music critic of the London Times reviewing a performance of "Madame Butterfly," speaks of Sharpless as an "incompetent" consul. Pray, what would the gentlemen have had Sharpless do in the trying circumstances? Stop the ceremony in the first act or insist that Pinkerton should not drink whiskey and soda?

The London Daily Telegraph says that in Haydn's violoncello concerto no one in recent years "has approached Mme. Suggia, save only Casals." Mme. Suggia is Mr. Casals's first wife.

The London Times says of three poems of Mallarme set for a single voice with accompaniment for flutes, clarinets, string quartet and piano by Ravel, that the whole of Ravel's music is dependent upon the poems. "Without Mallarme it would be nothing. The voice declaims the words; the instruments add color of a highly imaginative and subtle kind. * * * Ravel's songs would amount to very little without the carefully calculated effects of the instruments." The critic also spoke of four French poems, "Chrysilla," "Odelette," "La Danse" and "Ode Anacreontique," set for voice, flute, violin, viola, 'cello, harp and percussion instruments by Ethel Smythe. She uses "her curious assortment of instruments to give color, but the color is ancillary in each case to a perfectly definite musical idea, which is developed vocally and instrumentally in conjunction with the poem." Well, we have seen and heard Miss Smythe here in Boston [illegible] Ravel. The Daily Telegraph found [illegible] "these [illegible] of Ravel curiously eerily interesting, and fascinating, too."

The Signale of Feb. [illegible]—the Signale is now slow in crossing the Atlantic—contains a long and enthusiastic review of Respighi's new symphony produced in Rome.

Botho Sogwart has put Priam's visit to Achilles and the old man's prayer for Hector's body into a melodrama. Ludwig Wuelhner declaimed and sang in his own peculiar manner the text in Berlin, and the Philharmonic orchestra led by Mr. Nikisch played the orchestral portion.

There are kind words in the Signale of March 3 for Raff's "Lenore" symphony, which was recently revived in Berlin. "When Raff said what was commonplace he said it in an amiable and attractive way." Then there is praise for his technical mastery, his skill in orchestration. "Among distinguished composers of the second rank he will rightly appear in music history in the first place. It is to be regretted that his name seldom appears in modern concerts."

A Legend for full orchestra by Karl Bleyle has been played this season at Munich. It is said that this composition is a step backward for Bleyle.

Mme. Melba is due to arrive in England April 21. She has already raised large sums of money in Australia on behalf of war relief funds, and now purposes to give Red Cross concerts through Great Britain.

The German "Hymn of Hate" was recently sung at the Royal College of Music, South Kensington, by members of the choral class. Sir Hubert Parry, according to the Weekly Dispatch, stated that he saw the "hymn" with musical setting published in that paper, and it occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea to get a practical experience of what it really sounded like. A hundred copies of the paper were procured and distributed among the class, and, he added, "we had our morning's hate. Sir Walter Parratt conducted and Mr. Sewell played the accompaniment. "Seeing that there had been no preparation of the music," said Sir Hubert, "the results were very creditable. The singers sang with the music page in the Weekly Dispatch propped up in front of them, and it was great fun. Sir Walter asked them to sing the hymn with plenty of snarl to express honestly the intentions of the composer, Ernst Lissauer, but they laughed too much to snarl. However, when they came to the word 'England' they rolled it out in fine style, and Lissauer would have been delighted to have heard its reverberating note. The music is rather better than the poetry, and I felt like sending Lissauer a telegram telling him how much we enjoyed his work and what infinite amusement it had offered us, but I did not see how I was going to ensure the telegram reaching him.—London Times, March 15.

Geheimrat Professor Dr. Max Friedlaender has lately been lecturing in Berlin on soldier songs, and, adapting an old saying, "Inter arma silent musae," he said that from the beginning of August to the end of October 1,500,000 war songs had been printed in German. His lecture was mainly historical, dealing with Luther's hymn, Jacob Vogel's song of the Lanzknecht, "Kein schoenerer Tod ist auf der Welt," and many others. The Geheimrat's opinion of the songs of the present war is, of course, most complimentary to Germany. He probably has not any acquaintance with the fine poetry that the war has inspired in England, France and Belgium. He says that the French war songs are inspired by hate—which is surely the special feature of some German songs, such as those of Lissauer—and by the spirit of "revanche," and that the Englishman satisfies his musical rhythmical spirit with a weak "tingle-tangle" song. Meantime the German is singing of home, love of his sweetheart, and of peace! The "Taegliche Rundschau," which reports the lecture, gives the final verse of the often-mentioned "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden," which may be rendered as follows:

Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, Victoria,
Yes, with heart and hand for Fatherland.
The birds in the woods which sang so sweetly,
In the homeland, in the homeland, there is a meeting.

We say nothing against the Germans as songsters, but they do not possess a monopoly of the art.—London Daily Chronicle.

Parry's tone poem, "From Death to Life," produced at a recent Brighton (Eng.) festival was performed for the first time in London March 18.

"It has something of the flavor of a piece d'occasion, but it is hard to believe that 'occasion' was the war, for the music does not impress as deeply felt, and is a long way from being the composer's most distinguished or most emotional work."

Miss Dorothy Waring, who has been a student at the Guildhall school for three years and obtained there the Melba scholarship, now only 19 years old, was engaged by George Edwardes to take the part of Veronique in Messager's pretty little opera. She has a three years' engagement. The salary in the third year will not be less than 50 guineas a week.

An extremely interesting revival was made this afternoon (March 11) on the stage of the Trocadero, Paris. It was the ballet "L'Offrande à la Liberté," which was composed in 1792 as a setting for the "Marseillaise," and which M. Rouche and M. Laloy of the Opera have produced. When Rouget de Lisle's war song was brought to Paris by the volunteers of Marseilles it took the capital by storm. The directoire decided it must be presented to the people in such a form that it would impress itself ineffaceably on their memories. Accordingly they instructed the composer Gossec to compose patriotic music for the stage, which should lead up appropriately to the "Marseillaise." The result was "L'Offrande a la Liberte," in which were incorporated the "Marseillaise" and "Le Salut de la France," the two most popular airs at the time. It took the form of a ballet with a series of tableaux. A number of allegorical figures, backed by a chorus of soldiers, old men, women and children, represent the rising of a people in defence of Liberty, who presides over the scene enthroned on a mountain. It concludes with the "Marseillaise," the various verses of which are arranged to be chanted now by subdued women's voices, now by the whole chorus in a way that is most effective. The piece was first produced at the Opera on Oct. 20, 1792, just about a month after the battle of Valmy, and on that occasion roused the audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. MM. Rouche and Laloy have now incorporated in it some passages from "Le Camp de Grandpre," another patriotic work of the same period, which recall the association of the Oise, the Aisne, the Marne and the Forest of the Argonne with the victory of the French arms. The whole fits very well together and is extremely impressive.—London Times, March 13.

We hope the London County Council will find some better means of saving £11,000 than by suspending the band performances in the parks for the summer. It is perfectly right to cut down luxuries, but music should not be luxury but a necessary for every civilized nation, and in our own case the conviction that it is so is rapidly extending. It is an utter fallacy to suppose that we shall fight the war better for wearing long faces. And it is a better policy to employ musicians than to cast them upon the relief funds.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Nicholas Rivera, a Mexican violinist, gave a recital in London on March 12. "His playing was of the same calibre as his selection, showy at times, but always small. He gives one the impression of aiming more at drawing room success than serious musical accomplishment. He was assisted by a young contralto whom he only allowed to sing one piece at a time in spite of applause of greater volume than he considered sufficient to justify repeating his own performance."

Mayerhoff and the Music of Hate

Who has heard of Franz Mayerhoff? Some people have read his name in the newspapers; some may know that he is a composer; others may know what he has composed; but musicians have not studied his masterpiece as it should be studied. His name has not been borne round the world on the wings of fame beside that of the poet Ernst Lissauer, but that is because the art of music is so little understood in comparison with the art of words, and, besides, it costs more to print. The Weekly Dispatch, however, a week ago did its best to redress this wrong; it printed Mayerhoff's masterpiece; so musicians have no further excuse for their ignorance.

Franz Mayerhoff is the great Tonkuenstler of the Hassgesang. We have to use the German term to describe him. "Composer" might mean anything. Every music-hall ditty is composed by someone, but the music to "The Hymn of Hate" is nothing of that kind. All the resources of one of the most musically cultured nations of the world are brought to bear upon the uplifting theme. Tune? "The Hymn of Hate" must not be fobbed off with anything so paltry. "Ah," said a German musician some months ago when he was listening to some English songs for the first time, "I see you English go in for melody: No, we no not; our songs are Charakterbilder." Mayerhoff's song is a Charakterbild, a vivid picture of the emotions trumpeted to the world in strident tones. Vocal declamation ranging over two octaves is accompanied by pungent harmonies; an intricate series of modulations set to the words

Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserem Hass,
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint
Wir haben alle nur einen Feind;

rises ruthlessly by semitones till it culminates in the vigorous shout of "England!" upon the high G.

"Lord, what a racket!" says the philistine Englishman as he studies the score sprinkled liberally with accidentals, with sforzandos, crescendos and fff marks scattered in aproprlate places. But the philistine Englishman makes use of that vulgar expression because the flippant tune of "Tipperary" floats somewhere at the back of his untutored mind. Not for such as he did the artist concentrate his soul upon this tremendous piece of emphasis. Herr Mayerhoff is serious, and he writes for a people to whom art has been a very serious

[illegible] the whole [illegible] of the [illegible]

The general [illegible] suggests a [illegible] ballad of Loewe, and at mo[illegible] one is grotesquely reminded of Schubert, a sort of "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" gone crazy. One might trace it back farther and say that Herr Mayerhoff has based his style upon those spasmodic outbursts of irritation which Beethoven occasionally indulged in, such as the sixteenths of the Sonata Appassionata and the hideous chord with which he chose to launch his hearers into the finale of the choral symphony.

It has been a commonplace with English critics since the war broke out to declare that they have watched with apprehension the growing pomposity of German music, though we think that there were comparatively few who said any thing about it when Strauss came forever to conduct "Elektra." Here, however, is grist for those mills to grind. Mayerhoff offers no distractions. Like the poet whom he sets, he allows no contrast in his picture. He hurries past even the suggestion of the words "wir [illegible] vereint" lest for one moment [illegible] should be any softening from the [illegible] resolve of hate.

[illegible] Cynics may smile and angels weep [illegible] they see to what the traditions of [illegible] country's art may be turned, but one [illegible] who sings it. Does any one [illegible] Certainly not the soldiers in [illegible], with a concertina accompaniment, as they are depicted doing by [illegible] Blaetter. If they have got [illegible] we refuse to believe that [illegible] German soldier's devotion to [illegible] and music could master the [illegible] of Mayerhoff, and certainly [illegible], not being spurred by a [illegible] of devotion, could never [illegible] the harmonics. Perhaps the [illegible] and the concertinas are supplied [illegible] less sophisticated musical [illegible] while Mayerhoff inspires the [illegible] room and brightens the Prussian home. We should like to know [illegible] this, and if some musical English [illegible] (there are some in spite of our [illegible] fondness for a tune) who is [illegible] a trench 50 yards or so from [illegible] would make investigations [illegible] add valuable evidence to our [illegible] of Germany's musical capaci[illegible].—London Times, March 13.

Wallace on the Musical Faculty

William Wallace is known here as the composer of "[illegible]," which attracted unusual attention at a Symphony concert three years [illegible] by a remarkable book, "The [illegible] of Music." Another volume, "The Musical Faculty," has just been published in London. The Daily Telegraph reviewed it as follows:

"The creative artist reading such a [illegible] as Mr. William Wallace has just [illegible] will experience curiously mixed [illegible]. He will, first of all, realize [illegible] 'The Musical Faculty' is the work [illegible] author who is himself a musician [illegible] creative artist of some ability. He [illegible] if he has any pride, resent the de[illegible] and somewhat cold analysis of [illegible] processes employed in his [illegible] secretly-wrought achievements. He [illegible] admire the thoroughness with which [illegible] has been worked out, although he may find himself in opposition to the author in more than one of [illegible]. He will find himself [illegible] interested in the mental processes of the great masters as supposed [illegible] Mr. Wallace, whether Mr. Wallace [illegible] or wrong; he will realize, maybe [illegible] the first time, that his act of musical composition has an interest other [illegible] a purely journalistic one, that it [illegible] to the field of psychological [illegible].

"[illegible] to what extent the interest [illegible] a book as this will be real and permanent it is difficult to say. Off[illegible] one would feel disposed to describe [illegible] book for metaphysicians, and [illegible] tentative at that. For the [illegible] has eschewed the official terminology of the psychologists while writing on his own confession, for scientific [illegible] 'Long personal experience in the [illegible],' he says, 'and practical study [illegible] the profession which is concerned [illegible] the functions of the brain alone [illegible] guided me in my investigations. [illegible] fore while disclaiming any title to [illegible] I venture, not without diffi[illegible], to put forward these results of [illegible] observation and research in the hope [illegible] may suggest a field of wider [illegible] inquiry.'

"[illegible] Wallace's observations and re[illegible] are wide and deep. He dis[illegible] one may call the patho[illegible] of musicianship in the light [illegible] a review of the Greek [illegible] their place in the social [illegible] of the time he passes to the [illegible] of [illegible], Mozart, Haydn, [illegible] analyzing [illegible] of view of those immortals in [illegible]. In the course [illegible] one comes across a [illegible]

[illegible] it would not be [illegible] to assume that [illegible] sounds affected by those of an earlier generation, for they had been taught to follow the textbook rather than their own instinct, and had they [illegible] and felt strongly, they, like Beethoven, would have made the textbook follow their instinct.' This is fairly typical of the author's instructive attitude throughout the book—an attitude occasionally justified in so far as he may be addressing those 'scientific men' to whom the history of music is a more or less closed book. In a passage on the 'Readjustment of Values' Mr. Wallace writes: 'Every period of Music has had its wonders, each more startling than the last, but this is an age of gray matter, and it is with gray matter that we are concerned.' Here again we have an attitude that is not only self-pleading in its lack of humor, but confusing as an effort of criticism.

"There is much that is of technical, as well as human, interest in the chapters on 'The Wonder Child,' the 'Functional Character,' and 'Heredity.' In the last-named he gets to grips with Galton on 'Hereditary Genius,' while the chapter entitled 'A Clinical Study' is a very valuable contribution to musical biography, from the purely clinical point of view."

SAN FRANCISCO PROGRAMS OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. Muck has made a remarkable list of programs for the 12 subscription concerts which the Boston Symphony orchestra will give at the Panama-Pacific international exposition at San Francisco from May 11 to May 26, inclusive. It will be seen at a glance that they should please the reverers of the classics and those more keenly interested in modern music. The catholicity of the programs is also to be noted. Seven French composers are represented, four Italians, four Russians and a Finn, besides German, Austrian, Bohemian and Hungarian composers.

No. 1.
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" ..... Beethoven
Variations on a Theme by Haydn ..... Brahms
"Don Juan" ..... Strauss
Overture to "Euryanthe" ..... Weber

No. 2.
Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage" ..... Mendelssohn
Symphony in G major, "Surprise" ..... Haydn
Suite No. 2, "Indian" ..... MacDowell
"Hungaria," Symphonic Poem ..... Liszt

No. 3—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Symphony in D minor ..... Cesar Franck
"L'Apprenti Sorcier" ..... Dukas
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1 ..... Bizet
Rhapsody, "Espana" ..... Chabrier

No. 4.
Symphony No. 1 ..... Brahms
Suite for Flute and Strings in B minor, No. 2 ..... Bach
Solo Flute, Andre Maquarre.
Shepherds' Music from the "Christmas" Oratorio ..... Bach
Overture to "Egmont" ..... Beethoven

No. 5—WAGNER PROGRAM.
Overture to "Rienzi."
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."
Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Prelude to "Parsifal."

No. 6.
Overture to "Der Freischuetz" ..... Weber
Symphony No. 8, in F major ..... Beethoven
Symphonic Sketches ..... Chadwick
"Karelia," Overture ..... Sibelius
"The Swan of Tuonela" ..... Sibelius
"Finlandia" ..... Sibelius

No. 7.
Symphony No. 2 ..... Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes" ..... Liszt
"Death and Transfiguration" ..... Strauss
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner

No. 8—ITALIAN PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 1 ..... Sgambati
Overture to "Anacreon" ..... Cherubini
Intermezzi Goldoniani ..... Bossi
Overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chizzote" ..... Sinigaglia

No. 9.
Symphony in G minor ..... Mozart
Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra ..... Bach
(Solo violins, Messrs. Witek and Noack.)
Overture to "Sakuntala" ..... Goldmark
"A Siegfried Idyl" ..... Wagner
Overture, "Carnival" ..... Dvorak

No. 10—FRENCH PROGRAM.
Symphony No. 3, for orchestra and organ ..... Saint Saens
"The Afternoon of a Faun" ..... Debussy
Three Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust" ..... Berlioz
Overture to "Gwendoline" ..... Chabrier

No. 11.
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," ..... Tschaikovsky
Overture Solonelle ..... Glazounoff
On the Steppes of Central Asia ..... Borodin
Caprice on Spanish Themes ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff

No. 12.
Symphony No. 1 ..... Sibelius
Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" ..... Strauss
Overture, "Leonora" No. 3 ..... Beethoven

April 5 1915

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan,
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of Punch,
He'd not rest till be filled it full again.

Christian Names.

For some reason not easy to see, the London newspapers have been devoting much space to the discussion of Christian names and the comparative advantages of the cut-throat razor and the safety. We are told that Emma is almost [illegible] on account of the hideous [illegible]. "Whoa, Emma," that was sung in music halls by George Leybourne, the "lion comique," in the seventies, "which made every Emma ashamed to own her name or give it to her offspring." Sarah for a time was "laughed almost out of existence by nigger minstrels and would-be comic writers." There was "Sally Come Up" and "The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sarah." It seems that Sarah is becoming fashionable again, though "Sally" has been superseded by "Sadie," which a Londoner calls "an American inspiration."

Then there are names borne by men and women alike, as Mary, Francis, Evelyn, Sidney, Jesse, George. Sir Patience Ward was a lord mayor; Eva Sliffhton was mentioned in an old will; Grace Hardwin was an old land owner in America. There have been female Philips and Noahs. A god-daughter of the Duke of Wellington was baptized Arthur. In Eppingham Church there is a monument to Timothy, wife of Richard Mabanke. Peter is a common name in the families of English naval officers.

As certain Christian names for women have been shunned, having become unpopular by accident, so streets and places have fallen into discredit, as Lyons Inn. Nothing unpleasant happened there, but a dweller therein was murdered miles away and Theodore Hook wrote:

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His head they battered in,
His name was Mr. William Weare,
And he lived at Lyons Inn.

In consequence, the old inn was shunned, and in the sixties it was pulled down. The Globe Theatre was built on its site.

Alphabetical Anna.

In the old days children were protected by law from too many names. Coke wrote: "A man cannot have two names of baptism"; but the rule was relaxed with the accession of James I. Not until well into the 18th century were several baptismal names common in England.

"The longest name ever inflicted on an English child must surely be that of an unfortunate born at Derby in 1882, upon whom her parents bestowed a name for every letter of the alphabet — Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maude Nora; I will cease the infliction till it comes to Zeus! The Rev. Ralph Lyonel Tollemache-Tollemache was another with a craze for long names, and baptised his eldest son Lyulph Ydcrallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erehenwyse Saxon Esa Orme Cromwell Nevil Dysart Plantagenet. Are any of these burdened infants still alive and kicking?"

Too Familiar.

"I don't remember your face or your name, but your manners are familiar." It has been ruled in court that to call a man by his Christian name may be an offence. A hotel clerk in this country was instantaneously discharged for addressing his employer by his Christian or front name. The clerk brought action for a month's salary in lieu of notice. He was non-suited. The supreme court ruled: "To address a person by his Christian name unless the parties have been intimately connected, socially and otherwise, is uncalled-for familiarity, and, therefore, insulting to the person so addressed. To address a party by his surname only shows a want of respect, and would imply that the party so addressing was beneath the party addressing; therefore it would be considered insulting. While it may be customary for a person to address his junior clerks or under-servants by their Christian names, to address others so shows a want of respect, and the party so addressed would naturally evade contact in the future with anyone who had so addressed him."

But who would dare to address a hotel clerk by his first name? Or to call him "Old Top" while asking for a good room, with or without a bath?

Fantastical?

As the World Wags:

Dr. Murray does not suggest it, but is not Tom Thumb a Doppelgaenger of Punch? Punch is an abbreviation of Punchinello, which generated from Polichinello, the parent word of which was Pollichinello. Is not this last the diminutive of Pollice (Thumb); that is, Thumbkin, the equivalent of the German Daeumling? PHIL OVERBORUM.

Boston.

There is much interesting matter about Pulcinella (with a final "a," not "o") in Charles Magnin's "Histoire des Marionnettes" (Paris, 1852). Arthur Pougin argues that the French Polichinelle is not to be confounded with the Neapolitan Pulcinella, which it does not resemble in any way. The French Punch had excited laughter long before he became, about 1630 or 1640, one of Brioche's marionettes exhibited on the left bank of the Seine opposite the Louvre. Only yesterday we read this paragraph in the London Daily Chronicle:

"Our own Punch almost certainly came to us from France, though there [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] Punchinello [illegible] of the [illegible] period [illegible] refuse. Pepys [illegible] 'Polichinello' at [illegible] places in London, and [illegible] vented; but he does not [illegible] the nature of the performance. In [illegible] he mentions a visit to some poor place in a Long Acre alley, where he 'did see them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short.' By the beginning of the 18th century the Punch show was firmly established."

Wycherley's "The Gentleman Dancing Master," according to Pope, was written in 1661 or 1662. In it Hippolita and Prue complain that they have not been allowed to go to "Punchinello, or Paradise." Mr. W. C. Ward in a footnote says: "Punchinello had a booth at Charing Cross in 1666; this was probably the earliest appearance of Punch in this country, under that name." As "The Gentleman Dancing Master" was first acted late in 1671 or early in 1672, the passage quoted must have been added, or Pope was wrong, or Ward is wrong. Pepys first saw 'Polcinello' in 1666, but he mentions the fact that puppet plays were in Covent Garden in 1662.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY PERFORMS "THE CREATION"

Boston Festival Orchestra, Led by Mr. Mollenhauer, Assists.

The Handel and Haydn Society, with the Boston Festival Orchestra, gave a performance of Haydn's "Creation" last evening at Symphony Hall under the skilled direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. The solo singers were Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, William H. Pagdin and Frederick Martin.

"The Creation" still makes an indisputable appeal. It is appropriate to the season. The music is fresh and spontaneous. There is melodic beauty and a constant display of [illegible] musical vivacity and fertile inventiveness. The choruses are spirited. [illegible] there are the descriptive [illegible] zoologically vivid, delightful, entertaining.

The performance was generally excellent. Mrs. Williams is accomplished as an oratorio singer and her voice is admirable in purity and evenness. Her associates, of equal distinction, were in the vein. The chorus was effective and excited admiration.

Next Sunday evening the first of four concerts by the society in commemoration of the completion of its first century will be given in Symphony Hall. Verdi's Requiem will be performed with Mmes. Alma Gluck, Margarete Matzenauer and Messrs. [illegible] house and Middleton as the assisting artists.

April 6, 1915

"To-Night's the Night" a Finished, Artistic Production —Clever Company.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First appearance of "To-Night's the Night," a musical comedy in two acts, book by Fred Thompson, music by Paul Rubens. Produced at the Shubert Theatre, New York, on Dec. 24, 1914. Frank E. Tours conducted.

Henry	Laurie de Frece
Montagu Lovitt-Lovitt	Teddy Webb
The Hon. Dudley Mitten	Wilfrid Seagram
Robin Carraway	Davy Burnaby
Lord Tolly Ridgmount	G. Oliver Smith
Alphonse	Edward Nainby
Albert	Cecil Clovelly
Policeman	Philip Travers
Pedro	Maurice Farkoa
Victoria	Fay Compton
Beatrice Carraway	Ethel Baird
Angela Lovitt-Lovitt	Alison Shipworth
Daisy de Monthe	Beatrice von Brunner
June	Emmy Wehlen

In the New York production Mr. James Blakeley took the part of Lovitt and Mr. George Grossmith that of Dudley Mitten. Daisy de Monthe was played by Miss Saunders. Beatrice by Miss Hoey. The young ladies, the leaders of the chorus girls, are now not the same, or they have changed their names.

We mention these facts only for the sake of the record. The "production" is not quite the same as the one in New York. We do not believe that Mr. Blakeley, amusing comedian as he has been in various plays seen here, was more unctuous as Lovitt than Mr. Webb, and Mr. Seagram was in the picture and in the vein as Dudley.

It is a long time since any show with the chief comedians of the Gaiety troupe, with the prevailing spirit on the stage and in the orchestra that of the Gaiety Theatre, has visited Boston. The visit is welcome. We have not seen for many years so thoroughly entertaining a show, one in which the interest does not flag, one that is free from horse play, one that does not stun the ear. It is true that the story is an old one, a very old one. The theme [illegible] pleased [illegible] the [illegible] Paris, London [illegible] this city. A [illegible]

[illegible] anonymous letters [illegible] elderly husband with a suspicious and controlling wife escapes for the night to meet a dancing girl, there is a scape grace nephew, a sly and pretty lady's maid, in this instance there are two comic waiters—the story is familiar. It is not necessary to name "Pink Domynoes", the name of the play is Legion.

But it all depends on how the play is played and mounted. "To-night's the Night" is mounted in unusual and beautiful taste. The color scheme of the first scene is original and delightful. The costumes are new, surprising, but not eccentric; charming in design and in color effects. They are worn gracefully by fresh young girls at ease, not self-conscious, not aggressive.

The prevailing characteristic of the general performance is an extreme neatness that often approaches elegance. A humorist in this city once said that the successful American musical comedy was rehearsed finally in the presence of a dog. If the dog was not wildly excited by the rush of the action and the din of the orchestra so that he constantly barked, the production was delayed until more speed and noise were attained.

How refreshing the comedy of Mr. de Frece by reason of its lightness, its good nature, its quiet drollery! There is the sight of a humorous gentleman amusing himself. He enjoys his own performance but not in a self-congratulatory manner. Mr. Webb would probably pass in the catalogue as a low comedian, but he does not clown it, he is not a "mugger," and in his most extravagant moments, he is plausible, reasonable, never common or unclean. Mr. Burnaby is of a drier mind, but not the less entertaining. It is not easy to think of him as performing the ludicrous pantomime of a young man preparing behind a potted plant to go in swimming and afterwards dressing himself, which Mr. de Frece went through in most laughable fashion; on the other hand there were quips and pranks of Mr. Burnaby that might have been ineffective from the shorter man.

Then there was Mr. Farkoa, with the Whistlerian lock of hair, the confirmed amorist, now the slave, now the conqueror, of the ladies; always polished in manner, though formerly, in this instance, a waiter; with his sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow, as ever admirable in diction, using his voice artistically.

The women were equally attractive and effective. Miss Wehlen, with a merry twinkle, was not too pert, not too audacious; singing, speaking, acting, significantly. Miss Compton is a charming young woman, characteristically English in her youthful freshness, coloring, joy in living, musical in speech, light-footed, now and then delivering a knowing line with a face inimitably innocent. Miss Baird was an ingenuous and agreeable Beatrice, while Miss von Brunner convinced the spectator at once that Turkish trousers are the only wear for young women of a pretty figure.

There was gay dancing, there was tuneful singing. Mr. Rubens has written music of greater distinction, but now, as before, his touch is light and melodious, his rhythms are contagious, and his instrumentation is discreet.

A very large audience was greatly pleased.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in America of "The Sin of David," a drama in three acts, by Stephen Phillips. Produced by Claude Beerbohm. The principals of the cast:

Sir Hubert Lisle.....George Relph
Colonel Mardyke.....Franklin Dyall
Cotton.....Alexander Calvert
Crablove.....Frank Bertrand
Finrh.....Herbert Stanford
Marsh.....Frank Conroy
Iron.....L'Estrange Millman
A Doctor.....Charles Combe
Joyce.....Leonard Mudie
Miriam, Mardyke's Wife.....Viva Birkett

Followed by "The Van Dycke," a one-act comedy by Cosmo Gordon Lennox:

Arthur Blair Woldingham.....Claude Beerbohm
John Peters.....Leonard Mudie
Dr. Porter.....Frank Conroy

Mr. Phillips's drama is a refinement of the biblical story of David and Bathsheba, and he has ingeniously made his setting in the Cromwellian time; thus he intensifies his objective in using the straight laced Puritans to suit his purposes.

Sir Hubert Lisle, commander of the parliamentary forces, arrives at Rushland House, headquarters of the army, as Col. Mardyke and his staff are hesitating over the punishment of Lieut. Joyce, who has wronged a fair maid. Mardyke, an icy fellow, has a young wife, a comely girl whom he rails at with a sternness that is provoking. Lisle hears the history of the case of Joyce, and in a stern and preachy rebuke condemns the lieutenant to death. Just as the shots tell of the death of the latter, the younk wife of Mardyke meets the gaze of Sir Hubert and there is born the consuming desire of both for one another. And here it is that the playwright rises to a brilliant pass as he makes of Sir Hubert the judge, condemning the lieutenant, and himself standing on the frightful precipice.

And here again we are given an insight into the conflicting emotions that each in their own way sway with no uncertain force the vacillating Puritan. Thus when opportunity comes that he may send the old man away from his young [illegible] Though there is now a horizon before him that will admit of at least outward chastity, and he may embrace the modern Bathsheba in legitimate wedlock.

A child is born, there is much queer philosophizing over its soul, the pair are at times ecstatic, they would leave the clouds behind. But the child dies and there is the poignant remorse and the mea culpa, for their sin has come home to them.

Mr. George Relph, who played Sir Hubert, was laboring under a slight cold. Thus his diction often suffered. But he succeeded in visualizing the "religious" Puritan. His final moments of remorse often led him at times into melodramatic ways.

Nor was Miss Birkett, who played the young wife, entirely free from this latter fault. Yet in the main her portraiture was well conceived. She was pretty to look at, a pity in the presence of Mardyke, a toy to the wiles of Sir Hubert.

The Col. Mardyke of Mr. Franklin Dyall was a picture not easily erased from the memory. The rest of the cast gave good accounts of themselves for the little they had to do.

In a ward, "The Sin of David" is superbly acted.

Mr. Phillips's drama was followed by the one-act comedy, "The Van Dycke." The piece is rather an onrushing farce and had the audience in a gay mood immediately. It scores by the sudden and ingeniously turned development at the end, and any publicity on the latter would only serve to spoil one's enjoyment by knowing beforehand.

There was a good sized audience that vigorously applauded both pieces.

GERTRUDE HOFFMAN AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

House Crowded—Interesting All-Around Bill Given.

Miss Gertrude Hoffman, playing a limited engagement of one week at B. F. Keith's Theatre, appeared last night before one of the largest houses of the Keith season. Even the upper boxes were thronged while a very large number, including many women, stood in the rear of the house.

Miss Hoffman is using her own revue, possessing some of last year's features, but many new ones as well. Although she has probably the largest supporting company connected with any act appearing on the Keith's Theatre circuit, Miss Hoffman is the predominating figure and works as hard as ever from her opening Argentine tango number with Senor Enrico Muris to her closing portrayal of Isadora Duncan in "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Graceful and exquisite as is her dancing, Miss Hoffman's largest hits were scored in her bits of mimicry.

As Anna Held, as George M. Cohan and as Eddie Foy she was excellent, but none of her "impressions" pleased the audience more than did her portrayal of Harry Lauder in "For She's Ma Daisy." The Revue as a whole is made up of an even dozen numbers from a supposed scene in the Scollay Square Subway in 1925 to Zobeide's Dream, which introduces Miss Hoffman's band of tumbling Arabs, and wonderful tumblers they are. "The Belle Girls," introducing a number of attractive young women, made a pretty picture, as did the Geisha girls in "The Japanese Garden." These were but a few of the many specialties, all of which received deserved applause.

Miss Hoffman and her company hold the stage for nearly an hour. Prior to the Hoffman Revue there are many other good acts presented. The Primrose Four, billed as the "Thousand Pounds of Harmony," went tremendously well in a well-chosen assortment of songs and solos, and the Howard Stafford company present "The Devil Outwitted," an interesting comedy in verse throughout.

The winsome English comedienne, Josie Heather, associated with Henry Marshall, had a line of lively songs and good dances that brought them before the footlights time after time. Juan Cardo and Fritzi Noli, appearing at B. F. Keith's for the first time, but remembered by theatregoers as the late stars in "Naughty Marietta," were an instant hit. Then there were the Arnaut Brothers, wonderful—and the adjective is used advisedly—novelty clowns. Queenie Dunedin, a skilled and daring cyclist, along with the news of the week in motion rounds out a rattling good program which is lacking only in dull moments.

"KITTY MACKAY" MOVES TO THE CORT THEATRE

Popular Scotch Comedy Growing in Favor Here.

After two weeks at the Shubert Theatre, "Kitty MacKay," that delightful Scottish comedy which has amused so many theatregoers, shifted to the Cort Theatre last night. It was greeted by a crowded house, and to say that the audience was pleased is putting it mildly. The members of the company were given 10 curtain calls. After so many sex and crook plays, "Kitty" is refreshing. She is in the same class as "Bunty" and "Peg." While the play is booked at the Cort for but one week, it may continue at some other theatre. Boston theatregoers are getting as fond of "Kitty" as they were of other plays of this type.

During the two weeks he has played the role of Philip Grayson, Harry C. Power has done much to make the play a success. Miss Irene Halsman is a most charming Kitty, and Reginald Denny as Lieut. David Graham, her lover, is a striking, manly soldier. It is no wonder the ladies fall in love with him. Miss Eleanor Daniels as Mag Duncan shared the honors with the others last night. "Kitty MacKay" should remain in Boston for many more weeks.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Reproduction of "The Little Cafe," a musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by C. M. S. McClellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Chief characters:

Philibert.....Maurice Cass
Yvonne.....Marjorie Gateson
Albert Lorilian.....John E. Young
Katziolinka.....Blanche Morrison
Bigredon.....Maxfield Moree
Adolphe.....Harry Depp
Gaby Gaufrette.....Edna Munsey
Loulou Millefleurs.....Bessie Stewart
Baron Tombola.....R. H. Woodley
Prince Max.....Colin Campbell
Colonel Klink.....F. Stanton Heck

From the little cafe in Montmartre with its modest row of bottles on the shelves back of the cashier and its trap-door leading to the cellar, where Albert, the waiter, spent most of his time, to the splendors of the Restaurant Grand Gala and the gardens of the Chateau Sans Souci, is a very long jump, but Albert makes it successfully when he inherits a million francs and starts in to spend them. He takes with him some lively and interesting friends and they meet still others in the frisky life of "that gay Paree."

Their frolicsome doings, attuned to enticing music, entertained many Boston folk during the former stay of the piece here and from the reception it met last night at the hands of a large audience it promises to do the same again.

John E. Young, as Albert, sustains with cheerful humor the troubles that come to him with his francs through the love of three insistent ladies.

Maurice Cass as the cafe proprietor and Maxfield Moree as the loose-jointed promoter, who tries to be the villain of the plot, furnish a lot of fun of the slap-dash order.

Marjorie Gatcson is winsome and attractive as Yvonne, the cafe owner's daughter.

Blanche Morrison is truly terrible in the hot Hungarian passion of Katziolinka, while her accompanying six belles of the Carpathians (or thereabouts) are alluring in their dancing, posing and make-believe fiddling.

Harry Depp adds much to the life of the piece as Adolphe, the cafe glass washer, who does Albert's thinking for him.

Edna Munsey as Gaby makes a powerful rival to Katziolinka for Albert's affection and her generous charms not coyly hidden leave little ground for wonder that he is uncertain at times which one to choose.

Colin Campbell as Prince Max is appropriately inane and F. Stanton Heck, as his aide-de-camp, is contrastingly huge and fierce.

Besides there is a large and varied chorus generously endowed in many respects and with little inclination to hide its light under a bushel. It dances much and well.

Ethel Barrymore will come with "The Shadow" to the Hollis Street Theatre on Patriots' day, April 19.

BOSTON THEATRE—Aborn Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida." Josef Pasternack, conductor.

The King.....George Shields
Amneris.....Mildred Rogers
Rhadames.....Morgan Kingston
Ramfis.....Alfred Kaufman
Amonasro.....John Graham
Messenger.....Frederick Chapman
Priestess.....Florence Coughlin
Aida.....Estelle Wentworth

The repertoire of the Aborn English opera company for its annual visit to Boston was, this season, chosen by popular vote. Last evening the company began its engagement with "Aida," the opera which received the greatest number of votes.

Many reasons might be given for the popularity of Verdi's work. There is the spectacular appeal, the pomp and pageantry of Egypt under the Pharaohs, the pictorial interest of scenes laid in the King's palace at Memphis, in the Temple of Vulcan, on the banks of the Nile. Then, too, there is the opera's melodic wealth and beauty, while the story is romantic, engrossing, dramatic and within reach of the humblest intelligence. The misfortunes of Aida and her soldier lover, who, not socially ambitious, wished only to be true to his country and sweetheart, at once arouse the sympathy of the audience.

Last evening the performance was generally commendable. One scene, however, was omitted. Amneris's slaves failed to dance before her and thus provide comic relief and contrast to the mood of the tropical princess. There is always curiosity with regard to the conquering forces of Egypt returning in triumph. In this case, as in that of Amonasro's friends and followers, there was effective realism.

The cast on the whole was well balanced. Miss Wentworth, an experienced singer who for a time studied with Frank King Clark, has an agreeable and well schooled voice which she uses effectively. She did not force tone, yet she held her own in the ensemble at the end of the second act. Histrionically, she should cultivate greater animation, a larger command of gestures, variety in facial play.

Mr. Kingston, who worked for 11 years as a miner in a Nottinghamshire colliery, has a manly and resonant voice. He did not make the mistake of shouting his opening aria and otherwise displayed vocal skill and intelligence.

Miss Rogers was not a seductive Amneris. She acted with becoming haughtiness. Mr. Shields was solemn and impressive as the King. Mr. Kaufman's make-up as Ramfis was capital. He sang well and succeeded in suggesting with sinister manner and gloomy countenance the malignity of the Egyptian priesthood. Mr. Graham was a savage Amonasro and sang with spirit. The chorus was generally competent. It was a pleasure to see the bearded priests. Mr. Pasternack conducted with energy and taste. An audience of good size was evidently pleased.

This evening the role of Aida will be sung by Vivian Kingston and that of Rhadames by Leonid Samoloff.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Opening night of return and final engagement of Maeterlinck's fairy play, "The Blue Bird."

The cast in part:

Tyltyl.....George Dunn
Mytyl.....Eleanor Davidson
Fairy Berylune.....Elizabeth Evans
Bread.....John Sutherland
Fire.....Angelo Romeo
Tylo, the Dog.....Henry Duggan
Tylette, the Cat.....Thos. K. Corless
Water.....Gwendolyn Valentine
Milk.....Isabella Le Page
Sugar.....George Sylvester
Light.....Martha Messenger
Granny Tyl.....Ethel Brandon
Gaffer Tyl.....Dore Davidson

As fairy stories delight children of nursery years, "The Blue Bird" challenges the attention of men and women of every age. With a presentation that has a direct and wholesome appeal to the little folks, the story of the fantasy carries with it a magnetic, philosophic impulse that cannot be denied. To see "The Blue Bird" and not think out the thoughts of its teaching is as impossible as to see a charming bit of scenery and forget it.

The presentation last night was praiseworthy. Applause grew steadily as the story progressed. "The Blue Bird" is a play that sets men thinking rather than clapping—until the last, when the value of the piece itself and the acting as a whole are summed up. Several curtain calls at the end of the eleventh scene evidenced the appreciation of the house.

George Dunn as "Tyltyl" lived his part with remarkable success. He did not leave for a moment the simple trust of a boy's heart in so sweet a patroness as "Light," presented by Martha Messenger; yet he had the sturdiness of persistency so much to be admired in a real lad. He feared the mists of the graveyard, but he commanded the ruler of the "Palace of Night" with the mien of a conqueror. Frail humanity conquers the mysteries of the unknown.

His enunciation was clear, and his manner devoid of that awkwardness often noticeable in the carriage of a "stage-child." Eleanor Davidson made a charming little Mytyl, and the two children worked together with scarce a flaw. Ethel Brandon, as Mummy Tyl, played strongly, especially in the final arrival at the land of happiness. Other parts were well played by John Sutherland, as "Bread"; Henry Duggan, as The Dog; Thomas H. Corless, as The Cat, and Isabelle Le Page, as Milk.

The scenic effects were all that could be desired, and the stage management in the rapid changes of settings deserves creditable mention. A fair-sized house was present.

Fortinbras was, it is likely enough, a better King than Hamlet would have been, Aufidius was a more reasonable man than Coriolanus. Henry V. was a better man-at-arms than Richard II., but after all, were not those others who changed nothing for the better and many things for the worse greater in the Divine Hierarchies?

Hark, from the Tombs.

Mr. Dwight E. Hewitt, in Connecticut, feeling that he was about to die, dug his own grave and ordered his tombstone a month ago in Weston. When they took his body to the grave on April 1 they found that Mr. Hewitt had not counted on the size of the coffin case and the grave was eight inches too short. The reporter characterized Mr. Hewitt as "eccentric."

Mr. Hewitt and Browning's Bishop are not the only ones that ordered their tombs. Mr. Hewitt is not the only one that found his grave too short. Back in the 17th century one Chanbergeot saw to the construction of his tomb not far

from Fontainebleau. From time to time he would lie in it to see if he would be at his ease until the Last and Great Day, and he would say to a workman: "Another blow of your chisel; my should der is rubbed here."

We found this improving anecdote in a chapter entitled: "Extravagans, Visionnaires, Fantasques, Bizarres, Etc." The one preceding it runs as follows: "M. Amyrault, professor of theology at Saumur, a learned man, bethought himself of writing two volumes on the habits of Adam before the Fall, in which he said that his greatest happiness was in swimming."

A volume of Ana may be a good bed table book, but who envies Mr. Van de Weyer who in 1869 had collected 600 volumes of Ana and 3000 of Pensees, Moeurs, Esprit, etc.?

The Flying Bishop.

But what would not one give for an octavo edition of the Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle translated, enlarged and edited by the Rev. Mr. Bernard, the Rev. Mr. Birch, Mr. Lockman and other hands? The edition in 10 stately folio volumes is no doubt imposing to the eye, but not easy reading. A few days ago we mentioned Bishop John Wilkins of Chester, who argued ingeniously that the moon was inhabited and a passage to it is not impossible. He wrote curiously about many curious things; see his "Mathematical Magic," also "Mercury," in which he showed how a man may "with privacy and speed communicate his thoughts to a friend at any distance." Looking at the folio Bayle, we came by accident on a life of this Wilkins contributed by one of the English editors, and were delighted by the bishop's remarks about flying.

Having suggested that if the Roc or Rook, the great bird in the Arabian Nights and in Marco Polo's travels, could scoop up a horse and his rider or an elephant as a kite does a mouse, one might be trained to carry a man, he then "seriously and upon good grounds" affirmed "it possible to make a flying chariot; in which a man may sit and give such a motion into it, as shall convey him through the aire. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with foode for their viaticum, and commodities for traffique. * * * This engine may be contrived from the same principles, by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden Eagle. I conceive it were no difficult matter, if a man had leisure, to show more particularly the means of composing it. The perfecting of such an invention would be of such excellent use, that it were enough not only to make a man, but the age also wherein hee lives. For besides the strange discoveries that it might occasion in this other world (the moon) it would be also of inconceivable advantage for travelling above any other convenience that is now in use. And how happy shall they be that are first successful in this attempt!" This was published in 1638.

Seas and Sea Tales.

As the World Wags:

Personally, I think Mr. Dole's contention that Kipling took the title "Seven Seas" from a "famous collection of Persian Poems" is rather far-fetched. A reference to one poem—"The Flowers"—which appeared in Kipling's volume of verse will show what he had in mind when he selected the name "The Seven Seas."

> For and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;
> Woe to us if we forget, we that hold by these;
> Unto each his mother beach, bloom and bird and land—
> Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

Here Kipling was of course thinking of the English, and their outposts scattered round the world. There was no need for the poet to go so far afield in search of a title as Mr. Dole would have him do.

Did Frank Bullen, the author, ever have any real sea experience? He writes convincingly, but I have felt so he doubts as to the extent of his actual life at sea. I have always thought that Herman Melville was more of an artist than Bullen. Bullen had a strong touch of the missionary in his work.

I wonder how many of the present generation read the sea tales of olden days and the wonderful yarns they hold? There was, for instance, in "Tom Cringle's Log," I think, the story of the shark which was so huge that when captured and cut open a full-rigged Yankee brig was found in his stomach, with the captain and first mate in the cabin quarrelling over the reckoning.

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, April 2.

Bullen went down to the sea in ships and did business in great waters. We ... "Moby Dick," ... Walter Pater said of Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" may be said of "Moby Dick": "Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them, from the story of the stealing of Dionysius downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions."—Ed.

A Note on Pronunciation.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent who says that if we are to pronounce it gasolene it ought not to be spelled gasoline, is quite correct in his reasoning. The argument is all in his favor. Unfortunately, however, the pronunciation of our language is not always susceptible to argument. He might find it instructive to read of a foreigner who read in a reading book that Reading, Pa., should not be pronounced Reading. Also, would he not think it proper, on occasion, to make a bow to an archer holding a bow?

HENRY K. WHITE.

New Bedford, March 31.

April 7 1915

It is reported that four o'clock tea is now forbidden in Berlin on the ground that the luxury is extravagant. It is also reported that French soldiers, following the example of their English allies, are fast becoming shameless tea-drinkers. We remember Albert Gallatin Browne, Jr., saying that in the end the tea-drinking nations would conquer all those drinking coffee. Was the idea his, or did he quote some deep thinker?

When did the habit of 5 o'clock tea become established in Boston and who was the pioneer in opening her parlor to visitors, tea and gossip? Mr. G. W. E. Russell says that he knew the inventor of five o'clock in London. "This was Anna Maria Stanhope, daughter of the third Earl of Harrington and wife of the seventh Duke of Bedford. She died at an advanced age—in 1857—but not before her life's work was accomplished and 5 o'clock tea established among the permanent institutions of our free and happy country. Surely this is worthier of a place in the Positivist Kalendar and of those who have benefited humanity than Hippocrates, Harvey or Arkwright, and yet Sir Algernon West writes thus in his 'Recollection': 'Late in the forties and fifties 5 o'clock teas were just coming into vogue, the old Duchess of Bedford's being, as I considered, very dreary festivities.' Such is gratitude and such is fame!"

Just at what hour did Cowper and his friends welcome the "bubbling and loud hissing urn"? "So let us welcome peaceful evening in"; but it was a winter's evening, when in London a poor wretch

> Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
> And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
> Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage.

The moon was up, the mail carrier had called in Cowper's village.

Mr. Russell does not give the date of Anna Maria's invention. In 1872 Lord Shaftesbury spoke of five o'clock tea—"that pernicious, unprincipled and stomach-ruining habit." The term "five o'clock" made its way into France with the habit, also with the term "hige lif."

Not many years ago, when some visiting Englishman, having been put up at the Porphyry, faithful to his traditions, called for tea at 5 o'clock, waiters were amazed and members looked curiously at the guest. That was in the days when Scotch whiskey was only a "hot Scotch," and no one thought of drinking it cold with a gaseous water. Now it is not unusual at the Porphyry to see tea served to members, young and old, with the accompaniment of hot buttered toast.

For Lovers of Statistics.

During the year ending Dec. 31 last there were 61,670 accidents resulting in death or personal injury caused by vehicles in the streets of the United Kingdom. In 1913 there were 44,643. The fatal accidents in 1914 numbered 2330.

"Lady" Smokers.

The principal of Newnham has sent out a circular to the parents of the students under her charge, inviting their opinion on a proposal that their daughters should be allowed to smoke in college. James I. thought that if men were so base as to smoke, women might rival them in self-defence. For in his "Counter blaste" he wrote:

"Herein is not onely a greate vanitie, but a great contempt of God's good giftes, that the sweetness of man's ... [illegible] ... smoke ... which is a great iniquitie and against all humanitie, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome and cleane-complexioned wife, to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment."

Anecdote for the Day.

One evening when Dean Stanley was dining out, he appeared at table with one-half of his collar flapping wildly. In the course of the meal the hostess asked him if he were conscious of his collar and whether she could help him. "Oh, no," he answered, "it broke when I was dressing. I don't mind. Do you?"

Chin-Golf.

We spoke recently of the inexplicable interest taken by certain London newspapers in the matter of shaving. It seems that there is a lively discussion over the question: which gives the quicker shave, the safety or the ordinary or cut-throat razor? Many years ago there was a shaving competition at the old Royal Aquarium in London. The nimblest barbers in London entered for the prize. There were judges, referees, time-keepers, a doctor and a nurse for the memorable scene. Mr. Teddy Weeks bore off the prize. He shaved a man a minute for an hour without drawing blood. He did this with an ordinary razor. A song was written about him. We should like to see it. A defender of the ordinary razor says that the secret of a perfect shave is threefold; the razor with a good edge, lightly stropped; a face well lathered; "courage to perform the deed without shrinking or thinking of the spurt of blood that slight nervousness may produce." A bottle of antiseptic liquid and a supply of diachylon plaster and gold beater's skin should be in readiness. Strange to say, no one has quoted Dr. Maginn on this subject. He made these observations—we give them in a condensed form: buy your razors at Paget's—in 1824 he made the best blades and tempered them; strop your razor on plain buff leather from you, not towards you; anoint the beard over night with bear's grease; wash carefully before shaving; use Pasta di Castagna for soap, and a brush full of camel's hair; always use boiling water. Macaulay shaved himself with direful results. When he sailed for India—see his biography—between 50 and 60 strops in strips and splinters with innumerable razors in shocking condition were found in his rooms. He almost always gashed himself. How different from the journalist who does not play for safety in shaving. "Every morning I take my life in my hand together with my favorite razor and play the game of chin-golf, three minutes for the whole business, and round in so many strokes without undue bloodshed. The triumph is to get round in anything under seventeen—without slicing."

LAST CONCERT OF APOLLO CLUB

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. This was the last concert of the 44th season and the 227th given by the club.

The club was assisted by Mr. Lambert Murphy, tenor, late of the Metropolitan Opera company; Mr. Alfred F. Denghausen, baritone; retired and past active members of the Apollo, the Harvard Alumni chorus, the Harvard Glee Club, and an orchestra, Mr. Crowley concert master. Mr. Warren A. Locke also served as a conductor. Mr Frank H. Luker was the pianist and Dr. A. T. Davis the organist.

The program was as follows: Gounod's Soldiers Chorus (Apollo, former members and Alumni Chorus); Hammond, Lochinvar (Apollo Club, Mr. Denghausen, baritone); Gounod, "Ah, leve-toi, Soleil" (Mr. Murphy); Haydn Serenade and Vittoria, "Ave Maria" (Harvard Glee Club); Kremser, Night Greeting (tenor solo by Mr. George E. Hills, conducted by Mr. Locke), and Chadwick's "Ecce jam Noctes—conducted by the composer (Alumni Chorus); Mendelssohn, to the Sons of Art (Apollo, former members and Alumni Chorus conducted by Mr. Locke); Herbeck, Maid of the Valley (Apollo); songs with piano, Henschel, Morning Hymn; Class, Old Roses, Leoni, Coolan Dhu; Mabel W. Daniels, Daybreak (Mr. Murphy); Converse, Chant of River Spirits and March of the Pioneers, from the music of the Masque of St. Louis (Alumni Chorus, conducted by Mr. Locke); Strube Hymn to Eros (Apollo, Mr. Murphy tenor); Borodin, Serenade: Coleridge-Taylor, Drake's Drum (Harvard Glee Club); Kremser, Prayer of Thanksgiving (all the forces). For Harvard arranged by W. R. Spalding.

... [illegible] ... unquestioned ... brought to us ... Apollo, the ... societies of Harvard. The ... relative ... presented in ... the volume.

It will be seen at a ... that the program was pleasantly varied. The soldiers' chorus—was it was enormously popular in the early sixties Artemus Ward put on the program of his lecture, "for the first time"—at once put the audience in the best of humor and the chorus was imperatively redemanded. Mr. Denghausen sang the lines allotted to him in "Lochinvar" with delightfully clear enunciation and in manly fashion. The Harvard Glee Club showed their choral skill in music that went back to Vittoria, whose compositions are always welcome, but in these days ... are too seldom heard, and included the Russian Borodin and the gifted mulatto Coleridge-Taylor. The Alumni chorus was more effective in Chadwick's hymn than in Kremser's "Night-Greeting," with an organ accompaniment ... and disturbingly registrated. That old stand-by for male voices "To the Sons of Art" was sung sonorously. One of Herbeck's pretty arrangements of folk song gave variety, and the dignity of the occasion was recognized in the numbers by Converse, Strube and Kremser.

Mr. Murphy sang the air from "Romeo and Juliet" with much taste. His voice has broadened and gained in power since he left this city, but it still preserves its fine and pure quality.

April 8 1915

DRAMATIC CLUB OF HARVARD IN

By PHILIP HALE.

The Harvard Dramatic Club presented as its 14th production last evening in Copley Hall, under the direction of Mr Richard Ordynski, three one-act plays. They were written, we are informed, by members of Prof. Baker's course in playwriting at Radcliffe, selected from 40 submitted in a competition, of which the judges were Prof. Baker, Mr. Walter I. Eaton and Mr. Jules E. Goodman.

These plays were "Toy Soldiers," a comedy, by Agnes Van Whyck, played by Miss Elliot, Miss Harlow and Messrs. Walker Pfeifer and Pauldree; "Garafella's Husband," by ... Willard Bates, played by Miss Christine H... and Messrs. Seymour, Boyden, Litt, Silverman; "The Florist Shop," by Winifred Hawkridge, played by Miss Dorothy Sands, Miss Ruth B. ... and Messrs. Hawkins, Scholl and ... ligan.

"Toy Soldiers" is a war play of a satirical nature at the expense of ... The wife of a Belgian officer ... from a French soldier and a German soldier, who have left their respective companies, having lost their way in a night attack, that her husband is a prisoner, but really happy, playing bridge and singing ... and other airs. The two soldiers have sought shelter for the night in a Dutch farmhouse where she is ... When they learn that they are on Dutch soil and are likely to be interned, their joy is great. The ... taunts them and she ... them ... they are about to go back ... Dutch host enters from ... and feels it his duty to detain them. Again they are happy ... Frenchman. The war is over. The play derives its title from a box of toy soldiers given to little Pierre, who leaves his bed to find them as a Christmas present in front of the chimney. He makes friends with the soldiers, who tell him they ... of toe box. The leading idea of the play is novel and interesting, but it needs a better performance than that of last night to make it effective. Miss Rosamond Elliot reproduced the soldiers in a spirited manner.

Story of New England Life.

"Garafella's Husband" might have been a short tale by Miss Wilkins or Miss Brown. It is a grim episode in New England life. Balak, having "got religion late" becomes half-crazed. He looks on his wife of ... years as the woman of Babylon and at last declares that she is his wife. She, poor wretch, takes him to a farmhouse and ... there the hired man ... knowing that he is crazy ... wife and persuades Balak to ... of the farm ... [illegible]

[illegible] kn[illegible] his right [illegible] wife. T[illegible] dramatically [illegible] with the ex[illegible] are real and [illegible]. The [illegible] dialogue smacks of th[illegible] [illegible] tition while th[illegible] [illegible] passages of scripture [illegible] well [illegible].

It would be easy to p[illegible] out that the wife could have [illegible] her [illegible] by any of the neighbors in the town or [illegible]by, but for the purpose of the stage the arrangement of the story is sufficiently plausible. Miss Hayes gave an excellent impersonation of Garafella and Mr. Boyden was [illegible]larly vivid as Orion Pike, the hired man. Mr. Seymour's enunciation as the suffering Balak was unfortunately so indistinct that only those familiar with the Biblical verses descriptive of the strange woman could follow him. The effect of the greater part of the play was lessened by the insufficient lighting of the stage. Facial play is after all of some use in dramatic expression, although followers of the ultar-modern school often seem to be of a contrary opinion.

Long Drawn Out.

"The Florist Shop" would be more amusing if it was not so long drawn out. Maude, the shop girl, is not so "distinctly an original creation" as the announcement of the Club would have us believe. She has been seen as a telephone girl, a stenographer, a waitress in other plays of a farcical nature. Yet in Miss Hawkridge's comedy the mixture of slang, shrewdness and romance is amusing. There is entirely too much of the gushing Miss Welle, who has been betrothed for 15 years, and the scene between her, Maude and Mr. Jackson, who favors long engagements, seems interminable. Miss Sands gave a capital performance of Maude.

The plays were tastefully mounted. In his violin solos Mr. D. T Gammons '18 displayed an agreeable tone and a musical and tasteful conception.

An audience of fair size was friendly disposed.

Once, my fame was widely growing,
Fistiana,
Day and night my friends were crowing,
Fistiana.
I was blowing, wine was flowing,
When I was to battle going,
Fistiana;
But, alas, 'twas nought but blowing,
Fistiana.

Too Much Johnson.

We delayed comment on the mill at Havana until the returns and the aftermath of gossip were in. We had no racial prejudice, for we remembered black heroes of the ring who fought fairly and well in England and this country. Why should these sports in which so many find delight be confined to white contestants?

Now we are interested in the future of Mr. Johnson. It is said that he purposes to be a gentleman of France; it is also said that he will go to the soil and, like Diocleslan, the Emperor, in the Dalmation town, plant cabbages and take his pride in them. In the good old days of the ring in England when the champion, or ex-champion, retired and no longer drank delight of battle with his peers he opened a "pub" and prospered, unless he was so foolish as to be his best and most assiduous customer. The sad fate of Sir Daniel Donnelly is in mind. Having beaten Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare and Oliver in England, he became the landlord of the Shining Daisy in Pill Lane, Dublin. "In February, 1820, having drank an almost incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting (out of mere bravado) and swallowed half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age. His funeral on a Sunday was a 'monster demonstration,' as regards the numbers who followed him to his last resting place in Bully'e Acre." From what we have heard of Mr. Johnson's thirst, we should not advise him to open a "pub" or a "cafe." Let him meditate on the vanity of fame as he looks after his cabbages.

Around the Ring.

Years ago Fitz James O'Brien wrote a poem, "The Prize-Fight." He drew this picture of the spectators:

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin;
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "The Fancy," gentle sir.

It was a curious poem for O'Brien to write. He himself was a dead game sport. In June, 1858, his nose was broken by the blow of a pugilist; perhaps this caused him to look sourly on public trials of athletic skill. His description of a ring-crowd was not wholly justified. Poets, as Byron, Moore, Keats, found pleasure as spectators; Hazlitt saw the fight between Bill Neate and Hickman, and his account of it is one of the finest chapters in English prose. This was in the golden years of the ring, when, to [illegible] from [illegible] "a trial between two famous artists as Cribb and Molineux, or Spring and Langan, or Painter and Oliver would be fought in the presence of some twenty thousand men, the most of whom had ridden, or driven, or padded the hoof, a many miles to see, at the risk of broken heads and ravished pockets; while £100,000 would change hands on the event."

Even the gentlest, the gravest, and the most imaginative in these days are often found near the ring. Edward MacDowell, the composer, who had a passion for running to fires, once absented himself from a Columbia University faculty meeting to see a bout between two famous "pugs." He went with fear and trembling lest his absence might excite comment. He told us that when he gained his seat and looked about him he saw through the dense tobacco smoke at least a third of the faculty, joyous and expectant.

Happy Endings.

It was decided in Blackwood for March, 1820, that "in the ballroom a waltzing-match is a more indecent exhibition than a boxing-match." Without stopping to argue the question, let us recall the last days of pugilists more fortunate than Donnelly. Dr. Shelton MacKenzie saw Jackson, "Gentleman Jackson," Byron's friend and teacher, in his more advanced years. "The gravity of his aspect and gentleness of his manners were particularly observable." Thomas Cribb, "like most of his calling, devoted his later years to keeping a public house, and (also like most expugilists) was gentle as a lamb in private life." Tom Spring, whose real name was Thomas Winter, was particularly placid in temper and unassuming in demeanor. "Always attired in black, with an irreproachable white cravat, he gently moved among the pewter-pots, in his bar, reminding one more of a clergyman than of the Champion of England." Bob Gregson did not make his "pub," the Castle Tavern in Holborn, pay—Tom Belcher, who succeeded him, was more fortunate—so he went to Dublin, opened a school for teaching the art of self-defence, and then was landlord of the Punch House; a fine figure of a man, "a lover of tunes and verses, and no bad hand at a 'chaunt'; withal a person of manners and sentiment." "Gentleman" Jackson (1759-1845) was "polite, agreeable, reputable, a capital talker, a person of tact and energy and charm." His monument is in Brompton cemetery —"a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping)."

Let Mr. Johnson ponder these examples, consider their ways and be wise. If, by chance, he hears in some peaceful village of Normandy or Picardy of Mr. Willard famous and later an easy mark, let the far-off shouting pass with the western wind that bears it; or if any one urges him to train for one more mighty effort, let him say with the ex-emperor: "Would to God you could see the babbage which I have planted myself at Salona; you would not trouble me with such addresses."

April 9 1915

ALICE NIELSEN

By PHILIP HALE.

At the extra concert of the Tremont Temple Course given last evening Miss Alice Nielsen sang for the first time this season. She was assisted by Rodolfo Fornari, baritone; Emiliano Renaud, pianist, and William Reddick, accompanist.

Miss Nielsen sang these songs: Campbell-Tipton, The Spirit Flower. Lehmann, The Weather-Cock; La Forge, I Came with a Song. Seller, A Burst of Melody; Hahn, Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes; Debussy, Mandoline. Duparc, Extase, Massenet, Ouvre tes Yeux Bleus; Molloy, Love Old Sweet Song; Lover, Low-Backed Car; Spross, The Day Is Done; Brewer, Fairy Pipers; Puccini, "Un Bel Di" from "Madama Butterfly." She also sang a duet from "Don Pasquale" with Mr. Fornari.

The program enabled Miss Nielsen to show that, while she can please the great public, she can also command the respect of musicians. It is not within the power of every singer to catch the spirit of songs so widely different as "Mandoline" and "Extase," and at the same time sing the song of Molloy without lapsing into sentimentalism, and the song of Lover with appropriate archness, but without a too deliberate appeal; to sing Norina's music in true comedy vein and voice the lyrically dramatic emotion of Madam Butterfly.

Thus Miss Nielsen displayed a versatility that surprised even her warmest admirers. Her voice was fresh and pure; the tones were full even in the softest passages, brilliant without being forced in lyric bursts and florid measures. A feature of her singing was the delightfully distinct enunciation. The large audience was most appreciative and recalls were imperative.

Mr. Fornari, who sang "Eri tu," from "Un Ballo Maschera," and "Largo al factotum," and Mr. Renaud, who played the "Kiss" waltz of Strauss, arranged by Schuett and Chopin's ballade in A flat, were warmly greeted and obliged to lengthen the program.

Mr. Reddick played the accompaniments in a helpful and sympathetic manner and with a beautiful quality of tone.

HARRIET S. HEMENWAY SINGS IN STEINERT HALL

Contralto's Voice Rich, Sonorous and Brilliant.

Harriet Sterling Hemenway, contralto, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Gluck, "Wonnercoller Mai"; Haendel, "Verdi Prati"; Rossini, Recitative and Aria from "Semiramide"; Brahms, "Immer Leiser"; Wagner, "Traume," "Schmerzen"; Paladilhe, "Psyche"; Hue, "A des Oiseaux"; Laure, "Apres un Reve"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Reger, "Mein Schaetzelein"; "Beim Schneewelter"; Schubert, "Nacht und Traume"; Wolf, "O Suesse Mutter"; Whelpley "'Tis Springtime on the Eastern Hills"; Rogers, "Wind Song"; Hascall, "Dinna Ask Me"; Scott, "Lullaby"; Children's songs by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Loomis; La Forge, "To a Messenger." Harris S. Shaw was the accompanist.

The singer's voice is rich, brilliant, sonorous. In timbre a true contralto, her range is unusual. The extreme upper tones, however, are less emotional in quality and when forced are inclined to be strident. There was evidence of excellent training and native intelligence.. The management of breath was commendable. The phrasing was musicianly. The singer's repertoire is large and varied and the program was ambitious.

On the whole she was at her best in the German songs. In these her enunciation was most distinct and her interpretation most effective.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic.

BOSTON THEATRE—The Aborn Opera Company in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." The principals of the cast:

Cho-Cho-San	Estelle Wentworth
Suzuki	Marie Louise Biggers
Kate Pinkerton	Florence Coughlin
Lieut. Pinkerton	Henry Taylor
Sharpless	Thomas Chalmers
Goro	Philip Fein
Prince Yamadori	George Shields
The Bonze	Alfred Kaufman
The Imperial Commissioner	Frederick Chapman

The performance from many viewpoints was a creditable one. There was a fair-sized and very appreciative audience. But the theatre should have been crowded for this is the first time that grand opera has been performed in Boston on such a scale and at such appealing prices. Thus the Messrs. Aborn, who are catering on such a high plane to people of slender purse, should be encouraged.

The text, too, is not without its popular appeal, for the theatregoing public has already admired it through the work of John Luther Long, and the already familiar realism of David Belasco. The music, though perhaps the weakest of all of Puccini's, is not without its pages of beauty, its interpretative significance. Last evening Josef Pasternack, who conducted, was discreet and intelligent. There was unity and precision, even if he was now and then wont to fall into heavy ways.

Miss Estelle Wentworth, was in many respects an uncommonly good Cho-Cho-San. Physically she is a contradiction of the part, for a more diminutive, a more cuddlesome person, would be more in the picture. She did a commendable thing in grand opera, however, of combining intelligent acting with a musically smooth performance. Her voice has a liquid quality that does not come to an edge in her upper tones. Nor did she lack in creating the spirit of impending tragedy; she was once humble and pathetic—always trustful. Thus in the letter duet, though Sharpless persisted in apprising her of Pinkerton's perfidy, she eagerly misconstrued it.

The Lieut. Pinkerton of Henry Taylor was less interesting. Mr. Taylor's notes last evening were often forced; there was always a loss of value as he took his higher tones. His acting often lost polish that one would expect from a naval officer. To be sure, Pinkerton was at heart a scoundrel, and he early made up his mind that Cho-Cho-San should be his toy, yet even the unsophisticated Japanese would have read his ardorless manner. His sobbing over the dead body of his mistress was artificial and spoiled the final curtain.

Thomas Chalmers was heard as Sharpless, a shabby part, though it must be said to his credit that he both sang and acted well without attempting to lift it beyond the intentions of the author.

Philip Fein displayed a good voice as Goro, the marriage broker. But he stepped completely out of the picture in making the part a comic one. And why should he be made up as to suggest an Oneida Indian rather than a Japanese?

The remainder of the cast gave a good account of themselves, particularly Marie Louise Biggers as Suzuki. The little that the chorus had to do was well done. There was freshness and spontaneity in the constables.

Miss Kingston, who was to have sung Cho-Cho-San tonight, will be replaced by Miss Edith Helena during the former's indisposition. The opera next Monday evening will be "Lohengrin."

When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday school. He carried no Sunday school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceeding.

Gen. George Washington.

As the World Wags.

Now that Washington's birthday is long past, and the question become merely an academic one, I would like to ask the opinion of some of your correspondents as to the wisdom of suppressing, in the services in the schools on Washington's birthday, the fact that he was a general and a fighter? Now it is the result of my experience of 20 years as a student and teacher that one of the greatest evils that humanity has suffered from is the teaching of a lie, a half-truth, or the suppression of a part of the truth. I wonder if any of those children, as they grow up, will look back, as I do, on one or two of my own teachers, with scorn and contempt, for not putting before me the whole truth.

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.
Tufts College.

Women and Tobacco.

As the World Wags:

As a matter of fact, is the use of tobacco by women more common now than it was a century ago? The mother of Thomas Carlyle was an inveterate smoker, and as her habit in that regard is not spoken of as singular in any way, the inference is that smoking among decent Scottish women of the peasant class was rather general. Whether they smoked in church or not, who knows? Their husbands did so, when they had a mind, if we may credit Sir Walter Scott. When I was quite young I saw an American woman, born about the time Washington died, take out her pipe after breakfast, fill it and join my father in a good smoke while they discussed the problems of reconstruction. She came from North Carolina, but was a native of Pennsylvania. Many of the pioneer women of western New York and the Ohio Reserve took their tobacco in the form of snuff. I recall one old lady, born just a century ago, who used to go all to pieces if through some mischance she missed her regular ration of snuff. As I remember that old lady I think I should prefer making love to a girl that smoked cigarettes rather than one that took snuff—other things being equal. It is curious that the few women I have known or heard of who were habitual users of tobacco lived to the ripest kind of a ripe old age—near the century mark—with their natural forces unabated clear to the end. And they were all extremely pious. W. E. K.

Boston.

In "The Shoemaker's Holiday" (first published in 1599 or 1600) Hodge, one of Eyre's journeymen, asks Eyre's wife, Margercy, if she will "drink a pipe of tobacco." Margerey answers: "Oh, fie upon it. Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slavering baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look no like men that use them." Prynne in his "Histrio-mastix" (1633), says that it was customary to offer tobacco-pipes to ladies at the theatre. Tobacco was smoked by women in the time of Charles II. Jervin de Rochefort, whose "Travels in England" were published in 1672, wrote: "The supper being finished, they set on the table half a dozen pipes, and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men"; and he told how school children were taught to smoke by their teacher. Mary Frith, the "Roaring Girl," on whose life Middleton's comedy of that name was founded, boasted that she was the first woman in England to smoke. She was born about 1584. Her portrait printed in the 1611 edition of the comedy represents her puffing a long, thick-stemmed pipe. —Ed.

An Enviable Accomplishment.

As the World Wags:

Could you tell me why it is that when a man fails to light tobacco in any form with the first match he is invariably told that there is no Irish in him? Is it merely because the Irish are inveterate smokers? Does an Irishman's match never go out? If so, what must be the composition of his fingers? Asbestos? G. H. B.

Boston.

The saying—we have never heard it —may have come from the admiration excited by seeing day laborers skilled in lighting a pipe and keeping it going in all sorts of weather, and the wind a gale. There are men, otherwise useful or ornamental members of society, who burn a dozen or two dozen matches with every pipe. Now is it because they do not give their whole mind to it?—Ed.

"Canada Points."

[illegible]

[illegible] noble sentiments of Mr. [illegible] concerning King George, [illegible] and others now on the water wagon, immortalized through the medium of our most enlightened and representative current journal (advt.), give rise to certain reflections. Mr. Golightly, merely curious and in no self-commendatory [illegible], wonders if the resolution of dukes, kings and other potentates is subjected to the same strain as his, for he believes that the temptation to partake with the conductor of the column (given the appropriate setting offered by the Porphyry) would prove too great for [illegible] and knightly strength of mind. I am inclined to think that even the [illegible] military sphinx would not "let George do it" alone, but would conjure [illegible] a dignified and rusty wink and solve the riddle of the ages by calling a boy to mobilize the necessary forces.

[illegible] me, a like situation would [illegible] shake the soul of a Bryan or a [illegible], if, as scientists would have us believe, such phenomena exist in such low orders of life.

Mr. Golightly, dining with friends last night, who were on the band—rather than the water—wagon heard them give utterance to the expression "Canada points," which seem not to be, as [illegible] supposed, harbors of refuge where [illegible] Thaw can mercifully escape the [illegible] of distinguished alienists, but places for the distribution of newspapers.

Can you explain the origin of that expression? G. G.

Milton.

April 10 1915

Gives Work of Korngold, Written When Composer Was Only Seventeen.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist. The program was as follows: Korngold, Sinfonietta op. 5 (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto in E flat, No. 5, for piano; Sinigaglia, overture to Goldoni's comedy "Le Baruffe Chiozzote."

When we used to see the good old circus with one ring and Shakespearian clowns, the ringmaster would say in a mutton-tallow but sonorous voice: "The young lady rides well for one so young." Korngold was in his seventeeth year when this Sinfonietta was performed for the first time in Vienna. It certainly is an extraordinary work for a youth of that age to compose. Korngold wrote little pieces when he was five or six. His pantomime "The Snowman" was produced in Vienna when he was a few months over thirteen. He can say with Pope:

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

"Sinfonietta" means a little symphony. Korngold's takes at least three-quarters of an hour in performance and is elaborately constructed. Was the composer's choice of title an act of the modesty that is akin to vain-glory, or was it an example of amiable irony? He certainly ran the risk of being spoiled. When he was a youngster he was likened to Mozart; Dr. Decsey compared him to the young Handel; others spoke of the precocious Mendelssohn. But we are informed that he is a normal, healthy-minded person, who does not take himself too seriously.

The Sinfonietta would have interested an audience if it had been composed by someone twice or thrice Korngold's age. Perhaps the fact that he is bardly out [illegible] has enlarged the interest. [illegible] is [illegible] enough and a mass[illegible] of form shown in this Sonfonietta [illegible] the admiration of the hearers. [illegible] last movement does the con[illegible] loose, and the composer [illegible] diversive. It is evident [illegible] has been a good listener, sus[illegible] impressions. He has heard [illegible] of Wagner, Schumann, [illegible], Puccini. In fact there were [illegible] when an opera goer [illegible] have been pardoned for thinking [illegible] was listening to "Tosca." But [illegible] of moods and expres[illegible] with others is not disturb[illegible]. The surprising feature of the work [illegible] the young man has so much of [illegible] own to say.

Let us be thankful that he is not a [illegible] tones. He is aglow with [illegible] joy of living. The motto of the Sinfonietta is "the motive of the [illegible]ful heart." In the first movement a [illegible] rhythm comes to him easily, a [illegible] rhythm of the Vienna school. [illegible] in the slow movement he does not [illegible] to be profound or sombre. His [illegible] have a decided profile; there is [illegible] driving his skill in the development [illegible] his harmonic scheme is liberally laid out, he is not afraid of envious [illegible] the ultra-modern[illegible] he too knows [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] fort[illegible] [illegible]s and [illegible] ineffective.

Korngold's instrumentation is generally thick and lumpish. It is [illegible] having a large orchestra at his disposal, insisted that no one should be idle. "There are the instruments, let them be heard, and all at the same time," we hear him say. As a result there is a lack of relieving contrasts. The prevailing dynamic intensity gets on the nerves; what is worse, it at last becomes boresome. The andante is the most successfully scored. But, after gaining a charming effect, Korngold feels obliged to go back to his blatant brass and his thunder of drums. More than once the music degenerated into a din. Is this the outbursting of youthful enthusiasm? Did he mean to show that a young man can be as virile as one twice his age. What will he not do in this roof-raising when he is, say, forty or fifty? One shudders at the thought. Or will he see the error of his way and go back to Mozart and a small orchestra, as timid souls advise? It is a pity that Korngold has not studied diligently the scores of Frenchmen. He could learn much by pondering the instrumentation of one Auber, who was reproached for inventing his melodies by whistling them before a shaving glass while his chin, upper lip and cheeks were well lathered; but when Auber used an instrument of wood or brass it had something to say; its voice was heard and it was significant.

Interesting as the Sinfonietta is when the age of Korngold is considered—we constantly come back to this—we fail to find in it any passages of deep thought or truly emotional feeling. The plausible beauty of this or that page is superficial. The force—as in the opening of the Scherzo—is not in the thought, but in the dynamic impact. Master Korngold's notes attack in mass formation.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra did full justice to the work. It is doubtful whether the Sinfonietta has been played elsewhere so well. The performance of Sinigaglia's sparkling overture was uncommonly brilliant. It is just the music for the play, chattering, bustling, with contrasting melodies unmistakably Italian in spirit—truly delightful music. And Master Korngold could learn this at least from Sinigaglia—when to stop.

Mr. Borwick gave a recital here in December, 1911, and was then recognized as a well-equipped and thoroughly musical pianist. Yesterday he gave a performance of Beethoven's concerto that was excellent in many ways. It was thoughtful, sane, manly. He did not turn the concerto into a virtuoso piece. He was content to be a part of the orchestra. The concerto itself does not admit romantic treatment to such a degree as the preceding one in G major; nevertheless we could have wished a more poetic interpretation of the Adagio; more poetic in tone and elasticity. After all this is a matter of personal taste. The clearness and simplicity of Mr. Borwick's playing was commendable, even when to some it was matter of fact if not phlegmatic. In the treatment of the two allegros there was much to praise unstintedly.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Chabrier, Overture to "Gwendoline"; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole for violin (Mr. Noack); Bossi, Intermezzi Goldoniani; Haydn Symphony in G major, No. 13.

If I were to have had my choice at birth of a name I think I would have been McGillicuddie o' the Reekes (if that's spelled right). It would have been fine to see the shopman's face when I said the name—carelessly—send it home!

The Musical Cow.

No less a man than Sir J. A. H. Murray of the great New English (Oxford) Dictionary is asking where the phrase, "The tune the old cow died of," came from. In a letter published in Notes and Queries of March 27 he says that the earliest instance of its use found by him at present is in a letter of Lady Granville's dated 1836. He quotes from Hotten's Slang Dictionary (1865): "Originally the name of an old ballad, alluded to in the dramatists of Shakespeare's time." Brewer gives the words of the "ballad in his Reader's Handbook, but without reference.

This is, indeed, important, but still more important is the question "What was the tune?" Can any one sing, hum or whistle it? Did the cow die because the song finally bored it beyond endurance, or did she regard it as ultramodern, too unconventional, not framed in accordance with academic rules? Was her death a painful, lingering one, or did a shock bring instantaneous death? Furthermore, was the cow by nature really musical?

Fingers or Hands?

A question answered in the same issue of Notes and Queries should interest our own folklorists. In Norfolk and Lancanshire, also in the West Riding of York, the general term for the hands of a clock among those speaking in dialect is "fingers," often pronounced "fingers." Cowper, writing in Buckinghamshire, says:

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

[illegible] was the phrase to look at [illegible] "finger" meant [illegible] [illegible] he addicted to drinking ever in common use here?

A Doubtful Centenary

Certain Londoners have been celebrating the centenary of the stovepipe hat, plug, silker. The man whose mission is to take the joy out of life says the hat was invented in 1813, and now comes the Pall Mall Gazette with this story: A Mrs. Toft of Tottenham, who died in 1767, left £50 to the governors of the free grammar school, the interest of which was to be devoted to the purchase of three tall hats as prizes for the three best boys. The hats were purchased from the hatter Greenway in Bishopsgate street for 24 shillings; in 1811 the cost was raised to 27 shillings on account of the imposed duty of a shilling each, and in 1813 the duty afterwards repealed, was raised to 2s. 6d. When the duty was repealed the governors were buying Bibles instead of hats for the boys.

George Augustus Sala in his "Hats of Humanity," argues that the era of the chimney-pot or stovepipe began with Philip the Second's hat which is still preserved in the Escorial. "It is an old rusty beaver, gone quite 'foxy,' as the saying is, and wofully bent about the brim; but it is, to all intents and purposes, a modern hat as to the form, and with a slight variation as to breadth of brim, height of cylinder, and circumference of crown as compared with the orifice for the head a variation not more marked than that which takes place from year to year in the perpetual flux and reflux of fashion."

Sala was a remarkable journalist, a man of catholic taste; but he did not favor the opera hat, the gibus. He admitted that in a collapsed state it is a convenience, "but which, extended, with its metallic ribs asserting themselves beneath its thin alpaca covering, looks, in the open air, in my opinion, simply abominable. If I meet a man with a 'gibus' in broad daylight I generally murmur to myself, 'Fiddler' Sometimes I perpend, and whisper 'Out all night'; but I never set him down as a gentleman." Still more crushing is the remark made by E. Forbes about 1854: "No man in a gibus ever commanded public awe or private respect."

Henry Melton, once a fashionable hatter, in his "Hints on Hats" says the silker was introduced from France as a substitute for the expensive beaver. It at once became popular with all classes. In the print by Ward of the fight between Heenan and Sayers in 1860 nearly every spectator wears a plug hat. The print, by the way, is an interesting one. It used to be in bar-rooms and the office or smoking room of taverns in our younger days, when we were indefatigable in sociological research.

The Plug in India.

Before we leave this subject let us recall Mr. Kipling's story of the effect made upon an up-country Anglo-Indian by a stovepipe seen in Calcutta.

"There was a man up-country once who owned a top hat. He leased it to amateur theatrical companies for some seasons until the nap wore off. Then he threw it into a tree and wild bees hived in it. Men were wont to come and look at the hat, in its palmy days, for the sake of feeling homesick. It interested all the station, and died with two seers of babul-flower honey in its bosom. But top hats are not intended to be worn in India They are as sacred as home letters and old rosebuds."

Rats!

We have heard nothing of late from the Anti-Rat Committee in Boston. Let us call its attention to the complete works of Mr. Robert Smith, "Ratcatcher to the Princess Amelia and several of the Principal Nobility." He wrote and published the "Complete Rat Catcher" and the "Universal Directory for Taking Alive and Destroying Rats." The latter book was first published in 1768 at half a guinea. Within a few years it reached a fourth edition.

Mr. John Dalton died in Southwark, Eng., and was buried on Feb. 17, yet the Anti-Rat Committee of Boston has not, to our knowledge, passed resolutions in honor of his memory. He died at 90, belonging to a family of rat catchers, who for two centuries carried on a lucrative business by means of a secret method which has been handed down from father to son. King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, once accompanied Mr. Dalton to a cockpit. The Dalton family never used poison. Did they pipe to the rats after the manner of Hunold Singuf in Hameln, and thus entice them from their holes?

"The Birth of a Nation" Given First Production in This City at the Tremont.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Birth of a Nation," an historical drama in two acts, founded on Thomas Dixon's story "The Clansman." First performance in Boston.

[illegible] [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] ment b[illegible] of the first [illegible]nce in Boston of th[illegible] [illegible] photo play. A [illegible] was struck at the beginning for [illegible] women in [illegible] and pantalets, with flowing curls, distributed programs in the lobby, while others acted as ushers with young men in the uniforms of the Blue and the Gray.

"The Birth of a Nation" is a triumph in motion picture photography upon which the producer, Mr. Griffith, and his associates may well plume themselves. As a spectacle it is unrivalled by any other photo-play seen in this city. In no other production has there been such effective concerted action, such extraordinary achievements in perspective.

The picture is much more than an engrossing entertainment. The first part is an eloquent and impassioned protest against the horrors of warfare The tragic leavetakings, the wrecking of homes, the broken ties, the fearful sights on the battlefield are depicted with relentless fidelity. The flower of young American manhood is shown going forth from northern and southern homes to certain destruction in the terrific conflict which rages with appalling realism. The calamity in Europe is brought home with sickening vividness.

The picture is valuable as a lesson in history, for besides the decisive battles of the civil war, Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Sherman's March to the Sea—one of the finest pictures—President Lincoln in office and on the night of his assassination, and the rise of the Ku Klux Klan are among the incidents depicted.

There is, of course, an exciting plot, which concerns the Cameron and Stoneman families, respectively, of the South and North. There is romance and tragedy, and in the second part of the picture thrilling melodrama. Here, Flora Cameron, terrified by Gus, a renegade Negro, jumps from a high cliff to her death Her brother, Col. Ben Cameron, swears revenge, and this enables the producers to show the activities and ceremonies of the Ku Klux. The play reaches an exciting climax in which the Ku Klux is triumphant and villany is punished.

It was difficult to pick and choose among the most striking pictures. The war scenes, the remarkable representation of Ford's Theatre, with views in turn of the audience, the play in progress and the President's box, the sheeted Ku Klux riders hastening on their deeds, the mob scenes, the happy plantation life which preceded the war, all these excited admiration and wonder.

The cast, too, was excellent each member was individually striking in facial play and pantomime. Young Ben Cameron was a picturesque hero, and the Misses Marsh, Cooper and Gish rivalled each other in daintiness and girlish charm. Mr. Seigmann was a stalwart and insinuating villain Mr. Henabery's portrayal of Abraham Lincoln was effective in make up and bearing Miss Lee provided comic relief.

Mr. Griffith, himself a southerner, spoke briefly and with emotion after the first part. It had been his object and that of his associates to produce something which would equal in eloquence the spoken word, he said.

A feature of the performance was the music, carefully and appropriately selected, while a chorus sang at intervals and heightened the realism of the mob scenes.

The audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening and at the close. The picture, an unusual and admirable entertainment, deserves every success.

April 11 1915

The Handel and Haydn Society holds a festival this week. Mr. Horatio Parker's "Morven and the Grail," composed for the occasion, has already been described in The Herald. A full and interesting account of the origin and growth of the society has also been published. Let us today recall some of the more noted foreign singers and pianists that have appeared at the concerts.

Thomas Phillips, a tenor, known as Irish Phillips, sang at concerts of the Handel and Haydn, first in 1818. A few days before he had appeared in an operetta, "The Devil's Bridge." Called "Irish" Phillips to distinguish him from Henry Phillips, he was nevertheless born in London in 1774 and he came of a Monmouthshire family. He made his debut at Covent Garden in 1796 in "The Castle of Andalusia." A composer he also lectured and wrote a treatise on singing. He was killed while leaving or entering a train in motion in 1841 Michael Kelly no mean judge, described him as "by far the very best [illegible] singer on the English stage." Yet a contemporary said that he had not the slightest "natural melody in his voice." When he was in Boston his distinct enunciation was warmly praised. "The words of his softest passages were audible in every part of the house." And it was said of him that "[illegible] probably did more toward [illegible] the public ear [illegible] refining the taste than any other [illegible]

[illegible] He [illegible] and he also [illegible] and then [illegible] that any one with an average voice [illegible] follow a few plain rules would soon become an agreeable and perhaps excellent singer.

More famous was Incledon, the celebrated ballad singer. He was here in 18[illegible]5, helped drill the chorus in selections from "The Messiah." Many stories have been told about his vanity. On his return to England he told of his surprise at finding music in America "in such high cultivation," but he complained bitterly of the fact that Americans did not eat salads. Hazlitt, hearing Incledon sing in "The Castle of Andalusia" wrote curiously about him. Admitting that the voice was a fine one, he added: "His best notes come from him involuntarily, or are often misplaced. The effect of his singing is something like standing near a music seller's shop where some idle person is trying the different instruments, the flute, the trumpet, the bass viol, give forth their sounds of varied strength and sweetness, but without order or connection." It is said that Incledon learned his music by ear. When Col. Newcome sang ' Wapping Old Stairs" in the Cave of Harmony he sang it "with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner," and when Hoskins said he had never heard the ballad sung better since Incledon sang it—"He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his likeagain"—the colonel blushed, and said he learned it from Incledon. "I used to slip out from Grey Friars to hear him, heaven bless me, 40 years ago, and I used to be flogged afterward, and served me right, too."

Mme. Caradori-Allan, soprano, born in Milan, the daughter of an Alsatian colonel, Baron de Munck, sang twice in "The Messiah" in 18[illegible]8 and received three-fourths of the receipts minus $60. These receipts were $569 and $480. "There was an orchestra of 23. The critics thought her style too florid for oratorio." Mendelssohn did not like her when she sang in his "Elijah" at Birmingham in 1846.

The great Braham arrived in 1840 when he was 67 or 68 years old. He had lost his money through speculation, and then had a noble delivery rather than an effective voice. When he first sang here Nov. 1, 1840, 1425 tickets were sold at the door before the concert began, and there were about 1600 persons in the audience. He sang at other concerts of the society.

The music dictionaries have nothing to say about Mme. Spohr-Zahn, the daughter of the composer and violinist. She sang here in her father's "Last Judgment" in 1842. Addressing herself to the "educated," she was neglected while Braham through his exaggerated and affected performances was cheered and flattered. At least this was the statement made by Mr. Hack, a critic of the time. It is not easy now to form a just idea of Braham as a singer any more than of Jenny Lind. Braham in England was extolled to the skies; he was also harshly criticised. Charles Lamb, who confessed that he had no ear, said that the foundation of his vocal excellence was sense. "He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition," but Lamb regretted that Braham, who appeared when a boy as Master Abram, also Master Abraham, had not kept the faith of his forefathers. "There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out when he sings 'The Children of Israel Passed Through the Red Sea'! The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph."

Henry Phillips, baritone, came in 1844. He did not die until 1876. His songs were popular and his memoirs are good reading today.

Not long ago Mme. Julia Culp sang "Cherry Ripe" and it appeared on the program as "old English." The composer was Charles E. Horn, who was appointed conductor of the Handel and Haydn in 1847 with a salary of $300. He died here in 1849. Anna Bishop sang with the society in 1848. She was an extraordinary woman "with classic features, bewitching eyes and mouth." Of a French family, born in 1812 or 1814, she married Sir Henry Bishop, ran away with Bochsa, a harpist, and traveled with him, went over the world, married one Martin Schultz in New York in 1858, was still giving concerts in the seventies, and in 1884 died of apoplexy in New York. Some said her voice was rich and melodious, others that it was brilliant and unsympathetic. John L. Hatton, composer and singer, first sang with the society in 1848. Some of his songs are still sung; some excellent anthems for Christmas are comparatively unknown.

There is a long list of opera singers who have assisted the Handel and Haydn, beginning with Thomas Phillips. In 1850 we find the names of Bertucca, Patti, Perrini, Guldi, Novelli in the "Stabat Mater," borrowed from Max Maretzek's troupe. In 1855 Mmes Sontag and Alboni and Messrs. Sangiovanni and Rovere with the Handel and Haydn and other musical associations inaugurated the Boston Music Hall (Nov. [illegible]0), [illegible] covering the Handel [illegible] [illegible] was assisted by Mmes. S[illegible] a[illegible] Lehmann and Messrs. Badiali, [illegible]zolini and Rocco.

The "little Camilla Urso," violinist, and Alfred Jaell, the pianist, played in 18[illegible]. Grisi and Mario, the immortal couple, with Miss Donovani and Badiali, were heard in the "Stabat Mater" on Feb. 11, 1855. Grisi was then 44 and Mario was 45. Badiali had been nearly 30 years on the stage. Was Signorina Donovani born Donovan? In 1856, Mmes. Lagrange and Nantier-Didiee, Elise Hensler, Brignoli, Salviani, Morelli and Amodio were soloists in the "Stabat Mater" and "Moses in Egypt." Mme. D'Angri, the baritone Morelli, appeared on Jan. 18, 1857, when Thalberg played two of his operatic fantasias, "sacred ones," for the concert was on Sunday—one on "The Huguenots," the other his transcription of the Prayer in "Moses in Egypt." Carl Formes, who "looked the scholar and the soldier with an expression at once severe and genial," first sang with the society on Jan. 23, 1858, when the late Charles R. Adams also sang. The history of the society gives a sketch of Formes and makes mention of the fact that his voice was so ponderous that his intonation was often insecure. Other opera singers came in 1858, Pauline Colson, Teresa Parodi, the Patti that was then married to Strakosch; Brignoli again, most awkward of opera singers; Amodio, Barili, Labocetta, and Junca, of whom Artemus Ward wrote a few years later: "Mister Junky is a noble-lookin old man, and orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung." And in that year little Marie Piccolomini appeared, the countess who shocked London, especially Mr. Chorley, the critic, by her "air of impertinent youth," and operatic exaggerations. "Never did any young lady whose private claims to modest respect were so great as hers are known to be, with such self-denial fling off their protection in her resolution to lay hold of her public at all risks. Her performance at times approached offence against maidenly reticence and delicacy. They were the slang of the musical theatre." Other visitors were Miss Poinsot and Mme. Laborde.

Carlotta Patti, lame, and with her brilliant and metallic voice, early in 1861, sang in concert with Stigelli, a German in spite of his name. His song "The Tear" was long a favorite with trombone soloists. Clara Louise Kellogg also sang. Long afterwards she sang at a Handel and Haydn festival. It was in Boston that Hans von Buelow remarked to her with regard to Wagner: "Ah, he married my widow!"

In 1863 Mme. Guerrabella won the praise of Mr. Dwight by her dignified interpretations, her "chaste abstinence from ornament," for he had expected her to be more at home in the music of Bellini and Donizetti than in that of Mendelssohn. She was afterward better known in this country as Genevieve Ward, the actress, who in "Forget Me Not" used to be applauded for declaring defiantly that the world owed her a living. She is still living and was on the stage only a few months ago. Mme. Frederici, once famous as Marguerite, and Mme. Van Zandt, the mother of Marie, followed in 1865. With them for the Festival were Franz Himmer of Grover's German opera company, Carl Formes and Josef Hermanns, whose Mephistopheles was once admired. I heard him in New York in 1868 as Sarastro. He had a sub-cellar voice, and was not musical. He left the stage to raise cabbages in a New Jersey town, and like Diocletian, the ex-emperor, could not be persuaded to renew public life. Mme. Parepa sang that year in "The Creation," and Carl Rosa and Theodore Thomas fiddled with the first violins.

The next famous opera singer with the society was Christine Nilsson (April, 1871). She sang in "The Messiah" and "The Creation." Mme. Rudersdorff and W. H. Cummings came from England for the second triennial festival (May, 1871). Anna Mehlig played the piano. A celebrated English quartet, Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey, Cummings and Santley, who, according to Mr. Dwight, sang "all reputable kinds of music." As for Miss Wynne "a truer, sweeter exponent of oratorio music than Miss Edith Wynne we cannot wish to hear." They sang in November, 1871. Miss Wynne and Nelson Varley were at the third festival in 1874.

Teresa Tietjens was with the Handel and Haydn in 1875. She sang in "Elijah" Nov. 8, when the receipts were $4600 and the profits $650. "Those were days of proverbial 'hard times' in Boston." On Christmas eve she sang in "The Messiah" and on the next evening "The Creation." She did not disappoint the most exalted expectations. Joseph Maas, an excellent tenor, who was heard frequently in grand opera (English), sang with her in "The Messiah" and "The Creation"; Mr. William J. Winch in "Elijah."

Mme. Pappenheim, admirable as Fidelio and in Wagnerian operas, sang in "Elijah." It was her first appearance in oratorio on June 5, 1877. "In feeling and expression she had hardly been surpassed in that music," wrote Mr. Dwight; "in voice sure, true, ample, sympathetic and far-reaching." There was an audience of about 5000; receipts about $3100; profit about $1000. Campanini sang in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" May 5, 1880.

As Verdi's "Requiem" will be the [illegible] work performed at the present festival which begins tonight, it is interesting to note that the first performance given by the Handel and Haydn was on May 5, 1878. The solo singers were Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Charles R. Adams, Alwin Blum. The work itself caused great discussion.

Arthur Sullivan conducted his "In Memoriam" overture, "Prodigal Son," on Nov. 23, 1879. The solo singers on that occasion were Miss Edith Abell, Miss May Bryant, William J. Winch, J. F. Winch. Mr. Chadwick's overture, "Rip Van Winkle," was played in the course of the fifth triennial festival (May 4-9, 1880.)

We have passed over, unintentionally, the Hungarian pianist, Alide Topp, who, at the first triennial festival, May 5-10, 1868, played Schumann's concerto, and on May 9, Liszt's concerto in E flat, which was then performed for the first time. Miss Topp was a singularly handsome gentlewoman and a brilliant pianist. Here we speak from personal knowledge, for we heard her that season in Northampton; in that town there were many concerts during the sixties and seventies.

Lilli Lehmann first sang with the Handel and Haydn in Bach's great mass on Feb. 27, 1887. We quote Mr. Dwight: "Miss Lehmann had no solo; in the two duets the beauty of her voice availed her, and she sang correctly, although somewhat coldly." In Hiller's "Song of Victory" she had all the solos, and "she displayed more warmth, more interest in her task." The names of Mme. Bocma and Giulia Valda do not call for special remark. Giuseppe Campanari sang in Verdi's "Requiem" on Feb. 24, 1889, and was warmly praised.

Lilli Lehmann, announced as Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch, returned in 1890 to take part in the celebration of the society's 75th year of choral life. William Ludwig was the Elijah on April 6, when Edward Lloyd made his first appearance. Some of the critics found his tones throaty; others were unbounded in praise. Mr. Dwight said of Mme. Lehmann in this oratorio: "The power and beauty of her voice and her dramatic fire and majesty did not fail her. Yet there was disappointment felt in her singing." Mr. Lloyd, in the "Christmas" oratorio of Bach (April 8), made a deep impression. He sang in "The Redemption" on April 10, when Miss Clementine de Vere was the soprano. She, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Ludwig were among the soloists in "Israel in Egypt" (April 13).

Many remember the succeeding solo singers, imported, or engaged while they were in concert or opera. Mmes. Amalie Joachim (1892) in Bach's Passion according to Matthew (April 15), when Mr. Lloyd also sang; Campanini was heard again that year in Mrs. Beach's Mass (Feb. 7), and Mr. Lloyd sang in "The Messiah" (April 13) and in "The Creation" April 17 with Mme. Albani. Mme. Fremstad sang in "The Messiah" on Dec. 25, 1892; Campanini was the tenor in Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans" (Feb. 5, 1893). Plunket Greene, Watkin Mills, Ffrangcon Davies, Ben Davies became familiar and popular. The list of opera singers that took part in these concerts was increased by the appearance of Ella Russell, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Eames, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Seygard, Mme. Homer, Messrs. Dippel, Salignac, Journet. And thus we come down to 1905.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Frohman and "New Playwrights"

In this morning's issue of The Herald, an interview with Daniel Frohman, the dramatic producer, interested me immensely, interested me vitally; as it must many other young or untried or new playwrights. He first is written down as going over the causes of the poor theatrical season just passing, giving as the reason for failures of the production and the closing of so many companies, that the public will no longer stand for inferior plays and inferior companies appearing in a good play. He is quoted as saying that there are so few good plays that the managers, generally speaking, have had to take big financial losses because it is absolutely necessary for the theatres throughout the country to be supplied with productions. Then he goes on to say what especially interests me immensely and vitally. "We must find a lot of new playwrights. The old authors are stale; they are not keeping up with the ever changing public; they are not expressing the changing character of human activity. So we have little to expect from them; the situation offers splendid chances to new writers; managers are more willing to read new manuscripts; they are keen to get hold of them," etc.

Well, the question is, how can we, who are the new, the young writers, meet these managers and get their attention on our manuscripts? How is the distance between the new, the young, the untried playwright and the big producer bridged? Who will bridge it? Not the playbroker, the average successful playbroker in New York. They are too busy collecting royalties from authors—the "arrived" playwrights—to bother with the new, the young or the untried. Once you have a success, the agents demand that you accept their services as intermediary; they swear they will protect your interests in collecting royalties, etc., etc.—but when you approach them when their services would be most necessary, the new, the young, the untried playwright is treated with scant courtesy and less attention. He does not seem to be a sure money-maker at first glance, and there are so many of the "stale" playwrights who are making good money from which a perfectly good agent may collect large fees, that it really appears to be a waste of time to trifle with the new arrival in New York.

I do not write from hearsay—I write down my personal experience. I did not try to reach the New York producer without first having a sane, sensible reason for seeking them out. I had been through the local theatrical producers' hands; had gained, professionally, a bit of local success; was advised to seek broader fields because I showed talent and possessed a few ideas. I went to New York. A very fine reader of plays in New York—Mr Adolph Klauber, to be exact, told me the play I desired to place was splendidly written, was a fine idea, that my material, story, character and dialogue were excellent. Elated, I then took the play to a play broker, was assured it would be read within a few days. I waited in New York; I tried to see that agent time and again; finally I got to see some office employe who told me that my play (naming an entirely different play from mine) had been read. I said that was not my play; some further parley between office and employe was made, my manuscript was located in a drawer in a desk in the outer office, so much disgusted I took it and left the office. So how can we reach these managers, we the young, or the untried or the new playwrights? Mr. Belasco will not receive manuscripts direct from us, and agents say that no manager will; that they have their credited agents to read manuscripts, weed out the poor plays and submit only the possible good ones to a "busy" producer. So here we fall between the two stools. How can Mr Frohman and all these other anxious producers find us—how may we reach them?

Who will act as the voice in the wilderness and prepare the way for the younger, the newer playwrights to meet these waiting producers? And couldn't there be some scheme arranged between the managers, the stale, arrived playwrights and the new, untried playwrights, wherein all three might combine their forces for the benefit of the stage and the theatregoing public? I mean, supposing the older playwright, master of his craft, master of the situation in the theatrical world, would collaborate with the younger playwright in developing his ideas and his natural ability? So Shakespeare was developed; so were all the continental playwrights—so they still are developing them: but in America the younger playwrights cannot come in touch with the seasoned playwrights, cannot be made student forces under them, and therefore their talents and ability are scattered. Why does not Mr. Frohman or some large producer start a school in connection with his enterprise, wherein the new playwright can meet the old, be apprenticed and so develop his talent? In every city such a school should exist. There are schools for learning the technique of the drama, the acting of the drama, but the vital thing in the writing of plays is overlooked. There still is no bridge between the young, the new, the untried playwright and the seasoned playwright and the manager. I would gladly place my ideas, my plays at their disposal and work with them or under their direction—but, alas, how may we meet? How can we meet directly the big theatrical producer? NEW PLAYWRIGHT.

Boston, April 7.

The Family Circle at the Boston Theatre

In the history of a Boston business house entitled "A Century of Service," written by Mr. J. B. Clapp, there are some reminiscences of Mr. Nathan Cushing, a prominent Boston merchant of three-score years ago. Through a fortunate circumstance Mr. Clapp when a boy became well acquainted with the old-time merchant, and the latter often told of his experiences. Mr. Cushing used to know well Walter Leman, the Boston actor. Mr. Clapp says:

"While Mr. Cushing in his later years was not a theatregoer, he had formerly taken an interest in plays and players and was well read in Shakespeare. At one time he boarded at the New England House, a noted hostelry, still standing, which was patronized by city as well as country merchants. There he made the acquaintance of Walter M. Leman, a cultured, educated actor, who later went to California, was made the judge of a local court and was much in demand as orator and poet for special occasions. Mr. Leman would return from the theatre after the performance and sit with Mr. Cushing discussing Shakespeare's plays until the small hours of the morning, for the merchant was never one who retired early.

"When the present Boston Theatre was opened, it was intended as an attraction for the buyers from the South and West who visited the city, and Mr. Cushing, believing that the new house might aid in Boston's commercial development, invited one of his customers to go with

[illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] and when the [illegible] glibly waffled off the stage [illegible] Mr. Cushing's ear caught the [illegible] family circle," and [illegible] that [illegible] take two seats there. On arriving at the family circle with his guest, he found he had made a mistake, but as the play was beginning and the view of the stage was good, the two men decided to remain. Soon [illegible] one of the quiet [illegible] ches a baby near them, that had been smuggled past the doorkeeper by [illegible] mother, began to cry, and at the first [illegible] of 'Hush! hush!' from the audience, the mother adjusted her dress and began to nurse the infant. At this there were more exclamations, and one man [illegible] loudly at such an exhibition, [illegible] he said that the woman should be [illegible] for nursing her child so publicly. The man continued to grumble until his neighbors were much disturbed and efforts were made to keep him quiet. At last, Mr. Cushing turned to the disturber and said in a dignified manner: 'May I ask, sir, why should not the mother [illegible] her child here? Certainly there is no more proper place for such an act than the family circle.' The man joined in the laugh against himself, and mother and babe were left in peace."

Sir James Barrie's New Revue

The London Times of March 23 had this to say about Sir James Barrie's [illegible] produced at the Duke of York's Theatre:

"ROSY RAPTURE."

[illegible] PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS. [illegible] by F. W. Mark. Music by Hermann [illegible] and Jerome D. Kern. Incidental [illegible] by John Crook.
[illegible] ....Mr. Jack Norworth
[illegible] Babette. Miss Biddy de Burgh
[illegible] ....Mr. Eric Lewis
[illegible] Mr. Leon Quartermaine
[illegible] ....M. Jules Rancourt
[illegible] including Miss Gaby Deslys.

[illegible] Miss Gaby Deslys is an in[illegible] She must be nothing less [illegible] to have a revue written all on [illegible] by Sir James Barrie. [illegible] as you set eyes on her you [illegible] can see it in her gait, in [illegible] costumes and her daring [illegible] the way she takes the [illegible] her whole behavior. Obviously [illegible] she is an [illegible]

[illegible] starts, she is an ar[illegible] by fits and starts, for it [illegible] the dances. She can dance you [illegible] the dance graceful and [illegible] the dance comic and staccato, the [illegible] epileptic and frenzied. It is here [illegible] is really rapturous, with the joy [illegible] in creating art. Further, [illegible] an everlasting high-pressure [illegible] of energy, never at rest and, as [illegible] all over the place.

Your resultant impression of her is, [illegible] rather mixed. You are fascinated by her dancing, repelled by something macabre about her, enlivened, [illegible] in the end rather fatigued, by her [illegible] energy. We speak for what [illegible] called "the general." No [illegible] tastes Miss Deslys [illegible] "The devo[illegible] must worship her. Ama[illegible] must find her price[illegible] English people who like to have [illegible] language tortured out of recogni[illegible] in her. But in the end [illegible] come back to the old view. [illegible] institution, something not to [illegible] a theme for dinner-table and [illegible] gossip. And now her [illegible] been hall-marked "J. M. B." [illegible] the other!

[illegible] could recognize the pro[illegible] we wish "G. D." in[illegible] could hall-mark Sir James's [illegible] To be frank, it doesn't. If it [illegible] for the name on the play bill [illegible] some mechanical jokes on the [illegible] we should never have detected [illegible] James's hand in this revue. We

[illegible] mean mechanical jokes—jokes with the electric light, jokes with stage [illegible] ties," jokes burlesquing the [illegible] of the kinematograph, and [illegible] forth. They are quite good jokes in their way, their mechanical way, and there is, you rejoice to see, a good deal [illegible] the boy still left in Barrie. Not to [illegible] hypercritical, there is perhaps also something characteristically Barrieish in the burlesque parts—the burlesque of David Copperfield at His Majesty's, the [illegible] of old-fashioned melodrama. [illegible] has to keep on driving Little [illegible] out of the house in order that [illegible] may keep up his search for her. He then lights the candle as a beacon for her return while she is still in the room. Peggotty and Micawber meet [illegible] course over the punchbowl) and [illegible] one another's parts. The villain of melodrama has returns of virtue at [illegible] moments, explained by "heredity."

Outside the burlesque there appears to be some attempt at a comic thesis—the disappearance of the *tertium quid*, the "lover," from the "eternal triangle." The stage has no further use for his services. He is turned into a "brother," [illegible] worse an "[illegible]." This idea gave [illegible] of fun that was hardly fulfilled. Probably the notion was too intellectual, too 'high-browed,' to get a fair chance [illegible] with [illegible] backs.

[illegible] about a wonderful [illegible] whom [illegible] under her [illegible] It is quite [illegible] good show, [illegible] in (w[illegible]) some trans-Atlantic field, but, of course, not Barrieish. [illegible] the inevitable supper club scene, with the chorus ladies and the nuts—almost as tiresome in its way as at the Alhambra or the Empire. Also there is the inevitable song to baffle the audience's efforts to sing it, on the "Sister Susie" principle; this one mixes up "Ipswich," "switch" and "witch" in most admired confusion. Mr. Jack Norworth sings it, and another song, musically still better (in the burlesque-melodrama scene), which we cannot name, for we failed to catch the words. Mr. Eric Lewis as a pompous butler, and later as Peggotty, is delightfully Lewisian; Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the "lover," and later as Micawber, is as cool as a cucumber. But it all comes back in the end to the institution, to Miss Deslys and her wonderful dances, and her wonderful dresses, and her rather sick smile, and her incomprehensible jargon, and her celebrated expanse of bare back. If you are more attracted than repelled by her, you will on the whole be more pleased than bored with Rosy Rapture.

Happily the New Word

Father	Mr. O. B. Clarence
Mother	Miss Helen Haye
Son	Mr. Geoffrey Wilmer
Daughter	Mr. Gertrude Lang

Was a pure Barrieism. Merely 10 minutes talk between father and son, just when son had become second lieutenant and was off to the front. Mother had been all emotion, the difficulty of father and son was to stand the slightest manifestation of the sort from one another—two shamefaced, inarticulate Englishmen suddenly brought up against a critical moment. They were inarticulate to the end, and yet managed to tell us all, and one another, what was in their hearts. It was a delicious little piece of quiet humor and sentiment, played with rare delicacy by Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Helen Haye.

The Pall Mall Gazette states that there is disagreement among the professional critics as to what is the new word in Barrie's play of that name. "Several say the new word is 'second lieutenant'; one pins his faith to 'dear,' and another informs us it is 'good-by.'"

The Daily Telegraph began its review of "Rosy Rapture": "Eagles do not catch flies. Great, wise and eminent authors do not, in general write revues. Sir James Barrie has the honors appropriate to courage."

Notes of a Personal Nature

Miss Alice Nielsen will start on the 23d of this month on an unusual concert tour of the South and Middle West, beginning at Jacksonville, Fla. She will sing in 100 concerts in five months, being assisted by a violinist and pianist, and she will make the tour in her own private car. The tour embraces the states of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan. It will close in Waukegan, Ill., in September. A feature will be made of English songs.

Miss Anne Hathaway Gulick, the 17-year-old daughter of Prof. Charles Burton Gulick of Harvard University, played Saint-Saens' piano concerto in C minor with the Boston Symphony orchestra in New Bedford last Tuesday evening. She studied at the Faelten Pianoforte School.

Maurice Ravel, the composer, wrote to Mr. Evans of the Pall Mall Gazette that he is serving in the 13th regiment of artillery; his sole preoccupation is to qualify for the post of bomb-thrower on an aeroplane. "Surely he is alone among the advanced composers of the day, though some of them have trained for bomb-throwing in times of peace. Ravel's delicate art is in strange contrast to his present occupation, but I take it that precision remains, as ever, his ideal."

Adeline Genee returned to the stage by dancing at the Coliseum, London, March 22. "She brought with her nothing new. But what mattered the frame provided the portrait it showed us was that of Genee?"

Sir Charles Wyndham celebrated his "79th" birthday on March 23. Lady St. Helier placed a flower in one of his button holes and Mrs. Surtee one in another. "Who's Who in the Theatre" says he was born at Liverpool in 1837.

The London Times of March 23 published the following obituary notice: "The death occurred at Hampstead on Sunday of Mr. George H. Jessop, author and playwright. A member of an old Irish family, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and began his career in America, where his earliest successes as a dramatist were gained. Of several popular plays written at that time, one, 'Sam'l o' Posen,' had a great vogue and is still performed, after a quarter of a century. In this country Mr. Jessop was known chiefly as the librettist of the light operas 'Shamus O'Brien' and 'My Lady Molly,' and also as a novelist of Irish-American life. His most familiar stories are 'Desmond O'Connor,' 'His American Wife' and 'Where the Sham

[illegible] Club." [illegible] He and after [illegible] devote his [illegible] to [illegible]

Notes About New London Plays

[illegible] G. T." wrote as follows about "The Wanderers," produced at the Queen's, London, March 22: "Mr. C. K. Munro, the author of 'Wanderers,' which was witnessed at the Queen's Theatre yesterday afternoon by many eminent representatives of the day's social philosophies—including Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Bernard Shaw—has arrived at the rebellious age of five-and-twenty, and the play in question is his first. Consequently, the leading character in his story makes an Aunt Sally of the conventions (particularly those relating to marriage, of course), is contemptuous in his attitude toward the pulpit, and goes in strenuously for bracing up weak dialogue with strong language. Jack Morrison, like many more young people who think too much before the bricks of their brains are dry, does what is 'not done' with such punctilious and mechanical consistency that he makes of his unconventionality a convention far more conventional than that which he attacks. Which leaves us asking ourselves which convention we prefer—the world's, which we are used to, or Jack Morrison's, which we are not, for the obvious reason that Jack's convention is chiefly made up of kissing girls with a savagery which would shock savages, living with one of them who is painfully young, and striking her to the floor with his fist whenever he feels that her conversation does not particularly interest him. In addition to these scenes of voluptuousness and Bill Sikes brutality, there is a 'comic' tea party at a vicarage and a tragic midnight meeting on the staircase of a questionable lodging house, between Jack's younger brother (intoxicated) and a couple of young women of the streets, one of whom turns out to be the 'flapper' our desperately unconventional young friend has deserted to marry a 'nice girl.' For all its looseness and it purposelessness, 'Wanderers' has its merits, and these were revealed yesterday in the excellence with which many of the characters are drawn. It was acted all too slowly but otherwise cleverly by, among others, Miss Thelma Giddins, who was quite pathetically real as the brainless and soulless little creature who pays pretty dearly for her lessons in unconventionality; by Mr. Cowley Wright as the thoroughly unpleasant Jack Morrison; and by Mr. Robert Farquharson, whose study of a dull and selfish vicar was a decidedly amusing and original bit of work."

The London Times thus discussed E. F. Benson's new comedy "Dinner for Eight" at the Ambassadors, London, produced March 23: "It is a little impromptu dinner—not a party, darling—that Mrs. Audley arranges with a few intimates on the telephone for that evening, because really the only way of getting people to dinner nowadays, darling, is to ask them for the same evening—so give me th-r-r-ee double thr-r-r-ee, Mayfair, please, Miss ('Darling') is for all Mrs. Audley's women friends and 'Miss' for the telephone girl—'they always give you the right number if you call them Miss.' Also the dinner is to console Mrs. Audley for the absence of her George, who is away quartered with his Yeomanry at Nuneaton and couldn't induce her to follow him to a place with so dreadful a name. (Nuneaton? Who is she? asks one of Mrs. Audley's friends.) If it had only been 'Tintagel, darling, which sounds like bells across the water on Sunday evening, when you haven't the least intention of going to church! And so the 'Dodo' prattle gets itself prattled until Mrs. Audley's George unexpectedly turns up and carries her off to a dinner of two at the Savoy, after 'Miss' has been again called up in order that the various 'Darlings' may be put off with fibs. Miss Viola Tree does the 'Dodo' prattling in a wonderful flounced, full-skirted gown of her own designing, in a boudoir, of her own designing, too, with black walls, because black walls make a woman look brilliant, and when she looks brilliant she feels brilliant, and when she feels brilliant her friends thing her brilliant. Does anymone really prattle 'Dodo' prattle since the war? Quite possibly, since it is recorded that marivaudage still went on under the Terror. Anyhow Mr. Benson can write it as neatly as ever he did, and Miss Tree can talk it—if it is not indiscreet to borrow Mrs. Audley's word—like a perfect darling. The little play serves as hors d'oeuvre to Odds and Ends, which is itself a mixture of hors d'oeuvre, and a toothsome mixture, too. Evidently it is better for a revue to make no pretence at a plot and to trust entirely to the merit of its 'turns'—at any rate when the 'turns' are in such clever hands (not to mention legs) as Mr. J. M. Campbell's and Miss Millie Sim's and M. André Randall's and M. Morton's."

The Pall Mall Gazette says the play has "neither the necessary truth to life of a sincere social delineation nor the necessary wit of a social satire."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

[illegible] Fantasie [illegible] Beethoven [illegible] Sonata in D minor, op. 5; [illegible] Theme Varie in A major, op. 16, Rachmaninoff, Serenade, op. 3. [illegible] Liszt, Etude de Concert in F minor.

Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. "Artist Night." Handel and Haydn Society. Rossini, Overture to "William Tell", Beach, Hymn [illegible] Panama," chorus orchestra, organ. Verdi, "Celeste Aida," Lambert Murphy. Volpatti [illegible] Intermezzo, orchestra. Mozart, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Anita Rio. Haydn, "The Heavens Are Telling," chorus, Mme Rio, Mr. Murphy; Buzzi-Peccia, "Gloria Te," Mr. Cartwright. Handel, Largo, orchestra; Tschaikowsky, "Adieu Forets," Christine Miller. Haydn, Serenade, string orchestra. Parker, "Hic breve vivitur," quartet; Handel [illegible] lelujah Chorus.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. "Elijah." Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. "Elijah" performed by the Elijah Chorus, Dr. W. O. Taylor, conductor. Miss Minnie Brown, soprano; Mrs. Daisy Tapley, contralto; R[illegible] W. Hayes, tenor. Harry T. Burleigh, [illegible] one. This will be the first performance by colored singers in Boston of an oratorio.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

HANDEL-HAYDN CENTENNIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The Centenary Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society opened last night in Symphony Hall with a performance of Verdi's Manzoni Requiem. The quartet was composed of Mme. [illegible] Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, [illegible] Althouse and Arthur Middleton. [illegible] Mollenhauer conducted, H. G. Tucker was the organist; J. W. Crosby was the concert master of the orchestra.

It was Dec. 25, 1815, that the Handel and Haydn Society gave its first concert in the "Stone Chapel" in School street. The program consisted chiefly of selections from the music of Handel and Haydn. The solo singers were Mrs. Graupner, Mrs. Withington, Messrs. Guild, Dodd, Huntington, Holt, [illegible] ton, Stebbins, Winchester, [illegible], Phipps, Welch. The orchestra numbered about a dozen. Among the players was Alexis Eustaphieve, the Russian consul. Tickets were $1 apiece. [illegible] and 12 were given away. [illegible] tickets were sold. Concert began at [illegible] P. M. The chorus included [illegible] 10 female singers, whose "feeble [illegible] strengthened according to the custom of the time, by a few falsetto voices." The Centinel published an enthusiastic review, beginning: "We have not [illegible] to do justice to the feelings experienced in attending to the impressive exercises of a most judicious selection of [illegible] from the fathers of sacred song." [illegible] wonder that Mr. [illegible] quoting this review, added: "This has a ring of heartiness in this [illegible] due in part to his [illegible] and [illegible] lated condition, which forces even [illegible] with the often grudgingly given commendations of modern critics."

1815. Beethoven had not written his Ninth symphony. He was making the first sketches. Schubert was 18 years old, and Schumann only 5. Weber had not yet thought of "Der Freischuetz" and was known chiefly by his music to Koerner's patriotic songs. Hector Berlioz was a boy of 12. Verdi was 2 years old. Wagner was a few months younger than Verdi. [illegible] was a 4-year old. It was the year of Waterloo. Not till the Christmas of 1818 did the Handel and Haydn perform a complete oratorio, "The Messiah."

Some might regard the choice of Verdi's Requiem for the opening concert of the Centenary Festival as an ironical one. An oratorio by Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mendelssohn? A mass and not one by Bach or Beethoven? A Requiem and not by Mozart or Cherubini? Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

When Verdi's "Requiem" was first performed in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society (May 7, 1878—four years after the first performance (in Milan), John S. Dwight admitted that the music "really inspired both the singers and the large portion of the audience with a certain enthusiasm; some even seemed to listen with profound emotion", and that Mr. [illegible] wondered in a [illegible] spell, how the enthusiasm would endure the test of [illegible] after the [illegible] Nor [illegible] [illegible] some [illegible]

[illegible] Well, I'll g[illegible] piece of advice. Never again try to report a prime minister when you are drunk."

The Uplifters.

As the World Wags:

Since seeing my name in print I have acquired a real liking for writing, and then, somehow, it seems a sympathetic way to talk together, this addressing you in print. Did you ever join a drama league? As you know something about dramatic art and the theatre, I expect you never did, but as I just Love the theatre and have little time and opportunity to keep in touch with the stage and its productions, I hailed the advent of a Drama League with joy. "Here," thought I, "is the opportunity I have sighed for; here I shall meet and commingle with a group of persons doubly dyed and distilled in the dramatic art, and what a joy and a wonderful pleasure it will be for me——" So I paid in my dollar and timidly I went to a meeting, sat in a corner, with both eyes and ears wide open. I have a dear friend who calls it the "Grandma League"—but, as I once had a very intelligent grandparent, I wouldn't call it that. Needless to say, I never attended another meeting, but I receive their bulletins. If you have never received a League bulletin, you have missed one of the great glees of your life. We go into gales of laughter over ours. I wonder who writes them. Some one suffering from an ingrown conscience and a virtuous sense of personal duty. Here is one in my mail tonight—an extract from it: "The play—'The Sin of David.'" Then follows the criticism: "The plot not novel, but the interest sustained by the depiction of Puritan character and conscience." Can't you see that critic? A woman, a school teacher, I'll warrant: or a man, spare, lean, a carpenter, perhaps, for this same criticism says: "The scenery is well designed, but it is shabbily executed." Can't you see the poor soul wrestling, a plane in hand, dying to get that plane on the scenery and "execute" it? Perhaps the seasoned dramatic critics are not capable of keeping us, the theatre-loving public, in touch with the stage productions, but are you all so poorly understood that it takes this sort of criticism to "get under" our thick skins? I will wager the League critics were of Puritan extraction; note how they revelled in the "Puritan character and conscience" atmosphere. They tell us it is "touching," and farther along tell us that we shall enjoy the play because it is not "commonplace." If they had not in their first breath said it was not novel, leaving one to expect, naturally, it must be commonplace, perhaps we might greet the bulletin with seriousness. But think of the shouts of glee we would have missed!

I am glad for the drama league, not for its value as an uplifter, but when life is just one round of ordinary things after another, we come to hail with glee and exaltation things that afford us even a moment of birth. I note by this same mail that there is to be a big convention of Drama Leaguers in Detroit. I would give anything to be present, not for the dramatic values "or the unitles," but just for the fun of it. Nearly every speaker is a school teacher or an acknowledged uplifter. Let us hope a blessing will fall on the drama from that gathering!

Boston, April 7. JEAN CHERRY.

A Good Journalist.

We spoke Saturday about George Augustus Sala's catholic taste, equalling that of Sir Thomas Browne or Southey's Doctor; as a journalist, his own taste in food was not allowed to warp his judgment. He went to Paris for the Daily Telegraph to write about French cookery and French restaurants. For six weeks enthusiastic articles were published lauding everything French to the skies, with savage denunciations of English cooks. At the end of the six weeks, Sala, arriving in London, hurried to the Cheshire Cheese and said to the waiter: "William, bring me a beefsteak, some potatoes in their jackets and a pint of ale. I've had nothing to eat for six weeks."

War Notes.

It appears that a minor result of the war may be in England the ostracising of the name William. In a list of nearly 40 baptisms, in a typical suburban parish, extending over some three months, there was not a William, but plenty of Georges, Edwards, Alberts. Some one recently wrote that Lucy has in England long been out of fashion, for Wordsworth killed it with kindness. What reason is there for the comparative disappearance of Elizabeth?

Mr. Brohan journeyed from his sugar plantation in Honolulu to London, bent on serving England. He failed to pass the medical test. "Yet he, too, will have his own story of patriotic endeavor to tell, and, after all, it is one that he can tell with a good deal of pride." We remember in 1861 seeing a man in the street of a little town in western Massachusetts weeping because examining surgeons had rejected him as physically unfit for field and camp.

While seeking a certain reference in "Josephus" a reader came across a passage which he describes as remarkable. The passage is a quotation from the speech of an interpreter of the Roman army, who was pointing out to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the futility of defending the city against the Roman forces under Titus. His words were: "Are your bodies stronger than ours? Nay, you know that the Germans are our servants. Have you stronger walls than we have? Pray, what greater obstacle is there than the walls of ocean with which the Britons are encompassed?" (Wars of the Jews, Lib. VI., cap. VI., sec. 3.)—Daily Telegraph.

They were talking about Hopkinson Smith's age. Some did not believe that he was 77 years old, for "newspapers never get anything right." Others were incredulous because when they saw him only a short time ago he was agile and vivacious. A man who had just passed his 70th birthday did not count Smith among the old, while to the man of 58 years Smith seemed a patriarch in the Bible.

Andrew Clark, the physician, once asked Grant Duff to define age. "Well, they say that a woman is of the age she looks and a man of the age he feels." "Ah, yes," rejoined the physician, "that is well enough for the purposes of society; but what is age?" and he at once gave his own answer: "Age begins when we cease to be able to adapt ourselves to the changes of our environment. A man who cannot do that is already aged, whatever may be the sum of his years."

Incorrectly Reported.

"Newspapers never get anything right." Whenever we hear this venerable wheeze; whenever we read a letter in which Brown, Jones or Robinson indignantly denies the correctness of an interview, for he is then conscious, seeing his words in print, that he has made an ass of himself, we remember a story told by Justice Coleridge about a colonial who made an extraordinary speech under the influence of liquor. A reporter came to him the next day and said: "I should like to read you the notes I took down yesterday, in order that I may be sure I caught your meaning correctly." The speaker listened to the reading. "Dear me, that's not at all the speech I made. What I said was this," and he then dictated a clever and effective speech. When the reporter was about to leave, the official said to him: "You are young; you wish to get on in your

Herald 13 1915

OPERETTA 'A MODERN EVE' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Modern Eve," an operetta in two acts by George Okonkowski and A. Schoenfeld; translated and adapted by W. M. Hough and B. F. Burt; music by Jean Gilbert, Victor Hollaender and Jerome Kern. Ben M. Jerome, musical director. Produced by Harry Askin.

Baroness de la Roche Tallie.....Hazel Cox
Count Castell-Vajour.....Alexander Clark
Justin Pontgirard.....Ernest Glendinning
Dickey Rutherford (Barrister) Cyril Chadwick
Renee Cascadier.....Lella Hughes
Camille Cascadier.....Dorothy Webb
Madame Niniche Cascadier Georgie Drew Mendum
Casimir Cascadier.....William Norris
Secretary.....Allene Boley
Minister.....Herbert Salinger
Ponette.....Billie Wilkens
Marguerite.....Tracy Elbert
The International Dancers, Frank Hale and Signe Paterson

This operetta was produced at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago, on April 22, 1912. Mr. Norris and Miss Georgie Drew Mendum were then in the company. It is hardly necessary to say that the original German libretto has nothing in common with the play "A Modern Eve" by Malcolm Salaman in which Beerbohm-Tree played in July, 1894.

Perhaps the original libretto had more coherency, fewer interruptions and digressions than the version seen last night. When the operetta was performed in Chicago a critic wrote: "The story describes the attempt of a modern Eve, a suffragist, to cope with the wiles and seductions of the ancient Eve, as exemplified by women of fashion. In the end she is forced to take a leaf out of the book of her gayer sister." Evidently since 1912 something has happened to the libretto.

Last night a baroness of remarkably easy manner with a band of young women whose behavior was delightfully free kept running in and out of the summer home of the Cascadiers. They all kept kissing and hugging Justin who was betrothed to Renee. She was the daughter of the strong-minded Mme. Cascadier. Another daughter was a physician. The husband was kept in the kitchen to run the household. Outwardly and abjectly in awe of his wife, he was out of nights, taking the name of Castell-Vajour. Justin in his cafe adventures had assumed the same name. The true Castell-Vajour turned up and turned out to be an old lover of the suffragist.

A barrister, Rutherford, was in love with the medical young woman. Renee married Justin in the first act and was unhappy in the second. And in this latter act there were not complications, there were quarreling scenes, comic songs, a dance, a debate as to the superiority of man over woman and vice versa, and perfunctory explanations before the fall of the curtain.

It is enough of a libretto for lively choruses, attractive girls in evolutions, a few sentimental songs, unusually handsome costumes, and what are described by the press agents as "comedy situations."

Undoubtedly the show will please the public. While the dialogue does not sparkle with wit, while the humor is not verbally unctuous or fresh—one of the jokes is about persons who live in the desert on the sand which is there—there is much that is amusing, especially when Mr. Norris is on the stage. As the henpecked husband he is droll, very funny when he gives orders to the servants. Of late years Mr. Norris has had to work hard for the purpose of exciting laughter in the plays that have come before us. Last night his task was easier and his drollery was more spontaneous. Mr. Glendinning, excellent in plays of past seasons, made the most of the part allotted to him. Messrs. Clark and Chadwick assisted.

Miss Hughes sang and acted prettily; Miss Georgie Drew Mendum played the suffragist in a reasonable and not too extravagant manner; Miss Webb was in high spirits, and Miss Cox was sufficiently alluring as the temptress Eve.

The music on the whole has little distinction. The choruses are of a vociferous and routine order, with noisy instrumentation. "I'm Waiting for You" is one of the better melodies. "Good-bye Everybody" will undoubtedly be popular. Of the deliberately comic songs Mr. Jerome's "Quiet Evening at Home" is the best, and Mr. Glendinning lined it out effectively.

An agreeable feature of the performance is the dance by Miss Paterson and Mr. Hale.

We repeat, the show will undoubtedly please many. The audience last night enjoyed it heartily and there were many repetitions of songs and choruses.

TOY THEATRE—"Change," a play of Welsh colliery life, in four acts, by J. O. Francis. First performance in Boston:

John Price.....Ernest Cove
Gwen.....Ruth Delano
Gwilym Price.....Everett Glass
Sam Thatcher.....Malcolm Morley
Isaac Pugh.....David Kimball
Lewis Price.....Irving Pichel
John Henry Price.....Paul Boone
Dai Matthews.....Day Manson
Twm Powell.....Elliott Anthony
Lizzie Ann.....Jessie Cove

Mr. Francis's piece won the prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden in 1911 for the best drama on a Welsh subject. Seeing it the curiosity is aroused concerning the efforts of other competitors whose work was pronounced inferior.

Barring the fact that the action takes place in Wales, that the characters are Welsh, that there is an intermittent use of unintelligible dialect, the events of the play might take place in any village. It is a dreary picture of the revolt of youth against the traditions and standards of old age.

John Price, an old miner, stern, bigotted, narrow-minded, has denied himself that his three sons may have advantages. But he is selfish. His reward is to be their success in the professions who choose for them. He is thwarted in each case. Gwilym is consumptive, Lewis, an ardent Socialist. John Henry refuses to become a preacher.

Throughout the piece there is endless discussion. Family dissension rages over religions and septicism, capital and labor, with the exception of Mrs. Price, a sweet old woman, wise in her generation, who seeks desperately to keep her sons and husband at peace, all the characters are gloomy and over talkative. Sam Thatcher, a Cockney workman who boards with the Prices, affords occasional comic relief. Lizzie Ann, a poor relation, is humorous in a grim fashion.

John Price turns John Henry out of the house. He promptly joins the chorus of a London theatre. In the third act Gwilym is shot in a riot partially instigated by Lewis. In the last act Lewis holds himself responsible for his brother's death and sets out for Australia, leaving the old couple alone.

The dialogue is tedious in the extreme. There is a depressing lack of action. In the third act there is an attempt to stimulate interest by the riot in progress, but an old device is ineffectually used. The two women at the window describe the scenes. The episode of John Henry's refusal to become a preacher is treated with far more dramatic intensity in "Maurice Harte."

As a whole the piece is drab, verbose, monotonous.

Mr. Cove was appropriately stern and unrelenting as John Price. The old man's sourness and bigotry were sharply defined. Miss Delano was sympathetic as Gwen, the tortured mother. Her impersonation was imaginatively conceived and finely carried out. The three sons were well cast. Mr. Glass was the most effective as Gwilym, the gentle consumptive. Others in the company were efficient.

Next Saturday evening "The Duchess of Dublin," a musical comedy by M. Douglas Flattery, will be presented at this theatre for the first time on any stage.

Karl Jorn Received with Enthusiasm—Warm Welcome for the Thorntons.

James and Bonnie Thornton, prime favorites with Boston theatre-goers just as they were 20 years or more ago, received their full share of the applause at B. F. Keith's Theatre, yesterday. They may not be the headliners upon this week's bill but the act of none of the others was watched with quite that friendly interest or received quite the reception that awaited the veteran song-writer and his wife during their 20 minutes upon the stage. Bonnie Thornton, after owning up to 63 years, sang Annie Rooney, the same song that she had given upon the same stage a quarter of a century ago, and she got a wonderful response when she asked her audience to join in the chorus. Jim Thornton indulged in a 15-minute monologue that was full of bright and new jokes; and then sang the chorus of many of his numerous big song hits of other years, not a few of which he declared were written "down in the old North end." "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," "On the Benches in the Park," and a host of the others included.

Another number, also enthusiastically received, was that presented by Karl Jorn of the Metropolitan Opera Company forces. Mr. John has a delightful voice and, after singing three

[illegible] number [illegible] "I Hear You Calling Me," in which he appeared to even better advantage than in any of his earlier pieces. Princess Rajah, following a two years' trip abroad, returns to B. F. Keith's this week with her "Cleopatra Dance," in which she fondles and tantalizes a mammoth live snake, dancing with it tightly coiled about her neck as unconcernedly as though it had been merely a streamer of ribbon. Later she presents her "Arabian Chair Dance."

Jesse L. Lasky presents Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman, supported by a large gathering of good-looking and attractively gowned young women in "The Society Buds," in which the young women, as in every Lasky production, rival the stars of the cast in prominence. Edwin George, the talkative juggler, continues to improve with every visit. Hermine Shone & Co. have a pleasing little comedy in "The Last of the Quakers"; the Ray Dooley Trio, the Gilbert Germaine Trio, comedy gymnasts, and the Pathe Weekly current events round out the program.

Next week Beatrice Herford, famous for her high class monologue work, will make her vaudeville debut at B. F. Keith's.

BOSTON THEATRE—The Aborn Opera Company in Wagner's "Lohengrin." The cast:

[illegible]	Alfred Kaufman
[illegible]	Morgan Kingston
[illegible]	John Graham
[illegible]	Gertrude Francis
[illegible]	Louis D'Angelo
[illegible]	Bettina Freeman
[illegible]	Jeannette Kann

The opera has been heard in Boston at long intervals. Last night's performance was the best the Aborn Company has given here during the present engagement, this notwithstanding the exacting character of the demands made by the work.

The prelude was given with fine taste by Mr. Pasternack and his associates. The hand of the conductor was apparent in the entire performance.

Morgan Kingston was heard to good advantage as Lohengrin. His voice is a flexible one with the unmistakable stamp of virility. There is an unbroken flow of eloquence in sustained song, particularly in his rebuke to Elsa when he revealed his identity. His acting, too, is intelligent.

Miss Bettina Freeman gave a performance of Elsa that excelled rather in the musical than the histrionic sense. Her acting was too tearful to be true. Elsa for the most part carried a heavy heart, but she was not without her ecstatic moments—moments that had no part in her performance last evening.

John Graham's Frederick of Telramund was a well conceived performance. His voice is one that lends itself readily to dramatic music, and this makes one regret his faulty enunciation. His sinister purposes were conveyed with something more than a scowl, and his "team work" with his wife was well done—the identity of purpose of the two was conveyed.

As his wife, Ortrud, Miss Gertrude Francis displayed a mezzo-soprano voice of tonal beauty. She was discrete as the associate of her husband in not overdoing her task, and she led Elsa into the trap convincingly.

The rest of the cast gave good accounts of themselves. The choruses in the main were well given.

Tonight Mr Leonid Samoloff will sing the role of Lohengrin and Miss Estelle Wentworth that of Elsa.

Names are serious things, so serious that no man since Adam has been able, except by special inspiration, to invent one which should be perfectly significant. Names, I repeat, are serious things; and much ingenuity has been exerted in inventing appropriate ones, not only for man and beast, but for inanimate things. Godfathers and Godmothers, Navigators, Shipbuilders, Florists, Botanists, Chemists, Jockeys, Breeders, Stage Coach Proprietors, Quacks, Perfumers, Novelists and Dramatists, have all displayed their taste in the selection of Names.

Physical Surnames.

We spoke recently of baptismal names in England: how some have been laughed away, while others show that there are still foolish parents who handicap their children for life. Mr. Leonard C. Price of Ewell, England, has drawn up a list of authentic surnames "identical with the words for parts or characteristic actions of the human body."

Ankles	Collibone	Kneebone	Shin
Armes	Elbow	Laugher	Skin
Back	Eyes	Legg	Skull
Beard	Finger	Limb	Smiles
[illegible]	Fleshe	Lipp	Soul
[illegible]	Foot	Loines	Spittle
[illegible]	Forehead	Lung	Talk
Body	Gall	Marrow	Taste
Bone	Gullett	Memory	Tear
Bowel	Gum	Nail	Temple
Brain	Hair	Neck	Toe
Breathing	Hand	Pallett	Toes
Browe	Head	Palmes	Tongue
Calf	Heart	Pappe	Tooth
Cheek	Heel	Quick	Vein
[illegible]	Joynt	Reason	Voice
[illegible]	Kidney	Rump	Whisker
[illegible]	Knee	Sense	Wrist

We Have No Spring.

As the World Wags:

I should like to suggest that we seldom have a better season for reading the very first lines of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales than this year. With them one can compare William Morris's.

Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry Make April worthy of the throstle's song.

Nowadays we have climatological atlases in which we can check up the accuracy of a poet's description of the seasons. From these we see that in most of the British Isles, as well as here in eastern Massachusetts, April is normally the driest month of the year but in the river basins of southern England March is the driest, hence the poets' accounts. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, April 10.

Speaking of Rats.

As the World Wags:

As the short articles in this column are always "up-to-date" we were not surprised to see within the last ten days two paragraphs headed "Rats." The rats are to be handled, not roughly, but with care, during the last weeks of April in time for the clean-up campaign, to rake in a good crop of dead ones when the city carts go forth the first week in May to collect all the rubbish that housewives wish to dispose of. That the poisons, traps and other methods to be used shall do their best work, I advise housewives to begin now to starve the rat; in other words, leave no food about; be sure garbage cans are kept covered. Then when the rat man comes along with his tempting morsels, or with whatever system he may employ, the rat is ready for a feast, which should properly end in a large death rate. If the public will only help in this campaign a great service will have been rendered to all who must feel an interest in the death conditions and also in the economic side of the city welfare.

Boston, April 12. B. L. T.

For the Committee.

There was once a widespread belief that rats could be destroyed by cussing them in rhymes. Rosalind says to Celia in the Forest of Arden: "I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember." Are none of these rhymes to be found in old books of magic? Spare the white rat. To come upon one suddenly presages good luck. Remember, too, that rats have been the instrument of heaven's vengeance. The tragedy of Bishop Hatton has been told in verse by Southey. The story of Poppiel the First, King of Poland, is not so familiar. He was a profane man, whose customary oath was: "May rats eat me!" He died naturally of disease, but his son, Poppiel the Second, a tyrant, poisoned his uncles and would not grant them burial. This crime caused the retainers in horror to leave the court. Poppiel and his cruel wife were almost alone when an army of rats coming from the rotting bodies of the slain attacked the murderous couple and ate them.

Here is a pleasanter story which Col. St. Leger told to Grant Duff. His mother-in-law once bought a charming lapdog on the Pont Neuf in Paris. When she took it home, the dog surprised her by running up the curtains. It was a huge rat carefully dressed.

Hiding.

The two German cruisers now at Newport News recall "C. R's" verses published in the Daily Chronicle of London. They were suggested by Mr. Winston Churchill's statement: "There are only two German cruisers at large, and they are in hiding."

Two hidden German cruisers lie
In snug retreat abiding;
O! Cut your loss sweet enemy;
Come out! We'll give the hiding!

You may not know—you gallant chaps—
At anchor somewhere riding,
How wags the world; but best, perhaps,
To come and take your hiding.

Afternoon Tea.

The Duchess of Bedford, wife of the seventh duke, is said to have been the inventor of afternoon tea, as we stated a few days ago on the authority of Mr. Russell, the author of "Collections and Recollections"; but some one in London has exhumed this recipe given by Sir Kenelm Digby as far back as 1664, for "tea with eggs," to be served "when you come home from attending business abroad and are very hungry and yet have not conveniently to eat presently a competent meal. Two yolks of new-laid eggs are beaten up with sugar, and near a pint of infused tea is poured upon them. After stirring well drink the mixture hot. This discusseth and satisfieth all rawness and indigence of the stomach and preserves one a good while from the necessity of eating. * * * Let the hot water remain soaking upon the tea no longer than whiles you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely. * * * Thus you have only the spiritual parts of the tea, which is much more active, penetrative and friendly to nature."

HANDEL-HAYDN GIVES PARKER'S GRAIL MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr Mollenhauer, conductor, celebrated last night in Symphony Hall the 100th anniversary of the adoption of its constitution. The music performed was written for the occasion by Horatio Parker to a poem "Morven and the Grail," by Brian Hooker. The solo quartet was composed of Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Mulford, Lambert Murphy and Clarence Whitehill. A second quartet was composed of Mrs. Lora L. McGuane, Mrs. Harriet S. Hemenway, William W. Hicks and Alfred Denghausen.

In Mr. Hooker's poem Morven is told by angelic voices to follow the vision, to follow the Grail. He does not find it in Avalon, the heaven of pleasure, for Sigurd the Volsung sings of riding forth against the Dragon. He does not find it in Valhalla, for there in the banqueting hall of heroes he hears Saint Cecilia's voice. He does not find it in Paradise among the saints. He hears there the Holy Virgin communing with her new born babe, and he knows that man cannot he content forever at rest. He will go forth and be as a little child, and, lo, the heavens open and he sees the Grail and hears the angels singing of the mysterious creation "And for as much as God of his own heart so imagineth all things that they die and rise again, therefore shall the earth declare the glory of God, world without end."

The poem is a singular one. The bringing together of a Knight of the Grail, Sigurd and St. Cecilia, reminds one of the curious collection of heroes whose statues stand in the groves of Blarney. The verse is now artfully naive, now swollen, seldom simple and effective, now mediaeval in sentiment with a dash of the mysticism of Vaughan, now Swinburnian in its long rhetorical sweep. It is easy to see how the rhythmic variety could tempt a composer. Mr Hooker has been so intimately associated with Mr Parker in operatic work that he realizes the importance of writing verses for music, lines that may suit singers as well as a composer.

Musical works written for a specific occasion are seldom impressive at the time or destined to have long life. We had hoped that Mr. Parker, the composer of "Hora Novissima" and "Cabral-Mor," would by his "Morven" prove an exception to the rule. Perhaps the text did not inspire him; perhaps he was not in the vein. "Morven" is the performance of an allotted task, not a labor of love. Hardly a page of it suggests a composer saying with the painter of old: "It is in me and must come out."

This music is not conspicuous for beauty of melody, obvious or subtle, for dramatic significance, or for that rapt, ecstatic emotion with which so many pages in "Hora Novissima" are charged. The chorus of the Dwellers in Avalon suggests surely a sensuous treatment, but the composer's dwellers are matter-of-fact, almost statistical, in their invitation to rest. Sigurd is not heroic the moment he begins to sing.

The song in Valhalla might well be in a more barbaric strain. Not till we come to the Saints singing "We have sinn'd and turn'd away our faces" do we find the mastery that has characterized Mr Parker's treatment of choral music in times past. "The Lullaby of Our Lady" stands out in bold relief from a confused, drab, inconsequential background. Here are imaginative measures for the voice with fine poetic instrumentation. Yet even in the middle section beginning "Master, thy high commands" there is a lapse into the perfunctory and commonplace. In the finale there are a few noteworthy effects of choral sonority.

There is a prevailing lack of imagination. Take the music given to Morven. How seldom is there any emphasis or amplification of the text! It is strange that the man who could hear as in a vision the angelic music of the Grail could fail in giving significance to the phrases of the dissatisfied and seeking wanderer.

The facility of Mr Parker has long been recognized. In this oratorio there is ample proof of this facility. It can hardly be called academic facility or academic routine, for there is much that is harmonically modern. There is a restlessness that seems almost experimental, there is a groping that arrives at no result. This is found [illegible] in instrumentation as in the music for voices. The latter is too often [illegible] and without meaning, the [illegible] contrived [illegible] at times [illegible], [illegible] to.

The orchestra had [illegible] rehearsed. [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] There was [illegible] that [illegible] planded [illegible] brought out [illegible] sion. After the [illegible] were made by Mr [illegible] acting president of the society, and by Mr. Henry M Rogers, as a representative of local music lovers.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC'S VIEW POINT.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr Henry Francis Smith's [illegible] Protesting Voice," is somewhat [illegible] ical. It is not customary for reviewers to leave a theatre after the first act on the night of a first production. In reviewing "The Birth of a Nation" I considered it as an entertainment, not as a subject for polemical discussion.

Like certain sentimentalists Mr Smith is unconsciously acting as press agent for the production. Unlike many of the protesting letters, his is, however, [illegible] based on mere hearsay. If the theatre is to be thus coddled why [illegible] loyal Russian voices [illegible] and the suppression of "The Yellow Ticket" with its travesty on Russian brutality and governmental methods?

No one who lived through the reconstruction period in the southern states will deny their horrors. The young Negroes, mad with power, and often against the will of older and wiser members of their race, wreaked vengeance and heaped indignities upon former cruel tyrants and kind employers. Many of the most despicable incidents were not contrived by the Negroes themselves but were directly instigated by northern agitators who, arrogant democracy, irritated by the southern gentility, sought to make capital out of a trusting people. [illegible] any newcomer from the North was looked upon as a deliverer. These [illegible] silly kept alive race hatred and fanned the flame of resentment which burned brightly in the breasts of those so [illegible] freed from the abominable institution of slavery.

"Some of these incidents are shown for dramatic purposes in the second act of "The Birth of a Nation." The episode of Gus was introduced simply that the plot might proceed, and the exploits of the Ku Klux add to the spectacular interest of the production.

To many theatregoers the [illegible] of melodrama are as a closed book. Others are less refined in their taste. They are at least tolerant. No doubt the applause at the deeds of the Ku Klux which so disturbed Mr Smith was prompted not so much by [illegible] race prejudice as by childish joy in the fact that the villain who in the play happened to be a Negro, was [illegible] and one of the heroines rescued. It is also barely possible that those in the audience with a feeling for the spectacular were delighted at the sight of the white-clad riders on their spirited horses dashing through the night on heroic errands. KATHARINE WRIGHT.

Boston, April 13.

The N. Y. Evening Post, in an article written probably by Mr. Towse, the dramatic critic of the Post, pays just tribute to Eben Plympton: "Though lacking in stature and unendowed by any special physical attractiveness, his spirited delivery, his clear intelligence and emotional vigor brought him to the front and he was soon recognized as one of the most capable young leading men of the day. * * * He rejoined Edwin Booth, with whom he played second parts in a number of Shakespearian plays, acquiring an experience which gave him a leading place among the most competent interpreters of the legitimate and romantic drama." Speaking of Plympton's association with Julia Marlowe and Mary Anderson, and the wonderful cast of "Hamlet" for Lester Wallack's benefit (1888), the writer says: "In those days he touched few parts that he did not adorn, and he seemed on the high road to fame, but the promise of his early prime was never fully realized. * * * A performer of thorough training, wide versatility and authoritative style. * * * In his successive reappearances he demonstrated his old mastery of technique and his unfailing intelligence. * * * If he was not a great actor, he was at least an uncommonly good one, with an instinctive capacity for his art, which was developed by hard work and varied experience. He was an accomplished artist both in [illegible] [illegible] distinctive [illegible] [illegible] pic[illegible]us [illegible] [illegible]ionic [illegible]

April 6, '15 95

We ... many roles, in tragedy, comedy, melodrama. One of his finest performances in romantic drama was that of Belphegor the Mountebank, the drama adapted from "Le Paillasse," in which Frederick Lemaitre, according to Gautier, held the audience "thrilled and palpitating" for four hours.

The cast of "Hamlet," referred to by the Post, included Edwin Booth, Barrett, Mayo, Gilbert, Plympton (Laertes), Vanderfelt, Kelcey, Mordaunt, Wheelock, M. Levick, Edwards, Mme. Modjeska, Gertrude Kellogg, Hanford, Jefferson (First Grave Digger), Florence (Second Grave Digger) and Rose Coghlan (Player Queen). The profits were $21,560.17. The play was acted at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was given free of charge.

"Scald Miserable."

As the World Wags:

In Beresford Chancellor's recent book, "The Annals of the Strand," occurs a reference to, and a full page illustration of, a procession of "Scald Miserable Masons" copied from an old print dated 1740. I have been unable to find from any sources at my command or from my Masonic friends any information regarding "Scald Miserable Masons." Can any of the "Wags" throw any light on the subject?

In this neck of the woods "Aunt Rhody" had the credit of being the song responsible for the demise of the cow. The first verse was as follows:

Tell Aunt Rhody, tell Aunt Rhody,
Tell Aunt Rhody the old goose is dead
She was saving, she was saving,
She was saving to make a feather bed.

C. P. HOWARD.

Brockton, April 12.

["Scald" is here used figuratively, meaning scurvy, mean, contemptible. "'Scald Miserable: a burlesque designation apparently first used in 1742 in connection with a procession of ragamuffins intended to ridicule the Freemasons. A print of 1771 representing this brought the expression into temporary currency." The New English (Oxford) Dictionary then gives two titles: "1742. An Epistle from Dic Poney, Esq., Grandmaster of the Right Black-Guard Society of Scald-Miserable Masons." "1771. (Title of plate by Benoist.) A Geometrical View of the Grand Procession of the Scald Miserable Masons. Designed as they were Drawn up over against Somerset House, in the Strand, on the twenty-seventh of April, Ano 1742." See also Angelo's "Reminiscences" (1828), I. 407-8. Is not the date "1740" given by Beresford Chancellor erroneous?—Ed.]

The Tuneful Junes.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago I heard the late Mr. Sigourney Butler, aided by Harry Russell and a willing and lusty chorus, sing a ditty on the campus at Harvard the tune of which lingers lovingly in my memory of the melodious and mirthful. But the precious words have escaped me! The charm of that class day in gentle June, the green grass and leafing trees, the sunshine, the glimpse of singers here and there under the umbrageous branches—all these leave a stamp upon the mind which fades but slowly. Most affecting, however, is the recollection of the joyous crowd of young Bostonians, many of whom could be named, survivors of a cheery, promise-borne youth today grown graver ...—must we confess it—bulkier and grayer. Great gaps have been made in the ranks of these good fellows, but their gleesome good nature, their spirit of good-fellowship, irresistibly contagious, will long abide with me, at least. What sang those boys? One composition in particular haunts me, a thing difficult to characterize, the very opposite of a jeremiad, a rolling, rollicking chorus which ended thus assuringly:

Tra la la, tra la la,
For Malone's at the back of the bar!

Who, I implore, can supply a stanza or two, restoring the fuller recollection of these lost or vanishing chords?

WILLIAN B. WRIGHT.

Boston, April 12.

Harvard men, we are informed, have not spoken of the yard as a "campus," at least not for many years.

The song that haunts Mr. Wright was copyrighted in 1876. Edward Harrigan and Pat Rooney used to sing it. The Herald discussed this song and "Muldoon the Solid Man" a year or two ago. Here are the words of the former one:

I keep a saloon on the corner, my boys,
And, faith, I've a flourishing trade:
I've brought out my cousin, Nathaniel Doyle;
The money on whiskey I made:
I could sell to you now a nice Pusse Caffey,
Or a Rhino Victoria Segar.
No slate, chalk or pencil is kept in the house
When Malone's at the back of the bar.
Tra la la, tra la la,
When Malone's at the back of the bar!

I never was stood up for brandy or beer,
My rule is to never give tick;
When a bum's at the store on a cold winter's morn
It's meself that is making a kick.
I set out a lunch on the table so neat,
Fat herrings, preserved in a jar.
I'd cut off the hand of a "snoozer" or "vag"
That grabs when I'm back of the bar!

... I keep ... in my ... so safe,
I light up my kerosene lamps,
At daylight I put up my shutters so tight,
Then go on to count up my stamps.
I am open all day on a Sunday so gay,
To the young girls I tra la la.
They say as they pass by my window so sweet,
Malone's at the back of the bar!

A New Version.

As the World Wags:

Can I encroach on your valuable space by sending in my up-to-date version of the good old "Missionary Hymn"?

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.

It runs like this:

The morning light is clouding,
The darkness is profound,
The sons of earth are marching
To drum and cannon round.
"Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion"
Engaged in cruel war.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

Dorchester.

'HAENSEL & GRETEL' GIVEN BY ABORNS

The first of the two extra matinee performances by the Aborn company, with "Haensel and Gretel" as the offering, was given yesterday afternoon in the Boston Theatre. Wherever the love of children exists this opera is certain to be welcomed. Its pretty fairy story one never tires of listening to and its charming music is ever a treat. The Aborn company gave a most satisfactory presentation. The part of Peter, the father, down on the program as taken by Louis d'Angelo, was exceptionally good. Louise Haussman was good in the mother's role, but should speak more clearly. Gladys Chandler as Haensel gave Peter a close call for the honors of the afternoon. Mary Carson as Gretel was very little behind Haensel. The witch, as portrayed by Mary L. Biggers, caused the eyes of the little ones to snap with excitement. Leonore Beck had the double part of the sandman and the dew fairy. Mr. Pasternack led the orchestra with success. The opera is to be given again Friday afternoon at 2.

A 12 1915

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Wilkes Booth in Paris.

Much has been written this week about John Wilkes Booth. Nowhere have we seen any allusion to Booth's sojourn in Paris shortly before the assassination. In the journal of Edmond Got, the famous actor, is this entry:

"April 30, 1865—The assassination of President Lincoln—some days after the taking of Richmond, at the end at last of the interminable war of secession which turned out to the advantage of the northern states—and I knew the chief actor.

"Actor is the word, for about three months ago Fechter wrote to me inclosing a warm letter of introduction to Booth, a celebrated tragedian of New York, who wished to spend some time in Paris.

"Booth was a tall, handsome fellow, energetic looking, with distinguished manner, highly cultured, but speaking hardly any French.

"I courteously offered him hospitality until he had secured an apartment and a carriage by the month, for he wished to live like a gentleman. He passed three days in my house, endeavoring through me to put himself in touch with art and life in Paris. Several times while we were smoking, I remember, he spoke to me about Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Brutus, especially Brutus.

"'What do you think of Brutus in France?'

"'We admire him at college, in the Greek version, on the authority of Plutarch. But what was Brutus at bottom but an ungrateful, sinister dreamer, a sophist to the finger nails? Did he not judge himself, with his role, in his last words: "Virtue, thou art only a name!"'

"Booth, confused, nervously changed the subject. I remember this now.

"After he had left my house I saw him very often. He went to the theatres and about town and made rapid progress in Parisian civilization to such an extent that I introduced him, on his urgent wish, to a pretty girl, one of my friends (?) whom he had noticed at the Porte-Saint-Martin in 'Les Flibustiers do la Sonora.'

"What was my surprise one morning to hear this young person, who was far from being timid, telling me—she was all upset—that he was a madman: that he would get up in the night to jabber, like a sleep-walker, with ghosts. She was afraid of him; she would run away to Nice, without saying good-by. Bon voyage!

"Soon afterwards Booth himself came to take leave of me. He was, apparently at least, wholly in his right mind. He was going back to America.

"'It is necessary that I return.'

"And 'tis he that, during a performance in Washington, shot President Lincoln and was not arrested.

"I am sure that this determined fellow will not be taken alive. I understand it all: He had his fixed idea, even in France. He fought against it vainly. He succumbed to it on his return."

This singular story is in the second volume of Got's Journal, edited by his son Mederic Got and published at Paris in 1910.

That Tired Feeling.

As the World Wags:

Spring fever? What is it? Of course birds, buds and ball games are the criticological factors, but what is the thing itself? I wish some of our psychological physiologists (or should I say physiological psychologists) would put their minds on it. They might find some organic change in us that recurs with the advent of April showers. How convenient to be able to dispel this deadly lassitude by taking five grains of the extract of some gland or other taken from a case of guinea pig; convenient to all but poets and baseball managers.

However, when I rouse myself sufficiently to indulge in a little introspection, I am forced to the ignominious conclusion that my inertia is not so much more profound now, but merely perhaps more frank. In the fall and winter one has to be busy, plausibly at work, or one is looked down on.

Boston, April 12. G. H. B.

To Outward View.

The London insurance committee recently objected to one of their clerks appearing in uniform. This excited comment. One indignant person reproached the committee for living about 30 years behind the times. He recalled the case of Sir Richard Moon of the London & Northwestern railway, who discharged a clerk for coming to the office one Saturday morning in flannels. Nor was it so long ago that counter clerks at some of the banks in London were compelled to be clean shaven and to wear white cravats. "The idea was perhaps that the more closely they resembled the clergy the greater would be their honesty." They also resembled the elderly gentlemen who sat officially at faro and roulette tables at Saratoga when we were young and enthusiastic sociologists and nothing pertaining to man was foreign to us.

For many years in the northern states a lawyer in good standing was expected to wear a stovepipe hat. A physician, a family physician, sported a full beard. This inspired confidence. Young doctors were in despair if their whiskerage was scanty. A poet was supposed to have a lean and hungry look, as though he partook of no earthly food. Marius in "Les Miserables" was the type of the romantic youth. In his self-chosen poverty his garments were shabby, his hat was of the shocking variety, but his soul saw the stars and communed with them. We have changed all that. It seems to be the wish of professional and business men to disguise outwardly their calling. Even the majority of musicians have their hair cut at least one in two months.

HANDEL-HAYDN ARTISTS' NIGHT

Artists' Night, the third concert in the Handel and Haydn Society's centenary festival, took place last evening at Symphony Hall, Mme. Anita Rio, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, contralto; Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Earl Cartwright, bass, were the assisting artists.

The program was as follows: Rossini, overture, "William Tell"; Volpath, intermezzo; Handel, Largo; Haydn, Serenade for strings; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, hymn "Panama"; chorus, orchestra and organ; Verdi, aria, "Celeste Aida" from "Aida," Mr. Murphy; aria, "Zeffiretti Lusinghieri," from Mozart's "Idomeneo," Mme. Rio; Buzzi-Peccia, aria, "Gloria," Mr. Cartwright; aria, "Adieu, Forets," from Tschaikowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," Miss Miller; Haydn, chorus and trio, "The Heavens are Telling," from the "Creation," Mme. Rio, Messrs. Murphy and Cartwright; Parker, "Hic Breve Vivitus," from "Hora Novissima," Mmes. Rio and Miller, Messrs. Murphy and Cartwright; chorus "Hallelujah," from Handel's "Messiah."

Mrs. Beach's hymn, composed for the Panama-Pacific exposition, was performed for the first time in Boston. An ingenuous work, it rises to an effective climax. It was repeated.

Mme. Rio sang here Dec. 21, 1901, in "The Messiah." She was heard again the following year. In 1904 she sang in "Paradise Lost" and a year later, on April 23, in "The Creation." She has sung abroad in opera and concert—an experienced singer her agreeable and well schooled voice was heard to advantage in Mozart's aria. Recalled she sang "Marechiare," a Neapolitan folk song by Tosti in the Italian manner. Her animation pleased the audience and the song was repeated.

Mr. Murphy sang the aria from "Aida" with appropriate fervor and Mr. Cartwright's manly and sonorous voice was effective in Buzzi Peccia's "Gloria." Miss Miller, too, contributed to the pleasure of the evening by her performance of Tschaikowsky's aria. She and Messrs. Murphy and Cartwright lengthened the program.

Tonight Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed. Mme. Rio, Miss Miller, Miller and Mr. Cartwright will be soloists.

The other night at dinner in West Philadelphia a little girl surprised her mother by saying: "I'm not stuck on this bread." "Margie," said her mother reprovingly, "you want to cut that slang out." "That's a peach of a way of correcting the child," remarked the father. "I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."

Local Interest.

William Rockhill Nelson, the editor and owner of the Kansas City Star, believed that the report of what happened in Kansas City was of more importance to that town "than what New York was puzzling about, or the latest royal tiff in Europe." Before him, Villemessant of Figaro shaped the policy of his journal on the principle, as he expressed it, that a dead dog in Paris was of greater interest to Parisians than the assassination of a Tsar in St. Petersburg. The editor of any country newspaper works along this line. The fact that Ezra Huggins of Haddams Forks spent a Sunday in Siloam or that Dea. Hathaway has given his dwelling house a fresh coat of paint is of vital importance the country 'round. To the inhabitants of the air there is no difference between the list of those forming a surprise or donation party in East Joppa and that of the patronesses in Boston of some performance for charity.

An Abused Bishop.

As the World Wags:

Speaking further of rats, might it not with justice be conceded that Bishop Hatto has suffered in the writing of history (?), both in being associated with some former dignitary who was eaten by rats; and in having the story strengthened through the Old Maut Turm or Custom Tower of the Rhine being corrupted into Mause Turm. He may really have been a kind-hearted, amiable prelate, but the ancient Scandinavians and Teutons had a pleasing custom of sacrificing the highest and best of the people, in times of famine, by exposing them to be eaten by rats. Then when the story was remembered and its reason forgotten, it would invariably take the form of a visitation of Providence for some especially heinous sin.

There are many such stories, and King Popiel of Poland, eaten by rats and mice which swarmed from the bodies of those he had murdered, is only one more of them. In his case, as in that of Bishop Hatto, it was supposed in later times, the rats and mice were really the souls of their victims taking vengeance on their murderers.

FREDERIC S. MONROE.

New Bedford, April 13.

Lever and Platform.

The Herald published last Saturday this paragraph: "Senator Norris says that the Republicans could easily win, with an adequate candidate. All Archimedes asked was a lever long enough."

A correspondent writes: "You have only half the story. In addition to the 'lever long enough,' Archimedes insisted upon what he called a 'pou sto,' a platform to stand on."

Between Meals.

Hearing that Berlin is giving up five-o'clock-tea as an unnecessary, expensive and English meal, a Londoner suggests that if there is talk of reprisals luncheon should he dropped, for the habit was introduced from Germany by the Prince Consort.

Is this true? In the first half of the 19th century Holland House was regarded as Mr. Russell puts it, as the "very ark and sanctuary of refined luxury," but at the breakfast parties only tea, coffee, eggs, rolls and butter were served. Luncheon or "nuncheon," was a mere mouthful in those days. "Men went out shooting with a sandwich in their pocket; the ladies who sat at home had some cold chicken and wine-and-water brought into the drawing-room on a tray." In Miss Austen's novels the mid-day meal is not fully described; she speaks of "cold meat," but Dr. Kitchener wrote in 1825: "Your luncheon may consist of a bit of roasted poultry, a basin of beef tea, or eggs poached, or boiled in the shell; fish plainly dressed, or a sandwich; stale bread; and half a pint of good, home-brewed beer, or toast and water, with about one-fourth or one-third part of its measure of wine." The doctor is the man that after a solid dinner at 7 o'clock, prescribed a supper of "gruel, or a little bread and cheese, or pounded cheese, and a glass of beer."

Of course the word luncheon is old. It originally meant a piece, a thick piece, a hunk. And so we read of a 17th century person "eating a great lump of bread and butter with a luncheon of cheese." We find this use in one of Scott's novels: "Little Benjie was cramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth." The word as we now use it was at first applied only to a "slight" repast between two of the ordinary meal times, especially between breakfast and mid-day dinner. The German slice of buttered bread with a glass of beer taken at 10:30 or 11 A. M.

...e speak of household life in the Ber... and Dresden of the last eighties—a luncheon in this earlier English ...e.

Hysterical Patriotism.

German sausages have long been known in London as "Germans." Since the war these sausages are sold as "breakfast sausage." No decent English boy will henceforth have the "German measles," and there will be no such thing as "German silver" or German (or Berlin) wool. There is a form of patriotism that is rank foolishness. It is found today in London and Berlin.

The Story of a Word.

In Sallust there is this line: "Occu... nescio qua vos torpedo." The London Chronicle thinks that a schoolboy might now be pardoned for translating: "Some mysterious torpedo has got you." "Torpedo" meant numbness, torpor, sloth. The name was given by the Romans to the cramp fish or torpedo that produces this numbness. There is a curious use of the word in Marlowe's "Edward the Second": "Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish. * * * I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston," and ...Smith, in his "Life of Nash," says: "He used to call a pen his torpedo ...never he grasped it, it numbed all his faculties." But why in the world is the Fourth of July toy of fulminating powder and gravel wrapped in thin paper called a torpedo? It had anything but a numbing effect on an old gentleman when it was thrown near him on the sidewalk.

The Cockney Poet.

As the World Wags:

There is a picturesque and quaint humor in the following lines of the cockney poet:

> ...wind blows east, the wind blows west,
> ...wind blows aft and fore,
> But you cawnt put into a gutter snipe
> What 'e never 'ad before.

...ing to a district which brings ...to me familiar memories he says:

> ...the days that come and the days that go,
> ...the 'ouse in Bethnal Green,
> ...the 'ouse girl and the bottle of stout,
> And the things what might 'ave been.

Poor fellow! Some one came between him and the girl and carried off the prize. He missed a warm corner and an easy living.

In the district of St. Giles we encounter another dialect: "It isn't the breaking of the edges what 'urts the 'osses hoofs, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer of the 'ighwise."

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.
Boston.

In a Nutshell.

A young Chinaman, writing for a Shanghai journal about the war, explained why England took part:

"Germany write a letter to France, 'You don't get ready, or I will fight you in one hours.'

"Germany to fight them, pass Belgium.

"Belgium say, 'I am a country; I am NOT a road.' And Belgium write a letter to England about Germany, to help them.

"So England help Belgium."

Centennial Celebration Closes with Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah."

The centenary festival of the Handel and Haydn Society came to an end with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," last evening, at Symphony Hall. Mme. Anita Rio, Miss Christine Miller, Reed Miller and Earl Cartwright were the soloists.

The music itself gave pleasure to a very large audience. The great choruses are dramatic and throughout the pages of the oratorio there is freshness, vitality and a wealth of melodic beauty.

The characters too are picturesque and effectively contrasted. There is the widow, the angel, Ahab, the follower of Baal, and the prophet himself. Elijah is not always solemn or pontifical in his utterances. He has a sense of humor and shows magnificent scorn in his derisive remarks to the priests of Baal loudly calling in vain upon their deity. The scene upon Mount Carmel is vividly depicted by Mendelssohn. The Baalimites cry aloud in a chorus of barbaric beauty.

The performance, the 58th of "Elijah" by the society, was excellent and, when occasion demanded, spirited. The chorus, thoroughly rehearsed, was impressive in volume and quality of tone. The orchestra was heard to advantage. The soloists were singers of experience.

Mr. Cartwright's voice delighted, while he gave marked character to Elijah's varying moods. The widow's nature, too, was eloquently revealed in song by Mme. Rio. Her appeal to the prophet ...touching. ...complaint of an average ...vocally well disposed. ..."Hear ye Israel," provided the ...with additional opportunities to display her skill and the melting beauty of her voice.

Mr. Miller was equal to the demands made upon him. His enunciation rivalled Mme. Rio's in excellence. Miss Miller, too, was effective.

ELIJAH CHORUS SINGS MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO

Jordan Hall Filled with an Enthusiastic Audience.

Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," was sung by the Elijah Chorus of Boston last evening at its first spring concert, given in Jordan Hall. Dr. W. Oglethorpe Taylor conducted the chorus of more than 100 voices, and Harry T. Burleigh of New York, baritone soloist, sang Elijah with splendid feeling and power.

The other soloists were Miss Minnie Brown of New York, soprano; Miss Daisy Tapley of New York, contralto, and Roland Hayes of Boston, tenor. The angels' trio was sung by Mrs. Ella France-Jones, first soprano; Mrs. Ethel Pauline Smith, second soprano, and Mrs. Emma Mosley, alto, all members of the chorus. They also sang the trio, "Lift Thine Eyes." The duet, "Bow Thine Ear," was sung by Mrs. B. H. Ames, soprano, and Miss Carrie E. Tate, alto, and the chorus.

R. Percival Parham, Jr., and an orchestra furnished the accompaniments. The hall was well filled with an enthusiastic audience.

"IL TROVATORE" SUNG WELL AT BOSTON THEATRE

Good-Sized Audience Hears Excellent Performance of Opera.

BOSTON THEATRE — The Aborn opera company in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The cast:

Leonora	Bettina Freeman
Azucena	Mildred Rogers
Inez	Leonore Beck
Manrico	Leonid Samoloff
Count Di Luna	John Graham
Ferrando	Alfred Kaufman
Ruiz	Frederick Chapman

Last night there was a good sized audience and the applause was vigorous. Mr. Pasternack conducted with nice taste.

The performance, one of almost uniform excellence, was distinguished by the admirable Di Luna of Mr. John Graham, who excelled his capital work as Frederick last Monday evening. He was in excellent voice last night—a voice at once sonorous and beautiful in its fulness, its virility. His acting stood out as in relief; it was a source of wonder that Leonora did not prefer him to Manrico. But his performance was not without its shortcomings, for there was the faulty enunciation that marked his speech as Frederick, and there was the affected rolling of his "r's."

The Leonora of Miss Bettina Freeman in many respects excelled her Elsa. Vocally her performance was always interesting, though her acting was often lacking in interpretation.

Mr. Leonid Samoloff's Manrico was sung in too stilted a fashion. In the less exacting music his voice gave pleasure in its easy flow, in expressiveness; but as the music became accelerated it became cloudy, the emission was as through reeds.

PIERIAN SODALITY GIVES 107TH ANNUAL CONCERT

Harvard Orchestra Plays Borodin's First Symphony.

The Harvard Pierian Sodality Orchestra played to 600 enthusiastic listeners last night, in its 107th annual concert. For the feature of the program the organization had chosen Borodin's Symphony No. 1, in E flat major. It consisted of four movements, and the collegians won credit by playing it in a brilliant manner.

The other numbers of the program were Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus," op. 62; The Concerto Grosso No. 20, in F major, by Handel, and the Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz.

The Harvard Pierian Sodality is the oldest musical organization in the United States, dating from 1808. The orchestra last night was augmented by the addition of several players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

April 17 1915

Orchestra Gives One of the Most Interesting Concerts of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place ... Dr. Muck ... and concertmaster ... the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Overture to the opera "Gwendoline"	...
Symphonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra	Lalo
Intermezzi Goldoniani, for strings	Bossi
Symphony in G major (B. and H. No. 13)	Haydn

The death of Bizet was thought to be a great loss to French music. It is a question whether the death of Chabrier was not a greater one. Bizet even in "Carmen" did not succeed wholly in departing from the old traditions of the Opera Comique. The Toreador's song and Micaela's air were sops thrown by him to the bourgeois, his wife and his daughter. Chabrier was more original, more audacious, more wildly imaginative. What do not the more modern French composers owe to him in matters of harmony and instrumentation! It is true that he had passed the 59th milestone when the fatal sickness that numbed his mind fell upon him, but until then his talent was more and more pronounced—witness his unfinished opera. In this overture to "Gwendoline" there is a demoniac spirit, the mark of genius, that is hardly to be found in "Carmen" or in the music to "L'Arlesienne." Perhaps there is a touch of vulgarity in the Walhalla theme, a suggestion of Meyerbeer's bombast in the "Torchlight Dances," but a certain coarseness enters into the composition of every true genius. What can be more dramatic than the opening pages descriptive of the furious Danish inroad! How decided and significant the profiles of the themes associated with Gwendoline and the romantic side of the tumultuous Harald! What an eloquent orchestra in turmoil and passion!

Mr. Noack played the first, fourth and fifth movements of Lalo's concerto. Buclow once wrote to his manager, Wolff, with regard to a concert-program that the inclusion of this concerto would be most agreeable to him, "but—without amputation." The concerto undoubtedly suffers somewhat when one movement is omitted. The audience yesterday would gladly have heard the whole work, but violinists of late usually play only four movements. The concerto does not grow stale with repetition. On the contrary, the themes and rhythms still delight the most indifferent hearer, while others find fresh beauties in the harmonic schemes and the original and brilliant instrumentation. Even in the finale, which in concertos is too often perfunctory, an exhibition of flagging or extinct invention, Lalo is wholly admirable, as though he had reserved a full display of his resources for the end. How the instruments comment and chatter as if in admiration of the melodies, naked or embroidered, of the solo instrument. Mr. Noack was not wholly in the vein at the beginning, and was not always rhythmically sensitive, but he played the Andante with the requisite breadth and beauty of tone and gave a brilliant performance of the finale. The concerto and the violinist aroused enthusiasm and Mr. Noack was recalled several times.

When Bossi's Intermezzi was last performed here—it was in 1911—only four of the seven were on the program. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler thought that the endurance of the audience would be sorely tried by so much music for strings alone. Yesterday all the movements were heartily enjoyed. The question of endurance on the one side in this instance is largely a question of performance on the other, for Bossi's music has marked vitality and surprising variety. These little pieces are characterized by a peculiar elegance, an old-world charm that is not too archaic, a high-bred, aristocratic spirit. The minuet that follows the Prelude might have been danced by noble dames at the court of the Grand Monarch. In the second minuet the musette is characteristic without a too deliberate attempt to be music of the people. Mr. Ferir's tone and art enlarged the simple beauty of the Serenatina. The Prelude, the gagliard and the Burlesca gave opportunity for virtuoso orchestral display.

A noteworthy performance of Haydn's symphony, one of the second set written for Paris, brought an end to one of the most interesting and delightful concerts of the season. We sometimes are led to think that the audiences are so familiar with the genius of Dr. Muck and accustomed to the proficiency of the orchestra that concerts which would excite wonder in other cities of this country and in Paris, London, Berlin, Petrograd are taken as a matter of course. Yesterday the audience was enthusiastic throughout, as if the concert had come suddenly, a surprise, a revelation.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: MacDowell, "Indian" suite; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Fawn"; Mozart, Concerto in D minor for pianos and Weber's Concertstueck for piano (Mr. Gabrilowitsch), Noskowski, "The Steppe."

...

Timid Hostesses.

W... heard ... and ... the ... time that the art of conversation is ... was at the Porp... made the remark ... ready for at least half an hour ... said among other things that after a set and appointed dinner given as a exchange of courtesy or in honor of some visitor, foreign or domestic, the host and hostess did not venture to allow a continuance of conversation, lest the guests would be bored or would bore others. Music was therefore provided, a singer sang "groups" of songs in queer German and queerer French, a pianist played impressionist pieces of honey and thunder and a little Chopin; or a harpist tinkled ... Mrs. Gabriel Golightly who is beginning to lose the figure that made her admirable among women and has developed an abnormal appetite for puff paste and sweets, yawned without shame and ... nailed dear Gabriel, who was consoling himself with the hope of whiskey and soda in the next room for poor Gabriel, we regret to say, has not fallen off the water-wagon; he jumped off.

Good Talkers.

There is conversation in Boston ... of it, but how about the art? Is there need of instruction in day or night schools?

"When I called upon Dr Johnson next morning I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial powers the preceding evening. 'Well (said he), we had good talk.' Boswell: 'Yes, sir; you tossed and gored several persons.'" Such conversation is perhaps agreeable to those who were not on the bull's horns, but it is at the best a monologue with this one or that one as feeder. The Russell of "Collections and Recollections" (we are not sure of his initials—has much to say about good talkers and he analyzes their methods, their style. We remember his saying that James Russell Lowell, when he was in the vein, was exceedingly good company, though "conversation was considered, an inaccurate man with an inaccurate manner." There is an inaccuracy that is indescribably annoying; there is an inaccuracy that is delightful. A writer of memoirs should never begin his life and reminiscences until his own memory is tottering, then he can give the reins to his imagination, he can invent witty speeches that should have been made but were not, events that might have happened. Nor should a good talker be painfully precise in the use of the subjunctive and "that" as a restrictive instead of "who." To be shunned or at once to be suppressed is the retailer of anecdotes. Was it ... Mr. Pinto who said that when a man "fell into his anecdotage it was a sign for him to retire from the world"?

At High Tea.

A brilliant talker does not always shine at a dinner table, nor should he. He would attract attention from the solid serious work before the guests. Let him corruscate at luncheon, or at high tea, an institution that we fear is going out of fashion, if it has not disappeared. High tea! It was found in its perfection in towns along the Hudson river, from New York to Albany. Lobster salad, cold corned beef, Virginia ham, toasted brown bread, something potted muffins; ale in pewter for strong men, tea and coffee for those willing to shatter their nerves. Then was the time to stretch legs under the polished mahogany ... a table both for high tea and talk freely as free as the walrus and the carpenter on a memorable occasion.

First of all the talker should have an agreeable voice, not one of the mutton-tallow variety, not one incisive and metallic. The inflections should be as compliments to the listener, never argumentative, positive. We are acquainted with three conversationalists who would charm the hearers in any city where English is spoken: they are Mr. George Fred Williams, Mr. Frank E. Chase and Mr. E. N. Vallandigham.

An Ever Pleasing Topic.

Dr. Creighton once wrote, but not as Bishop of London:

"I feel I could hate a man who could eat a beefsteak. Now I understand the wrath of a total abstainer when he sees a man drinking a glass of beer. He thinks it is consuming zeal, but it is largely prompted by hatred of the man who can drink what he may not drink himself." Dr. Creighton wrote this when he was suffering from dyspepsia. On the other hand George Gissing declared that the smell alone of roast beef was a cure for dyspepsia. He put no faith in vegetarianism. "I will get more nourishment out of an inch of right Cambridge sausage, aye, out of a couple of inches of honest tripe—than can be yielded me by half a hundred-weight of the best lentils ever grown." And so Herbert Spencer, having tried vegetarianism for about a year, at the end of that time went over all that he had written during the year and threw it into the fire. ...swallow each morsel before ... off the next." "Do not forget ... whilst eating." ... and other ... in ...

...ed professor ... giraffe ... mankind an admirable example. I have patiently studied the ways of the animals in the Berlin Zoological Gardens, and find that they average 117 chews for each morsel they swallow. If we practised mastication to this extent, there would be no dyspepsia." But it is not always a good thing to imitate the animals. Many have sympathized with Mr. Eddie Foy in his opinion of the camel.

Henry Labouchere once remarked: "Food faddists are most aggressive persons. In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries, and bath-buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waistcoats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woollen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours, and lighting fires at the bottom."

'The Younger Generation' Given First Performance Here at the Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Younger Generation," a comedy in three acts, by Stanley Houghton. First performance in Boston.

James Kennion	Franklin Dyall
Mrs. Kennion	Agnes Elliot Scott
Maggie	Beatrice Terry
Reggie Kennion	Philip Tonge
Grace Kennion	Mary Forbes
Tom Kennion	Henry Crocker
Mr. Leadbitter	Harry Sothern
Mr. Fowle	Alexander Calvert
Arthur Kennion	Leonard Mudie
Mrs. Hannah Kennion	Lillian Brennard

The English company at the Plymouth Theatre is to be thanked for presenting this delicious comedy of manners. It was first given at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, in 1910. Two years ago it was played in New York at the Lyceum Theatre.

The play concerns the domestic upheaval of the Kennion family of Manchester when the younger generation demands liberty, a latchkey and exemption from the eternal parental questions: "Where are you going?" "Where have you been?" and "Who's your letter from?"

Old Mrs. Hannah Kennion brought up her two sons, James and Thomas, on the plan that "there is original sin in man which must be whipped and scourged and burnt out of him." In their youth both sons were at times rebellious, but finally James submitted, while Thomas sought freedom in Hamburg.

James endeavors to continue the family traditions in rearing his children, but one Saturday night all his years of labor are undone. Grace, ordered to hand her father a letter for his perusal, is found to have been meeting a young man clandestinely. Arthur, the eldest son, comes home drunk and makes boisterous attempts to kiss the maid. This takes place but two minutes after their astonished father has been invited to become Liberal candidate for the Langton Park ward on the strength of his unimpeachable respectability and his views on the chapel and teetotalism.

On Sunday morning Reggie, the youngest son, is confronted with his father's wrath on discovering him guilty of extravagance and an escapade.

Uncle Tom, a fine fellow, returns home in time to sympathize with his niece and nephews and soften the paternal severity.

Mr. Houghton is never didactic. He pokes fun slyly at young and old. James Kennion's views of life are comic, but what is to be said of Reggie, the youthful enthusiast for freedom, whose idea of leading a man's life in Canada, Australia or New Zealand consists of "riding on horseback and ordering men about."

The maid, too, is amusing. She refuses to permit young Arthur to make a public apology for his freshness and informs her master mournfully that she has never been kissed in her life, not even by him.

In the end Grace and her suitor are allowed to be engaged, Arthur is carried off by the genial Uncle Tom, Reggie still contemplates adventure, while James Kennion and his wife sit by the fire wondering whether after all theirs has been the right course.

The piece of a delightful evening's entertainment, the dialogue crisp and witty. The characters are admirably drawn.

Last evening the performance was in every respect excellent. Every member of the cast played with humor, intelligence and imagination.

Mr. Dyall was capital as James Kennion. Miss Forbes, a comely Grace, was girlish and acted with spontaneity and unaffected simplicity. Miss Terry was a realistic Maggie. Then there was Mr. Crocker's admirable impersonation of Uncle Tom, with his cynical remarks and worldly wisdom. Miss Brennard was appropriately stern and unrelenting as Mrs. Hannah Kennion. Mr. Tonge was irresistibly droll as the breezy Reggie.

Mr. Houghton's piece was preceded by the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" played by George Ralph and Miss Viva Birkett.

A large audience was highly entertained and deservedly enthusiastic.

First Performance of "The Duchess of Dublin" Amuses Audience One Way or Another.

TOY THEATRE—First performance of "The Duchess of Dublin," a musical comedy in two acts by M. Douglas Flattery. William A. Krauth, musical director.

The Duke of Dublin	Robert Swasey
Cyril Northleigh	Clifford Pember
Lord Fitz	Robin Dunbar
Mike	Neil J. Sullivan
Mickey	Robert Matthews
Roy Allen	James J. Carney
Jerome	Arthur Fox
Captain	John Mogan
Lieutenant	J. La Brun
Cheeka Bey	Albert Le Roi
The Emir	John Mogan
The Duchess of Dublin	Dorothy Walters
Lady Noreen	Gladys Hill
Mag	Anabel Montagu
Lady Louth / Queen of Emir's Harem	Florence Le Moyne
Emir's other wives	Blanche Hassenberg, Edith Hawes, Rita Rittenhouse, Frances Barbour

An audience that filled the theatre was amused in one way or another. Songs and choruses were repeated and the labors of the comedians were rewarded by laughter.

The Duke of Dublin married for his second wife, a strong woman, a German cannon-ball tosser. They went to Khartoum with the Duke's daughter, Noreen, his secretary, Northleigh, and his sister, Lady Louth. The Duke bought four mummies. He also met Mag, once a maid in his castle, afterwards the wife of Cheeka Bey. She wished to escape and begged the Duke and his valet, Mike, to rescue her.

A young American named Allen fell in love with Noreen and they determined to elope. Jerome, the Negro servant of the American, was taken into the plot. Noreen and Mag were put in mummy cases. The Duke's wife, jealous of Mag, hid herself in a mummy case, to spy on her husband. The cases were to be taken on board a boat, but the Emir's men carried them off. The Duke's secretary, it should be said, had been 15 years in attempting to assure Lady Louth of his love. At Khartoum his proposals of marriage were constantly interrupted by Fitz, her little boy. It should also be said that Lady Louth for no apparent reason suddenly appeared in Scotch dress and sang a song; that a band of young girls with various costumes assisted in the songs and ensembles with dances.

How Noreen was rescued; how Lady Louth was for a time the Queen of the Emir's harem; what they all did in an oasis of the desert and what finally became of them, all this is told in the second act.

It is not necessary to inquire curiously into the character of the libretto, the music or the performance. The dialogue is now naive, now delightfully stilted. The simple music, sentimental, martial, comic, is well suited to the text. The obvious melodies and the strongly defined rhythms appealed to the audience. Miss Hill has a light but agreeable voice. Mr. Carney sang in an unaffected manner and Mr. Mogan with spirit. Messrs. Pember, Sullivan and Fox as the comedians excited much laughter, and so did Miss Walters as the Duchess and Miss Montagu as Mag. Miss Le Moyne's song with a chorus was one of the chief features. While the performance of many in the company was amateurish, they sang, spoke and acted with an honesty and an earnestness that were appreciated. "The Duchess of Dublin" will run this week with matinees on Thursday and Saturday and a special one tomorrow.

The Handel and Haydn Society has celebrated in a creditable manner the centenary of its birth; in a highly creditable manner as far as the chorus singing was concerned. Mr. Mollenhauer has brought the chorus to sing intelligently. Now intelligent, truly musical performances by a huge chorus are rare.

Perhaps the officers think that the public might have shown a keener interest in these concerts; that Symphony Hall should have been crowded on Sunday night; that there might have been a large paying audience on Tuesday night, when a new work by the author of "Hora Novissima" was produced. They surely must have known that the singers chosen for "Artists' Night"—with all due respect to them—were not such as to attract the lovers of "prima donna concerts." Mme. Rio was once a favorite here. She is still an excellent singer, I am informed, for I was unable to attend the concerts in which she sang, but she was known to all 10 years ago, and the best of singers are quickly forgotten. Her associates on Wednesday night did not have that quality dear to managers known as "box office draught."

The character of audiences has changed greatly in Boston during the last 25 years. There is less interest taken in choral singing. This is shown by the fate of the Cecilia Society. It is not necessary to inquire whether in this instance the fault lies with the Cecilia chorus, its conductor, or the public. The concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society do not now draw hearers in great quantity from all classes. This is true of the Kneisel Quartet audience. It will soon be true of the Flonzaley Quartet audience, especially if these admirable players do not prepare more attractive programs than those of this season, now nearly at an end.

Some one spoke recently of the comparative dearth of singers in Boston who are competent to take the solo parts in performances of oratorios and cantatas. There was a time when even for important performances it was not necessary to go outside this city. A glance at the programs of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Cecilia will show the truth of this statement. Some wondered why Mr. Paul Draper should have sung at three concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Sad to relate, his voice is an ordinary one, unsympathetic, and his vocal art is by no means equal to his taste. But what tenor or baritone tenor here in Boston could have sung Mahler's songs in German, or the solo in Liszt's "Faust," also in German, any better or as well?

The desire to hear chamber music is confined to comparatively few. There have been musicians of reputation who did not care for this intimate music. Edward MacDowell once told me it reminded him of cold veal.

The news comes from London that, owing to the present risk appertaining to orchestral concerts on account of the war, more attention has been given to chamber music. This pleases those who look back "with veneration" to the period of the Joachim Quartet in London and the Saturday "Pops." Mr. Evans in the course of an entertaining article doubts whether these venerators would really welcome those concerts if they should be resuscitated. "That which the audience postulates in a concert has materially changed since the Victorian days, and, whilst chamber music should be assured of a new lease of life, it should not dally overmuch with conditions that are no more. In those days if any feature in any performance was of a nature to make the audience 'sit up,' it was deemed 'sensational.' A rendering in which nothing of the kind occurred was described as 'conscientious.' It was the same with any new work performed. If it contained any new effect, or a new tinge of instrumental color, it was accused of 'aping the orchestra,' and patrons said it was 'not legitimate quartet writing.' Neither was it permissible to write chamber music except in sonata form. How many composers in those days spoiled their chances by writing in sonata form for the sake of their self-respect! Against that the actual playing was, of course, perfect, and the ensemble, thanks in some measure to the narrowness of the repertoire, was as good as constant rehearsal could make it. Could those performances be revived it is quite probable that in this respect they would make us dissatisfied with much that is tolerated now. Nevertheless I am heretic enough to suspect that we would, on the whole, vote them rather dull affairs. We should be more conscious of their limitations than were our predecessors. Smoothness and perfect accuracy are not all we look for nowadays. The standard has altered. That extreme conscientiousness that savored of German 'Hofmusik' has given way to a nervous pulsation that is much more akin to life. Perhaps we have lost something in the process. Personally I believe that we have gained much and lost nothing that we cannot recover. Our own quartet players may fall short—I do not admit that all of them do—in the fervor that was characteristic of the old days, but on the other hand their scope is far wider. To particularize, nobody could for a moment imagine Joachim, Halir, Wirth and Hausmann playing Grainger's 'Molly on the Shore' with the zest it requires."

Mr. Evans adds: "We must remember that the old quartet players were the object of a cult that almost compelled concentration. When you are an institution like the Joachim Quartet, with a Joachim committee to back you, you are not likely to lack fervour. Their position was almost priestly. The hero-worship prevails to this day, or this article would not be necessary. It is still so much alive that on most chamber concert committees the shade of Joachim still holds the casting vote. Our quartets—and there are many efficient ones besides that I have named—must seek support on independent lines if they are to have free scope for the spirit of enterprise that animates so many of them today."

"On the other hand, in another article, Mr. Evans says that music is not a natural form of expression to the modern Englishman. Here and there one may be found who either evokes for himself or responds to the evocation by others of that vague world of the emotions, of feeling liberated from the tyranny of cause and consequence; but he is a very rare exception, and if discovered would probably be considered at least eccentric, if not effeminate. All that the Greeks sought and found in music is still there, but not for those who dismiss it with a 'Not bad,' or, worse still, a 'Perfectly charming.' For the present, however, the national ideal is safe in the care of the healthy Englishman who sings in his bath."

Mr. Thomas Beecham takes a dismal view, voiced by his article in the Daily Chronicle, of singers and singing in England. "We have a large number of first-rate voices, an enormous number of singing students, and yet in these islands with their population of 46,000,000, a judicious selection of the best native vocalists would hardly suffice to complete the necessary personnel of a single good opera company." He finds the reason for this in the scarcity of good singing teachers.

"Undoubtedly the main cause is to be found in the deplorable system of training most of them have received either in the great schools of music or from private teachers. There can be no question that almost the greatest drawback in the musical life of this country is the scarcity of good singing masters, and the appalling overgrowth of bungling incompetence that dares to imagine that without the smallest qualifications it can mould and handle the most delicately sensitive and beautiful instrument in the world. Not only are the professors themselves dangerously inadequate, but what is of equal malevolence is the point of view prevailing in the music schools toward the whole question of singers and singing.

"For years the unfortunate vocal student has been regarded as something rather less than a human being, at any rate as a creature of unusually inferior intelligence. Upon his entering their institution the authorities, convinced in advance of his comparative lowliness in the animal kingdom, with all the zeal characteristic of that most offensive product of British civilization, the missionary, at once set about remedying his defects by giving him what they call a good general musical education. It does not matter a rap whether the unfortunate victim has any special desires on the subject, or shows any aptitude or no for playing the double-bassoon or writing fugues in 36 parts. True to their pecular theory that singers should be musicians first and singers afterwards, they whittle away the precious time of the student in providing him with a superficial knowledge of half a dozen subjects and a really useful acquaintance with none of them, particularly that one all-important branch which is to be his life-work, and upon which are centred all the hopes both of himself and probably his friends.

"It would be difficult to find a single vocalist of merit in the whole of this country who could be brought to deny that the time given up to the study of singing at one of our great musical institutions was not, from beginning to end, an utter waste of time and money. If anyone has been fortunate enough to escape at the end of his three or four years' probation with a voice fairly intact and some remains of a not wholly quenched ambition for such a career, his first step is either to go abroad to Paris or Milan or to put himself under the best private teacher he knows at home. I have listened to hundreds after hundreds of students from our colleges, but I have never yet heard one who had been adequately equipped as a vocalist, nor one whose repertoire acquired during all those years of study was of the slightest interest or use to me in my capacity either as producer of opera or giver of concerts. I have no hesitation in denouncing in the strongest possible way the inefficient, dilettante and misguided system which prevails in these, and I urge most emphatically that the dictum 'a musician first and a singer afterward' is one which could only have proceeded from the brain of a superficial and unpractical amateur."

Notes of a Personal Nature

The sudden death of Franklin Holding at Providence, R. I., on April 8 was not sufficiently noticed in the newspapers of this city. This violinist of native talent, enviable acquirements, and high aims, was born at Fall River on June 14, 1886. His family moved to Lewiston, Me., when he was a boy. The first teachers were local, but after he had taken lessons of an Austrian, Otto Scheda, who lived in Lewiston some years, Holding studied with Charles Martin Loeffler of this city and afterwards went to Prague where he was a pupil of Sevcik. On his return to Lewiston, he became known throughout the state, teaching, playing in concerts of every sort, and serving as soloist at Maine festivals. Feeling the need of further instruction, he studied with Anton Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and accompanied him to Europe for the sake of lessons. For two seasons on his return he played in concerts in the principal cities of the East. He attracted the attention of Mme. Nordica and he played in concerts with her, as here in Symphony Hall on April 18, 1913.

She engaged him for her ill-fated round-the-world tour in 1913-14. The story of the suffering that she, Mr. Holding and Mr. Simmons underwent, has never been told in full. The violinist came back to this country with his health seriously impaired. He spent last winter in Providence, where he taught and fulfilled concert engagements. His last appearance in

[illegible] Boston, was at an ent[illegible] the[illegible] Theatre on Feb 23 [illegible] this year. The Lewiston Journal published many tributes to his memory showing in what high regard he was held as a [illegible] and an artist. His funeral was at Lewiston on April 7 and it was largely attended. Mr Holding had been engaged by Miss Alice Nielsen for her extended tour in the South and West which will begin this month.

The many friends of Miss Francesca Rotoli are pleased to hear of her success as leading woman in the new stock company playing in Concord, N. H. The Concord Monitor, alluding to the fact that she comes from a family of artists, praised highly her performance of Emma Brooks in "Paid in Full." "She is an artist herself. It is fair to assume that her talents have not fully ripened, but there is no suggestion of immaturity in anything that she does. * * * She gave a life-like impersonation, adding to the quickly felt charm of her personality what was even better high class and wholly consistent acting." The Monitor and the Daily Patriot were also greatly pleased by her impersonation of the dual role in "The Rosary."

Mrs. Bernard Beere, whose death is recorded today, was an actress of manner, with the advantage of a striking [illegible] France. In that type of play which a [illegible] critic called "Sardoodle," to distinguish it from flapdoodle, she made [illegible] successes, and was quite an effective Fedora and Floria Tosca. A [illegible] voice and an expressive face, however, will carry any actress far in [illegible] parts for after all, they are but [illegible] drama, with small relation to the

[illegible] things of the spirit.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 27.

[illegible] soldiers, we are told, enliven the [illegible] of the trenches by extracting [illegible] of sorts from discarded meat tins. [illegible] they are unaware that the [illegible] has been done scientifically and [illegible] four years ago by a Manchester [illegible]. His description of the "instrument" is "a device or means of producing harmony from old meat tins or other discarded tins, consisting of a [illegible] on the bottom of the tins, [illegible] raised pimples or indents, or both, according to the note that is required to be produced when the tin is struck with a stick. A number of these tins are placed in an inverted position on a board, preferably covered with fabric, and a solo or duet can be played by the performer or performers striking the tins corresponding to the notes required with a stick held in either hand." It sounds simple, and bored soldiers might find amusement in trying to make an octave of tins by means of those "pimples or indents." The result should outdo even the German hands.—London Daily Chronicle.

An "American" pianist, Mr. St. Quintin-Downer, gave a concert in London March 25. "American"?

When Gervase Elwes sang some of Brahms's "Magelone Lieder" in London on March 24, there were some protests in the lobbies. "Curiously enough these were aimed not at the songs themselves, but at the circumstance of their being sung in the original German. That is a point of view I cannot understand. The language is an external feature. It is the innermost spirit that matters. To accept the latter and then object to the sound of the German language is to swallow a camel and strain at a gnat. But did not some cleric once propose to withdraw his opposition to the performance of Elgar's 'Gerontius' in an Anglican cathedral if the text were modified to fit his belief? The two incidents have much in common."

To the Editor of The Herald:

An Answer to "New Playwright"

A short time ago, while attending a Socialist meeting where red-hot altruists were urged to express their views on neutral ground, a brawny longshoreman provided unexpected entertainment for the gathering by shouting in a fine burst of outraged industry. "Well, I've been out of a job these six weeks, and I ain't seen John D. dropping round in his car offering me work yet!"

This was in response to a mild-mannered man who had pleasantly suggested the utility of the cold, hard millionaires.

We read, with equal amusement, the complaint of the undiscovered genius who is peevish in the Dramatic and Musical Review in last Sunday's Herald. Her case is truly pathetic. We say "her" for although she hides her identity under the imposing title of "New Playwright," there can be no doubt as to the writer's sex. No vigorous male with the spirit of adventure strong within him and the prospect of haranguing a Broadway audience on a first night or of laying down conditions to beautiful stars, would give way to such impotent whining or succumb so tamely to the ordinary opposition naturally to be expected in pursuing the beaten track.

Evidently the young woman lacks imagination, virtuosity in methods of pursuit. Why not improve the shining [illegible] in the face of Mr Frohman's [illegible] call, to youth boldly challenge him during his present trips to Boston

[illegible] to be a [illegible] would [illegible] so prompt an answer to his [illegible]. At any rate, he does not eat [illegible], and there would be no harm in [illegible].

Then the learned George P. Baker might be appealed to. No [illegible] his shaken many managerial [illegible]. At present, too, he is probably in a gentle susceptible mood, considering that he is grandfather to "Common [illegible]."

Again the actors themselves might be informed. Many of them sit up nights reading 'scripts. What "New Playwright" needs is a press agent!

ERIC SMALLWEED.

Boston, April 12.

Notes About Theatres and Plays

The inconsistencies of dramatic censorship are always a delight. Mr A. Glenton Lewis wrote this letter to a London journal about the Censor and the Stockings: "The ways of the censor are truly wonderful. When the revue, 'Odds and Ends' was produced at the Ambassadors Theatre Mlle. Delysia, in a skit called 'My Lady's Undress,' had to partially disrobe on the stage. The censor objected to her taking her stockings off in front of the audience: consequently she had to remove them, together with other articles of attire, behind the screen. Lately a new play has been produced at this theatre, entitled 'Dinner for Eight.' Miss Viola Tree is the principal character in this piece. The scene is her dressing room, and she not only removed her stockings in full view of the audience, but puts on another pair. If it is improper for Mlle. Delysia to remove her stockings in view of the audience, why is it proper for Miss Tree to do so. I am not discussing the propriety or impropriety of either lady, but I do suggest inconsistency in the censor."

In its obituary notice of Mrs. Bernard Beere, the actress, whose death we recorded yesterday, the "Telegraph" recalls her season of management at the Globe Theatre in 1882. The production of the late Lord Tennyson's drama, "The Promise of May," at that house was an event anticipated with extraordinary interest in theatrical circles. An excited audience attended to see how the Poet Laureate would deal with "Dora" in dramatic form. Unhappily, a spirit of revelry and irreverence soon set in. The late Mr. Gladstone—a great friend of the poet, being detected in a private box, was marked out by the gallery for some "chivvying" attentions, and certain lines uttered by Mr. Hermann Vezin containing an unintentional double entendre engendered a wild disposition to hilariousness. The late Charles Kelly and the beautiful Miss Emmeline Ormsby did their best with thankless parts, and Mrs. Bernard Beere laboured earnestly in the character of Dora. To no purpose. London would not have the play, nor, considering its triteness and feebleness, was that to be wondered at. Lord Tennyson made his mistake with a gloomy agnostic—well played by Mr Vezin—who philosophised and grumbled and gave forth sentiments which provoked the then Marquis of Queensberry to rise in his stall on the second night, and utter a most emphatic protest.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 27.

The torpedoing of the liner Falaba is praised all over Germany. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" states that the patriotic pantomime "east and west," which is being performed at the Circus Schumann, has now been "improved" by the inclusion in it of an act in which a German submarine is seen torpedoing a passenger steamer. I learn (says the Mail correspondent at Copenhagen) that the performance has proved a great success. My informant states that the audience rose in their seats singing "Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber Alles" when the torpedo exploded in the steamer and the "British-dressed" passengers jumped into the water struggling for life.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 1.

W. G. Wills's melodrama of Napoleon and Josephine, "A Royal Divorce," was revived at the Lyceum, London, on March 31. "We are very sure that for this scene alone (Waterloo), with its red fire, its vision of the Emperor on his faithful Copenhagen, and its furious cannonade, thousands will visit the present revival." As for the play itself, the "great point is that it remains highly 'actable'."

Mr Walbrook commented (March 23) on the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker's tenancy of the Kingsway Theatre comes to an end. It opened Jan 1, 1911, with a performance of "Fanny's First Play." "The most notable production at the Kingsbury Theatre during Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker's regime was Mr. Thomas Hardy's play, 'The Dynasts.' It must, I fear, be set down as a failure, but the fault lay neither with the author nor with the management. It lay with the public, who, when they learned that the piece was historically but not dramatically continuous, stayed away in large numbers. By so doing they failed in their duty toward a great writer and a management which had earned a right to their support. Nowadays, however, many playgoers do not seem to recognize any such right. Things were different in former times. During the long rule of Irving at the Lyceum and of the Kendals and Sir John Hare at the St. James, those managers were practically assured of a goodly measure of popular support for any and every pro-

[illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] (One [illegible] have thought that [illegible] the [illegible], who had [illegible] to popular [illegible] work at the Court and [illegible] theatres [illegible] by [illegible] really [illegible] continuation [illegible] revival of 'Twelfth Night' at the [illegible]. But no. People did not say in their thousands when 'The Dynasts' was [illegible] 'This is one of Mr. Barker's productions. I must not miss it.' They read in some of their newspapers that the piece 'lacked dramatic continuity,' that it 'introduced characters and then dropped them,' and that it was 'rather a set of scenes than a play.' So they stayed away, and in doing so not only missed a noble entertainment, but contributed to the termination of a management in which something higher than the mere material interest of a certain playhouse was notably involved."

That must have been an amusing afternoon at the Society of Arts, when Mr. William Pool gave his lecture on the "Theatre," and so lauded the German stage that the chairman, Sir Squire Bancroft, described himself as "fed up," and the audience applauded him heartily. A correspondent writes:

"I would give £100 to see again the Bancroft revival of 'The Merchant of Venice,' as given in 1875; and not for £100 would I again sit through a production of the same play I saw at Munich or Mr. Poel's dull burlesque of 'Troilus and Cressida.'"

I have certainly seen no German Shakespearean production which ever approached in their several perfections the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" by Irving, at the Lyceum, or that of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker at the Savoy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Scattered Notes About Musicians

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 27 spoke of a pianist William Murdock. "If he does not rapidly become a pianist of the foremost rank it will be partly his own fault and partly that of some of his admirers who go into raptures over the cheaper of his effects." There is then this admirable criticism about the performance of works by Cesar Franck and Debussy. It seems that Mr Murdock is given to the abuse of the sustaining pedal. "The former (Franck) retained in writing for the piano much of the tradition of the organ, the instrument which, above all others, presents each harmony in unblurred clearness. Debussy, on the other hand, harks back to the French clavecinists. In both cases the merging of chords into a confused mass is aesthetically wrong and foreign to the composer's intentions. 'Voiles' was reduced to a bisque of notes. Unfortunately such effects are popular in the drawing room, whence patrons come, and therein lies the danger."

An American passing down Kingsway and seeing the Opera House placarded with announcements of a prize fight, must have felt strangely at home. For in the States and in Canada almost every town of any importance at all has its "Opera House," at which boxing contests are far more frequent than performances of Mozart, Verdi, or the mighty Wagner.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Percy E. Fletcher's choral setting of W. G. Rothery's "Song of the Grey Seas," was produced by the Royal Choral Society, London, March 21. It is described as a somewhat uneven work.

"Mr. Fletcher, whose orchestral color is invariably good, seems in other respects a little diffident. No sooner does he become venturesome than, as if fearful of having committed himself too far, he returns in a chastened mood to the way of convention. But it is in his venturesome moments that he is most effective."

We are afraid that the late Mr. Mathew Arnold would have characterized the following review of a pianist in Salt Lake City as "Corinthian." The writer (Deseret Evening News) says:

"The performance of the well known 'Moonlight' sonata of Beethoven, particularly in rendering the presto agitato, was a musical revelation. This noble work so super-frequently thrummed, drummed and thumbed by amateurs—and everybody else, in home and studio until shredded of all its spirit into an inarticulated, lifeless thing, Mr. Ganz reclothed with its original majesty of expression, its depth of soul, its lofty conception. His presentation of the opening adagio sostenuto was ideal in its sweet placid, soothing spirit, in a most charming tonal portraiture of the varying lights and shadows of a moonlit landscape. The allegretto was a picturesque transition, in preparation for the grandeur of the presto and when the artist came to this last movement he clothed it with a virile power, a majestic environment and overpowering dynamics that robed it as with a pillar of fire. The audience threatened to go frantic, the segregation of kid gloves was something fearful to contemplate, and Mr Ganz was called before the curtain several times before the house subsided."

Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was revived in London on March 21 by the Royal Choral Society. This led the London Times to comment on the "Popular [illegible]" [illegible] * * * [illegible] house at

[illegible] in the [illegible] has [illegible] years [illegible] continued [illegible] repeated in the [illegible]. It brought together [illegible] audience, [illegible] there were a good many people who wanted to [illegible] memories of a work they used to [illegible] and a good many others who came to hear the singers, both solo and choral. But 'The Golden Legend' is really [illegible] not because it was written [illegible] but because, like many other works produced today, it represents only the fashion of a moment. Thirty years ago it had attractiveness because it [illegible] the manner of oratorio with the [illegible] of romantic opera, [illegible] intrinsic beauty of its own. No [illegible] particular combination seems [illegible] and the music itself gives no [illegible] tion for the defects of the form. It merely sounds like a stale rechauffé of [illegible] and 'Faust,' with [illegible] 'Lohengrin.' A second part of [illegible] pieces prolonged the concert to [illegible] hour without redeeming it from dullness. 'The Flag of England,' by Sir Frederick Bridge, and a 'Song of the [illegible]' by Mr. Percy Fletcher [illegible] conducted by the composer for the first time) both beat the drum and [illegible] the trumpet and strain the voices of the singers without producing one [illegible] thrill of real music. The two things most worth hearing in all this [illegible] were Miss Dilys Jones's quiet [illegible] of Elgar's 'Where Corals Lie' and [illegible] Tree's straightforward singing of [illegible] miral Benbow.'"

Isidore de Lara will manage a series of orchestral concerts of British [illegible] in Queen's Hall beginning [illegible]. "There will be one or two novel features in connection with these concerts," said Mr de Lara to a Daily [illegible] representative. "In the first [illegible] I intend to give some so[illegible] dan[illegible] concert. In my opinion concert programs are often too heavy [illegible] may often keep many people away from them. I have drawn up the items so as to give as much variety as possible and to avoid undue length in any work. The dances in each case will be performed to British music, and I hope to present in this form some [illegible] tive works by our native writers. I believe the public will appreciate light items such as these, forming [illegible] tive contrast to the rest of the concert. Another important point is that I propose to have every seat in the house numbered and reserved. I fail to see why any one who is only able to afford one of the cheapest seats should have to wait about a long time beforehand and then take his chance as to what sort of a seat he can secure."

Certain First Theatrical Impressions

Mr. E. M. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette (March [illegible]) wrote as follows concerning the death of Mrs Bernard Beere:

"The death of Mrs Bernard Beere has removed a pathetic figure from the world of the theatre. Except for a brief appearance at the Coliseum in the sketch "The Spy," in 19[illegible] and another in a play called "The End of a Story," at Wyndham's in 1[illegible], she had been practically withdrawn from the London stage for nearly [illegible] years. Her name, however endured with a strong [illegible] and, to the thousands who had seen her act, the mere mention of it [illegible] ously called to the mind's eye [illegible] and beautiful figure and expressive and remarkable face. One's first sight of a distinguished player is generally the one which remains most vivid in the memory. I always recall Henry Irving as I saw him first, walking down the stage as Gloster in "Richard III," Sarah Bernhardt making her first [illegible] in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" reciting the verses from Racine (I think, Phèdre), with a superb gesture, bidding Maurice trust to her heart and brain in the [illegible] ness that lay before them, and Edwin Booth shuffling and snarling his way across the stage as the [illegible] jester Bertuccio, in "The Fool's Revenge."

"Similarly the memory of Mrs Bernard Beere, which for 34 years has been vivid to me as though it were a thing of yesterday, is as the Queen of the Tsiganes in the melodrama "Michael Strogoff" which was produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday, March 14, 1881. Russia and her affairs were then tragically in the air, for only the day before, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor Alexander II had been foully assassinated by a Nihilist's bomb thrown from near the garden wall of the Michael Palace in Petersburg (as Petrograd was then called); and on the Monday all London was talking of the tragedy. Consequently, as it was known that 'Michael Strogoff' was a story of the devotion which the Czar, as head of all the Russias, could inspire in the breast of a noble subject, the [illegible] was crammed in every part [illegible] played.

There is no need to recall [illegible] sensations" of the [illegible] story of how [illegible] Strogoff [illegible] how [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Bernard [illegible] een in the [illegible] of the Tartar [illegible] th the white tents of the Uzbek [illegible] hills as a background, the [illegible] m of her beauty, the glitter of her

[illegible] ye, and the sparkle of the gold coins that covered her dress, was a figure to remember.

She had the step of the unconquered—
brave,
Not arrogant

I saw her afterwards enact many characters, and remember her well as Mrs. Arbuthnot in "A Woman of No Importance" at the Haymarket; Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep" at the Criterion, and Floria in "La Tosca" at the Garick; and in all these impersonations there was much to admire. But the most potent of all her charms had been revealed in its full splendor in that lurid character in the Russian melodrama. In short, Mrs. Bernard Beere, as an actress, owed very much indeed to her appearance.

Of late years ill-health had dealt her far more than her fair share of its blows, but almost to the last she hoped to reappear upon the stage. Now and then—the shadow of her former self—she would attend a first night, and the warmth of the greeting of her host of friends in the stalls would visibly delight her. But her work was finished and her fame made. Any good portrait of her will always be a rather wonderful thing; and in the history of the theatres of Wilde and Sardou her name will long be a notable one. But in not identifying herself with the Shakespearean Theatre she missed the chance of being classed among the great actresses, just as a pianist who never played Beethoven could never be called a "great" pianist.

By the way, the London theatre-world in that March of 1881 was not such a bad one for a playgoer to be alive in. Irving and Ellen Terry were playing the Del Franchi brothers and Camma at the Lyceum; the Bancrofts were doing "Masks and Faces" at the Haymarket; Edwin Booth was sublimely playing "Lear" at the Princess. "The Pirates of Penzance," "Olivette," "The Colonel" and "Upper Crust" were still in the gay rush of their first runs; Helena Modjeska was giving her beautiful performance in "Heartsease" at the Court; Hermann Vezin was acting Hamlet at Sadler's Wells; the Kendals were at the St. James in that early Pinero. "The Money Spinner," and the best of all burlesques, "The Forty Thieves," was still filling both the bill and the house at the Gaiety. It was thus at once the joy and the burden of playgoers that so many London theatres were in their several ways giving classic entertainments—tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, comic opera, burlesque; and that there was not one of them which a playgoer who loved art, beauty and genius could for a moment dream of leaving unvisited.

Dance and Song in Serbia

A Serbian officer writes:—

We are passing through monotonous days at present, with tobacco, tea, and talk only for distractions. There is a good deal to be found, however, in the spirals of smoke we send out. They provide a gallery of pictures. But, if the sky panoramas make the day tolerable, the night is tedious. After a short sleep we wake, one after another, and exchange visits from trench to trench. With the soldiers it is otherwise. They are used to dull winter life, and find it natural. If the sun comes out they run all over the place, heedless of the mud. Some have a fine collection of spoons, knife handles, etc., carved in wood, and they are constantly foraging for suitable tree branches for this work. Our musicians, too, are much to the fore, and subdued piping is heard in many a trench where it is supposed to be forbidden. Recently I came on Corporal T., red in the face from blowing on his "dvoina," and a group, unable to resist it, had caught one another by the waist, forming a long line, and performing steps as if they were at home in the village barn! I pretended not to see, for this was not "outpost vigilance," but I was fascinated by the way they jumped, shuffled their feet, and stamped so that the mud flew in spatters from their sandals. Corporal T. pretended not to see me, but when he was out of breath he came straight to me and excused himself.

"Such a fine day, and the men felt like having a little 'oro,' as if we were at home. We took care to make no noise."

They were wiping the perspiration from their foreheads, and went off satisfied. The big "Swabian" we built of snow is not yet quite melted, but, as Corp. T. says, he will soon disappear, as well as his empire. The international situation is well thrashed out in our trenches. Roumania's case and Italy's interests are all understood and commented upon. I think it would be hard to beat the intelligent summary of our sergeants to their men, the clear explanations of the issues at stake, and Serbia's special responsibilities. . . . During this lull some fine ballads have been composed, all of an epic description, but for everyday use we have a number of new lyrics whose authorship remains unknown. The most popular is one ending each verse with the refrain, "Hey, kako to? Yoy, zashto to?"

(Free translation.

"The Swabos came right up to Ralja
But no farther [illegible] in Ialya,
Hey, how was that?
Yoy, why was that?
Rashko Pol they won't forget,
For the Serbians there they met.
Hey, how was that?
Yoy, why was that?
Now they know, the Swabo bruders,
How the Serb receives intruders!
Hey, this is why!
Yoy, this is how!" (Mimic shots.)

I would have nothing against the song if there was one corner of the camp where it was not heard the whole live-long day.—London Times, March 22.

TECH SHOW GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Getting A-Cross," a musical comedy in two acts, book by Irving B. McDaniel, Technology '16:

Gen. Pierre Le Boob....Irving B. McDaniel '16
Honoree.............John F. Staub '15
Bob Scott, a Technology graduate........ Herbert C. Williamson '16
Useless.......James McGibbon Brown, Sp.
Hon. Reginald Bransby........... Richmond Parry Kennard '18
Towser.............Walter Albert Wood '17
Hortense..........Knight Barry Owen '16
Comtesse de Parien..James E. Wallis, Jr., '17
Col. Greene of Kentucky............... Roswell Miller Rennie '16
Prof. Cannum, a professor at Technology, Alden Harry Waitt '14
Capt. Beaucaire.........Russel H. White '18

The annual Tech Show, in plot not too closely woven to exclude dancing and singing specialties galore, was presented in Boston last night, when numbers of alumni gathered for the evening performance. The matinee was intended more particularly for the undergraduates.

The plot was pliable as in most musical comedies, and could be bent to suit the individual talent in the cast. It centred around Bob Scott, a Tech graduate, in love with Honoree, the daughter of Gen. le Boob. To win the girl, Scott has first to be awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor.

His opportunity comes when the general, fearful of retaining secret papers and surrounded with spies, entrusts them to the care of Scott. To reward him for his guardianship, the general promises him the Cross, and with it Honoree. The papers are stolen, but with the aid of Col. Greene, Scott recovers them. Such is the main plot, crossed by numerous sub-themes. The scene is laid in France, and the time is August, 1914.

The show is filled with snappy songs, "Down with Liquor," "When It's Moonlight on the Riviera," "Canoe Song," and "My Aeroplane Hero" being numbered among the hits. William Howard, musical director, succeeded in producing some excellent musical effects.

The most artistic part of the performance reposed in the dancing. Messrs. Gardner, Tarpley and Staub received much applause for their graceful steps, while the chorus, under the training of Virginia Tanner, overcame much of the masculine awkwardness common in collegiate performances.

That the acting sometimes amounted merely to recitation detracted nothing from the enjoyment of the audience, which refused to receive any line without applause.

The careful scenic arrangements lent much to the success of the production, the canoe carnival and aeroplane features being highly artistic.

Messrs. Staub, Owen and Wallis in the leading female roles, presented a perfect appearance of femininity, though the audience were sharply disillusioned by the roar of their voices. Mr. Kennard, as the Hon. Reginald Bransby, strove valiantly for a British accent, and at times he achieved it. Mr. Waitt, as Prof. Cannum, was the life of the comedy.

Bob Scott, the hero, sang well, and though his acting was at times amateurish, for the most part he carried his lines successfully. Gen. le Boob was genially youthful, and Col. Greene's voice failed to reach the maturity of his raiment.

April 19 1915

La' laha, il Allah!
Gone is all! In one abyss
Lie health, youth and merriment!
All we've learned amounts to this:
Life's a sad experiment!
What it is we trebly feel
Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
We wail for what life was for us
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus.

With an "H."

Who first put the "h" in Bosphorus? The word is pure Greek, and its literal meaning, if the excellent Liddell and Scott are to be believed, is ox-ford. The name was given to several straits, of which the Thracian, now the straits of Constantinople, and the Cimmerian, now the straits of Yenikale, are the best known. It appears that here is the solitary instance of "hos" for "bous" in composition. Prometheus [illegible] to [illegible] the tragedy of Aeschylus that there would exist for evermore among mortals a famous legend concerning her passage; "and after thy name, it shall be called the Bosphorus.' If any one should have the courage to write the word without the "h," he would by some be accused of pedantry, by others of ignorance. The Daily Chronicle spoke the other day of the "well informed minority who are aware that there should be two 's's' and no 'z' in what is usually written as Spitzbergen. Why write 'parcimonius' merely to shame the average man's ignorance of Latin derivation?"

James Clarence Mangan found several rhymes for Bosphorus—gloss for us, loss for us, cross for us, dross for us, moss for us, was for us, phosphorus.

Guard your fire in youth, O friends!
Manhood's is but phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
Boatings down the Bosphorus!

Exalted Patriotism.

As the World Wags:

Concerning that form of patriotism which is rank foolishness, a learned traveller informs us that in Germany the throwing of bread crumbs to the English sparrow is now "am strengstens verboten." W. E. K.

Boston, April 16.

For Mr. F. S. Monroe.

As the World Wags:

"The ancient Scandinavians and Teutons had a pleasing custom of sacrificing * * * by exposing them to be eaten by rats" (in letter of April 16). Since the rat appears not to have reached Europe until after the Teutons, etc., had ceased to be "ancient," authority for matter quoted is requested, with citation of book and page. C-E. AAB.

Boston, April 16.

Eben Plympton.

As the World Wags:

I noticed that The Herald's obituary gave "Eben. Plympton" as the stage name of the actor. Is not that a mistake? I have known Plympton from boyhood; he was then never known by any other name; he also had a cousin named Plympton, a salesman in the crockery house whose head was ex-Mayor Norcross. Eben Plympton and I were in the Shakespeare class of the Young Men's Christian Union when it was on the east side of Washington street, near Bedford—boys of about 18. The class gave two amateur performances in the Union Hall; the first was George M. Baker's comedy, "Bread on the Waters," written for private theatricals; the other, Robertson's "Caste." For all of us, I believe, it was our first appearance on any stage, and three of the class became professionals—the two others being Frank C. Griffith and J. A. S. Murray, both of whom became members of the Boston Museum company. Griffith's stage name was "Frank Carlos." Plympton was the leading man in our performances and by far the best actor; he was a handsome boy with brown hair and large blue eyes. The leading lady was Miss Barteaux, now Mrs. C. W. Barron, and mother of Mrs. Hugh Bancroft. Another member of our class was the late J. A. J. Wilcox, the veteran steel engraver, who even at that time looked very much as he did in recent years. S. B.

Boston.

A Family Custom.

Because the new Lord Rothschild is unmarried, he has never been able to carry out a custom of his family. When a daughter is born, her father gives her six pearls, each worth $500, and a similar present is made on each birthday until she is 18.

KREISLER GIVES LAST RECITAL

Fritz Kreisler gave his last recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata, D major; J. S. Bach, Sonata, E major; Vieuxtemps, Concerto in F sharp minor, No. 2; Martini, Preghiera; Couperin, Aubade Provencale; Cartier, La Chasse, Pugnani, Menuetto; Francoeur, Sicilienne et Rigiandon; Wagner, Wilhelmj, Siegfried, Paraphrase; Dvorak-Kreisler, Indian Lament; Kreisler, Liebesleid, Liebesfreud. Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

A great audience filled the hall in every part; many stood, others had seats on the stage.

Mr. Kreisler was in the vein. He has not been heard to better advantage this season. His tone, with its characteristic melting and emotional quality, was now haunting in beauty and richness, now delicate and filmy in muted passages.

Throughout the concert he played as an inspired interpreter. His performance of Vieuxtemps's Concerto was a feature of the program. In the Siegfried Paraphrase there was fire and romantic ecstasy, and in his own compositions, captivating grace and unerring sense of rhythm.

Repeatedly recalled Mr. Kreisler was generous with encores.

CONCERT SWELLS FUNDS OF ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL

Boston Chapter, K. of C., Has Assistance of Many Artists.

Boston chapter, Knights of Columbus, gave an operatic concert in aid of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Symphony Hall, last evening, before an audience of more than 1000 persons.

These artists appeared: Miss Josephe, soprano; Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto; Attilio Di Crescenzo, tenor; Ramon Blanchart, baritone; Miss Lydia White, harpist; Ralph Smalley, cellist; Miss Alice M. Sheehan, pianist; John O'Shea, organist; and the Pilgrim Male Quartette, composed of Robert Fitzgerald, first tenor; Everett S. Glines, second tenor; Percy F. Baker, baritone, and William Gustafson, basso.

April 20 1915

"The Shadow" Effectively Produced—An Unusual Theme Dealt with.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Shadow," a play in three acts by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton. First performance in New York at the Empire Theatre, Jan. 25, 1915.

Berthe Tregnier..........Ethel Barrymore
Gerard Tregnier..............Bruce McRae
Michael Delon.............Ernest Lawford
Dr. Magre................Edward Fielding
Helene Preville............Katherine Grey
Jeanne........................Amy Veness
Louise.......................Olive Murray

M. Niccodemi wrote this play, it is said, for Madame Rejane. The war prevented a production in Paris. The play was then translated into English by Mr. Morton. Whether he changed it materially or slightly is not stated.

Berthe, an attractive and loving wife, has been paralyzed for six years, unable to move hand and foot. Her husband Gerard has apparently been devoted to her, inquiring tenderly after her every morning and evening. He is an Admirable Crichton; a painter, essayist, deep thinker, what-you-will. For over two years he has been the paramour of Helene, an intimate friend of his wife. Helene for his sake has left her husband, home, position, obtained a divorce and incidentally became a mother, all for the sake of Gerard.

This is the situation when the curtain rises. Berthe has no suspicion of her husband's infidelity. She rebukes Michael, her respectful and dismal admirer, when he speaks cynically of Gerard's success, a success that he calls luck, success that is immoral.

A miracle occurs. Berthe suddenly recovers. She can move her arms; she can walk; but she pledges the astonished doctor to secrecy for a day or two. Helene calls on her and confesses that she is in love with a married man. Berthe pities her.

In the second act Gerald is at work in his studio. Helene begs him to secure a divorce. Which one of the two will inform Berthe of their love? Helene goes out to purchase something for the little one. Gerald leaves the room. Lo and behold, Berthe enters, to surprise her husband. She finally sees the baby, but thinks it a model, for there are portraits of the baby on the walls. Gerald comes in and is naturally amazed. There is a long scene between husband and wife. He makes his confession.

In the third act Berthe is resolved to go away, anywhere, but without jealousy or rage. She is completely crushed. The physician, Michael and Gerald protest. Helene comes in. There is a curious scene between the rivals. Berthe finally advises Gerald to be true to Helene and the little one. The word "divorce" no longer makes her shudder. She never wishes to see the woman again; but when Gerald is in the sunlight of prosperity and happiness, he can visit his ex-wife, for she will be a grateful, a beneficent shadow.

Such is the substance of this drama, which might be called a psychological, physiological one. According to each one of the chief actors, each acted in accordance with duty. Helene abandoned everything for Gerald, therefore she did right. Gerald needed more affection and assistance than he found at home, therefore he did right. Berthe recovered unexpectedly and she did right, but she should not have gone to the studio without informing her husband of her recovery and intention.

In her anguish Berthe regrets her restoration to health; she is like the hero in Clemenceau's Chinese play, who was happy when he was blind. When his sight was restored he found out that his wife had deceived him, that his steward had robbed him, that his friends were treacherous. He destroyed his sight and was [illegible] in comparatively happy.

[illegible] on [illegible] "The [illegible] is [illegible] to life. It has been said [illegible] disregard of [illegible] human [illegible] that [illegible] noble [illegible] beautifully and [illegible] essentially [illegible] nature [illegible] essentially [illegible] Berthe yes; but Gerald in his behavior after he is detected and in his speeches is essentially a cad. So the playwright represents him. One may have more sympathy with Helene, although, as Berthe reminded her, she was faithful to her own husband, and [illegible] might yet taunt her with the fact. The case of Helene was not fairly represented last night, for Miss Grey gave an inadequate, colorless performance of the part. There was no excuse [illegible] infatuation.

The third act brings a weak solution of the problem, one that is untrue to human nature. Helene in real life would not have come to Berthe's house. Berthe would not look forward after the divorce to five-o'clock tea with Gerald, disillusionized perhaps, and remembering the years before the six of paralysis.

Granting the premise of the play; granting that a man is at liberty if his wife is paralyzed—and thus the play might be turned into a plea for polygamy, [illegible] the notes to the celebrated Mr. [illegible] article on Zenobia)—granting all this, the play moves logically and [illegible] during the first two acts. And at the end of the second act the play, [illegible] the interest is at an end. Berthe has said all that there is to be said. It is another Berthe, who in the third act is lachrymose, preposterous, not so much in her renunciation, as in her desire to receive the visits of her ex-husband. It would be interesting to know whether this act is as M. [illegible] wrote it for Mme. Rejane.

Miss Barrymore gave an interesting and in many respects excellent performance. As was to be expected, she was delightful in the lighter moments, gently humorous, not too incisive. She was effective in suggesting the torture of her invalidism, without a touch of hysteria, without undue force. Her joy in her recovery, her desire to surprise her husband in the studio, the awakening of suspicion, the questioning of the husband, the bitter cry when she saw Helene with her child in her arms were portrayed without vitifices with the art that rests on nature. In the third act her performance was often perfunctory, not carrying conviction.

The supporting company is not a strong one. We have spoken of Miss Grey. Mr. McRae was not a romantic figure nor was he eloquent in self-reproach or in self-defence. Mr. Lawford left Michael a vague and uninteresting character, and Mr. Fielding was not a very sympathetic or authoritative physician.

A large audience was attentive throughout. After each act there were several curtain calls.

This person was handsome and gigantic, and nothing was wanting to make him a complete [illegible]. He had so graceful elocution and noble address, that had he been dropt out of the clouds into any part of the world, he would have made himself respected.

Tea, Eggs and Salve.

As the World Wags:

"Tea with eggs" is still consumed in London with every appearance of relish. [illegible] it always struck me as a singularly uninviting compound – with the egg broken into the cup of tea and stirred up a bit, as I have seen it done many an afternoon by patients in the Middlesex Hospital. I wish I might have corrected the process, and the unpleasant result with Sir Kenelm Digby, whose praise of it was quoted in this column recently. He must have been a very interesting and likable person with his romantic love story, and all his travels and adventures. His mind seems to have offered equal hospitality to superstitions, which were already outworn, and to the most advanced scientific thought of his day—such experiments, for instance, as those at Gresham College, in which Mr. Pepys was so greatly interested.

A while ago I copied from a borrowed book, "Social Life Under the Stuarts," by Mary Godfrey (I think I have the name right) the rather grisly recipe for a sympathetic salve, "which he had," as she states "from a Carmelite monk, who came from the Indies and Persia; and having refused to divulge it to the Grand Duke of Florence, imparted it to Sir Kenelm Digby for services rendered." The original is stated to be among the Ashmolean manuscript.

"To make a Salve yt. Healeth tho a Man be 30 miles off. Take mosae of a dead man's hed, 2 onc. man's greace 1 once, mummia, man's blood of each half an onc., linseed oyle 22 onc., oyle of rose, bolearmick of each an once, beat them together till it be fine leeke an oyntment keep it in a box, and when any occasion is to use it take the weapon wherewith a man is wounded, or for want of it take another iron or piece of wood and put it in the wound and so far as it is bloody anoynt it with that salfe." MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester, April 16.

Sir Kenelm's Venetia.

[illegible] Kenelm [illegible] who had been the [illegible] of [illegible] Earl of Dorset. The earl had children by her and settled on her an annuity of £500, "which after Sr K. D. married was [illegible] paid by the Earle; Sr Kenelme sued the Earle after mariage and recovered it. This lady carried herself blamelessly yet Sir Kenelm was jealous of her." John Aubrey, Esq., relates that "Rich. Earle of Dorset invited her and her husband once a yeare, when with much desire and passion he beheld her and only kissed her hand, Sir Kenelme being still by." She was described as a most beautiful desirable creature, "sanguin, tractable and of much suavity." "She had a most lovely sweet turned face, delicate dark brown hair. She had a perfectly healthy constitution; strong, good skin, well proportioned; inclining to a Bona Roba. Her face, a short oval; dark brown eyebrow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The color of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall."

Sir Kenelm had many pictures of her, by Vandyck and others, pictures of her at various ages, and one at least showed her undraped and radiant. He had her hands, feet and face cast in plaster.

Venetia died suddenly in bed. Some suspected that she was poisoned. "When her head was opened there was found but little brain, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper wine; but spiteful women would say 't was a viper-husband who was jealous of her." At Gresham College Sir Kenelm wore a long mourning cloak, a high cornered hat, his beard unshorn, as signs of sorrow for his wife, to whose memory he erected a sumptuous and stately monument, which was destroyed in the great fire. This noble monument was of black marble with a bust of Venetia in copper gilt.

Indispensable Books.

Four of Sir Kenelm's books should be in Everyman's Library and used as text books in our public schools. "Of the Cure of Wounds by the Powder of Sympathy" (1658); "Choice and Experimental Receipts in Physic and Chirurgery" (1668); "Cordial and Distilled Waters and Spirits, Perfumes and Other Curiosities" (1668), and "Closet Opened, whereby is discovered several ways of making metheglin, sider, cherry wine, etc." (1669).

And yet Mr. Henry Stubbe called Sir Kenelm in print a liar, because he gave an account of a city in Barbary which was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapor: "that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, etc., everything remaining in the same posture, as children at their mothers' breasts, etc."

Mr. Agassiz's Cannon.

As the World Wags:

I have a letter addressed to a friend from Secretary Mills of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, dated March 22, 1915. He enclosed a clipping which reads: "Against the south wall; an old iron cannon (circa 16th century A. D.), discovered by Mr. A. Agassiz in the ruins of the great wall of China."

Queries: Why should Mr. A. Agassiz go to the trouble of discovering "an old iron cannon," if it was made in "the 16th century"?

If said cannon, after being discovered, is preserved as a relic, is it not likely that it was so preserved because it was once in the great wall of China?

If a cannon was in the ruins of the great wall of China, and thrown therein after the ruin of that part of the wall, where are the other cannon not thrown in (circa 16th century A. D.?

If this cannon, now in the armory (?) of the Artillery Company in London, was used as filling for the wall erected 214 B. C., was not gunpowder "invented" many years before this date and discarded? COLONIAL BUILDING.

April 15.

As to "Campus."

As the World Wags:

Yesterday you remarked: "Harvard men, we are informed, have not spoken of the yard as a 'campus,' at least not for many years." The implication that Harvard men formerly used the word campus is, I think, a mistake. The term "college yard" is one of the oldest of college Americanisms, having made its appearance at Harvard as early as 1639, and is still fondly cherished by Harvard men. Exactly how the word "campus" originated has never been explained, but it put in an appearance at Princeton in 1774, at the South Carolina College as early as 1826, invaded the middle states and New England about the middle of the last century, and has since pursued its triumphant career from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of the older colleges, Harvard is apparently the only one that has been able to offer a successful resistance to the younger term. Within the past decade or two, "campus" has been heard occasionally even at Harvard, presumably due to the fact that so many graduate students come to Cambridge from other colleges. Can the exact date of the introduction of "campus" at Yale be determined? In 1895 Prof. Henry A. Beers, a Yale graduate of 1869, said that "we did not use to call it 'Campus,' by the way, but 'Yard'", and the word [illegible] was [illegible] whose "Four Years at Yale" was published in 1871 [illegible] throw some light on this question. A. M.

Boston, April 15, 1915

Looking over the Yale Courant for 1872 we find "college grounds," "college yard," "the green." We do not remember the word "campus" in general use at Yale from 1872 to 1876. As we were skimming the "Yalensicula" in the Courant we came across the following paragraph: "Glory, fame and wealth have at length alighted on the shoulders of S. J. Elder '73. The Lit. editors have pawned their triangles and given the proceeds, $10, or at least have promised to give them to him, for his story of 'Ruth Mayhew.'"—Ed.

Rough-Hewn.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if some of your able and obliging contributors can inform me about the rough-hewn block of granite. I think it is over the Huntington avenue entrance of the Art Museum. To me it suggests the potential head of a sphinx, shrouded perhaps in the gloom shed by its secret. Is this its finished state, or do the authorities wait the coming of a master worthy to adorn the entrance of an Art Museum? G. H. B.

Boston, April 16.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Law of the Land," a melodrama in four acts, by George Broadhurst with Miss Julia Dean. First performance in Boston.

Arthur Brockland	George Graham
Chetwood	Harry Lillford
Robert Harding	Charles Lane
Mrs. Harding	Julia Dean
Geoffrey Morton	Milton Sills
B[illegible]	Master Daly
Dr. Whittridge	James Seeley
H[illegible]urt	Ethel Wright
Police Captain Pritchard	William Conklin
P[illegible] Burns	Thomas Gunn
Policeman Taylor	Harry Oldridge
Inspector Cochrane	George Fawcett

Robert Harding, although a brilliant lawyer, is a man of ungovernable temper. His disposition is harsh and domineering. Unpleasant light is shed upon his character in the beginning of the play by his secretary, Arthur Brockland, and his butler Mr. Harding is cruel to his wife. He insults her at table and bullies her before guests.

Geoffrey Morton, a leading architect, returning from abroad, visits Harding. He demands retraction of damaging statements made by the lawyer in his absence. Harding not only refuses to sign a denial but taunts Morton with being his wife's lover. Morton's outraged paternity asserts itself when Harding, with diabolical intent, flogs the little son. Mrs. Harding, a horrified witness of the scene, admits her guilt.

Harding refuses divorce, but consents to sue for separation. First, however, he will make Mrs. Harding's name and the boy's a by-word. Not content with this in his determination to torture his wife, who once before had pleaded for divorce, he starts again for the child, whip in hand. Mrs. Harding shoots him dead with a revolver he had ready for Morton.

In Act II. all is as before except that the corpse is found, revolver in hand. This indication of suicide had been imagined by Chetwood, the butler, a silent spectator of his mistresses years of unhappiness. Only Mrs. Harding, himself and Brockland know the real murderer. The family doctor makes a superficial examination. Police Captain Pritchard, however, asks awkward questions and believes the wound was not self-inflicted. Brockland and Morton are in turn suspected.

In act III. Mrs. Harding tells Morton of her part in the "accident." They discuss the question of who shall make the sacrifice and confess. Morton insists that he be allowed to give himself up.

In act IV. Inspector Cochrane has the case in charge. Twins have just arrived at his home and he is in a sympathetic frame of mind. All the principals in the case are grilled in turn. Morton does his best to establish his guilt but when he is about to be arrested Mrs. Harding breaks down and begins a confession. This is finished for her by the inspector, from the point where Harding for the second time threatened to flog the boy. "You picked up the revolver, dropped it, and it shot him through the heart." There is general rejoicing.

Mr. Broadhurst in the program acknowledges his indebtedness to an anonymous author upon whose scenario the play is founded. The first two acts and, in places, the last, fulfill all that is demanded of a red-hot melodrama. The first act is by far the best. It is closely knit, exciting. There is constant suspense. The characters, sharply drawn, are strikingly contrasted. The second act, too, is cleverly constructed. Unexpected evidences of guilt are ingeniously unfolded. There is an atmosphere of apprehension. The tension and interest is unflaggingly maintained.

The third act is chiefly conversational, forced, and might well be left to the imagination. In the fourth the author again picks up his threads to weave a hitherto unexpected ending, although the inspector's solicitude for his family by telephone at once permits his leniency to be suspected.

As the heroine, Miss Dean was wholly admirable. [illegible]

[illegible] and was [illegible] by the [illegible] Mr. Lane was [illegible] grateful [illegible] was capital as the [illegible] Brockland [illegible] sufficient [illegible] Chetwood was a feature of the performance. Master Daly [illegible] Bennett [illegible] childlike [illegible] capital as the [illegible] Pritchard was realistically [illegible] Mr. Conklin. The play is [illegible] staged.

A large audience was [illegible] amused.

COLONIAL THEATRE—[illegible] engagement of Christie MacDonald [illegible] two-act operetta, "Sweethearts." The cast:

Sylvia	Miss Christie MacDonald
Dame Paula	[illegible]
Mikel Mikeloviz	[illegible]
Franz	[illegible]
Lieutenant Karl	[illegible]
Hon. Percy Algernon [illegible]	[illegible]
Petrus Van Tromp	[illegible]
Aristide Caniche	[illegible]
Liane	[illegible]
Captain Laurent	[illegible]

The memory of "Sweethearts" in Boston must be sweet. The Colonial Theatre was crowded last night and for a brief stay, and [illegible] applause greeted the [illegible] throughout the evening. [illegible] unfortunate selection of [illegible] parts and the singing was [illegible] its preciseness of attack and [illegible] of shading.

Miss MacDonald played with [illegible] ing skill, though she made a [illegible] queen than a girl of the [illegible]. Her bearing was of her royal b[illegible] when she did deign to throw a [illegible] at Slightsby, remarkably well [illegible] Echlin Gayer. Her singing was [illegible] lightful.

A burlesque favorite of the [illegible] was Ralph Nairn. He carried a [illegible] that caused a laugh before he [illegible] his mouth, and one wondered how an Irishman had wandered [illegible] to Bruges. Able support [illegible] funmaking. His voice was [illegible] should have been—[illegible] dant.

Maude Beattie was [illegible] the role of Dame Paula [illegible] meanor and spirit. Anna [illegible] a sweet little Liane.

Pretty girls made up the [illegible] their gowns were ad[illegible] in the gorgeous final [illegible] ing of Franz to the [illegible] effects throughout were [illegible].

BEATRICE HERFORD APPEARS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Heads an Excellent Vaudeville Bill —Some Favorites

Beatrice Herford, whose monologues—always of her own creation—at club and private entertainments long since earned for her a unique and prominent place among the more exclusive entertainers, is making her debut in vaudeville at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. She has selected from her repertoire of characterizations some of the best of her numbers. Her first pictures the mother, her daughter and her sister having their noon luncheon in the shopping district. The difficulties of catching the eye of the right waitress, the discussion of the menu and then, while waiting to be served, of shopping and of afternoon errands, were [illegible] true to life that the audience laughed until it cried. Then Miss Herford gave her characterization of the two friends before the box office window who are trying to make up their minds just when they will attend the [illegible] just where they will sit. The [illegible] last in the Herford series was entitled "In the Ten-cent Store."

Sam Chip and Mary Marble, who are always favorites and always scored in more than merely pleasing, are appearing this week in "The Land of Dykes," a little Dutch sketch that gives this well-known vaudeville team, with the assistance of a good supporting company, plenty of accepted opportunities to show its versatility and cleverness. Then the Courtney Sisters—Fay and Florence—who have been prominent in many a Broadway success, though never before appearing at B. F. Keith's, have a sketch that is a winner. A travesty upon the present tango craze is "Tango Shoes," in which Billy Burke presents Bert Cole and a company of six, all of whom participate in a tango competition that is a scream all the way through.

A touch of comedy drama was presented by Harry Fern and co[illegible] "Veterans," with the scene laid at the Old Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn. Mme. Adelaide [illegible] gratifying in the [illegible] her husband the late [illegible] Great, made [illegible] introduced [illegible] et co[illegible]

... in ... Manuel Quiroga, the young Spanish violinist played several selections, but for some reason did not respond to an encore. Kramer and Morton, black-faced comedians, were good, while the Skater Bijouve was graceful.

Next week Madame Emma Calve will be the star of the bill.

"TALES OF HOFFMANN" AT BOSTON THEATRE

BOSTON THEATRE—Aborn Opera Company in Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." The principals of the cast:

Hoffmann	Salvatore Sciaretti
Nicklausse	Gertrude Francis
Olympia	Eileen Castles
Giulietta, Antonia	Edith Helena
Spalanzani, Crespel	William Shuster
Coppelius, Dr. Miracle, Dapertutto	Morton Adkins
Cochenille, Franz	Philip Fein

Salvatore Sciaretti was heard as Hoffmann. He was the only member of the company to sing in Italian. His voice is a pleasing tenor; but not conspicuous for robustness, and there is now and then in his upper register a suggestion of forcing his notes. His dramatic accompaniment was well planned, and he lived the life of Hoffmann successively as the gallant, the romanticist, the fiery youth and finally the disillusioned man.

One of the chief features of the performance was the Olympia of Eileen Castles. She avoided the pitfall of overdoing the "business" of the doll. She never left the picture as the automaton and she sang sweetly to follow the suggestion of the character.

Edith Helena was heard as both Giulietta and Antonia. Her performance was often interesting vocally as well as dramatically. She sings to a decided advantage in the middle and lower registers, where her voice is full and clear; in the upper tones there is more often a metallic ring. Her brazenness as Giulietta was cleanly differentiated from her later pathetic moments as Antonia.

Morton Adkins, who sang as an honest baritone, was a pleasure in many ways as Coppelius, Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle. The latter role he chose to play after the manner of Svengali. His vocal numbers were no less interesting than his acting, and this was especially true of his song before the mirror as the sinister Dapertutto.

Many others in the cast gave good accounts of themselves, particularly the Nicklausse of Gertrude Francis, the Spalanzani and Crespel of William Shuster, and the Cochenille and Franz of Philip Fein. The ensembles, too, were given with a spontaneity and vim; this was particularly true of the finale that made the epilogue something more than a final curtain.

April 21 1915

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern or smoking room, or a pit of a theatre. * * * As a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

Good Talk.

As the World Wags—Your interesting reflections on conversation prompt the thought that the best talk is not heard in crowds, even small crowds. A dinner of eight is apt to be stupid, while one of four may be delightful. How much better often talk at dinner or elsewhere between two! I've a lifelong friend with whom I've disagreed delightfully for hours at a time since about 1875. We agree only in liking each other, and a few common (not mutual) friends. I've no wish to outlive that man or two or three others with whom I am on like terms. After one has passed the romantic age, talk with women is apt to be dull, though I've the good luck to know a few women, most of them now far from young, with whom I can have satisfying talk. How delightful my evening with a hostess of this sort two or three years ago! Her huge old house, in which her family merely camped out because it was too large to be fully furnished, looked across a few acres of lawn to a great tidal river, and there was no other dwelling for 500 yards or more. We talked long and confidentially of her four nearly grown boys, of her dead, beloved of both of us, of present live issues, and a very little of books, when about 11 her husband came home, fetching news and gossip that gave the conversation a fresh and interesting turn until bedtime struck. That evening of very simple talk is still odorous in memory. How different my evening with a relative by marriage, who talked long about my children, and that topic palling, fetched out the whiskey and recurrently urged it upon a not unwilling guest. I lacked the sense to say "Let me go to bed," she the tact to give me a book and let me alone. I find it hard talking with Boston women, not that they are dull or lack matter, but that they are apt to seem suspicious of a man. Charles Lamb was particular about his women and children. I like my women as I have found them where I belong, friendly, unsuspicious toward

...o, content to accept us for what we seem to be. Such a woman, although she never attended a lecture in her life, and may have no "views," can make an evening delightful to any rational man no matter how clever he may be.

Brookline, April 18. LINGULACO.

Domesticated Genius.

A London evening journal published this "personal": "A GENIUS will give his services for home comfort." What are the domestic services of a "genius"? He may be able to burst into poetry, amuse the children by tales of imaginary adventure, imitate the popular actors, invent excuses when the meat man, the green grocer, the tailor are importunate, but the "genius" can seldom drive a nail, hang a picture, beat a rug or determine what is the matter with the range.

Got and Wilkes Booth.

As the World Wags:

Does the story related by Edmond Got about his acquaintance with an entertainment of John Wilkes Booth in Paris seem credible? You quote him as saying in his diary under date of April 30, 1865, that "about three months before" he had known the President's assassin and the context would indicate a stay of at least two weeks in the French capital.

Now, the movements of Booth for eight months previous to April 14 have been carefully traced. Thus: In September, 1864, he was in Baltimore; on Sept. 27 he was in the oil regions of Pennsylvania; on Oct. 27 he was in Montreal, and on Nov. 9 he was in Washington. Then for two days he was in Charles county, Md., and on Nov. 16 he began a stay of a month in New York, where the three brothers made their famous appearance on the 25th. From Dec. 12 to 17 he was in Washington; from Dec. 18 to 20 he was in Charles county again; on the 22d he was back in Washington; he spent Christmas in New York and New Year's eve in Washington.

From Jan. 28 to Feb. 21 he was in New York, and on Washington's birthday in the capital again. Booth was in Baltimore on Feb. 28, and for the first three weeks of March he was in Washington, where on the 18th he played Pescara at Ford's Theatre in the John McCullough benefit. Again he was in New York from March 21 to 25; he returned to the capital; then left for New York on the journey which took him to Boston, and from this city he went to the capital, where a few days after he committed his crime.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston.

Got's exact words, written on April 30, 1865, commenting on the assassination of Lincoln, are these: "Acteur, c'est le mot, car voila trois mois Fechter m'avait adresse," etc.

Got was an eminently serious man, a man of dignity and of a mental power and literary acquirements unusual in his profession. His statement that Fechter gave Wilkes Booth a letter of introduction to him is undoubtedly true, nor is Got's account of Booth's sojourn in Paris and his admiration for Brutus to be doubted. But how about the "trois mois"? Booth probably met Fechter in London. Fechter first played there in English at the Princess's Theatre in "Ruy Blas," October, 1860. He was playing in London in '61, '62, '63, '64. Got died in 1901, and his journal, edited by his son Mederic, was not published until 1910. Was the entry of April 30, 1865, incorrectly transcribed, or was Got a victim of heterophomy? When in the course of the civil war did Wilkes Booth visit London and meet Fechter? The only other reference to Fechter in Got's journal during these years is on March 3, 1864: "And Fechter then, after 19 years of a fine career in Paris, goes to London to tempt fortune there in his own theatre as a blond Hamlet! He has succeeded brilliantly, and I am glad of it. But I, even in his place, would never have played a game like that."—Ed.

With an Accent.

The London Daily Chronicle says that the American accent is the most infectious in the world. "A couple of months is sufficient to alter the pitch of the voice, and no man comes back from America without being detected in his speech, which has unconsciously caught the pitch. He gets over it in time. But Britain has never succeeded in imposing its lingual pitch on America." Oh hasn't it? We all of us know men who, having been in England for a short time, return with an affected English accent which they studiously maintain. Perhaps, after all, it is not the real thing.

GREEK PLAY GIVEN BY BROWNING SOCIETY

"Balaustion's Euripides," Dramatized by Miss Clark, at Plymouth.

"Balaustion's Euripides," a Greek play in four acts dramatized for the Browning Society of Boston, by Helen Archibald Clarke, was presented at the Plymouth Theatre yesterday afternoon. The piece was taken from Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure" and Aristophanes' "Apology." The main theme is the historic controversy between the rival dramatists, Aristophanes and Euripides.

Captain of the Galley	Thomas A. Watson
Balaustion	Ella R. Shull
Euthukles	Robert H. Clark
Philemon	Burton W. James
Comic Platon	Malcolm P. McNair
Archon	R. Kendrick Smith
Aristophanes	Paul S. Bliss
Sophokles	Reginald Coggeshall
Lusandros	Burton W. James
Lady of Fashion	Almira Lang Doherty
Elaphion of the Persic Dance	Elvira Rhin'l

This play is for a selected audience rather than the average theatre-goer. It was artistically staged. The scenery and costumes by Livingston Platt excited admiration. Indeed appreciation of Mr. Platt's fertile imagination, his delicious sense of color, grows with every new example of his work. The setting, representing the hall of the Archon's feast, was enchanting with its sombre background.

April 22 1915

There is an odd opinion among us, that he who is a contemplative man, a man who weds himself to his study and swallows many books, must needs be a profound scholar and a great learned man, though in reality he be such a dolt that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any useful application of it in common discourse. What he draws in lieth upon dead lees and never grows fit to be broached.

Only a Cooper.

We are now informed that an ancestor of Gen. Joffre was a cooper, a tonnelier. The jest that the general will barrel and head up the Germans is too obvious. Let us rather quote from Artemus Ward's romance, "Only a Mechanic."

"In a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

"By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man, with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"'I must go,' he said; 'the foreman will wonder at my absence.'

"'The foreman?' asked Isabel, in a tone of surprise.

"'Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work.'

"'Foreman—shop—work! What! Do you work?'

"'Ay, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!' and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"'What's that?' she asked; 'it is something about barrels, isn't it?'

"'It is!' he said, with a flashing nostril. 'And hogsheads.'

"'Then go!' she said, in a tone of disdain, 'go away!'

"'Ha!' he cried, 'you spurn me, then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle,' he added—and nothing could exceed his looks at this moment—'when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! Farewell!'"

For the wretched fate of the Sawtelle family see Artemus Ward's complete works.

Adv.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Miss Hazel Ray. A suitable reward is offered for information about her.

Plympton the Name.

Obituary notices of Eben Plympton stated that his real name was Bradlee. "S. B." in a letter published in this column last Monday questioned the accuracy of the statement. We are now indebted to "G. H. N." for the following letter:

"I came across the other day two play-bills of the 'Tenny Dramatic Association' in 1867, when Eben Plympton first appeared as an amateur in George M. Baker's plays with me and other old West end boys—and girls—in the cast also! His father was a gold beater and goldsmith on Hawkins street, and I think he lived over his shop. The Boston Directory of 1866 and 1867 would settle that. Eben went to the Mayhew School and was one of a set of us who had theatricals in the basement of Mr. Tenny's house, 81 Chandler street. Mr. and Mrs. Tenny were the grandparents of Harry and ... McGlenen and their father and mother occasionally assisted us. Eben Plympton was the only one who stuck to the stage and became famous."

"O. N." refers us to the Plympton Genealogy (1884): "Eben Plympton was born February 7, 1853, the son of John Bradlee Plympton and Elizabeth Priscilla (Williams) Plympton."

Name the Treaties.

As the World Wags:

In a letter to The Herald of April 16, Margaret P. Bowditch states that America has broken more treaties than any other country with the exception of Great Britain. It is not unnatural perhaps that with her recent German affiliations, Mrs. Bowditch should wish to place Germany in the best light possible and, to that end, less dishonorable than America or Great Britain. To make so broad a statement she must have made much research among political archives. Will she be so kind as to give us, who have been less fortunate in time and opportunity for such study, the data which she has acquired; the number of treaties broken by America and by Great Britain? It is of course easy to make assertions. To carry conviction, however, they must be substantiated by facts in detail.

W.

Boston, April 19.

The Cockney Muse.

As the World Wags:

In your column of April 16 Mr. Sullivan quotes one or two examples of the Cockney Poet. With dialectic differences I recall one termed "Petticoat Lane." One verse ran about as follows.

Oh vell I remember, the vay was by vater,
To old Greenwich fair, that I went with my pal,
Along with Bet Muggins, the coal 'eaver's dawter,
And early 'aired Liza, the watter cress gal.

Another was "The Ratcatcher's Daughter":

In Vestminster there vunce did dwell
A Ratcatcher and his daughter.
They didn't quite live in Vestminster
But the other side of the vater.
He caught rats and she sold sprats
All round and about that quarter.
And the gentle folks all fell in love
With the Ratcatcher's pretty little daughter.

SYDNEY HARROCKS.

Westminster, April 16.

Everyday Phenomena.

"Can any doctor or clergyman explain the physical or spiritual impulse that shifts your clothes to the left under great exertion?" The case of Gladstone with his white cravat is mentioned. "The more splendid his oratorical effort, the more tremendous his effect upon the audience, the further was the crawl, watched by hypnotized listeners, of his tie to a rest under his ear." But why do drawers in summer always crawl down? Why does our undershirt always crawl up as if wishing to encircle the neck? Why does the lightest overcoat thrown over an arm insist on trying to sweep the sidewalk?

April 23 1915

TO THE PRINCE OF CRITICS

[From a contributor who asks that it be "tucked in somewhere" unbeknown to its subject, a request which has been granted.—Ed.]

There is one critic in this spinning Hub
Whom, in lieu of a finer term, we dub
Infallible.
So sage, so just, we to his judgments bend.
If Philip says "'tis bad," 'tis bad, and there's an end.
If "clever," clever 'tis, and that is all.
Ah, Philip, never from Olympus fall!

I never spent my honest dollar yet,
Without his sanction, but I knew regret.
It's marvellous.
The drama, music, literature and art!
How can the cells of our brain keep them all apart?
How can one man so many things review,
And never blunder? (for some critics do).

Hail, Philip! Hail! but not farewell.
May decades pass before old Time shall tell
The last bead of your life with us.
And when, at last, it slips along the endless chain
Beyond our view,
May we be ready then, as now, to follow
"After you."

There is no doubt that certain precious stones have magical qualities. The wine-colored amethyst received its name, which means "not drunken," from the fact that the stone keeps the wearer sober. At Geneva and in Savoy, the health-stone worn in a ring grows pale if the wearer is threatened with any malady. The ruby guards the possessor from pestilence, lightning and the temptation to drown oneself. The emerald strengthens the sight, cures epilepsy and ailments of the stomach, and is a sure specific against snake bites. Jade is better than a lightning rod, and worn at night prevents bad dreams. White cornelian cures the toothache, the flesh-colored stone stays hemorrhages, and the deep red variety nullifies the evil effects of anger. If two tree-agates are tied to the horns or neck of oxen at the plough in Greece, the crop will be plentiful. The worth of the snake stone is known to many, as is that of the blood-stone, which in Albania stops the flow of blood. If you bury a white tree-stone under a tree to be felled your axe cannot be blunted. The natives of New Caledonia employ stones for sunshine, rain, famine, war, fishing, sailing, for all purposes of homoeopathic magic, always with beneficial results. The salagrana keeps away witches. Even looking through the hole of a millstone improves the sight. The dragon stone confers sharpness of vision on its owner, so that he can see running water under the soil, buried treasure and other things hidden from ordinary mortals.

The Zahuri Family.

As there seems to [illegible] a prejudice at present against selling stones that insure health, quicken a sense, or bring good fortune, it might be well to engage a zahuri for a hired man this summer; and, if he is presentable, give him the hand of a daughter in marriage. The Zahuris were found originally in Spain. They have the gift of perceiving underground, streams of water, veins of metal, treasures and carcasses. There is a slight drawback, and it is only fair to mention it; they have very red eyes, like they that tarry long at the wine. The belief that the Zahuri owed his power to Satan is now exploded.

Mr. C— E. Aab Answered.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondents, "C— E. Aab," should not expect the writer to draw any dividing line between the ancient and modern Teutons, but inasmuch as the Hatto myth dates from 970, A. D., it may with propriety be called ancient. The rat entered Europe through Russia, and the common brown rat has been indigenous in one country long enough to have received the name of Norway rat. Evidence of the antiquity of rats and mice among the Scandinavians and Teutons can be found in their mythology which, however fanciful, may contain some elements of truth, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that rats and mice may have been—as represented—contemporaries in time with the gods with whom they are associated. It is to be remembered in Germany they represented the human soul. Attention is called to the following references:

"Myths and Myth Makers," John Fiske, pp. 33-34: "By many countries rats and mice have been regarded as sacred animals, but in Germany they were thought to represent the human soul."

The author quotes a story from S. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," of a girl who fell asleep, and of a red mouse seen to creep from between her lips and to run out of the open window. She was removed to another place, and when the mouse returned, not finding the body, it vanished, and at the same moment the girl died.

Ibid., page 34. "St. Gertrude, moreover, the heathen Holda, was symbolized as a mouse, and was said to lead an army of mice; she was also the receiver of children's souls. Odin, also, in his character of a Psychopompos, was followed by a host of rats."

"Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," S. Baring Gould, reference is to the one volume edition of Rivington, article, Bishop Hatto, page 457.

"I believe the origin of these stories to be the heathen human sacrifice made in times of famine. That such sacrifice took place among the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples is certain. Tacitus tells us that the Germans sacrificed men."

Ibid., page 459. "The manner in which human sacrifices were made was very different. Sometimes the victims were precipitated off a rock, sometimes hung, at other times they were sunk in a bog. It seems to me probable the manner in which an offering was made for plenty was by exposure to rats. * * * Offerings to rats and mice are still prevalent among the peasants in certain parts of Germany, if we may credit Grimm and Wolf; and this can only be as a relic of heathenism, for the significance of the act is lost."

Ibid., page 466. "The god to whom these oblations were made seems to have been Odin."

"Freya or Holda leads an army of mice, and Odin an army of rats."

"As a rat or soul god, it is not unlikely that sacrifices may have been made by the placing of the victim on an island infested by water rats, there to be devoured. The manner in which sacrifices were made have generally some relation to the nature of the god to whom they were made."

Ibid., page 467. "* * * islands were long regarded with special sanctity by the Northern nations. Rugen and Heligoland in the sea were sacred from a remote antiquity, and probably lakes had as well their sacred islets, to which the victim was rowed, had his back broken, and on which he was left to become the prey of rats."

It seems reasonable to suppose that rats and mice did exist among the Teutons at a time when they were undeniably ancient; it is also reasonable to suppose that up to the time of Bishop Hatto the early Christian evangelists had accomplished very little in eradicating from the hearts, lives and consciences of the people, a faith ingrained in them by many centuries of faith and practice and that sacrifices to the old deities continued to be made.

FREDERIC S. MUNROE.

New Bedford, April 20

Goethe's Faust on Walpurgis night [illegible] a sweet and captivating [illegible] who sang and danced, because [illegible] mouth he saw a little red mouse springing. Mephistopheles asked him why he started at trifles. "'Tis well it was not gray or yellow."—Ed.

[illegible]

[illegible] Grand Opera C[illegible] "Carmen" Mr Pasternack [illegible]

Carmen	[illegible]
Micaela	[illegible]
Frasquita	[illegible]
Mercedes	[illegible]
Don Jose	[illegible]
Escamillo	[illegible]
Dancairo	[illegible]
Remendado	Philip Fein
Zuniga	Alfred Kaufman

"Carmen" began the last three days of the Aborn Opera Company's present season at the Boston Theatre last evening. The performance was generally smooth.

Miss Santley, whose voice is sonorous and brilliant, sang with marked authority. There were effective moments in her impersonation while her acting was spirited. Mr. Sclaretti's Don Jose was acceptable. Mr. Kaufman's Zuniga was soldierly and impressive. Mr. Adkins was vocally well disposed as Escamillo. The chorus was throughout efficient.

Miss Francis will sing the title role this evening. Mr. Samoloff will be heard as Don Jose, Mr. Graham as Escamillo and Miss Wallace will take the part of Micaela.

SCHOOL SETTLEMENT GIVES ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Mrs. Minnie L. Longley, pianist, was the soloist at the concert of the People's orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement, Jacques Hoffmann conductor, in Bates Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, last evening. Mrs. Longley played a group of MacDowell's selections, which included "Improvisation," "To a Water Lily," "Shadow Dance" and "Hungarian."

The orchestral numbers were overture, "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; "Adagio Pathetique," Godard; "Berceuse," Jarnefeldt; "Danse des Bacchantes," Gounod; overture, "Stradella," von Flotow; selection from "Aida," Verdi.

April 24 1915

Symphony Orchestra's 22d Public Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Orchestral Suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," Op. 48 ... MacDowell
Concerto in D minor for piano ... Mozart
Concert Piece in F minor for piano ... Weber
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (Eclogue by Mallarmé) ... Debussy
"The Steppe" ... Noskowski

Noskowski's symphonic poem was comparatively unfamiliar. It was played here eight years ago last month, when it left no deep impression. There is a printed argument in the score to this effect: The heath is calm and beautiful after the warriors that fought on it are dust; it was indifferent to "drums and tramplings of three conquests," to shepherd's pipe and song of Cossack. This argument recalls a sentence in "The Return of the Native": "Only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man."

Noskowski (1846-1909), a Pole, had here a fine subject for music, pictorial and imaginative. The most striking feature of his composition is the introduction that should portray the heath itself without suggestion of man. Here he gives the idea of a monotonous steppe without becoming himself monotonous. The Cossack episode has character, as it is sung by wood wind instruments to harp, tambourine, violins with an opposing figure and violas pizzicati. Yet the hearer, remembering a similar episode in Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture prefers the Russian's melody and his treatment of it. A disproportionate amount of space is given to the battle music and here Noskowski's invention fails. He cast this symphonic poem in the form of an overture and thus deprived himself of freedom. The chief themes are developed and they reappear as in any orthodox overture. The steppe, which is the one important thing, is too long neglected. The battle cries and clashing of warriors' weapons should be more episodic, especially when the descriptive music seldom rises above the commonplace.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a remarkably efficient interpretation of MacDowell's "Indian" suite. It is nearly 20 years since this work was first performed. During these years there have been changes in the wit of composition, in the theory of music, in the public taste. That which is imaginative, poetic or containing the elements of grandeur survives, whatever the year, whatever the school may be. This Suite with the noble Legend and solemn Dirge, beautiful in its solemnity; with the charming Love Song, the ferocious war dance and the savage gaiety of the festival, is modern in thought and in expression. With each performance the wealth of ideas and the mastery in expression are more and more apparent.

[illegible] would [illegible] d to [illegible] would [illegible] he was in [illegible] afternoon [illegible] G[illegible]? [illegible] bus[illegible] afternoon [illegible] Faun' must have [illegible] d to MacDowell and I believe that "Pelleas and Melisande" would have enchanted him. For MacDowell, with all his vigor, his marked virility, was a dreamer, a dreamer not without a streak of mysticism in his nature. The performance of Debussy's "Eclogue" yesterday was conspicuous for tonal beauty, exquisite proportion, languorous, sensuous atmosphere. The effect would have been still greater in a smaller hall and there were moments when the pace seemed a little too slow.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch made a bold experiment by playing Mozart's concerto in Symphony Hall. He was greatly daring, but he triumphed gloriously. The performance had an adorable simplicity in the performance a grace that was not finical; an elegance that did not fall into empty bravura. Mozart, who insisted that passages should "flow like oil," would have clapped his little and shapely hands together in approval. In giving this rarely musical interpretation of the concerto Mr. Gabrilowitsch was aided by the perfect accompaniment of the reduced orchestra.

Weber's Concertstueck was in itself an excellent contrast. No one thinks today of the program of this virtuoso piece, or if one reads the story of the chatelaine and the knight, one smiles, as over a novel of old-fashioned sentiment and stilted phrases; but the music itself still makes its way when it is played in the Weberian chivalric manner. As Mr. Gabrilowitsch caught the spirit of Mozart, so he appreciated the dash and brilliance of Weber, composer and pianist. Dr. Muck and the orchestra furnished a sympathetic, sustaining, inciting accompaniment.

Again a most interesting concert. Alas, there are only two more this season. The orchestra was never so plastic, euphonious and eloquent. In Dr. Muck are all the qualities of the supreme conductor.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Goldmark, Overture "In the Spring"; Smetana, Symphonic Poem "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadow"; Chabrier, "Espana."

MME. PAPORELLO AND HER PUPILS AS ENTERTAINERS

Mme. Maria Paporello of the Boston Opera Company, assisted by her pupils and Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, tenor, gave an entertainment in Jordan Hall last evening. There was an orchestra led by Gualtiero Vabi. Roberto Moranzoni accompanied Mr. Fontana.

The program included a pantomime, "The Slums of Paris," and many fancy and modern dances. The pantomime, which had a realistic setting, described a scene in a boozing-ken, with an old gentleman robbed by Coq d'Or, who was impersonated by Mme. Paporello; the murder of her mother by Arsene Lupin (George W Lovett), a quarrel between the lovers and the death of Coq d'Or. A Valse Espagnole by the Misses Tyler, G. Diaz, Moody and C. Diaz and the Danse Apache by Mme. Paporello and Mr. Lovett were features of this scene.

Mr. Abrams was amusing as a cat in the dances that followed. A modern waltz danced gracefully by Miss Concannon and Mr. Lovett and a valse coquette danced by the former were deservedly applauded. Mme. Paporello appeared in a pas de deux with Miss Concannon, and in a pas seul. Among the pupils that took a prominent part were the Misses Moynahan, Maynard, Moody, Wood (a very young child), Burnett, Virginia and Elizabeth Oakes, Makinnon, Purcell, Dever, Di Angelis. These dances were greatly enjoyed and the pupils, at various stages of proficiency, reflected credit on their instructor.

Mr. Fontana, who was heartily welcomed and enthusiastically applauded after each number, sang arias from "Luisa Miller," "Pagliacci," "Andrea Chenier," "Iris," and a song by Mascagni. He was in excellent voice, and he sang with the dramatic spirit and understanding that have made him conspicuous among operatic artists.

The reply of "New Playwright" to the strictures of Mr. Eric Smallweed will be published in The Herald tomorrow. It may be remembered that "New Playwright" commented forcibly on Mr. Daniel Frohman's remarks concerning young dramatists and the attitude of managers toward them. An entertaining letter from Miss Lottie Chase Ham concerning the doings of the Drama League in Boston will be published, also a letter from Mr. E. P. Goodnow about stage-lighting and certain curious theatre customs.

The Perplexed Manager.

Theatre Lover—I thought you were going to announce a grand Shakespearian revival.

Manager—It was my intention, but what can I do now that this race bill has been passed? "The Merchant of Venice" is out of the question. "Henry the Fifth" is impossible for the Welsh would kick at Fluellen. The Scotch [illegible] are [illegible] Di[illegible] n w[illegible] r.' [illegible] waited in [illegible] trouble if any [illegible] East" should be [illegible] the ground that it gave [illegible] the New Englander. Do you [illegible] Boucicault were now alive he [illegible] dare put on "The Shaughraun" with [illegible] wake scene? Farewell to German [illegible] Swedish comedians! Look at the [illegible] dramas in which the villain is a German, a Russian or a Frenchman. [illegible] wonder is that the Hungarians didn't protest against Mr. Faversham and his leading woman in "The Hawk." Nothing doin', I tell you. I may have to go back to George M. Baker's plays. Why, at present I wouldn't dare to put on "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Adele Hugo.

Adele Hugo, a daughter of Victor Hugo, died on April 21. The obituarists in this country state that she was kidnapped at Guernsey by an English officer. "All Europe was searched for her by her parents, but they obtained no trace of her whereabouts. Several years later a girl found wandering along the streets of New York, apparently demented, declared 'I am the daughter of Victor Hugo.' This was the only statement she ever made. She was sent back to France to her parents, but her lips remained sealed until the end."

Truly a tragically romantic story. Let us put it in a parallel column with the following foot note from "Sainte-Beuve" by Leon Seche, a dry and accurate narrator.

"It is well known that Adele Hugo fell in love at Hauteville House with an officer in the English marine service who commanded the guards at Guernsey; that she married him against her father's will, that having followed him to India, where he died, she returned to France in 1872, with her mind so affected that it was necessary to confine her in an asylum, where she now is." (Leon Seche, "Sainte-Beuve" was published in 1904.)

Sainte-Beuve was the god-father of Adele Hugo, who was born in 1830. In his poem "A la petite Adele," the 6th in "Le Livre d' amour," Sainte-Beuve hinted boastfully that he was her father.

Eben at School.

As the World Wags:

Let me add a little to the Eben Plympton history. He was a classmate of mine in Mr. Gates's class at the Phillips school, corner of Anderson and Pinckney streets. He occupied seat 4; the writer 5. Possibly his father was a "[illegible]er," but at the time of which I write his father was armorer of the National Lancers, then located in the armory upstairs, in the building on the corner of Hawkins and Sudbury streets. I think the family lived in that building.

JAMES J. SULLIVAN.

Boston, April 22.

Why White?

As the World Wags:

In the aviary, Franklin Park, there is a white peacock. I cannot find any account of such a bird in the books of reference at hand. Can you throw any light on the subject? H. P. [illegible]

Jamaica Plain, April 22.

We take it for granted that this bird is naturally white, was born so, and is not whitewashed. Surely the city government would not be guilty of a showman's deception. The poets recognize the existence of white peacocks. Maeterlinck's "Ennui" begins. "The nonchalant peacocks, the white peacocks have fled." The real question is, after all, as follows: Is the white peacock in Franklin Park nonchalant? It is well known that the familiar and gorgeous peacock was the only creature who was induced to show Satan into Paradise, and the rabbis have proved that Satan and his boon companions now have feet like peacocks, so that the birds are notoriously of ill omen. The white peacock is probably sanctified and harmless in spite of his feet.—Ed.

The Rat Catcher's Daughter.

Mr. Sidney Horrocks of Westminster quoted on Thursday a verse of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter." We are indebted to Oliver Ditson Co. for a copy of the song. The authorship is attributed to one Cowley. This version begins "Not long ago, in Vestminster," and ends "And the gentle folks all took off their hats, to the pretty little ratcatcher's daughter' Doodle dee, doodle dum! dildum doodle da!" The tragedy is told in nine verses. The daughter was drounded, and her lover cut his throat with a pane of glass and stabbed 'is donker arter! There was a "Corkoners Inquest."

The werdict was that too much vet
This poor young voman died on;
For she made an 'ole in the River Thames,
Vot the penny steamers ride on!
'Twas a hact of [illegible] they all agreed,
And nuffink lok' se f slaughter;
So not guiltee o' fel in the sea,
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, etc.

A Sailor's Song.

As the World Wags:

Can you give me any information as to the history of the following [illegible] I give herewith [illegible]

[illegible]
Wh[illegible]ly [illegible]y
Old shoes I [illegible]
And the [illegible]
But I'll keep [illegible] they sunder,
May I never have b[illegible]
May I never have b[illegible]
And across the western ocean I must wander.

Then hurrah for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog,
Hurrah for my grog and tobacco,
I have spent all my tin, with the lassies drinking gin,
And across the western ocean I must wander.

From the reference to the western ocean I think the song is an English sailors' song, but I am not certain on that point. The sailor goes through all his wardrobe, coat, hat, shoes, trousers, etc., showing that he is down and out from drink, and the only alternative is to ship on a voyage.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

June 25 1915

ACTORS' FUND

A large audience filled the Boston Theatre in every part yesterday afternoon at the annual benefit in aid of the Actors' Fund of America. Programs, candy and flowers sold throughout the performance served to increase the amount realized for this worthy charity, which was estimated at about $5700.

Leading theatres were brilliantly represented, while joyous Frank McIntyre of "A Pair of Sixes" acted as call boy and master of ceremonies, with his usual good nature and vivacity.

The long program began with "The Gambol March," a spirited piece composed and conducted by Fritz Williams. The march was received with marked approval and the composer heartily applauded. This was followed by John Craig and Miss Mary Young and the Craig Players in the third act of "Common Clay."

Miss Julia Arthur, an ever welcome apparition, made her second appearance in Boston this season in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Ernest Glendinning as Romeo and Miss Marie Uart as the Nurse. Miss Arthur, a romantic and picturesque figure in charming draperies, enchanted by her exquisite diction and the beauty of her finely modulated voice. This Juliet was not too animated nor was there the impression of an actress striving after heights in elocution. Miss Arthur realized admirably the nature of Juliet, her gentleness, sentiment and womanly tenderness. Mr. Glendinning was a poetic Romeo, an intense and ardent lover. He has the advantage of youth and, for once, the illusion of Romeo's boyish rapture and amorous ecstasy seemed a reality.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, fatigued from her present exacting role in "The Shadow," failed to appear, but Bruce McRae of her company, with Leigh Denny and Miss Waldrop of "A Pair of Sixes," played in "The Banker's Wife," a play in one-act by Edward E. Kidder, which was seen in Boston for the first time.

Miss Lillian Russell, ever youthful and yesterday striking in black pailletted chiffon and jet, spoke with customary spontaneity of her theatrical career, the Actors' fun and the three most important assets towards preserving beauty, which she considers cleanliness, exercise and diet.

Much amusement was caused by a scene from act III. of "The Queen of the High Binders," a favorite melodrama of some 20 years ago, acted by George Fawcett, Milton Sills, William Conklin, George Graham, Thomas Gunn, Ethel Wright and Grace Carlyle.

Others who contributed were Miss Hazel Cox, in songs; the Crossman Banjo Phiends; Cunningham and Marion, comedy acrobats; Miss Beatrice Herford, in her monologue, "A Lady at an Intelligence Office"; the Meistersingers of Boston; Manuel Quiroga, the distinguished violinist; John Graham of the Aborn Opera Company, and Miss Christie MacDonald in Scotch songs.

A popular feature of the afternoon was the London Gaiety Company in songs from "Tonight's the Night." These included several by Mr. Farkoa, who also sang a cleverly arranged French version of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which delighted the audience.

We publish today some interesting letters concerning the theatre.

On April 11 a letter commenting on Mr. Daniel Frohman's remarks about young dramatists and the attitude of managers towards them was published in this section of The Herald. The article was signed "New Playwright." On April 18, Mr. Eric Smallweed answered this writer and wrote in a sarcastic vein. Today he is answered.

On April 12, Miss Jean Cherry had her little say about the Drama League of Boston. Her say was published in As the World Wags. The editor of that column added the heading, "The Uplifters," so Miss Cherry is not responsible for that. Today her letter and the Drama League will be discussed by Miss Lottie Chase Ham. These letters are at least entertaining.

The People's Choral Union will give a performance tonight of Handel's "Samson." The last time we heard this oratorio it was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society on April 2, 1893. The [illegible] were Mme. Nordica, M[illegible] Louise Rollwagen, W. J. Winch, G. [illegible] [illegible]n, Plunket Greene. When the oratorio was first sung by the Handel and Haydn Society, Jan. 26, 1845, Miss [illegible]one's voice was compared to the "shower of meteors which illumine our November nights." There was dissatisfaction because the part of Manoah, the reverend sire, was given to a handsome young man of 18 or 19 years. This was the first performance of the oratorio in Boston, but the great Braham had sung the pathetic air "Total Eclipse" in 1840, on Nov. 1, the night of his first appearance in this city.

At the performance of the Handel and Haydn Society in 1877 the solo singers were Clara Louise Kellogg, Mathilde Phillipps, Chas. R. Adams, M. W. Whitney, J. F. Winch. Of these singers only Mme. Kellogg is living.

Milton's "Samson Agonistes" was wrenched by Newburgh Hamilton for the text of Handel's oratorio. Milton, whose domestic life was sour, honored Delilah by conferring the degree of wife upon her, and then wreaked personal vengeance by abusing her and her sex. The billingsgate hurled against the "Female of sex, bedecked, ornate and gay, sailing like a stately ship of Tarsus, bound for the Isles of Javan or Gadire, with an amber scent of odorous perfume" was let alone by Hamilton. But will this air of Micah please the advocates of votes for women?

It is not virtue, valor, wit,
Or comeliness of grace,
That woman's love can truly hit,
Or in her heart claim place.
Still wav'ring where their choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong:
So much self-love does rule the sex,
They nothing else love long.

To which Samson answers:

Favor'd of heaven is he who finds one true;
How rarely found! his way to peace is smooth.

And what will they say to this chorus of Israelites in A-major:

To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep his wife in awe:
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd
By female usurpation sway'd.

In this season of censorship, why do not the leaders of the votes-for-women movement appeal to Mayor Curley, Mr. O'Meara and, as a last resort, to Gov. Walsh? This chorus may not be "obscene," but it is surely "immoral" in that it may provoke strife between the sexes and lead to a rioting on a peaceful Sunday evening.

Handel began the composition of "Samson" a few days after he had completed "The Messiah." He finished the first part by Sept. 29, 1741—he began on Sept. 14. The second part, or "act," as he called it, was completed on Oct. 11, 1741, and the third on Oct. 29. About a year later he added the brilliant solo: "Let the Bright Seraphim" and the chorus "Let Their Celestial Concerts All unite." The first performance was on Feb. 18, 1743. Tickets for the pit and boxes at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden were half a guinea each; first gallery, 5s.; upper gallery, 3s. 6d. The advertisement read: "Each subscriber is to pay six guineas upon taking out his subscription ticket, which entitles him to three box tickets every night of Mr. Handel's first six performances in Lent." The solo singers at the first performance were probably Beard, Samson; Savage, Manoah; Mrs. Cibber, Micah; Mrs. Clive, Delilah. "Let the Bright Seraphim" was composed for Signora Avolio and first sung by her. The oratorio was well liked. There was an English performance on March 30 1742: six performances in the next year, two in 1745; four in 1749; two in 1750, three in 1752; three in 1753; one in 1754 and one in 1755. A letter from London published in Faulkner's Journal (Dublin), March 15 1742, said: "Our friend Mr. Handel is very well and things have taken a quite different turn here from what they did some time past; for the public will be no longer imposed on by Italian singers and wrong headed undertakers of bad operas, but find out the merit of Mr. Handel's compositions and English performances. That gentleman is more esteemed now than ever. The new oratorio, called 'Samson,' which he composed since he left Ireland, has been performed fewer times to more crowded audiences than ever were seen; more people being turned away for want of room each night than hath been at the Italian opera."

Horace Walpole was irritated by this success. He wrote in a letter dated Feb. 24, 1743: "Handel has set up an oratorio against the opera and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from the farces and the singers of roast-beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one, and so they sing and make brave hallelujahs, and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

Schoelcher in his life of Handel states: "Not one of the London journals says a word about this season, in which were produced for the first time, 'Samson' and 'The Messiah'! What an age for the arts!" Of course Schoelcher refers to the first performance in London of "The Messiah" after it had been produced in Dublin.

It was at a performance of "Samson" in 1753 that Handel, blind, wept when he heard the air "Total Eclipse!" Beard, the first to sing the air, had married in 1739, Lady Henrietta Herbert, only daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave and widow of Lord Edward Herbert. There was a commotion about it. Lady Mary Wortley Monta[illegible] wrote to Lad[illegible] fr[illegible]t "Lady H[illegible]rriet Herbert fu[illegible]hed the tea tables here with fresh tattle for the last fortnight. I was one of the first who was informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest that she had desired him to marry her the next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury Lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frightened at this affair, and asked my advice. I told her honestly, that since the lady was capable of such amours, I did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin, and her family from dishonor, but by poisoning her; and offered to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. * * * They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham, though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her married. * * * Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution, but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have resources to the church in her necessities; which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family. Such examples are very detrimental to our whole sex, and are apt to influence the other into a belief that we are unfit to manage either liberty or money." But the marriage was a happy one. Beard was a man of high character; he loved Lady Harriet devotedly, and when she died after 14 years of married life "he raised a fine monument to her memory in St. Pancras churchyard with a touching inscription."

M. Romain Rolland in his excellent life of Handel says that Handel did not produce "Samson"—the name is spelled with a "p" in the first advertisement—at Dublin because he did not have adequate interpreters there. "Perhaps he reserved the work for the next season at Dublin, for he thought of returning there, but the invitation that he awaited at London did not come. The character of Delilah is one of the most complex painted by Handel, and the parts of Samson and Harapha demand exceptional voices."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Frohman, Mr. Smallweed and "Playwrong"

May I ask Mr. Eric Smallweed, through your department, how can I be sure theatrical managers do not eat young women playwrights when it is expressedly stated in their interview that they are "very fond of them?" The sex wasn't mentioned, of course, but since Mr. Smallweed has raised the issue and also in an artless little Japanese way has "discovered" the sex of the writer of the "prompt response to Mr. Frohman's lament for the unknown or new playwright," can he assure me that it is only the plays the managers "eagerly devour" and not the writer of the play? I am not really timid; but I would so deeply resent being devoured by even a manager that I would promptly disagree with him. I just hate being unnecessarily disagreeable. And a "gentle, sympathetic manner" is often so misleading! Cartoonists always picture cannibals approaching the shivering, shrinking missionary in just this genial, sympathetic, smiling manner. And didn't W. Shakespeare say something about being able to "smile and smile and be a villain still?" I never yet saw a picture of these "big" theatrical managers in print, but that the creepiest, most oily smile didn't surround them like a halo. No, I am not timid, but as Hattie Williams once so blithely sang off tune, "Now I've Got Experience."

Granting I have not fertility of wit in outwitting or hoodwinking theatrical managers to read my hard labor—why use up energy like that when they tell me a circus clown gets very good pay? Would you try dancing down Broadway in bare feet and chiffon with the manuscript tucked safely away in the folds of the girdle, and as the press of theatrical managers struggled to get near me begging me to be "booked" through them, would you lead them on and on and on, up into their very innermost office and then flash on them the manuscript—and pray for a quick curtain on the denouement? Or maybe you would suggest I commit a murder or take cream baths or start religious revivals—anything to make me a valuable "find" for a theatrical manager? Or are you a "vigorous male" eager to carry your challenge straight into the heart of dear old Broadway? Or are you a press agent out of a job? You modestly suggest "New Playwright" should engage the service of one. Who was the first press agent? The serpent in the garden? John the Baptist certainly was a press agent; he was the voice that "ran before, saying, Prepare ye the way." So I have always felt he was the first recorded press agent.

And another point. I did not call myself "New Playwright." I refuse to plagiarize; I humbly acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Daniel Frohman for the term. Perhaps he preferred to say he was looking for new playwrights rather than call them fresh or verd[illegible]. Perhaps he used the term in the s[illegible]n of gullessness. Who can say—but his press agent! Alas, I know not where to find the press agent. New, also, might refer to soft, verdant green. Granted I am all of these: fresh, verdant, green, gulleless the issue at stake still remains the same; I still have not been looked up by any theatrical manager in search of raw material and that in spite of the friendly efforts of The Herald's dramatic editor, who published my "complaint" (heavens that sounds like a disease) and the added publicity given me by one Eric Smallweed. But just to show I am still able to sit up and take a little nourishment—in spite of my complaint—with the hope of mollifying my peevish friend, I will just sign myself this time—

PLAYWRONG.

Boston, April 20.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Miss Cherry, Miss Ham and the Drama League

There appeared in "As the World Wags" on Monday an article anent the Drama League of Boston, signed by one Jean Cherry. The heading itself must be offensive to all lovers of the theatre, even to those of us who are not so particularly desirous of uplifting the drama as the public itself. And the article, though witty, was calculated to do harm rather than good. Of all persons, I am the last one to appear as a defender of the Drama League of Boston. I have no words in which to express my conviction that as a society aiming to serve the theatre, it is an abject failure. Like Jean Cherry, I was formerly a member; but unlike this lady I attended more than one meeting. In fact, I attended all meetings with amazing regularity for me, who usually go to a club or a society only at my convenience. I resigned from the Drama League when I discovered that after all, there was nothing to be done—that it would bring about its own defeat in the natural course of events. And even though Prof. Baker was at this time president, and I felt it my duty to support any venture in the theatrical line that appealed to him, I saw that my own aim and that of the Drama League of Boston was so utterly at variance that I had no option except to sever my connection. But whatever I feel about this society of over 2000 members, banded together to support what is good in the theatre and to ignore what is poor, I cannot let this article of Jean Cherry's go unanswered.

It is difficult to tell her that she is unjust, because it is a matter of spirit, not of fact. Her facts are unimpeachable. Her spirit is menacing to the ideals of a large group of people, and we may always be kind enough in this world of misinterpretations to separate an ideal from its fulfilment. I myself have many warm friends all over this country who are Drama Leaguers. And they are not without intelligence. They are people who sincerely care for the theatre, and who sincerely wish to be in the vanguard of a helpful movement. Perhaps Jean Cherry has forgotten, even does not know, that the Drama League of Boston is as great a puzzle to the National Drama League as Boston itself is to every theatrical manager or producer in this country. There has never been any co-operative spirit between the Boston branch and the national organization. In Chicago the league has literally fulfilled its mission by saving many plays from failure. I know of a number of cases personally brought to my attention. In New York the league has endeavored to keep itself alive and to be a factor of some importance.

In Boston the reverse has been true. The league here has saved nothing and has harmed many things either by nonsupport or by the ridiculous bulletins issued by a playgoing committee entirely oblivious of its responsibilities, noncatholic in its judgment and with apparently no one on it at any time capable of writing the simplest dramatic criticism. I sympathize with Jean Cherry's ridicule of the Boston League's bulletins. One can only smile at their inaptitude and thoroughgoing foolishness. They are patronizing in tone, uninteresting in matter and never trustworthy. It has seemed wisest to those who really care to acquaint themselves with the facts as they exist on our playgoing committee to make perfectly sure that the matter is of no importance and then simply to smile. Since every manager in Boston will tell you that the league is of no use to his productions, since every critic of acumen snubs it regularly and systematically, why disturb ourselves enough to insult our friends who are members? If I had thought that I could make any helpful suggestions or was likely to be met half-way, I should have done so in print long ago. No city more than Boston needs an intelligent and thoughtful guiding in theatrical matters. It is prone to demand the best and to pay out its money liberally to see the worst. If a society of some 2000 members form to guide and help this curious and fickle, but well intentioned, public of ours, it goes with-

out saying that the society itself should be in earnest that it should be ... with a board of officers and a few committees who are trained to meet these real conditions fairly, and who, above all else, have a catholic taste themselves, or, at any rate, can conceive of others so endowed. And no one ought to belong to such a society unless willing to back up its officers honestly.

The truth here in Boston is much as Jean Cherry puts it indirectly: a certain portion of people like to feel that they are connected with a theatrical enterprise. The Drama League offers to whet their appetites by bringing before them in a semi-personal capacity actors and actresses of note. For $1 the Drama League gives about the fullest value for the money I know of. The members feel no responsibility, but are ever anxious for the privileges that go with it. I was a guest last spring when Doris Keane spoke before this assembly. She spoke to a packed house, and not in my experience have I heard so thoroughly sincere and intellectual an address from any actor or actress as Miss Keane honored the league by making. She was way over the heads of her audience. She felt this before she had been speaking five minutes. She tried to change her tactics, then fell back discouraged and said what she had to say, realizing that not a dozen persons in that large audience cared a button for anything except her personal charm and her casual manner, which succeeded in captivating them. She retired exhausted. Did the Drama League pay her the return compliment of going to see her do one of the great pieces of modern acting? Not much. It was satisfied with having seen an attractive girl in her street clothes, and it did not care a hoot whether she was supported by one of Harvard's own sons at his best and in a bit of acting that will be long remembered by some of us who are not Drama Leaguers. There was a bulletin on "Romance," I think, but if it sent any member there who would not have gone in any event, it differed materially from all others of its bulletins.

This year much attention was justly paid to Mr. and Mrs. Faversham. The bulletin for "The Hawk" was a disgrace and was hastily written at the Touraine by two members of the play-going committee, who damned it with faint praise and were not even sure it ought to be bulletined. The Drama League's play-going representatives decided that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest play to reach us with Marie Tempest in the lead was "a bit thin, don't you know." So none of the Leaguers were asked to support one of the best comedies of the season in Boston. What the league has not done for our first Little Theatre venture at the Toy can have no public comment from me, since none that is even conventionally courteous could be made. The Toy has had not one particle of support officially from the league except three lines of luke-warm commendation almost at the end of the Kingston engagement.

So after all I do not appear as a defender of the Drama League of Boston; far from it. But I do severely question the helpfulness of Jean Cherry's remarks, and say that unless she is willing to be serious about the matter, the least said the better. And as for her sentence to the effect that every speaker announced at the Detroit convention is a school teacher, has she no friends who occupy that rather necessary and important post in life? And does she wish to imply that college instructors and school teachers in general are without common intelligence and are of no value in the theatre today? It is an insult not only to Prof. Baker who was the first president of the Boston Drama League; but also to Richard Burton, who is the president of the National Drama League of America, a professor of English in the University of Minnesota, a man who has published work of value and a gentleman of intellectual authority.

LOTTIE CHASE HAM.

Cambridge, April 14.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Stage-Lighting and Old Practices

Have any spectators of "The Birth of a Nation" noted a curious arrangement of stage-lighting in the Ford Theatre scene? The stage set, an interior, seems to be illumined entirely from a single light—presumably a border—which is suspended at some distance behind the proscenium arch. An oblique shadow on the wall is seen, stage left, and a ... flood of light extends far out on the "apron." The footlights, to all appearances, are not in use. The question naturally arises, how much of this effect is carelessness or assumption on the part of the producer, and how much strict adherence to fact and custom?

That the footlights are in eclipse is undoubtedly a slip. Not since the days of comparative barbarism in the mechanical arts of the theatre have we dispensed with foots—not, at least, until the advent of the "newer" German methods. But what of lighting from above? Were borders or similar arrangements ... and ... they in common use ... subject ... is point.

In one respect, at any rate, the film is not in accord with theatrical fact. The opening scene of "Our American Cousin" and the second scene of act 3—the scene during which the assassination occurred—are not, as shown in the Griffith pictures, identical in setting. This, at all events, is the case in the printed play of today. Is it possible that the acting version of 50 years ago differed in this regard or that the locale of the action was changed at the will of the producer?

Another circumstance is to be noted. In one of the several glimpses we get of the play's performance, Miss Laura Keene, the star of the evening is seen to acknowledge applause. The orchestra leader passes her a bouquet; she bows and leaves the stage; whereupon the action of the piece is resumed without a curtain fall. This bit of business, which is doubtless typical of many a performance of former years, must impress upon those who regret the "star system" of today all that they have to be thankful for. Nowadays, at least, even an "all-star" performance is allowed to proceed with reasonable continuity until the curtain drops. Yet there are those who yearn for the good old days!

Such questions of detail as those above considered are doubtless inconsequential in the production of so mighty a film as "The Birth of a Nation," yet in a representation which is otherwise executed with extraordinary care and consideration, they are not to be wholly ignored. They raise, in any case, interesting questions.

EDWARD P. GOODNOW.

Brookline, April 21.

A New Melodrama and Random Notes

Many of us remember with pleasure Sutton Vane's "Span of Life," a melodrama in which there is not a dull scene from the opening one, in which the villain poisons grapes on the trellis with a hypodermic syringe so that the little child and heir, eating, may be removed. Mr. N. J. Sutton Vane, the son, is also a dramatist. His new play, "The Blow," was produced at the Little Theatre, London, on April 3. "In the first act a lady of position, and old enough to have a marriageable daughter, hears from the lips of his mistress of her husband's falsity. Accordingly she ups with the lamp and slays her there and then; and in the second act, not only does she consider she has done a fine and right thing, but her daughter agrees with her and glories in having a murderess for her mother. And in the third act a wealthy young man, on being tortured by his friend with a lying tale of the infidelity of the girl he adores, rushes at that friend's throat and starts strangling him. Fortunately he is interrupted by the entry of his mother, who sadly admits that it may happen to the best of us to become murderers or murderesses, and sanctions her son's engagement to his sweetheart, who is no less a person than the daughter of the murderess of Act I. And as the said murderess has been tried and acquitted, the curtain finally falls upon her also enjoying the peace of the blameless." Church bells strike the hour at the moment of a murder. The Daily Telegraph began its review:

"Mrs. Pallant killed the wicked woman with the reading lamp. Then one moved in the bright world of melodrama. Things happened gaily with a single eye to stage effect. None of the characters was so cruel as to decline a hand in the game on the base excuse of probability. 'The Blow' has for all its slaughterous moments a certain sprightliness which is engaging. * * * It was all Mr. Pallant's fault. He would live in Paris. You all know what Paris is. Mr. Pallant, blessed with a devoted wife and one daughter, became the prey of a lady of no—or too much—reputation." And the review ends: "So they all lived happily ever after. But what the erring Pallant thought of it all, or whether he remained on the Riviera—alone—we cannot tell. It seems probable that he would await conjugal reunion with a certain nervousness and one eye on the reading lamp."

In New York, as in London, the theatres have of late been depending largely on revivals, and, among others, "Trilby" is said to have enjoyed a great success. We rather marvel that the ubiquitous Herr Dernburg has not found matter for protest in this; for the sympathy between the English and French painters in the play is extremely genial, while Svengali, the villain, is a German Jew.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Henry Becque's "La Parisienne" is, perhaps the most bitter piece of social satire written at a time when the "genre Rosse" flourished most on the French stage. "La Parisienne" has lately been revived at the Comedie Francaise. Madame Juliette Adam writes to inquire whether, under the circumstances, it would not be better to alter the title of the play. She writes: "As a grandmother," and says: "In 1870 the Theatre Francais served as an ambulance. Today the Theatre Francais plays 'La Parisienne.' Henry Becque's ... in ... is ... a ... quarrel ... After a quarter of ... hours ... the 'wife' ... 'flush' ... husband ... wife and husband were ... lover. She is tired of him, which distresses her husband. She takes a second lover and quarrels with him in the same way. In the third act she takes back the first lover, and the husband is satisfied, and all three live happy ever after. Is this a libel on the Parisienne? Of course it is. Everybody knows that, or, at least, everybody knowing Paris knows that. Bitter Henry Becque himself, of course, knew it first of all. But on account of the war are we to go as far as to change the title of "La Parisienne?" Would Madame Adam suggest that it should be called La Boche? But the Boche lady would certainly not be as amusing as Henry Becque's cynical caricature of a Parisienne.—Daily Telegraph.

William Cooke, a celebrated rider and the oldest surviving son of William Cooke of Astley's, has died. "Under the tuition of M. Boucher of Paris, the famous riding-master of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, Mr. Cooke became one of the first English exponents of the haute ecole, of which he gave an exhibition before Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. He also appeared at Astley's in Shakespeare's plays, represented on horseback. When he left the circus he and his brother Henry, who died some years ago, opened a riding school where South Kensington station now stands."

"Theatrical Bristol" by Guy Tracey Watts is published at Bristol (Eng.) by Holloway & Son; 3s. 6d. net.

"The theatrical annals of the old towns and cities of England are well worth writing as a branch of the history of our social progress; and in few cities has that history been more significant than in Bristol. The theatre there, as an institution, had a specially long and desperate fight with Puritanism, and even to this day, we believe, there is more prejudice against it there than in many cities. The story of the conflict is told with spirit and humor in "Theatrical Bristol," by Mr. Guy Tracey Watts, **who chastises the Chadbands from time to time, but on the whole is an impartial, as well as vivacious, historian. Of course, he covers a great deal more than the Puritan outbreak. * * * He has been able to trace his story back to its faint beginnings in the 15th century and its more recognizable developments in the early 16th, when the first professional performances were given in the Guildhall and the players paid by the mayor.**

"Mr. Watts shows that Edward Alleyne acted there, and perhaps Shakespeare; and he gives in much detail the history of the Jacob's Well Theatre and of the famous old Theatre Royal, the latter of which survives today, one of the most interesting playhouses in the kingdom. Garrick has often been said to have opened it, but Mr. Watts doubts this. All he says on the point is that he was 'almost certainly present in the building on the night of the first performance.' Macready's father, however, was at one time its manager, while the actors and actresses who have appeared there include nearly every great name on the histrionic roll, from Mrs. Siddons down to Ellen Terry. Mr. Watts gives the list, with, in many cases, biographical particulars collected from many sources. If old timbers could talk, there are, indeed, few in England which could tell playgoers so much as the ancient beams of Bristol's Theatre Royal. Mr. Watts brings his interesting book up to date with some remarks on the Repertory Theatre movement, in the spread of which he sees ground for hoping that our provincial playhouses will yet be delivered from their present dependence on London productions. Facing the title page is an excellent photograph of the front of the Theatre Royal as it appeared in the year 1887. And we should add that only 250 copies of the book have been printed, and that each is numbered."

They are merry grigs in Berlin just now! In a recent number of the Berliner Tageblatt I found the advertisement of "the greatest success of the season." This was a comedy in five parts. Of these part 1 was "Down with England"; part 2, "The Russians in East Prussia"; 3, "The Beautiful Polish Girl"; 4, "John Bull in 1000 Anxieties"; 5, "The Marriage of Necessity." What it was all about I do not know. I merely quote from the handbill.—London Exchange.

Notes About Music and Musicians

The Signale of March 24 informs us that Max Fiedler gave the fourth of his orchestral concerts; Xaver Scharwenka had played some of his own compositions; Max Pauer was giving recitals; the Hess Quartet had ended its season with a fourth concert. F. E. Koch's new symphonic poem, "Halali," played by the Royal Orchestra, led by Strauss, was adversely criticised as "intellectual" music without individuality or interest.

Dr. Bruno Oetteking writing to the Signale from New York says that city ...

... he ... in ... he ... and conducted ... a ... piano ... the organ. He was ... Royal Orchestra at Copenhagen when he was ... years old.

Max Reger's new work (op. 134) Variations and Fugue on a theme of Telemann, is now published for the piano, two hands.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London) writes: "It is rather a tragic story. In a cafe-concert of a certain provincial town a young man, who looked ruddy and robust behind the footlights, came forward to sing ... trivial songs. His voice was ... and not very agreeable, and the audience grew restive. Suddenly some one called out, 'You had much better be at the front,' and the whole hall applauded. The singer struggled to get a hearing, and finally, in a lull in the tumult cried, 'Ladies and gentlemen—let me say a word. I have tried twice and been twice refused. It will be my greatest sorrow before my death, which is not so very far off. It is ... that you see on my cheeks. It is ... that I can get through ... my three songs without a ... ing. I ... or this certificate will prove to you in a pretty advanced state of consumption. And now would you like another song?'"

The first line of the national anthem as sung at St Augustine's, Croydon, ... "God Save our lord the King." The vicar (the Rev. J. H. White) explains that these were the original words and altered owing to the accession of Queen Victoria. He regards the original as more virile, and there is much better, and adds: "For similar reasons we sing the original second verse, much ... of the effeminate rubbish which was put forth at the time of the jubilees and coronations, when some of us fondly liked to think that the nations had buried the hatchet for good and all. If we are doing our level best to confound somebody's politics, and to frustrate his knavish tricks, we can't see any objection to singing and praying about it. But our national anthem is not great either from a poetic or musical point of view. We feel this the more when we join in the glorious Russian anthem."

The Daily Telegraph asks whether Tschaikowsky, "more especially his 'Pathetic' Symphony," is to be numbered among the immortals. "For some of us the 'Pathetic' is unquestionably slightly 'dated.' True, much of the old piercing, almost agonising, pathos remains, but, on the other hand, that which glittered so luminously at first seems now to be losing something of its effulgence, as in the second and third movements."

Not a few protests have been heard with reference to the singing of some Brahms songs in German at a concert in Aeolian Hall last week. We are not surprised. Speaking on this subject at one of the war emergency entertainments, Mr. Isidore de Lara waxed very indignant over this revival of German—at such a time as the present—in a London concert room, and expressed the pretty strong view that the people who applauded those songs, sung by an English artist in the language of "kultur," ought to be ashamed of themselves. Whether those who applauded on that occasion should, or should not, be ashamed of themselves is a matter that may be left to their own consciences. But that any encouragement should be offered to a British artist to sing in the language of a cruel and pitiless foe is a question as to which there can surely be no two opinions. If the artist concerned on this occasion would retort that proper justice cannot be done to Brahms by rendering him in an English text, the answer is simple enough—leave Brahms severely alone. There are other composers, and certainly no one, even among the most devoted Brahms worshippers, will pretend that he has suffered any neglect in our concert halls of recent years. Sir Charles Stanford probably voiced the feelings of a good many people when he entered a protest against the recent performance here of that composer's "Requiem." But this work, at any rate, was sung in English, a circumstance which, to our thinking, makes all the difference in the world. At a time when the strongest possible resentment is felt by the whole nation, as by every other civilized people, against a country which is pursuing barbarous methods of warfare, and does not stop at the murder of non-combatants, it seems simply incredible that an audience should be found to tolerate hearing any song, however fine, sung in a language which must needs bring to their minds afresh the horrors and, on the German side, the atrocities—of this war.—Daily Telegraph, April 3.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (March ...) wrote: "The spirit and the tragedy of war ... at this afternoon's Colonne-Lamoureux concert. ... recalled the war but not ... single ...

[illegible] 60 miles [illegible] were all by [illegible] and all by composers who [illegible] the front or others who were at the front, having been killed in action. Thus the program read: Overture of "Balthazar," by Georges Marty, in memory of Marcel Marty, killed in action November, 1914; two poems for 'cello by P. L. Hillemacher, in memory of Jean Hillemacher, killed in action September, 1914; four musical poems by Alberic Magnard. Alberic Magnard was in his cottage in the east of France when the Prussians arrived, evidently on pillage bent, as they had sacked many other houses. The composer barricated himself in his house and determined to sell his life dearly. He brought down two enemies with his revolver, firing through the window; then, as the enemy was breaking into the house, shot himself to escape them. Here are two more items on the program with a tragic interest: Two musical poems for soprano and orchestra by Philippe Moreau, reported missing, and not since heard of; "Symphonic Andante" by Paul Pierne, lieutenant of artillery, wounded at the battle of Montmirail, the son of M. Gabriel Pierne. All the other pieces in the program were by young French composers now serving in the army."

Charles Dalmores, the tenor, fighting in France, has written to London, asking that English magazines should be sent to the French soldiers in the hospitals.

Sir Henry Wood has scored for orchestra Moussorgsky's "Tableaux d'une Exposition" which the latter wrote for the piano as impressions of an exhibition of pictures by his friend Hartmann. Sir Henry is not the first.

Mr. Robin H. Legge writes in the Daily Telegraph: "A correspondent tells me that recently he invited a lady to accompany him to a concert at which Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony was to be placed. The lady, however, declined the invitation on the ground that she much preferred to hear Mischa Elman play it on the violin. When my friend pointed out that it was a symphony, the lady retorted that signified nothing as Elman had arranged it for the violin. The young lady had just returned from Dresden, where she had enjoyed two years of "finishing" lessons in music and general education." Mr. Legge also says: "A correspondent writes to ask if I can tell him why Macdowell's suites 1 and 2 and the Indian Suite and Arthur Foote's C sharp minor suite are entirely neglected here even by our amateur orchestras. I fear I do not know, though I regret the fact; but I am sure that no orchestra will be the worse for taking note of Foote's suite. He is an admirable musician, many of whose songs used to be sung by Mr. Plunket Greene years ago." But is not Macdowell's Indian Suite the "2d" suite.

Here are two American notes that were published in the London Daily Telegraph:

"In Los Angeles there is an organization which calls itself the Brahms Quintet. Recently it offered a program in which particular attention was drawn to the fact that the numbers are all by American composers, that they are presented by American artists, and that the instruments used are of American make. Could 'patriotism' go further? Now look on the other side of the picture. The names of the players are Oskar Seiling, Louis Rovinsky, Rudolf Kopp, Axel Simonsen and Homer Grunn; the instruments were made by one Fritz Pulpaneck; the only composer named was a Canadian! Now surely these obviously unexceptionable American musicians might easily have capped their 'patriotism' by giving themselves a title of American origin. Or was Brahms an American?

"The Boston English Opera Company, when heard not long ago at Richmond, Va., 'consisted of about 20 persons, no orchestra, no scenery, eight in the chorus. The orchestra consisted of one pianist, who plays with his left hand and directs with his right.' That reminds me of the orchestra in an English provincial theatre, of which a very distinguished native musician was the violinist many years ago. The orchestra consisted of the violinist, a cornet player who 'blew' spasmodically at intervals from a corner where he reclined on the floor, too drunk to sit up, and a pianist who, like his American confrere, played with his left hand only. But the right was used to convey a pot of porter, which stood always on the corner of the instruments, to the mouth of the pianist."

Albert Chevalier has been singing at the Palladium. The "Little Nipper" has grown up and is now "the Coster Boy in Khaki." Mr. Chevalier appeared as a typical piou-piou and sang "La Marseillaise," but in the first part he sang some of the old favorites.

We spoke recently of a young girl, Dorothy Waring, who had been engaged by George Edwardes. She made her debut in "Veronique" at the Adelphi, April 3. The Daily Telegraph, after speaking of that dangerous thing, "the puff preliminary," said that she showed no trace of diffidence. "She might have played the part a hundred times before, so sure was she in her methods, and easy and natural in every movement and gesture. She was a dainty rogue in porcelain, her youth and freshness made her an ideal Veronique, and [illegible]

[illegible] that the [illegible] her voice [illegible] yet, undeniably [illegible] pure and fresh [illegible] The Times was less enthusiastic.

Apropos of the concert in May to be given by Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch, the Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of Messrs. Moiseiwitsch and Rosenbloom playing the latters' variations on an original theme for two pianos, remarks: "What extraordinary fidelity composers display to the variation form when writing for two pianos! Schumann, Saint-Saens, Kirchner, Sinding, Reger, Schutt, to mention only a few in different styles. Excluding arrangements, the available music in this interesting form seems to consist of many variations, an occasional sonata, a few preludes and fugues and a rare concert piece or two."

It is possible that women may become music engravers in England. Mr. Lyttleton of Novello & Co., said: "I am only too pleased to employ British labor when I can. But when we started the business here 40 years ago my father had to go over to Leipzig for a foreman and the necessary tools—and we have that foreman still. Germans so far have been the principal music engravers, though whenever the opportunity arose I took English boys as apprentices. In Paris I have seen women employed on this work, and I believe they are also employed in Germany. About 30 years ago I had a Frenchman and his daughter in my works, and they used to divide the labor, the daughter doing the preliminary scratching of the music on the plate and the father finishing the stamping—for it is really more stamping than engraving."

Writing of the survival of old English ballads among the mountaineers of Kentucky, W. A. Bradley in Harper's Magazine for May calls attention to the fact that the most persistent of these songs are sea ballads.

"Strangest of all, perhaps, in a land where most of the important watercourses are navigable only on horseback, is the persistence with which a memory of the sea lingers in these transplanted ballads. There are few mountain men for whom the ocean would not be a novelty. And yet, although it must be difficult for most of them even to figure to themselves what that vast, flat, trackless expanse with an empty horizon really looks like, there is, apparently nothing that so appeals to their imagination as a sea voyage or a shipwreck.

"Does this suggest a possible solution for the vexed question of the origin of these nautically-minded highlanders, and of their ancestral pursuits? Certainly their language is anything but nautical, as in 'The Salt Sea,' where the deck is referred to in a very lubberly fashion as the 'floor':

" 'They had not been sailing very long,
They hadn't been sailing but three weeks,
She threw herself upon the cold floor,
And there she began to weep.'

"But even if their forefathers should prove to have been sailors or Thames watermen, it would not be extraordinary if, in the course of a century or so, they had become a trifle shaky concerning such minor points of technical seamanship!

"A man on Beaver creek told me that his family was descended from one of Blackbeard's pirates who, when the band was beaten and broken up in Albemarle sound, sought an asylum in these hills. Perhaps it was he who brought with him that capital piratical ballad with a real lilt to it, like some of Gilbert's 'The Lone and the Lonesome Low,' which is one of the many variants of 'The Sweet Trinity' and commemorated a supposed incident in the career of Sir Walter Raleigh in the Low Countries—whence the corrupt yet musical refrain in this American version:

" 'There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of the Mary Golden Tree,
And she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,
And she sailed upon the lonesome sea.' "

Mr. Stanislao Gallo of Boston, composer, conductor and author of a treatise on the "Wind Orchestra," has received the following letter from Rome:

Esteemed Sir:

I beg to inform you that following the favorable advice received from the Royal Conservatory of Music, to which your composition entitled "Life's Journey to Death" has been submitted, his majesty, the King, has graciously accepted the dedication of your work.

At the same time I beg to express to you the thanks of his majesty for the kind sentiments that promoted you to ask this high distinction, and in returning to you the manuscript, I beg you to accept the expression of my esteem.

(Signed) LAMBARINO,
Minister of the Royal Household.

Rome, March 21, 1915.

April 26, 1915

The room in the third class boarding-house; the mean little hard coal fire, the slovenly Irish servant-girl making it, the ashes on the hearth, the faded furniture, the private provender hid away in the closet, the dreary backyard out the window; the young girl at the glass, with her mouth full of hairpins, doing up her hair to go downstairs and flirt with the young fellows in the parlor.

Sadly Missed.

As The World Wags:

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen" the one [illegible] of [illegible] who among the galaxy of newspaper "Columdom" is left to grace so fittingly the lonely breakfast table? My good wife, who with the exception of the one and only appearance in print (our wedding announcement these many years ago) is averse to publicity, has Miss Hazel greatly to heart. She wonders, does my wife, if the too great attractions of that suit of "unawares" has gotten our new friend into trouble; if that "pussy jowled superintendent," cat footed on the trail, has driven her into retirement, or worse, perhaps, has taken from her the inner allumination. She hopes not, and I (being gray headed and well broken to domesticity, so am perfectly safe with children) join fervently in her wish. We are wondrously interested in those tin cans of growing beans; it seems likely that they must have more than half a dozen glistening leaves by this time, judging by our out of doors, but we don't know, and that, you know, proves vain all our imaginings. Isn't it reputed to be true that old folks can stand only a small amount of curiosity? That the longer we live the shorter the bounds of self containment? If you don't believe this try being old in a small country town and try containing yourself when a stranger comes into your midst. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the world of boarding houses, hall bed rooms, the other side of department store counters, back yard fences, etc., should be like glimpses into foreign lands? We like new view points, we old uns, and especially those of bright young folks. So, my dear Mr. Hale, do please "wireless" an urgent call and bring us back our "ray serene." J. C. L.

Whitman, April 23.

She Lives, She Breathes.

As the World Wags:

What do you mean, a suitable reward? Do you want me to lose my job? I'm under suspicion now, and they raised my pay and put me over on the boys' clothes under old Duffy, and I've been selling the new model wash suits in striped galatea, denim and repp, darn em. With vestee and Dutch collar and unless you get in three or four Balkan Norfolks you can't do $25 a day to save your life. Yesterday I sold a suit to a woman with three boys for the youngest one and she threw them both into the dressing room and he came out with the pants all baggy in front and I said he would grow into them but he had them on backside to. So she reported me to Duffy, who said I would get sentenced to some bargain basement "if I don't show no more care." And that's Siberia, believe me. I don't care. I can go back to Heniker and get a job in the creamery. The arbutus are out at home so early and sister Nell says Bennie Rand has bought a new buggy. I guess I'll go anyway. Then, I will be lost, but not a chance on the strayed or stolen.

Yours for the fresh air.
HAZEL RAY.

Dorchester, April 23.

Verbal Patriotism.

A large number of terms derived from the Greek and Latin churches, modified by French influences, and used for years in Germany, may be driven out if the church synods so determine. "Pastor" will give way to "pfarrer"; "konsistorium," "altar," "orgel," "harmonium," are now unpatriotic words; so is "Sakrament." This last word reminds us of a poem by Heine in which he lamented the decay of religious faith because it would put an end to swearing and cursing:

Unbequemer neuer Glauben!
Wenn sie uns den Herrgott rauben,
Hot das Fluchen auch ein End'—
Himmel—Herrgott—Sakrament!

Soft Drinks.

There is a revival of temperance drinks in England, wines made from currants, carrots and cowslips, raspberries, rhubarb, parsnips, peppermint. Saloop has its advocates, not the drink that is a decoction of sassafras, but that made from salep, powdered, boiled in the water to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar. It was once sold in the streets of London. "The Complete Housewife" (1728) recommended that it should be drunk in china cups, as chocolate. Saloop was advertised in Charles Lamb's time as a "wholesome and pleasant beverage." Since Russia is England's ally, why not introduce shetnia, made of honey, hot water, pepper and boiling milk; or the Laplander's tipple of hot water and meal flavored with tallow and reindeer blood? Then there is bimbo, the summer drink strongly recommended by John Phoenix: three parts of root beer and two of water-gruel, thickened with a little soft squash, and strained through a cane-bottomed chair. By the way, no one has quoted John Phoenix's poem, "Sandyago—a Soliloquy," apropos of the exposition.

And then they go off much in licker
And hit the first feller they come to
All night long in this sweet little village
You hear the soft note of the pistol
With the pleasant screak of the victim
Who's been shot perhaps in his gizzard.

Bay and Chestnut.

As the World Wags:

Why is a horse of a certain color called a bay? Is there any such specific color known in the trade, or to painters? And is a bay a chestnut?

Boston, April 24. E. P. DEDHAM.

"Bay," meaning a reddish-brown color, comes from the French "bai." The Latin is "badius," a word used by Varro, but not classical Latin. Varro includes it in the list of colors appropriate to horses. "Bay" goes back to Chaucer—"His steed bay." It is rarely used except in connection with horses, but Urquhart in his translation of Rabelais speaks of a man's hair changed from "Bay, brown, to sorrel * * * gingioline," and Mrs. Tymmons, in a novel by Lady Lytton, "had been a blonde, and consequently had subsided into a bay wig." The new English dictionary recognizes bright-bay, light-bay, blood-bay, golden-bay. There are Walt Whitman's lines:

And the mocking bird in the swamp never studied the gamut, yet trills pretty well to me,
And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me.

A woman's hair or a horse is chestnut, deep reddish brown, when it is the color of a chestnut. We once saw an advertisement concerning a "chestnut sorrel gelding."—Ed.

For Lovers of Statistics.

The death scenes played by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt may thus be enumerated: Over 10,000 deaths from self-administered poison; suicides by drowning, 7000; by shooting, 5000.

CHORAL UNION SINGS 'SAMSON'

Handel's "Samson" was performed last evening at Symphony Hall by the People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. The chorus was accompanied by players from the Symphony Orchestra. Homar H. Shedd was the organist and Miss Grace Brown the pianist. The soloists were Miss Mona Holesco, soprano; Miss Ida Gardner, contralto; Alfred D. Shaw, tenor; Nelson Raymond, baritone, and Burton Piersol, bass.

Handel's oratorio is in three parts. In the first Samson, blind and captive, attends a festival in honor of Dagon, a god of the Philistines. He is visited by his friends and his father Manoah. He predicts the downfall of Dagon. In the second part Micah and the Israelites call upon God to pity Samson. Dalila seeks to re-instate herself in his favor but he refuses to heed her. Harapha, a giant Goth, boasts that he would have vanquished Samson had they met before his captivity. Israelites and Philistines praise their respective deities. In the last part Harapha invites Samson to exhibit his strength at a Philistine festival. Samson goes, believing the summons intended by God. Soon word comes of the destruction of the temple. Samson's body approaches on the way to the Tomb and funeral rites are performed by the Israelites.

Last evening the chorus was imposing in numbers. The soloists were efficient. They sang in the traditional manner without imparting any additional reality or emotional significance to the characters and utterances of the chief figures in the work. There was a large and appreciative audience.

April 27 191[illegible]

"Hello, Broadway!" Enthusiastically Received—Back to Popular Style.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance of "Hello, Broadway!" a musical play in two acts by George M. Cohan. Produced at the Astor Theatre, New York, Dec. 25, 1914.

George Babbit	George M. Cohan
Bill Shaverfam	William Collier
Bolivar Babbit	Charles Clark Dow
Ambrose Deming	Lawrence Wheat
Kick in McCluskey	Sydney Jarvis
Bam Lang	Harry Delf
Mr. Wu	John Hendricks
Victor	Charles Dow Clark
Daddy Long Beard	Tom Dingle
Judge Reizenstein	William Collier
Leo Getriebstein	George M. Cohan
Innocent	William Collier
Uncle Malcolm	Sydney Jarvis
The Man from Knoblack's	Charles Dow Clark
Irene	Louise Dresser
Alfred Woods	Lawrence Wheat
Cyril Haberdash	George M. Cohan

Mr [illegible] ... [illegible]
Mrs. [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] Dresser
Ruth [illegible] ... [illegible] Blanche
[illegible] ... [illegible] Dolly
[illegible] Wacklegsct ... Peggy Wood

Just before the last song Mr Cohan tells in an artless ditty how his father, mother, friends and the manager urged him to go back to the old Cohan play, with his eccentric dancing, waving of the American flag and the noise and bustle. He and Mr. William Collier were often very funny last night. The large audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Cohan's return in this mixture of songs, dances, imitations, burlesque was certainly welcome to many. If only he would not insist on such an orchestral din, such blarting of brass and pounding of drums! Let him make his chorus [illegible] about the stage as fast as he [illegible]; let him say with Demosthenes, [illegible], action, action, but why drown [illegible] and the words of songs, good, bad or indifferent in such an orchestral [illegible] Why stun his well-wishers? The [illegible] of his entertainment are in Jersey City, Hongkong, New York; but [illegible] one of them is in a boiler factory.

The scenes, as far as the stage settings are effective, often novel and ingenious. Taste was shown in the selection of costumes, and there are some beautiful color schemes. The chorus girls are many, pretty and animated, not conspicuous for singing or dancing, [illegible] young, joyous and generally pleasing.

Strung on the thread of an appropriately thin and absurd story are parodies of certain plays. Some have been seen [illegible], some have not. This made no difference to the audience. It laughed impartially. What did it matter? The [illegible] of some of the plays were [illegible] so close that they would have [illegible] heartier mirth.

One of the best scenes was "The Outcast," in which Miss Wood, and Messrs. Cohan, Collier and Clark took part. [illegible] was an example of extravagant [illegible] in the good old manner. Miss Wood told her pathetic story with delicious melodramatic intensity, and the dialogue was genuinely amusing as [illegible] the out-of-the-window business with [illegible]. Another capital feature was the Chinese dance of Miss Dolly and Mr Delf. Nor should we forget Mr. Collier's deportment on the bench [illegible] the interest he took in Chin Coin [illegible] a witness in the murder trial. The [illegible] scene called "The Song of Songs" was another feature.

Miss Dresser had much to do. Her [illegible] "Down by the Erie Canal" was [illegible] accepted by the audience. Miss Blanche sang various songs and gave various imitations which evidently pleased many while a few waited [illegible] for the re-entrance of Messrs. Cohan and Collier.

"Hello, Broadway" will undoubtedly have a prosperous run. Each spectator will find something that will entertain him, whether it be scenery, chorus evolutions, song, dance, side-walk dialogue, or burlesque.

There will be a concert at the Colonial next Sunday evening, with a long and varied program of vocal and instrumental music, and comedy by representatives of various companies now playing here.

MME. RAPPOLD

There was a very large audience yesterday afternoon at the concert given for the benefit of Frances E. Willard [illegible]. Mme. Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera House sang brilliantly these selections: Puccini, aria from "Manon Lescaut"; Van der Stucken, Komm 'mit mir; Gilberte, Two Roses; Spross, Jean; Dell 'Acqua, Chanson Provencale. Miss Sassoli, who [illegible] pleasantly remembered here through [illegible] association with Mme. Melba, played these harp solos: Bach, Bourree; [illegible] Marguerite au Rouet, Pierne, Impromptu, Perilhou, old French [illegible] Debussy, Arabesque, Hasselmans. [illegible] played in an engaging manner. There was much interest in the appearance of Miss Lucile Orrell, a talented violoncellist, who began her studies in this city and then went to Europe for further instruction. Her selections were as follows: Cui, Cantabile; Popper, "Spinnlied"; Saint-Seans, "Le Cygne"; Klendel, "Tarantelle." Mr. Gebhard played these piano solos: Brahms, Rhapsody, G-minor; Chopin, Impromptu, F-sharp, and Waltz, Op. 42; Debussy, "La Soiree dans Grenade"; G. Faure, Impromptu, F-minor; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March and Fairy Music from "Midsummer Night's Dream." The concert ended with Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Mme. Rappold with the assistance of Miss Sassoli, Miss Orrell and Mr Gebhard. Mrs Marguerite Burnage's accompaniments were supporting and sympathetic.

So have I seen a [illegible] or news
Or Post-boy o' Gazette peruse
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound
And fix the fate of Europe round.

Club Strategists.

A correspondent of the London Times is greatly annoyed by the "club strategist" who goes about seeking whom he may devour. "When he is most incredibly informed from high quarters, he is least horing and really almost innocuous. But when he waxes scientific, he is deadly. Flight is useless, for that voice penetrates to the farthest corners of the room. It has the carrying power of a solxante-quinze, but nothing of its accuracy."

Before luncheon he offers the latest news. At meat he explains manoeuvres with the aid of knives, forks, spoons and other articles of table equipage. If there is a cloth, he pencils it into a map. The smoke of his pipe or cigar is that of a battle. We all knew him in Boston during the Spanish war. At the Porphyry there was a board of Strategy. Meeting at the cocktail hour, it sat far into the night. Complaining wives and weeping children could not turn it from its grim duties.

At present the strategists at the Porphyry are greatly concerned about the question of neutrality. Each one has international law at his fingers' tips. (Each one, incidentally, has "Mexico" written on his heart, as "Calais" was on the heart of Queen Mary.) The Administration should act, not talk, even though in consequence the summer palaces on the North Shore should be demolished by a vandal invader and the cranberry bogs on the Cape be laid waste by great guns far off at sea.

Old Mr. Anger is impatient with the English fleet. "Why doesn't it do something? Why did the English ever hand over Heligoland?" And he tells a long story of how he visited the island in 1883 and was bitterly disappointed because lobsters were sold there at a high price. Mr. Gabriel Golightly is daily in receipt of important news from Rome, by way of the Italian who sells him grape fruit. It appears that Kitchener two weeks ago last Wednesday told young Simson-Hoggins, who told a clerk at the American embassy, who in turn wrote to a son of Wiggleston of the Porphyry that the war would not be over until April 1, 1917, either at 11:30 A. M. or precisely at noon, the clerk was not quite sure. Wiggleston communicates this fact to members of the Porphyry, but with the injunction that it must be kept secret.

These strategists are all related to the man who was great upon foreign affairs at the club frequented by Thackeray. "I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere but in clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles at the expense of some ten thousand a year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia and the atrocious treachery of Louis Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads. * * * It is he who says that Lord Aberdeen ought to be impeached, and Lord Palmerston hanged, or vice versa." And does not every club in Boston know Thackeray's Jawkins? "What did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question, if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice **and if we are to have Free Trade, give** me reciprocity. And what was Sir Robert Peel's answer to me? 'Mr. Jawkins,' he said——"

But it was Fontenelle that said: "I hate war, for it spoils conversation."

Artemus and Mr. Glass.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer reports Mr. Montague Glass as saying: "Who nowadays can find a laugh in the pages of Artemus Ward?" Artemus "the Delicious," as Charles Reade called him. Hardly a day passes on which Artemus Ward is not quoted in some American or English newspaper. Mr. Kilmer also reports Mr. Glass as saying: "Any man who sits down to judge American literature in the course of a few minutes' talk is an ass for his pains."

"Moving" and Motion.

Mr. C. W. Ernst has called attention to the fact that Dean Swift, in his journal to Stella,, described a "moving picture" that he saw in 1713. Mr. Albert Matthews states that the expression, "moving picture," is explained in the Oxford English Dictionary and in the supplement to the latest edition of the Century Dictionary. The Oxford quotes from the Tatler (No. 129): "The moving picture in Fleet street."

Mr. Ernst quotes Swift. In the edition of the Journal to Stella, edited by George A. Aitken (London, 1901), is this footnote: "Several 'moving pictures,' mostly brought from Germany, were on view in London at about this time. See 'Tatler' No. 129 and Gay's 'Fables' [illegible] in the [illegible] 'moving pictures'" that we [illegible] the [illegible] contains no allusion whatever [illegible] pictures, moving or stationary, on the wall."

In the 16th and 17th centuries a puppet-show was often called a "motion." We quote from Ben Jonson's "Every man out of his Humour" (Act II. Sc 3).

Sogliardo. They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas (sic) and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin.

Fungoso. * * * Yes, I think there be such a thing. I saw the picture.

In "The Winter's Tale" we find: "Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son."

There is a description of some of these motions in Hone's "Every Day Book." Vol. 1, 1246-1248. The question now comes up Was Swift's moving picture a "motion"?

Personal Taste.

The New York Evening Post in an editorial article about Anthony Trollope says: "Take away 'Lorna Doone,' 'The Cloister and the Hearth' and 'Westward Ho!' and Blackmore, Reade and Kingsley are infinitely reduced in fame." This is possibly true of Charles Kingsley, to whom some of us prefer his brother Henry as a novelist; but is it true of Reade and Blackmore? Is not "The Maid of Sker" superior as a work of art, especially in the drawing of character, to "Lorna Doone"? would not Charles Reade's fame be secure if he had written only "Christie Johnstone" and "Peg Woffington"?

AT B. F. KEITH'S

The act of Trixie Friganza at B. F. Keith's is one that is a demonstration not only of versatility but likewise of endurance. For 30 minutes she never loiters in an act that is free from padding, and is unusual in vaudeville. One of her most pleasing numbers is the song of the "Squaw Suffragette." Miss Friganza was assisted by two young men who work industriously, and have their part in the success.

One of the great laugh numbers of the evening was the sketch, "Twenty Minutes with Pat and Marion," of Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. Their dances have lost neither in grace nor ability, and Mr Rooney favored the audience by conducting from Mr. Grady's desk. Here he burlesqued in his inimitable style and danced the while.

Miss Regina Connell and company appeared to advantage in the Edgar Allen Woolf sketch, "The Lollard." Miss Connell was convincing in a trying role and she was ably assisted by Miss Narriet Marlotte and Al Ryan and Dave Lindsey.

Stuart Barnes was heard in a monologue that was up to the minute. His "Billy Sunday" song was splendid in manner as well as speech, and there was laughter during his entire act.

Miss Bonnie Glass, assisted by Rudolph and the Cafe Boulevard orchestra, made her first appearance at this theatre in a dancing specialty. Her dancing numbers are rather variations of the old-fashioned polka, the gavotte, the waltz and the cakewalk, rather than the interpretative dance. She has the charm of a girlish way without gush and she steps nimbly, yet the dancing numbers do not much more than call for the skill of one well skilled in the art of the ballroom.

Miss Emily Darrell and Charley Conway were also newcomers and the impression they left was a good one. Their sketch, "Behind the Scenes," is both smart in dialogue and odd in structure. Mr. Conway has a pleasing voice and Miss Darrell is funny in an eccentric way.

Others on the bill were Eddie Carr, assisted by Miss Grace Reaman and Walter Kelly in "The Office Boy." The Gladiators, in a strong man act; the Australian Woodchoppers and motion pictures of Mollie, Waddy and Tony, the Franklin Park Zoo elephants.

April 28 1915

There was a great public dinner in the town which the Bishop thought this gentleman might represent, and he made a speech on the Press, in the course of which he remarked: "I have given great attention to the Press from one point of view. I have studied the question which newspaper is best for wrapping up shooting boots, and I have found that the London Times is much superior to all the others: but our local Press here takes a very respectable position."

Fading Sheets.

As the World Wags:

Thirty years or more ago certain newspaper publishers, in contrast to worthy predecessora, began to use poor paper; now practically all do so. Under most careful filing, this wood-pulp paper ages rapidly. For instance: I have a copy of a leading Boston newspaper printed nine years ago that looks older than an original copy of the Spectator that I hold, and [illegible] has been less exposed to the four elements.

[illegible]
[illegible] to follow it [illegible]
[illegible], April 23.

Hazel's Wants.

As the World Wags:

It's awfully sweet of "[illegible]" to be interested. He's an old dear. I'd like to kiss him on his bald spot. I guess he's real sincere. Most of you on the other side of the country are thoughtless and careless and so beasts. And some of you are curious and want to know how a shop gorl lives and what she thinks and all, just as you'd go slumming and then forget, or pay a quarter to see the five-legged calf at the circus. And that's all right, too, if you get your money's worth. I [illegible] I've read in your column a [illegible] from somebody to the effect that a [illegible] ful account of the thoughts and [illegible] of even the most commonplace person would make the best reading possible. Wouldn't it just? But it can't be done, can it? Because anyone who is going along on seven fifty must pose as a patient sufferer to get any sympathy. She mustn't snarl It wouldn't be nice and nobody would love her. And yet, I've got spunk enough to make myself possibly worthy of better things than those offered by the seven fifty [illegible] I've got spunk enough to snarl when I look at the seventy-six cents left in the li'l old pocket book on Tuesday morning. Havn't I? And so I'm going to be vicious, ugly, and rebellious even if it does lose me the things I want. What do I want? Awfully little. Some love and a few pretty things to wear and enough to eat and some flowers and some friends who laugh.

Virtue it its own reward. I threw my beans out They got coarse and stringy when they grew up and wet and juicy looking, like the fat buyer of the waists and I hated them. HAZEL RAY.

Boston, April 26.

Typographical Errors.

As the World Wags:

Being a member of the "Tenny Dramatic Association" in 1867 (or T D. A. as we used to call it), mentioned in the letter of "G. H. W." of April 22 in your column, I read with great interest his reference to Eben Plympton, which was his real name. In our plays he showed marked talent at that early age. I noticed two possible misprints in the letter mentioned:

We had our theatricals in Mr. Tenny's house, 31 Chambers street, not Chandler street, and "New" McGlenen should have read Edward McGlenen. E. F. B. R.

A Chanty or Two.

As the World Wags:

The lines of the chanty or sea-songs working song, as given by Mr. J. M. Sullivan on April 24, do not occur, as far as I remember, in any of the better known chanties, so I hardly think there is any particular history attached to them. It must be remembered that these songs were frequently made up on the spot. Some member of the crew would be appointed chantyman. He would sing out a line of verse, the rest of the men engaged in hauling would come in on the chorus, and the process would be repeated until the work in hand was done. A clever solo man, or chantyman, would make up the verse out of his head as he went along. Little attention was paid to the sense, so long as the words and the tune were lively enough.

The lines quoted smack strongly of the old New York-Liverpool packet ship days. There were a peculiar class of men—generally hard characters—known as packetship rats, who manned these vessels. They spent their time ashore between voyages drinking themselves blind in the waterside slums of Liverpool or New York. 'Longshore crimps and boarding house keepers grew fat on these men.

Has Mr. Sullivan ever heard the lines of that chanty, so dear to the hearts of the Prohibitionists. called "Whiskey Johnny"? I am giving a few lines for the edification of all and sundry.

O Whiskey is the life of man,
Chorus—Whiskey, Johnny, Whiskey!
I drink Whiskey when I can.
Chorus—Whiskey for my Johnny!

I drink it new, I drink it old,
Chorus Whiskey, Johnny, Whiskey!
I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Chorus—Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey fills a man with care,
Chorus—Whiskey Johnny, Whiskey!
Whiskey makes a man a bear
Chorus—Whiskey for my Johnny!

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, April 26, 1915.

This chanty, also known as "Whiskey for My Johnny," as Laura A. Smith says in her "Music of the Waters" has many different verses, "none betraying much delicacy or refinement of expression." In the version published by her, there are lines that would surely please the most fervent prohibitionist, as "Oh whiskey makes me pawn my clothes," "Oh whiskey gave me a broken nose," "Whiskey killed my poor old dad," [illegible] drove my mother [illegible] whiskey [illegible] me mad [illegible] whiskey [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

...d charities in Mis... ...rhaps the best of the... ...uzo." But of all the ... ...nd us to

Farewell and adieu to you, grand Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain.
—Ed.

April 29 191[illegible]

MISS PALMER

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Margaret Palmer gave a song recital in Steinert Hall last evening. She was assisted by Mr. Arthur Brooke, flutist, and Mr. Paul S. Muller, pianist. Miss Palmer's program was as follows: Campbell-Tipton, A Spirit Flower; Bemberg, 'Tis Snowing; Rubinstein, Du bist wie eine Blume; Salter, When Lovers Dance; Novello, The Little Damosel; La Forge, Longing; Seller, Pat; Bevignani, Lullaby; Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness; Weingartner, If Slender Lilies; Ronald, The Little Winding Road; Del Riego, Hayfields and Butterflies; Leoni, The Leaves and The Wind; Manney, Softly Soundeth; Lehmann, Daddy's Sweetheart; Del Riego, Shadow March. She also sang the aria from "Louise" and Rossini's "Bel Raggio." Mr. Brooke played an Andante and Tourbilion, Doppler's Hungarian Pastorale, and the obbligato to Bishop's—Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark, which ended the concert. Mr. Muller played an Etude de concert by Chaminade.

First of all, Miss Palmer has unusually distinct enunciation. In this instance the hearer did not miss a book of the words. It was also evident that Miss Palmer understood the meaning of each song, and also the composer's intention. That she knew the significance of the text and the musical italicization of it was plain even when a lack of technical skill at times forbid complete expression.

Her tones were agreeable and had character in the lower and middle register. In the upper register they were inclined to be reedy except in piano passages. There were moments when these upper tones had a fine and delicate quality, but too often they were strident.

At present Miss Palmer's musical instinct and her desire to interpret the spirit of poet and composer are beyond her technical resources. She has no reason to be discouraged, for it takes time and patience to control the voice so that it is an instrument that willingly and artistically expresses sentiments and emotions. She already has a definite idea of sustaining a melodic line and of phrasing with rhetorical effect. She still is in need of technic, and she should strive diligently after tonal euphony in passages of dramatic force.

Mr. Brooke's ability as a flute player in expressive and florid phrases is well known.

A small audience applauded warmly.

April 30 1915

RECITAL GIVEN BY MR. SPALDING

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Albert Spalding, violinist, accompanied by Andre Benoist, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Siciliano; Veracini, Menuet and Gavotte; Corelli, Gigue; Couperin-Kreisler, Chanson Louis XIII and Pavane; Tartini, Variations on a Gavotte by Corelli; Bach, Sarabande, Gigue and Chaconne from the Sonata in D minor for the violin alone; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances, 20 and 7; Dvorak, Mazurka; Kreisler, Liebesleid and Liebesfreud; Spalding, "Alabama" (song and dance, Plantation style); Sarasate, Spanish Dance, No. 4 (Habanera).

Some time ago Mr. Bauer gave a recital of piano pieces in dance form. Mr. Spalding's program yesterday was made of similar pieces for the violin. It is barely possible that one or two of the older compositions may have been used originally for court dances. The Pavane was a stately dance, as the derivation of its name would suggest, but the Pavane of Coperin, delightful as it is and irresistibly rhythmed, is anything but stately. Concerning the tempo of some of the old dances there is dispute. The Sarabande has been always described as slow and solemn, but Mr. Dolmetsch, when he sojourned here, insisted that it could also be very lively. He made this statement, as he made other queer statements, and gave no proof either in music or in contemporaneous description. The old masters took the titles of various dances and then made ingenious little pieces which, as a rule, preserved the characteristic features of the dances, but as Chopin's waltzes were not witten for the ballroom, the movements in the old Suites were not necessarily, or probably, for dancers.

How beautiful are some of the older pieces played by Mr. Spalding: The Siciliano of Bach, the pieces by Veracini, Couperin and Corelli! Mr. Kreisler undoubtedly did much in the way of embellishing the haunting Chanson and Pavane. It would be interesting to know how much he altered or enriched the harmonies. After these pieces of old-world grace, with a gaiety that was tempered by the melancholy that we find in the pictured festivals of Watteau—Ah, this is life! Pity it is fleeting!—the more modern dance tunes seemed too artfully contrived—witness Dvorak's Mazurka. Sarasate, however, knew how to let the Spanish tunes alone.

The older pieces were admirably played by Mr. Spaulding. He now has the grand style which music by Bach, Corelli and Tartini demands. His tone is full and rich; his phrasing is aesthetically rhetorical and convincing; he knows the value of tonal gradation and eloquent contrasts. He is now fully able to give his attention to expressive interpretation. If after the Chaconne his performance was not always so engrossing, the fault was with the chosen pieces rather than with the player.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic.

There are some who did nothing at school, much since;
And others much then, since naught;
They are middle-aged men, grown bald since then;
Some have travelled, and some have fought;
And some have written, and some are bitten
With strange new faiths; desist
From tracking them; broker, or priest, or prince
They are all in the old School List——

Through Austrian Spectacles.

Mr. Paul Althof is the author of a long article, "Englishwomen and Their Children," published in the Vienna Fremdenblatt. Here are a few pleasing extracts:

"Nowhere did I see so many deformed, scrofulous and spectacle-wearing children as in the elegant perambulators wheeled about Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park by trained nurses. Never did I see so many young girls with false teeth as at a brilliant ball in Grosvenor square. The prevailing feminine type is unbeautiful, has very long and projecting front teeth, fishlike, watery eyes, a voice like grimalkin in May and possesses none of those lines which distinguish the woman from the man.

"The English curriculum for girls consists of fresh air, a smattering of very bad French, unmusical singing, and preparation for the most important event in the life of the fashionable Englishwoman—presentation at Court. The Englishwoman does not comprehend art. The artist she most admires is the one who charges the highest admission price. Artists who are not millionaires are not admitted to Society.

"Drunken women are a common sight in England. What they drink is simply fusel oil, whether it be named gin or brandy or whiskey. There are ladies who, failing anything else, empty their eau de Cologne flasks. Such an atmosphere of spirits may well have produced the Suffragette."

For Teetotallers.

Mr. Althof ignores the soft drinks in England. We read that a guest at Lord Kitchener's house replied to the butler who asked him if he would have lemonade, barley water or ginger ale: "Mix them, please. I always take them mixed."

Choca is now recommended. It is a mixture of coffee and chocolate with milk. Dr. Doran praised "hot, well-frothed choca" as soothing and reviving. Voltaire used to drink it at the Cafe Procope. He describes it as "a genuine cheering cup that unites in itself the sustaining properties of the solid with those of the liquid, a cup that dissipates fatigue and renders life pleasurable."

By the way, who coined the word "teetotal"? Was he Mr. Richard Turner, a workingman of Preston, Eng., who, in 1833, used it in a speech advocating total abstinence in preference to abstinence from strong waters only? Or is the story that it was first used at Lansing, N. Y., in January, 1827, "from the use on pledge cards of T. to indicate 'total,' and the subsequent collocation 'T. total'? The former explanation is the more probable. Perhaps Mr. Turner stuttered. "Teetotally" for "totally" occurs in American literature as early as 1832. A French novelist used the following astonishing phrase: "Totaliseur du the."

Most Versatile.

Camille Saint-Saens will soon be on his way to San Francisco by the way of Bordeaux and New York. He will be 80 years old ... This will not be his first visit. He was here in 1906, and on Nov. 26 of that year he gave a concert with the Symphony Orchestra. The program was made up of his compositions. He played his G minor concerto for the piano and some waltzes. Dr. Muck conducted the concerto and some purely orchestral works. A remarkable man is M. Saint-Saens. Not only is he to be ranked among the most prominent composers now living, he is organist, pianist, dramatist, caricaturist, dabbler in science, amateur of art, enamored of mathematics and astronomy, comedian in private theatricals, feuilletonist, critic, traveler, archeologist—a restless, indefatigable, brilliant, myriad-minded person.

That Famous Tune.

As the World Wags:

Reference was recently made in this column to the "tune the old cow died of." I remember the beginning of an old song:

There was an old man
Who had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her.
So he took up his pipes
And played her a tune.
"Consider, good cow, consider!
For there's no corn now left in the mow.
Consider, good cow, consider!
And I can't afford to buy you corn now,
Consider, good cow, consider!

The tune to which this pathetic ballad was sung was sufficiently lugubrious, but I should think it doubtful if, under ordinary conditions, it would have proved fatal in its effect upon even the most sensitive cow. It appears that the ditty was offered in lieu of any more nourishing pabulum, and as the cow was already well stricken in years she was unable to adapt herself to the change in diet. As well as I can remember she evinced the sweetest reasonableness in the matter, evidently wishing to be as obliging as possible. But the flesh is weak. Eheu! MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester, April 22.

Notes and Queries of April 17 just received discusses this question. Mr. Archibald Sparke says that while in America the phrase characterizes merely any grotesque or unpleasant tune, in Scotland and the north of Ireland "it usually retains its original meaning of a homily in lieu of alms, and is a reference to the old ballad of the cowherd who, having no fodder for his cow, sought to assuage her hunger by a comfortable and suggestive tune." Mr. Sparke gives the first verse of the ballad:

Jack Whaley had a cow,
And he had naught to feed her;
He took his pipe and played a spring,
And bid the cow consider.

Mr. E. Stafford talks of two Scotch pipers, father and son, "named Nathaniel Gow." The older one died and the younger composed a "Lament," which became known as "The tune the old Gow died of" and finally "Gow" became corrupted into "Cow." This is a foolish explanation. The father's name was Niel; the son's, Nathaniel.

May 1 1915

Orchestral Brilliance Characterizes Next to Last of Season's Programs.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor ... Franck
Overture, "In the Spring," Op. 36 ... Goldmark
Symphonic Poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," from "My Country," No. 4 ... Smetana
"Espana," ... Chabrier

There was an unusual event yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. For the first time within the recollection of many the conductor was obliged to bow more than once after the first movement of a symphony at the beginning of a concert. This tribute was due to the music itself and to the remarkable performance.

When Franck's symphony was first performed here under Mr. Gericke's leadership, 16 years ago, the majority of the hearers were perplexed; some were grieved; others were incensed; they considered the production an outrage. I believe there were a few that went so far as to characterize the music as "immoral." Yesterday this same music was enthusiastically applauded. The applause was singularly spontaneous and prolonged. Yet this symphony was in itself as beautiful and glorious in April, 1899, when the work had been diligently rehearsed, and the performance was excellent. Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges to the joy of us who from the beginning recognized the nobility and grandeur of the work and were moved and thrilled by it.

And what symphony since the ninth of Beethoven is to be compared with it as a whole? Certainly not one by Mendelssohn or Schumann. We are not unmindful of pages in Schubert's in C major, and in the first symphony of Brahms. There is fine music in the first of Sibelius. There are wonderful things in d'Indy's symphony in B-flat major, a pure and lofty spirit, a wealth of ideas, an unsurpassable mastery of expression. But Franck's symphony has something that is nearer and farther. For such a musical portrayal of doubts, not querulous, but known to the bravest, of compassion and consolation, of the final triumph and rejoicing that are voiced in a celestial Allelula, we must go back to Beethoven, and Franck's symphony is worthy to stand by the side of Beethoven's greatest.

Overtures associated with the thought of Spring are usually played on days that are far from spring-like. "And the Spring comes slowly up this way." It comes slowly; there is a day that leads one to think the poets are after all not romantic liars; the malicious east and north winds arise and tarry; lo, it is summer. But Goldmark's "Spring" is the season of the poets. There is the vernal outbursts, the exultation of nature. The suggestion of birds in praise is not two mimetic. The sentiment that might be called rural does not become lackadaisical. There is the spontaneity of the earth. "Warble me now, for joy of Lilac-time."

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

The Program Book that had buried Goldmark earlier in the season with becoming and solemn words stated yesterday through carelessness that he was still living in Vienna. The composer of this overture, other overtures and "The Queen of Sheba," is still living and not only in Vienna.

And what is to be said of Smetana's symphonic poem? It has not been played here since 1900. With all due respect to the composer we can willingly wait another 15 years. The beginning is effective, and the fugato is not without interest; but the thematic material on the whole is too naive and the polka is for a brass-band on the Sophien Island in the Moldau. There is a naivete that is delightful. The naivete of genius, and Smetana has shown it in other works. Dvorak, his countryman, was also naive, before he went to England and was spoiled there, but his naivete was most fascinating when it was artfully cloaked. Smetana was passionately fond of dancing; the polka was the national dance and in his wish to portray the Bohemians at play he naturally turned to the polka. Would that he had written a better one!

A concert that was characterized by the utmost orchestral brilliance ended with a dazzling performance of Chabrier's "Espana." Here we have the Spain that we all have imagined. Rimsky-Korsakoff heard the Spanish dance tunes with Russian ears. The Spaniards do not accept Bizet's "Carmen." Debussy has portrayed Seville, Grenada and the Alhambra, but as a poet, a dreamer, remote and solitary. Chabrier mixed with the dancers; he drank the manzanilla and looked in the eyes of the gypsy girls; he, too, clapped hands as the Andalusians twisted their hips; he, too, in his ecstasy shouted "Olle, Olle."

Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not. It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another.

The Case of Mr. Krack.

We have all heard of the English clergyman who refused to say grace over cold mutton; there are husbands classed as devoted who scowl and fume when it is put before them, but Mr. William Krack of Brooklyn drew the line at repeated veal. Roast veal was served to him on Sunday. Returning home on Monday he found veal warmed over. On Tuesday at luncheon he had stewed veal, and for dinner, veal in the form of a ragout. He did not feel well that night and Mrs. Krack, with a loving hand, administered cool and refreshing gin. On Wednesday noon Mr. Krack found meat balls of veal on the table. He ate resignedly and said nothing, but when the balls that had been left over were put before him at night, he rose in his wrath and threw them into the coal scuttle. Mrs. Krack, a thrifty housewife, freed her mind, called a policeman, and the next day left her home, her husband, and the remnants of the veal. It is not stated whether she took the meat balls with her.

Veal is considered by some a dangerous meat. Strange to say, there is little in the wisdom of the ancients on this point, nor does Robert Burton name it as a melancholy-breeding dish. But this is clear: Mrs. Krack should not have fed Mr. Krack with it so steadily. She might have given him veal broth, and then a pork chop, liver and bacon, or sausages with mashed potatoes. A veal and ham pie might have pleased him. Minced veal a la Catalan, with plenty of onion, three cloves of crushed garlic and significant pepper might have won his approval.

[illegible] ld like to have [illegible] n Mr. [illegible]k's behavior at a pension in Neuilly. It was the habit of the patronne to serve a calf's head whole. The second day the head stared mutilated and reproachful. An ear, cheek and eye had disappeared. On the third day the nose was the only remaining feature. This was [illegible] years ago, yet now in nightmare we see that head, as sometimes we hear the college chapel bell calling imperatively to ridiculously early prayers.

For Miss Hazel.

As the World Wags:

Many thanks to Miss Ray for her appreciation of our letter of April 23, but she errs, my husband hasn't nary a bald spot. Considering that it was at my behest he wrote, the subtile thought that I am of that female ilk that pulls hair whenever he looks at a pretty girl is most unkind. I don't, Miss Ray, rather do I trust to his taste and discrimination, knowing full well that where ere his eyes wander there is worthy cause. And all this in spite of my dislike of publicity. But, my young friend, do not take it amiss if I tell you that it is indeed by sweetness we conquer this world. My years know it and many happy memories prove it. Old saws never cut is the modern phrasing, but I know, nevertheless, that a smile wins where a frown provokes, and while it is true that much wisdom is conveyed in jest, it is certain also that many smiles beget much pin money. So in reading your letter in today's Herald I seem to have seen therein a spirit of cynicism, too common to this latter day but unworthy the heart of a maiden. Revolt like the notorious cuckoo bird drives out the rightful spirits from the heart's nest. No, Miss Ray, a thousand times no, 'tis not thus we win.

MRS. J. C. L.

Whitman, April 28.

The "Made Tie."

As the World Wags:

The following quotation is from "Good Form for All Occasions," by Florence Howe Hall:

"This (the tie) must be freshly fastened whenever worn. A 'made' tie of any sort is considered among men to be in direct violation of all rules of social decorum. We do not pretend to understand why."

Perhaps one of your readers can enlighten the lady, and incidentally myself

T. T. D.

Boston, April 28.

Gay and the Movies.

As the World Wags:

May I suggest that Gay's reference to "moving pictures," wrongly assigned to the "Fables," is to be found in "The Fan," book III., lines 15-20?

"The Fan" was published in 1713, the year in which Swift mentions having seen the "famous moving pictures." It seems probable that both writers are referring to the same kind of "movie," at that time a popular novelty. That it was "on the wall," and not a "motion" in the sense of being a puppet show, is clearly seen in Gay's description:

Thus have I seen woods, hills and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darkened rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

MARION BUSH.

Wellesley College, April 27.

Uncensored.

As the World Wags:

Now in regard to those English motion pictures. Why did your writers go so far afield? Prof. Wilder's reminiscences about the "What Is It?" and whales and some similar ancient and honorable things make me feel as if I were growing old!

I remember those moving pictures, for I saw many of them. They were simply pictures which moved; ships on the rolling sea, revolving lights in the lighthouses, rocking horses and so forth. No, they were not "living" pictures. They antedated Dixey and Muldoon.

Of inanimate objects that most usually called "moving" is cheese, but can you conceive of the skill of an artist which enabled him to paint a real Liederkranz on a fence so true to art that the whole cheese appears to move toward you as you roll by in trolley car or jitney? This moving picture may be seen any day for nickel near the Y. M. C. A. building.

Why did Hook's compound microscope, made about the time this city was founded, disappear from the world and not reappear in perfection until Robert B. Tolles of this town gave one to Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, assisting the latter in teaching anatomy but not aiding the professor of pathology, our "Morbid John," because he already possessed, with Prof. Fitz. microscopic eyes?

EDMUND D. SPEAR, M. D.

Boston.

Another Cooper.

We spoke of Gen. Joffre's ancestor, a cooper, and quoted from a romance by Artemus Ward. "Old Mortality" sends us the epitaph of another cooper:

[illegible] p[illegible] a well-tro[illegible]n [illegible]on[illegible] to a stone in a Wi[illegible]e, cemetery bearing this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Richard Thomas
An Inglishman by birth
A whig of 76.
Now food for worms
Like an old rumpuncheon
Marked numbered and shooked
He will be raised again
And finished by his creator
He died sept 28. 1824 aged 75
America my adopted country
My best advice to you is this
Take care of your liberties'"

May 2 1915

The Daily Telegraph of April 12, reviewing the performance of "Three Spoonfuls" at the Criterion Theatre, London, remarked: "The whole affair is fervidly, vehemently American. It hustles and bustles and screams and shrieks at you. They talk nineteen to the dozen, in strange dialects. They rush to and fro, and fling themselves about till you expect something to snap. So the evening was rather exhausting. You must be in the vein to bear up under this display of vitality. But if you are feeling strong enough you should be much amused." The Times made no reference to the bustle and the screaming. This farce "gives you notes on American domestic life which are all the more valuable because they are beneath the dignity of history. A 'judge' is so called because he is an attorney, a 'general' because he is a civilian, and the short for 'doctor' is 'doc.' All the 'first ladies in town' go to an afternoon lecture on Napoleon. 'The greatest moment in the life of Napoleon,' says one of them, 'was when Roosevelt stood silent at his tomb.' The same lady's husband must have an 'auto' [illegible], though we ought to be saving up to buy a geyser.'"

Yet the Pall Mall Gazette found in this farce "a characteristic instance of American detail in stage management."

"The scene is the hall and sitting-room of a certain Dr. Relyea, and at the back, facing the left, is the hall door. It is so placed that probably not a score of people in the theatre can see the front of it. Those, however, who can do so will observe carefully painted upon it the letters, 'Dr. Relyea.'"

The English in the matter of musical comedy are delightfully [illegible] in their methods. First of all the [illegible] is never irritating, rasping. The [illegible]tor that sits near the orchestra is not stunned. Nor do the comedians shriek and bawl their lines. For this reason, some Bostonians who are supposed to bestow an enlightened patronage on the drama found "Tonight's the Night" tame and unimportant. The Drama League did not deign to send out a bulletin about it; and yet an excellent musical comedy is worthy of attention, especially when so many poor ones are on the stage.

Mr. George Arliss, having ended his fifth season in "Disraeli" has sailed for England. The success of the play was wholly in the impersonation of Mr Arliss, who once told us that he would not dare to appear in the part in London; he was sure the public would not accept the portraiture as accurate and reasonable.

It has been said that Mr Forman, known as a writer of fiction, completed "The Hyphen, a study of German-Americanism, in nine days. He told a reporter of the New York Times another story, but he exulted in his speed. "I suppose there has never been in the history of nations such a display of wild propaganda as the Germans have indulged in during this war. The papers are constantly full of evidences much more brazen and preposterous than anything in my play. This propaganda has all been on the German side. The allies have not undertaken it. A. E. W. Mason, Sir James Barrie, Cecil Chesterton and some other English writers have come here with the idea of presenting their country's side, but they were either recalled or, as in the case of Mr. Chesterton, disavowed by the British government. It seemed to me the activities of the hyphenated people who are neither Germans nor Americans, was subject matter for a play, and while 'The Hyphen' isn't very deep, because it is only melodrama, I have tried to register my disapproval of these men and their methods. After I got the idea I set to work, and I didn't stop until I had finished the play. I wrote it in two weeks, working night and day almost, which explains some of the weak spots in it. But we had to get it on immediately if we wanted to present it this season. I sent it to Mr. Frohman one day, he read it over night, and the next day before notifying me of its acceptance, he had engaged some of the players. I imagine the whole process established something of a record for speed."

To show the bitterness of feeling in London, we quote from a recent issue of the Daily Telegraph "With reference to the remarks made in this column a week ago as a protest against the singing at the present time of songs in German, a musical correspondent writes: 'Will you permit me to say that I should like to see all modern German music, not merely texts, abolished just now, not because of any personal feelings I may have in the matter, but because of the pain that may be caused to others. And this is not the time to give unnecessary pain. Moreover, I feel so strongly on the subject of the "German-ness" of the music that the question of [illegible] as I [illegible], Brahms and the [illegible] m[illegible] n feeling, even if [illegible]ir [illegible] n [illegible]h.'

"There is little or nothing a[illegible] to us, in this correspondent's remarks to challenge argument, and, for our part, we are completely in accord with him when he says that he would like at present to see all modern German music boycotted in our concert programs. At the same time, many people would probably be found to agree that the singing of songs by a German composer—whether Brahms or anyone else—in the German text constitutes a considerable aggravation of the 'offence' of singing them at all before an English audience. As an illustration, possibly a little far-fetched, but by no means improbable, of the difference, one need only take the case, say, of someone attending a concert, with a negligible knowledge of music, to whom the name of the composer of a song conveys nothing. Such a person might easily—indeed, probably would—fail to detect the Teutonic complexion of the music. But the rendering of it in the German text could leave him in no doubt as to its origin, and if that person's feelings towards Germany corresponded with those of the average Britisher just now, he would surely experience a shock, and nobody, we maintain, would blame him if he voiced his surprise in a dignified, but emphatic, protest."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Miss Cherry Replies Amiably to Miss Ham

When I got through dodging the Social Register, college professors, school teachers, 2000 members of the Drama League, to say nothing of Lottie Chase Ham's personal following which she hurled at me, I looked up to find the Editor coming my way—and ducked again—but he actually came in a friendly spirit, as a fellow-in-crime. It is a very exciting experience for me to have a three-decker named lady get after me, not being a regular diner out in our best society—and what a volley of adjectives and invectives she did set on me—but by far the most thrilling part of the experience to me is the part the Editor plays in it. To the best of my knowledge this is the first time old man Adam has had his lead in the Garden of Eden trumped! Ever since that memorable episode when the voice asked, "Who did this thing?" and Adam replied, "She did; Eve sicced me on," Adam's sons have followed Adam's lead. But here came a man who said, "She didn't commit all this crime; I had a hand in this." So I am uplifted with apologies to Lottie Chase Ham). I felt as if I had been through a battle of windmills when I finished reading Miss Ham's letter on me, a battle of windmills finished with a display of fireworks. Have you ever been to one of these public displays of fireworks? They begin very slowly; an occasional sputter and boom, then a flutter of sputters and booms, then some spittings and fizzles and the setting off of some revolving set pieces that crackle and spark, and then comes the grand finale. A great deal of noise smoke and rattle guaranteed to make the crowd cheer. I can almost hear the soft, padding sound of Miss Ham's rhetorical feet as she stepped around setting off this adjective and that, and see her step back to watch the effect of the sputter and bang on herself, the 2000, the vast company of professors, school teachers and the rest of her social set. Then, too, Miss Ham's epistle reads like censored war news from the front; it reads as if she were conscious of the eyes of the Social Register, the professors, the school teachers and the Drama Leaguers upon her. I am neutral myself, so do not give a hoot for censors. Miss Ham's fighting spirit comes from the head, not the heart. I say this because after she gets through doing her duty by slapping little sizzling, red-hot adjectives at me, she not only settles back and agrees fervently, heartily with me, but goes me one and a half better. I smiled at the Drama League bulletins. She damns the whole order in Boston, yet says I am the insulting party and she one of the "Insultees." She not only condemns to death the playgoing committee, but fires every member of the "Society" after them—all excepting her own "set." Here and there, in spots, she wriggles off from the set path of duty and shows her true self, in little squibs like this: "The Drama League of Boston is a dire failure; it has saved nothing and harmed much for the managers through its bulletins; it is, as a committee, ridiculous; its tone is patronizing, uninteresting and never trustworthy. Critics of any acumen snub it systematically," etc., etc.; and then she hands out the remedy, very humbly, very modestly. "If I had thought that I could have made any helpful suggestions or was likely to be met halfway, I should have done so long ago. No city more than Boston needs intelligent or helpful guidance in theatrical affairs," etc., etc. Here is the Moses who will lead the managers, the Social Register, the professors, the school teachers, the 2000 Drama Leaguers—and even me—safely through our troubles. A pretty large order—but every little movement has a Moses all its own.

[illegible]

This is my [illegible] Payne and [illegible] of which [illegible] Iden Payne of [illegible] was the speaker. In the boxes [illegible] [illegible] actors appearing in the play then current at that theatre. In the orchestra stalls we Drama Leaguers [illegible] little dozen of us. Mr. [illegible] was [illegible] upset and distinctly [illegible] spoke some very plain truths about us as supporters of the drama, he mentioned us in an apologetic [illegible] to Mr. Payne and the players in the boxes. The players and Mr. Payne seemed amused and gazed at [illegible] much as the Drama Leaguers must gaze at them on one of those [illegible]-baiting feats Miss Ham [illegible] frequenting. I cannot see any [illegible] for going to them, myself. Mr. [illegible] took a few stray shots at us; the players laughed and I tell you we felt [illegible] small and insignificant as we [illegible] out of that theatre and past a [illegible] in the lobby who gargled some [illegible] aside remarks after us. When [illegible] reached home and [illegible] the whole affair, I felt [illegible] and sympathetically with [illegible] Mr. Payne, the players and the [illegible]derous acting manager and there [illegible] then I lost respect for the [illegible] I had given my dollar to with such high h[illegible] and enthusiasm. And hasn't Prof. Baker since resigned? And hasn't the three-decker named lady [illegible]

Contrary to Miss Ham's op[illegible], I do believe in all th[illegible] f[illegible]d [illegible]ful, but in a movement of this kind, a lot of queer fish are caught in the net. And I know too from experience that picturesque positions and p[illegible] moments find everyone of the f[illegible] ready to act fearlessly for t[illegible]. It is the small, practical, [illegible] acts that the members fall down. The practical value of any large organization is always questionable [illegible] event of a "good time." That is true when any battle is to be waged, social, moral, military or artistic. It was Napoleon's Guard that he counted upon in any battle, Cromwell's "Old Ironsides" and the 600 at Balaklava. From my own limited experience I find the moment there are just plain, ordinary tasks to do, the 2000 members melt away; that only the half dozen or less put the issue through, but when the trumpets sound and the bugles ring out, the 2000 are there in the glare of the torches—picturesque, smiling, assuming the airs and the manner of real fighters. We all want to be captains of the fire engine, not just members of the brigade. So I think it is too large an order for Lottie Chase Ham to attack me in the name of the theatrical managers, the Social Register, the college professors, the school teachers, the 2000 and her own special friends. Therefore, I will just set aside all she says for them, retaining just what she says for herself between gasps of righteous breath; and certes, my simple, limited vocabulary would not permit me to slaughter the Drama Leaguers as completely as did she. Then, too, she gave me a great happiness, a real thrill; she hurled me, pilloried me, in the midst of such fine company, such distinguished gentlemen and ladies; Professor to right of me, Society to left of me—her rhetoric booming and banging before me—and in the pillory beside me—a fellow-in-crime—self acknowledged—a real, live Editor. Therefore, I retire, crowned and sceptred—and blamed happy.

JEAN CHERRY.

Boston, April 26.

New and Old Plays in England and France

The first new play that Paris has seen since the war has nothing to do with the war. According to the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, who dated his letter April 6: "This is rather a surprising thing in Paris, where it is not considered the thing to allow one's mind to wander away from the war for more than 10 minutes at a time. M. Sacha Guitry at the Bouffes Parisiens prefaced his play with a brief lecture, in which he announced that his play had nothing whatever to do with the war. He said that it was a play that knew how to keep its proper place. One met, for the first time since the war, the same old dress rehearsal audience, with the only difference that a very few men—repetition generale spectators are seldom of military age—were absent, and that about half-a-dozen habitues came to the theatre in uniform. It was the same old audience, but one could not help wondering whether the same old humor would carry as it used to do. M. Sacha Guitry, both as actor and as author, was quite funny. But while amused, one still kept a faintly uncomfortable feeling, just because the play had nothing to do with the war. 'La Jalousie' is a very simple play, and very neatly done, and we should have enjoyed it greatly before the war. It is exceedingly slight, but a [illegible] is thing about it is that it is a tr[illegible]p[illegible]tion [illegible] farce of a tragedy [illegible] Maurice Maeterlinck, whom pl[illegible] f[illegible] y[illegible] age may remember 'Mon[illegible]na V[illegible]'s [illegible] so l[illegible] t[illegible]

When she [illegible] her. Thus M. [illegible] was jealous of his wife (who is also his wife in real life) without the slightest reason so long as she was innocent. When she was guilty he was rid of jealousy at last, and was finally persuaded that she was innocent. The moral was, if you can call it moral, that a woman is much cleverer at telling lies than at telling tho truth. M. Sacha Guitry, both in writing and in acting, has an uncanny gift of unexpected naturalness, and that is the merit of his play."

Mme. Rejane appeared on April 12 at the Court Theatre, London, in "Alsace," by Gaston Leroux and Lucien Camille. The play ran for nearly 150 nights at the Theatre Rejane in Paris a couple of seasons ago. The London Times rejoiced in seeing Mme. Rejane, "always an instrument of pure expression," but it did not enjoy "Alsace," which is not a work of art. "It is a work of patriotism, which is quite another matter. Patriotism, of course, like everything else in human life, is material for art; but it must not be left as material, it must be melted down in the artists' crucible, and in 'Alsace' this melting process has been left half-finished or never begun. The reason is obvious. Patriotic feelings are just now too strong, too insistent, too important, to lend themselves to the contemplative, disinterested process of translation into art. We must wait for that. Meanwhile, the temptation to offer 'topical art'—which is a contradiction in terms—is irresistible. And so you get plays like 'Alsace,' appealing not to the aesthetic, but to the practical, volitional side of us, making their effect out of crude emotions." Closely reasoned, but, unfortunately for the Times, this play was produced in Paris on Jan. 10, 1913. The story was told in The Herald at the time. A young French Alsatian marries a German girl against the wish of his mother, who has been banished from Alsace for manifesting her French sympathies. War is supposed to break out—18 months before it actually did—and the husband proclaims aloud his love of France. Just before the fall of the curtain his mother exclaims, "He shall live for France." The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote that the dramatists reminded him of the man who propounds a conundrum and then is unable to give the answer. "As regards the character of the young German wife, it is rather amusing to note how French susceptibilities have been considered. A French audience could never be got to admit that a young Frenchman would fix his affections on a young woman who spoke French with an accent which to them is the most detestable in the world. This particular young lady, therefore, we are allowed to gather, has been to school at Nancy."

"Advertisement," a new play by B. Macdonald Hastings, was produced at the Kingsway, London, April 15. The London Times said: "Sufan's Staminal Syrup cures that tired feeling and brings riches to Luke Sufan until the public appetite for it is sated, when Luke changes the label to Stefan's Scalp Cream and the money pours into his pockets again faster than ever. It is the old story: Advertisement is the soul of business, etc.—for full particulars see advts. of the advertising agents. It also seems to be the soul of Luke Sufan, for when his only son is killed in the war, though his grief is genuine, he contrives to turn the hero's obituary notice into a puff of his new scalp cream. This is a neat ironic touch, indeed the neatest thing in the play; and yet it is not irony that Mr. Hastings is chiefly out for. What, obviously, he has been trying for in his Luke Sufan is the picture of a 'mixed' character, a blend of good and bad, the high-minded and the vulgar, the romantic and the prosaic." This Sufan is a Jew and has a Christian wife. His son despises him and this trade, so the mother tells him he is not Sufan's son. We now quote from the Daily Telegraph: "She had married Sufan while he still loved music, then run away from him to an earlier lover, and come back home again to save that lover's career and ascribe his child to her husband. At no time in the play were we able to take Mrs. Sufan at her own or the author's valuation." In the second act Sufan advertises his syrup as scalp cream, and this scheme is described as great fun. He learns that his son has been slain. Then he puffs his cream to inquiring reporters.

"Theatrically effective all this, but not much more. The great advertiser must have known newspapers better than to suppose the worst of them would work patent medicines into its obituaries of officers or to bribe the reporter (of a news agency too) to contrive that impossibility." In the next act the wife turns on him. He finds out the truth about his son and casts her away. "We had almost forgotten his Judaism, which certainly sat very lightly upon him, and its sudden resurrection with Biblical language and a Mosaic manner did not command us. Again, the feeling that the play was a mass of clever ideas crowded together to make what they could of themselves was disturbing. In the last act Sufan had retired to a small house at Hampstead, where he played the fiddle again and kept the Feast of Tabernacles in a booth, according to the law of Moses. Vainly the advertising experts came to beg him 'take up' a medicinal cigarette. He was a reformed character. Reconciliation with [illegible] only [illegible] a rogue of an old servant, and she reappeared (to soft and slow music), and was left consoling his old but artistic ago." Let us go back to the Times: "The play falls short of success as a whole because it is not, or rather its protagonist is not, really a whole, an organism, but a mechanical juxtaposition of parts. Several of the parts are quite bright. * * * A play of excellent intentions, not all completely carried out, and with many interesting ideas, but rather more than the author has quite been able to manage." The Daily Chronicle found the play fresh and exciting and at the same time agreeably reminiscent, recalling to one Tono Bungay and Sir Isaac Harman and the rest of Mr. Wells's business men with a dash of 'The Earth,' 'The Twelve Pound Look' and 'What the Public Wants' thrown in."

The first production of "Shanwalla," Lady Gregory's new three-act play, took place at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, last evening, and was cordially received. "Shanwalla" is the name of a racehorse, and the plot centres round attempts to "dope" the animal.

James Brogan, caught in one attempt to doctor the horse's food by Bride Scarry, wife of a stableman, murders her, and contrives to throw suspicion on her husband. The feature of the play is the supernatural protection afforded to Scarry by his dead wife, saving him from intrigue by Brogan, and finally making the murderer confess his crime. Her influence is exerted through the agency of a blind beggar. The play is impressive and powerful, both as drama and in its relation to the supernatural. There is a strong scene in the second act where Brogan tries to tempt Scarry to "dope" Shanwalla by suggesting that an intrigue existed between Scarry's wife and his master, and that the latter was the murderer. The spirit of his wife appears to Scarry while he is asleep and saves him from the step, and appears also in the third act to dictate the blind beggar's actions. There was some excellent acting by Miss Kathleen Drago as the spirit wife, Mr. H. Hutchinson as Scarry, Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Brogan, and Mr. J. Kerrigan, as the beggar.—London Times, April 9.

"The Panorama of Youth," by J. Hartley Manners, was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, April 14. The Daily Chronicle says that the play is misnamed. "There is nothing in it of the quality of youth. The machinery of the play is old. The motives and the persons and the sentiments are old. The whole formula was exhausted 10 years ago. Sir George Alexander's productions are seldom so unrelieved by any sort of freshness. The play is little more than an ill-fashioned treatment of the theme of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' There is the elderly gentleman who thinks of taking a second wife. There is the marriageable daughter of a father who thinks that he also is marriageable; and there are complications arising out of the lively past of the elderly bride-elect. There are even two old friends and a ceremonial dinner to make the equation perfect. It is not fair to dwell upon a resemblance between plays old and new unless the resemblance goes deeper than the plot. In this case Mr. Hartley Manners can hardly object to being referred to his origins. His play is no more than an exercise in a fashion which the theatre has discarded. * * * 'A man's life blasted for a woman's foolish whim' is an early phrase of the play; and this sort of language persists. It is not reserved for the greater moments of the play, but blossoms continually. Language, situations, characters—in all essential matters the author's notes are false. All this merely means that Mr. Manners in 'A Panorama of Youth' made a false start. He has been working with all the windows shut." The play left the Times cold. "The author revives fond recollections of a work which generally begins the panorama of English youth—the elements of Euclid Triangles, you remember, had a way of being 'similar and similarly placed.' That is also the way of Mr. Hartley Manners's people." The Daily Telegraph was humorously tolerant. "Old gentlemen should not wear stays. Old gentlemen should not delude their devout daughters. Or nemesis will give them fits. Such is substantially the thesis of Mr. Manners's new play. He contrives to give it a certain freshness which is engaging, and to clothe it in a great bundle of the frills and furbelows of eloquence. We came away suffering from the conviction that seldom in one evening had me heard so many metaphors, tropes, similes and other devices of decorative rhetoric. They all use it, every one of the characters. They will still be talking like books—or novelettes. Yet we confess to a kindly feeling for these good wordy folks and their play. They were wholly of the footlights, and even for that form of life rather sentimental. But somehow they had an engaging quality. Something kindly, ingenuous, vernal, which kept them from becoming bores. We could not take them seriously and when they talked to us earnestly about life they tried our patience. But you could not be testy over them or the play. It was so very, very good tempered, so gentle, and for all its trite eloquence that saving touch of freshness would not be denied. The play began, and its beginning was the best of it, rather like a sweetened version of Aubrey Tanqueray's first act."

The [illegible] plot [illegible] of "La belle Aventure" [illegible] was seen in another English version at the Hollis Street Theatre this season, is called "Wild Thyme." It was produced at the Comedy Theatre, April 19.

A new farce in three acts, "The Half-Sister," by Agnes Croysdale was produced at the Apollo, London, on April 11. "Its three short acts dealt with such harmless matter as a spinster, who for purposes of her own, passes herself off as a married woman; a wig maker named Brimstone, whom the butler announces first as 'Mr. Sulphur,' and then as 'Mr. Treacle,' and the device of a young lady who warns off an unwelcome suitor by yawning under the pressure of his animation. The dialogue is brought up to date by the inclusion of much of the slang of the day; and the final effect of it all is rather far from exhilarating." The Daily Telegraph said of it: "In the days of the experimental matinee, 'The Half-Sister' would have been seen, indulgently listened to, and charitably consigned to the limbo of things forgotten."

Milton Rosmer has brought out at Manchester, Eng., "Partners," a new comedy by the late Stanley Houghton. "The Road to Raebury," a new comedy by Harold Brighouse; "The Hallarys" by the two authors; "Followers" by Mr. Brighouse, and "Sale by Auction" by L. du Garde Peach of Manchester.

"In the Right to Kill," a new four-act play adapted from the French by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyzer, which will be produced at His Majesty's, London, on May 4, the principal parts will be taken by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Bourchier and Sir Herbert Tree.

At the Playgoers' Club on Sunday evening Mr. Patrick Kirwan read his paper on "The Heroines of Shakespeare's Plays" before a large audience, who were delighted with its literary bouquet. In the form of a series of imaginary letters to Miranda, Beatrice, Portia, Juliet and others of the poet's women, he discusses their real characters with a humor and insight which make the essay a genuine contribution to Shakespearean literature. It should certainly be printed in one of the magazines. Here in England at present Belles Lettres are naturally rather crowded out of our periodical literature, but there should be no difficulty in getting it into one of the American monthlies which are becoming more and more popular in this country as well as in the United States. In the discussion that followed Mr. Kirwan's paper several excellent speeches were made. Mr. Acton Bond, for example, gave an interesting analysis of the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which its glorious poetry and faulty dramatic construction were equally emphasized. Mr. S. R. Littlewood, the critic, delivered a quite brilliant address. Mr. Kirwan had argued a certain subserviency to men in the women of the poet's plays; Mr. Littlewood showed that whatever subserviency they exhibited was to the desire and demand of love, and that the men of the plays showed exactly the same weakness—if weakness it could be called. He might have quoted Romeo's "Oh, Sweet Juliet, thy beauty hath made me effeminate," spoken in his mood of sentimental flabbiness immediately before and after the death of Mercutio. Mr. Addison McLeod described the passion of the heroines of the plays as not desire of love, but desire of power; Mr. Osman Edwards quoted Hazlitt on the lack of force of character in the dramatist's women; and highly pertinent speeches were also forthcoming from Miss Jess Dorynne, Mr. Kenneth Havers and other members and friends of the club. Altogether the evening was a very interesting one.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 13.

A Berlin theatrical newspaper publishes this advertisement: "Latest attraction! 'God Punish England.' Great patriotic play, in four acts, by Dr. Ernst Brandow. Act I., 'What we are thinking about.' Act II., 'Love and War.' Act III., 'Germany cannot perish.' Act IV., 'We must conquer.' Eight characters, easily acted. The greatest success of the present time. Right of reproduction for the whole of Germany can be had on the most favorable terms." The Pall Mall Gazette says: "The advertisement describes it as 'easily played,' which ought to be quite true after the practice that a whole nation has enjoyed. But we should have though it hardly worth paying a mark in the theatre for what can be had in the street for nothing."

"Most of the theatres are open in Berlin; but that also is more to keep up appearances than for business purposes. The salary of every actor and actress has been cut to a half, sometimes to one-third. Dancers and members of the chorus receive an average of £3 a month."

Notes About Music and Musicians

A season of Russian opera will begin at the London Opera House on May 15, if possible; if not, on the 29th. The operas promised are Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame," Cui's "Mam'selle Fifi," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mozart and Salieri," and "The Tsar's Bride"; Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Oniegen," "Carmen," "Lakme," with Inayat Kahn and his Indian musicians and several other operas. The chorus is Russian, the orchestra English. The prices will range from 10s 6d to 1 shilling.

Mr. Robin H. Legge, noting the statement of Miss Farrar—whose name in New York is accented heavily on the second syllable—that "to sing properly at least $10,000 a year is necessary," and that "an opera star nowadays must be an actress, beautiful, a designer of wonderful costumes, and be able to sing after eating a ham sandwich or smoking a cigarette," remarks: "To a plain man like myself it would appear that America required even more millionaires than she towns to at present if each 'arrived' opera star is to start with $2000 per annum. The cigarette and ham sandwich virtuosi, I imagine, are not so difficult to find anywhere. However, Miss Farrar knows, so there's an end on't!"

The Moody-Manners Opera Company is about to produce, for the first time on any stage, a new British opera entitled "The Vow," written by Colin McAlpine, the winner some years ago of the prize of £50 given by the company for the best English opera.

Why have we not among us a number of drum and flute (not fifes band)? I imagine that they might be most attractive. Messrs. Dudall, Carte have just made a series of instruments of this kind for a Belfast band. They tell me that these bands are not at all uncommon in Ireland. They comprise an E-flat piccolo, a B-flat flute, an F flute, an E-flat flute, and bass flutes. Similar bands are employed in the parks in Ireland in preference to ordinary military bands.—Daily Telegraph.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi has given two concerts in Westminster Cathedral Hall in aid of the French Red Cross and the 60,000 Catholic priests fighting in France. One of the singers was her pupil, Constance Laite, who three years ago had been for three years touring in India, China, Japan and Australia in musical comedy.

The appointments of the Bechsteins as piano manufacturers to King George, his Queen and Queen Alexandra have been cancelled. The Mail says the announcement was received with much satisfaction by English piano manufacturers. It is understood that the home office does not intend to renew Messrs. Bechstein's license to trade in this country.

Albert Sammons fiddled in the Queen's Hall, London, on April 11, and the Pall Mall Gazette began its review: "The case of Mr. Albert Sammons is peculiar. To the inner ring of music-lovers he has long been known as a violinist of the elect, but such was the indifference of the English public to English names that no conductor dared to give him his chance. Then the war came, and with it the opportunity. The public, which is not unintelligent once it can be coaxed past the box office, awoke to the fact that we possessed a violinist who can challenge comparison in certain qualities with any living virtuoso. These qualities are two, but they are complementary. No lyrical feeling can find true expression except in refinement, and no refinement can be expressive without lyrical feeling. In the Andante to the Beethoven Concerto played last night Mr. Sammons's well known and well appreciated refinement was at its best, whilst the outpouring of sheer lyrical beauty was of unstinting generosity."

A record price is expected at the Red Cross sale this week for the Strad violin which Lord Newlands has placed at the disposal of the fund. To break the existing record, however, the instrument will need to fetch a handsome figure, for five years ago Kubelik raised the Strad record at one bound from £2000 to £10,000 by giving the latter amount for the famous "Haddock Strad." Kubelik's Strad, by the way, attains its bicentenary this year, Antonio Stradavari having made it in 1715. A century later, in the year of Waterloo, it was brought from Brussels to London, and in the subsequent 100 years it had only been heard in public twice until Kubelik bought it in 1910 from Messrs. Haddock for £10,000. It has been estimated that altogether Stradavari made between 1100 and 1200 violins during the 75 years he labored at Cremona, and the average price he received for them was four louis d'or—about £3 10s. Making allowance for the greater purchasing power of money 200 years ago, Stradavaria received for his entire output half what Kubelik gave for one specimen.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Legge of the Daily Telegraph, discussing the subject of opera in English translations, writes:

"Now as to the impossibility of translating a libretto so that the accents and sense shall fall rightly, and as to the absence of sense in many of the authorized translations, let me give samples: I would ask those who uphold the translation idea to give me their views. When in 'Tannhaeuser' Venus sings 'Nicht halt' ich dir' Wagner laid the stress upon the 'nicht.' But the translator lays it on 'I' in the phrase 'I hold thee not.' Again, how does this appeal to you? The phrase 'Vous etes un geant' in 'Pelleas' becomes in operatic English 'A giant's what you are,' while later 'a propos de la lumiere' becomes 'tis about the light or something!' 'Carmen' has suffered from its birth. I recall one translation

[illegible] threaten [illegible] with the remark that 'If you don't love me you'd better look out.' [illegible] of "'Tis she my heart is bent on,' for 'Je la prendrai pour femme'? Or [illegible]; no, never,' for 'Tanto la Vita'? [illegible] 'dearest father' for 'petit pere'? These, and a thousand more, are not merely sheer nonsense and an insult to the composers because they are non-[illegible]ical they are also absolutely and entirely wrong, since they obliterate the niceties of the original languages used by the composers."

Mr. Legge adds that there is hope in London of experimenting with native opera. "But I feel assured that these operas must deal with subjects calculated to make their appeal to an English public. What care they for gods and goddesses, the last word upon whom [illegible] said by a greater than any native composer of these isles? Has our island history recorded no incident worthy of operatic treatment? Has London not a history of its own to convert into opera, even as Paris in 'Louise'? It there nothing in our national life that is worthy? Our sculptors take for their models the Greeks. Why do they leave to the stone-mason the wonderfully graceful attitudes of the golfer or the batsman? Have you ever seen a really good and characteristic model of a golfer at the top of his swing? I never have, save in the studio of an amateur! So with our [illegible] opera. Why not take one of the myriad subjects that lie all ready to hand? That is what may appeal to those of like passions with yourselves. Leave the gods and goddesses and come down to earth and idealize that which has come into your own experience."

The Litchfield County Choral Union will hold its annual music festival at Norfolk, Conn., on June 1, 2 and 3. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford will come from England to conduct some of his works, among them a new piano concerto which will be played by Harold Bauer. Other new works will be G. W. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Tam o'Shanter," and a violin concerto by F. A. Stock, which will be played by Efrem Zimbalist. The solo singers will be Florence Hinkle, Margaret Ober, Paul Althouse, Clarence [illegible] Herbert Witherspoon and [illegible] H. Downing. The chief choral works will be Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and Dvorak's "Stabat Mater." [illegible]'s "Tam o'Shanter," and [illegible]'s "Irish" symphony, piano concerto and four songs for baritone and orchestra will be performed on June 3.

Parisians and Cinema Attractions

The Paris theatres are opening one by one, but the increased number of those entertainments does not at all detract from the popularity of the cinemas, which for months past have drawn crowded audiences. Whether one likes this form of entertainment or not, it is quite certain that it exerts a great effect on the public mind. The audiences are drawn from all classes, and every age from four years to 80 is represented. The programs have in nearly every case both an educational and an emotional aspect, which in view of the very large and constant audiences in the numerous daily cinemas [illegible] Paris must play a distinct part in forming the opinion of the man in the street. Although it is true that the films are sometimes of small intrinsic interest, on the whole these popular entertainments are quite worth attention.

It must be admitted that the "faked" films are much more interesting than the genuine ones. Generals reviewing troops, demonstrators surrounding statues, and portraits of successful airmen suffer from a certain sameness. Panoramas of ruined villages pall after a while, partly because the conscientious orchestra invariably greets them with a peculiarly wailing tune which it seems has been wholly appropriated by ruined buildings, since the burned-out structure of the Moulin Rouge receives the same melancholy honor as the ruins of some battle-stricken village. The connection between the wailing violin and the overturned dwelling is so strong that even when one film unaccountably paused for a long time to show a woman feeding three very plump cats in a back yard, the violinist was not in the least cheered by his comic relief.

But the "faked" films, whatever their other faults cannot be reproached with monotony. Their taste is open to grave question, but their excitement is undoubted. One of the most interesting had obviously been enacted in England. It restored to war much of the glamour which official communiques have taken from it. A turgid love story leads up to the accidental meeting of all characters at the front. The disgraced son is serving in his father's regiment, unknown to both of them. The heroine is nursing conveniently on the spot, and the front is represented by the most English of lawns set about with nicely tended bushes. The son saves his father's life and is carried wounded to the tent where the heroine is nursing. The film also enables us to see, about [illegible] yards away, a thrilling charge which, according to the [illegible]-john man in the [illegible] [illegible] the Germans [illegible] partly in [illegible] to the great [illegible] always ready to be impaled by a Highlander—and the Germans are rather oddly attired, for the most part in corduroy trousers, white shirts and braces, strongly resembling a crowd of English agricultural laborers impressed for the occasion, with a spiked helmet here and there to show us that this is not a labor war.

Of the reconciliation between father and son in the tent, of the graceful smile with which the colonel takes the nurse's hand and lays it in the hand of his private-son, of the emotion of various British officers who stand round greedily drinking in this rather intimate domestic scene, and of the tender kiss imprinted by the heroine on the hero's brow, it is only necessary to say that they fill with satisfaction the genially sentimental French audience, and would be more welcome to the British spectator if the orchestra did not burst into "God Save the King," thus imposing on him the difficult and conspicuous duty of standing up in his seat, and attracting general attention.

The French do not salute the "Marseillaise," but sit quietly through its stirring strains, though occasionally they applaud when it is finished. They vary, however, in a curious way: in some cinemas they applaud vigorously films which in others are greeted with silence. The interested student of the war-time cinema can see the dying hero decorated with the cross to frantic applause from one audience, to dead silence from another, and to general weeping from the third.

Such films as "The Frontiers of the Heart" and "The First Class," well acted and well arranged, are really moving. The first is taken from Paul Margueritte's story of 1870, and although the young French wife married to a beloved German husband behaves appallingly badly, yet the fervour of her patriotism is certainly impressive to an average audience at a time like this. "La Premiere Classe," too, which closes with the old schoolmaster holding the first class in French in an Alsatian school, is both stirring and touching to every one, native or foreigner, who has read Daudet's "Recit d'un petit Alsacien," of which it is in a way the sequel.

As for the educative value of the cinema, that also cannot be denied. No amount of description in the press can imprint on the public mind the realization of what a trench is like half so vividly as one film. Such pictures as those showing the crack troops of all the fighting armies, the mechanism of the French and German rifles presented in detail, the nature and use of a trench periscope, the working of a field kitchen, and many others of the same kind, do teach the general public useful and interesting details which it is well that they should know. The excellent picture of the troops in the Lord Mayor's Show, which by an ingenious change of title figured here as the triumphant departure of the British troops from London on their way to the front, brought home the varied nature of our army to a public which had been very vague about it. A long film dealing with our summer manoeuvres has been very popular here, the warmest applause being reserved for a portrait of our secretary of state for war, humiliatingly labelled "Comte Kitchener."

We are just beginning to have films dealing with the French and British fighting side by side, and these arouse great enthusiasm. It is true that they fight not only side by side, but mixed up together in a way which must be puzzling for their officers; but such details as the fact that British regiments are mostly composed of Britons and French regiments of Frenchmen give way, and rightly, to the superior value of the symbol which shows khaki and Joffre-blue literally side by side in the trenches, charging together, falling together, recovering or being buried together, and exchanging at every opportunity such marks of friendship as the shaking of hands, the striking of shoulders and even the giving of kisses—to the immense pleasure of the French and to the embarrassment, verging on fury, of the stray British soldier in the audience.—London Times, March 23.

May 3 1915

Dr. John A. Wyeth of New York has been writing about the hiccup and proposing remedies. We are sorry to see him writing "hiccough," which is a wholly erroneous form. "Hikup," "hickup," or even the earliest form "hicket" is preferable, and we like the old name for the complaint, "yex."

The remedies are countless. The ancients, apparently ignored by Dr. Wyeth, recommended many. They knew that if you took the medicine composed of the three kinds of pepper and drank wine immediately afterwards you would have the hiccup. When emptiness of the stomach is a cause, sneezing will not put an end to the spasms. Paulus Aegineta advises in this instance use with wine, or nitre in honied water, or hartwort, carrot, cumin, ginger, calamint, or Celtic nard. In severe cases, try the vinegar of squills. Holding the breath is of use. Aetius gave emetics, then narcotics, and finally applied a cupping instrument with great heat to the breast, belly and back. Alexander began with bleeding when the hiccup [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] the patient's [illegible] hot water, gave him [illegible], applied hot fomentations to the belly. We now quote from Pliny the elder, translated by Philemon Holland. "But against the Hocquet or Yex there is a notable medicine made with it (colewort), together with coriander, dill, honey, pepper and vinegar. If the pitch of the stomach be annointed therewith the patient shall evidently perceive that it will dissolve the wind and puffing ventosities therein."

Pliny gives 15 or 16 remedies. Garden mint, with the juice of a pomegranate is one of them. And note this use of mint: "The juice of mint is excellent for to scour the pipes and clear the voice, being drunk a little before that a man is to strain himself either in the choir, or upon the stage, or at the bar." This shows why consumers of mint juleps are talkative.

And now consult Mr. Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts": "If that any man do get and put up the shoe of a horse being struck from his hoof as he travelleth in his pace (which doth many times happen) it will be an excellent remedy for him against the sobbing in the stomach called the hicket."

Turning to that invaluable book of household medicine "A Thousand Notable Things of Sundrie Sortes," by Thomas Lupton (London, 1627), we find (Book IV. 82): "Stop both your ears with your fingers and the hickop will go away within a while after. Proved." Here is a quicker cure (Book VI. 4): "It is proved, and a secret; that if you give to them that have the hickop every morning three hours before meate one roote of greene Ginger, and immediately after drinking two draughts of Malmcsey, you shall see that he will become cured. Emperici benedicti victorii."

We do not wish to poach on the preserves of Dr. Evans, but we think our little article on the hiccup should be syndicated; not for our personal advantage and gain, but for the good of suffering humanity.

What Ho! The Censor!

As the World Wags:

Yesterday I snuck off with a headache and went to a movie—wild and rare dissipation, 20 cents—"A Fool There Was." I protest. I demand legislation. I brand this production as "the assassination of a sex, a foul blot on the fair fame of our fair city." (That last is swiped from one of Blaney's manuscripts.) Well, anyway I do. I think I shall go to the mayor and the Governor and demand that "A Fool There Was" be closed. Of course I haven't any vote but they have to listen to me, haven't they? With tears in their eyes and all that.

Pearl Levy saw Robert Hilliard in the real play and said it was grand, so we went. You know the play, of course. This John Schuyler, who seems to be a real nice man with a lovely wife and the dearest baby girl, goes to England and falls in love with a vampire lady, and drinks too much brandy and dies, and she thinks it's funny. It's horrid. I don't believe there ever was a woman like that. There might have been, but there never was. Was there? It was his own fault if he drank too much. Probably she just wanted a good time. And when she got too independent he should have turned her over and spanked her and stopped drinking, and after a while he could have gone home and everything would have been all right. But she wouldn't want to see him die, or glory in it. I don't believe it, so I protest. Blaney says that when they do a play that would leave a bad taste in the mouth they have to exaggerate the villainess to appease the wrath of the canaille and the bourgeois (whatever they are). Maybe they do. But I'll bet Mr. Kipling didn't mean that kind of a woman when he wrote the Vampire.

So if you'll take this matter to the board of censors, I'll be much obliged.

Boston, May 1. HAZEL RAY.

A Week in the Country.

Here is Sir Ronald Gower's resume of a week passed at a country house: "A dawdling week hae at length come to a close, and passed, as is generally the case in a country house, in utter laziness and in great boredom; both hosts and guests seeming to consider it incumbent on each other to fritter away the time they pass together as much as possible. Much of the day and night spent in guzzling, much in inane talk and in dawdling in and out by doors. No possibility of doing any work, not even that of reading a serious book for long; for if one reads away from the others, one appears to avoid the rest, and is considered a sulk; and, unless one turns the leaves of a photograph book or of a newspaper in the drawing room, one is probably set down as unamiable, morose, if not worse."

A Temperance Song.

As the World Wags:

There was an ode to John Barleycorn, popular in the minstrel shows of the sixties, recalled by the Chanties in your column this morning. I will give you the chorus [illegible]

'THE HYPHEN'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Hyphen," a new play in three acts by Justus Miles Forman, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 19, 1915.

Heinrich Brandt	W. H. Thompson
Frau Brandt	Louise Sydmeth
Fritz	George [illegible]
Lil Buelow	Gail Kane
Bellows, "William"	Grant Stewart
A Maid	Alice Avery
Rittmeister Karl Wilhelm Von Arndt	Robert Haines
Herr Liebermann	William Burress
Herr Schmidt	Bertram Marburgh
Officer of the State Constabulary	John N. Wheeler

Mr. Forman, having been a student of painting in Paris studios, turned novelist. He has written about a dozen romances and over 100 short stories. He dramatized one of his novels, "The Garden of Lies," and the play was produced in London, but he was then wise enough to call in the assistance of the experienced Sydney Grundy.

It is a pity that he did not seek aid in the preparation of "The Hyphen," for he had a good idea and did not know what to do with it. Some have said, as in praise, that he wrote the play in a few days, a week or less. They flattered him. He modestly confesses that he worked for a fortnight.

The play recalls Augustin Daly's favorite sub-title: "A drama of contemporaneous human interest." It is a melodrama of the present war. It deals with a good and patriotic American who was born in Germany of German parents, a chemist, an inventor, who, shabbily treated by his countrymen, came to America, was appreciated, became a partner in a huge factory, grew rich and retired. Out of love for the Fatherland of old, he contributed $1,000,000 to the German war chest. His home was then a rendezvous for German propagandists. This he did not like.

A relative, a young girl, Lili, comes to Brandt and his wife. She is soon dear to them. Their son Fritz falls in love with her. Fritz is rabid in the German cause and abhors his father's neutrality, or rather his passionate devotion to the United States. To the country house in Pennsylvania come three Germans, Arndt, a cashiered officer who incidentally had seduced Brandt's niece in Breslau; Liebermann, a German-American newspaper editor, and one Schmidt. Their purpose is to form a German legion in America of men who have sworn allegiance to the Emperor and will work in his behalf also to destroy the factory once owned by Brandt, which is furnishing ammunition to the French.

They try to get a plan of the plant from Brandt. With many fine speeches he refuses and at last defies them. They threaten to ruin him. He has an attack of heart disease. While he is unconscious they open a safe and steal the plan. Then they persuade Fritz to join them. He is to fly by night in his aeroplane over the works while a German gentleman from New York, seated by him, will drop bombs.

They are thwarted by Lili and the butler, two spies. For Lili is not Miss Buelow. On her way to America Miss Buelow met a Russian in Paris and ran away with him. The Lili in Brandt's house was her English governess. She took Miss Buelow's clothes, photograph, family papers, and on the steamer was persuaded by a United States secret service man to spy on the visitors at Brandt's house. She knew about Arndt's little affair in Breslau. The editor suspected her the moment he saw her, for she had once been in Chicago.

How Lili, with the aid of the butler, thwarts the conspirator's scheme; how Fritz, after despising Lili the spy, refuses to help the trio—all this must be seen. It is enough to say that there is a happy ending.

Mr. Forman's idea of utilizing this topic is of course timely. The character of Brandt is drawn sympathetically and with considerable force. The lines given to him have significance. It may here be said that the dialogue in the first act and often in the second is well contrived and well expressed. But the scenes in which the plotters figure are for the most part crudely melodramatic. The girl listening on the balcony, the continuous opening and shutting of doors—now you see Lili, now the butler, now a conspirator or all three of them—becomes amusing rather than thrilling. There is the "scene a faire" in which Lili confesses to Fritz and succeeds in turning him against the plotters, but neither Miss Kane nor Mr. Ralph act here in a convincing manner.

The feature of the performance is Mr. Thompson's excellent impersonation of old Brandt. First of all it is consistently sincere. The man stands before you humorous, remembering the German of the old poets and the old art, [illegible]

riotic American, not b[illegible] man-American, French American, [illegible]ish-American, or any hy[illegible] erican. Mr. Thompson's Brandt is ple but not simple-minded; quietly otional; eloquent in plain speech; a vable character. And rare thing in ese days, gesture suited the word; cial expression had meaning at all nes.

Miss Kane, a comely young woman, was pleasing in the lighter moments, but not effective in the emotional scenes; plausible at times in a pretty way, but not persuading the spectator that with her the game was one of life or death. Miss Sydmeth gave an amiable performance of Brandt's wife. Mr. Reiph gave a fair idea of Fritz, but could not make the scene of his conversion reasonable. It was so sudden, so sudden. Convinced that Lili was a spy, he believed her gladly when she charged the plotters with the theft of the plan! But it would be a hard task for any actor and any actress to play this scene with straight faces.

The three conspirators acted with the requisite melodramatic intensity. It is a pity that we did not see more of Bellows, alias William, the butler. We suspected him of being the younger son of a nobleman eager to help England in the humblest capacity.

The interested audience applauded lustily old Brandt's patriotic speeches and laughed at any exhibition of German arrogance.

To think that such plots are possible in a quiet Pennsylvania town; that guests will behave so extravagantly in the house of their host! And if in this unnamed town, why not in any village where a prosperous American of German parentage is found? Mr. Forman has given us all timely warning.

CALVE HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Great Artist Arouses Enthusiasm—Voice Beautiful as Ever.

Mme. Emma Calve, famous for her impersonation of Carmen and other operatic roles, began a week's engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday afternoon. She was last heard here in Bizet's opera at a special matinee at the Boston Opera House, March 13, 1912, when Messrs. Clement and Riddez and Miss Bernice Fisher were her associates.

Mme. Calve's art is still young. The voice itself is well preserved. It is still brilliant, emotional, sensuously beautiful. The timbre is still haunting. Yesterday her selections were varied. David's "Perle du Bresil" was followed by a dramatic performance of D'Erauiede's "Le Clairon." Then the singer, draped in a Spanish shawl of gorgeous coloring, sang the Habanera from the opera with which her name has become inseparably associated. She was in the vein and displayed the familiar seductiveness in song and vividness in action. The last number was a verse of "The Suwance River." Repeatedly recalled, Mme. Calve added two short songs, which she sang without orchestral accompaniment. These were singularly effective and revealed the beauties of her voice to their fullest extent.

Others on the bill aroused applause. The O'Kura Japs performed extraordinary feats of balancing. Robins, a musical mimic, was seen here for the first time in burlesque imitations of musical instruments.

Joseph Jefferson, with Blanche Bender and George A. Wright, Jr., appeared in William C. DeMille's farce, "Poor Old Jim." Jim is of a joyous nature. It is hard for him to leave the club even at an early hour in the morning. Convinced that his health is doomed, his wife and the family doctor persuade him he is already a dead man. Jim, hazy and rebellious, protests against his wife's pretended remarriages and promises a less convivial future.

Joe Keno and Rosie Green, Clark and Verdi and Jim Diamond and Sybil Brennan in "Nifty Nonsense" contributed other acts, while Bobby, the clever dog comedian with the Maxine Brothers, excited admiration and wonder.

Next week Nora Bayes will head the bill.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Revolt," a play in three acts, by Edward Locke. Cast:

Mrs. Biddle	Jessie Ralph
Anna Stephens	Alma Belwin
John Stephens	Vincent Serrano
Floro Larose	Eleanor Gordon
Cissie Mackaye	Susanne Willa
Eva Essex	Annette Tyler
The Deacon	Howard Gould
The Souse	Sam Edwards
Fidgetts	Fred W. Peters
The Prude	Edwin Mordant
Nannie Stephens	Betty Osborne
Dr. Thomas	F. Russell Smith

A more accurate description of this piece than "a play in three acts" would be "a sermon in three scenes." No text is announced, but it should be: "Husbands, love your wives and don't stray from home. Wives, don't try to punish errant husbands by being as bad as they are." It's a long text, but then, it's a long sermon and nearly all in the cast take turns at preaching on it.

An unsophisticated Brooklyn girl after eight years of unhappiness, because her husband spends his nights across the bridge along the Great White Way, leaves the flat and its rubber plant, urged on by an unprincipled and vulgar stepmother and goes to the giddy apartment of Floro Larose in [illegible]tan. Floro used to be Lena S[illegible] when she and the wife, now Mrs. [illegible] Stephens, worked in the same st[illegible] in Brooklyn. When Lena went wron[illegible] Anna didn't sympathize with her; she scorned her. Lena to get even has prompted the stepmother to send Anna to her.

She pretends unbounded sympathy when Anna arrives at her gilded salon of iniquity, and gives the little Brooklyn wife a beautiful gown for the small "seeing New York party" that is expected. Two tough but beautifully gowned girls of New York night life come in and then arrives the "party," the Deacon, the Souse, the Prude and Fidgetts, who are making a night of it before taking the train for some town in Missouri. In a few minutes the wife, who has "revolted" from home, "revolts" from her gay surroundings, for the things they do and the things they say are not mentioned in respectable Brooklyn flats.

Wine and the gibes of the girls spur her on occasionally, but finally she is brought to full realization of her situation, when the drunken Deacon claims her as his own and enforces the idea with embraces. Then she fights. Lena, or Floro, tries to help the brute and after a scene to which the name of the play accurately applies, the Prude comes in, saves Anna and brings the Deacon to his senses. Word comes by telephone that Anna's child is dying. This softens Floro, and the Prude takes Anna home. There, through the wise management of the Prude, who is really a doctor, the husband and wife are reconciled. Part of the doctor's advice was: "Poison the stepmother."

The sermon would have dragged sadly and would have produced that somnolence that goes with overdoses of preaching had it not been for the extremely efficient acting of every member of the company.

Jessie Ralph, as the stepmother, with an extremely trying character, greatly overdrawn in spots, made it an extremely good comedy part. Her slyness in getting her gin bottle from the mantel clock and taking breath tablets after each drink was delicious. Her expression when the Prude prescribed poison for her was worth going far to see.

Alma Belwin made all that could be made of the wife. She was simple, natural, not hysterical, and in the trying situations at the "party" was forceful, but amply restrained.

Vincent Serrano, as the husband, was true to life in his careless disregard of his wife, his selfish brutality, his love for his child and his final realization of his errors.

Eleanor Gordon looked the part and lived it as Floro, and vividly portrayed her hate and plotted revenge for Anna. The change in her when the news about Anna's child came was brilliantly exhibited.

The men and the girls of the "party" must have had such scenes described to them by experts and they learned the lesson well. They were living pictures.

Edwin Mordant, the Prude, deserves special mention for his exhibit of quiet dignity, strength, kindliness, broad charity and common sense.

Dr. John A. Wyeth pooh-poohs the idea that the hair can turn white in a single night. It is no more possible, he says, for "such lightning-like depigmentation to take place in the human hair without chemical assistance than it would be possible for water to run uphill."

From Grief

Uvipurtus, elected Bishop of Raceburg, went to Rome to receive the confirmation thereof from the Pope; where, finding himself neglected and rejected by him, upon the account of his youth, the next night for grief all the hair of his head was turned gray, whereupon he was received. See Heinrich Kornmann's "De Miraculis Virorum" (Kirchkeim, 1614). Kornmann was an eminent doctor of jurisprudence and accustomed to weighing evidence.

Sir Ronald Gower in 1873 visited Jean Friedrich Maxime de Waldeck in Paris. The centenarian wrote out at Sir Ronald's request his recollections of Marie Antoinette. He first saw her at Trianon. "I was far from foreseeing then the fatal revolution of '93 and the conciergerie where I saw her with hair already becoming grey. It is not, then, astonishing that it turned white during the night that followed her unjust condemnation."

We say nothing about Ludovico Sporza and others.

From Fear.

Let us consult the folio of Jean Schenck de Graffenberg, a learned Swiss physician (1531-1598): "Observationum medicarum etc. volumen." He mentions the father of Martinus Delrio, the Jesuit, who a boy, hardly 15 years old, was sick on his bed. While he heard all the physicians despairing of his life, "what with watching, and the fear of death, all the hair of his head turned grey in the compass of one night."

Then there is the story of Don Diego Osorius, a Spaniard of a noble family. "He being in love with a young lady of [illegible] court [illegible] privileged with her to private conference under the shady boughs of a tree that grew within the gardens of the King." The barking of a little dog betrayed him. As it was a capital crime to be found there Don Diego was condemned to death. He was so terrified at the hearing of his sentence "that one and the same night saw the same person young and all turned grey as in age." King Ferdinand pardoned him, "seeing he had exchanged the flower of his youth into the hoary hairs of age."

Then there is the sad case of the young nobleman who violated the chastity of a lady in the court and was sentenced to the scaffold. Brought before the Emperor, he was not recognized. "All the comliness and beauty of his face was vanished, his countenance was grown like to that of an old man; his hair and beared turned grey; and in all respects so changed that the Emperor suspected some counterfeit was substituted in his room." The nobleman was pardoned, especially as the lady of the court had made a small resistance. See the work of Lemneor Lemnius of Zealand, De Complex, L. z. c. z. See also the story of the Irish captain in the county of Cork related by the careful and Honorable Robert Boyle in his Ex. Philos. c. 14, pp. 246, 247.

Strange Hair

Strange stories are told of hair. Pliny the elder in his chapter "of the Scythians and the diversitie of other nations," has this sentence: "Ctesias saith there is a race or kinred of the Indians named Pandore, inhabitating certain vallies, who live two hundred years; in their youthfull time the haire of their head is white, but as they grow to age waxeth black."

On March 20, 1759, Mr. Haynes, a carpenter in St. John's street, London, was seized with a giddiness. His anxious wife was rubbing the part afflicted when his hair came off from his head and his eyebrows. The Annual Register (1759, p. 58) says: "The same accident happened some years before to Mr. Stanley of St. Andrew's, Holborn."

Truly this is a little world of great wonders!

Dignified.

The Mercure de France is again published in Paris, but once a month for the present instead of twice. The editor, Alfred Vallette, contributes a preface in which he says: "All understood that the only thing we could do eight months ago was to hold our tongues. Compared with this upheaval, which suddenly disturbed all values, what were literature, poetry, art, philosophy, even science worth—all the things which were the joy and the reason of our living? All our labors were mere games, and we could not decently play them while the country, with grave endurance, withstood the aggression of a mad people. We had resolved to publish again only when that dangerous lunatic had been safely shut up in a madhouse."

May 5 1915

Mr. E. M. Bishop of Cleveland, O., writes in a letter to the New York Times that he would like to see the toothpick "both wooden and the 'quill inclosed in the dainty antiseptic package,' shelved with the Saturday night bath and spelling matches." No doubt he would also put on the shelf the napkin-ring, even when it is of costly material and inscribed "To Father." Yet Cleveland has been called "the city of homes." Does Mr. Bishop have a fresh napkin for each meal? Does he throw it down as he rises from table, with a lordly gesture as one saying "Durn the expense!"?

No, the toothpick will not soon be shelved. It is a necessary implement of peace. No one will defend its use in public—in the street—at table—or in a leisure hour when it takes the place of gum, lovage, or eating tobacco. We should not like to surprise a woman, young or old, earnestly engaged with one. But the toothpick has a long and honorable history. The ancient Romans used it. Calviac in his "La Civile honestete," stolen largely from the book of etiquette by Erasmus, urged the necessity of a toothpick made of wood or a chicken bone. Never should the knife or a nail or a napkin be employed as a cleanser. Erasmus was equally severe: "If anything remains between your teeth, do not use a knife or your nails to remove it, as dogs and cats do; nor a napkin; but take a toothpick of mastic or quill, or a little bone from the foot of a capon or boiled fowl. Coligny, the great admiral, sported his toothpick, when it was not busied, in some part of his ferocious whiskerage.

We like the old form "pick tooth" as it is found in English literature from 1542 to the present day. "My Lord and I after dinner sat down by the fireside in an idle, indolent, pick tooth way."

"Moving Pictures" of 1709-1710.

As the World Wags:

No Boston library owns a copy of the original edition of the "Tatler," but the kindness of a friend has enabled me to examine the first 150 numbers (from April 12, 1709, to March 25, 1710). During that period three advertisements of a "moving picture" were printed. The first appeared in the issue of Dec. 27-29, 1709 (No. 113), and reads as follows:

NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

THIS Day, being the 29th of this Instant, December, next Door to the Grecian's Head Coffee-House, over against Cecil-street in the Strand, will be publish'd for the first Time, a PICTURE finely drawn by an extraordinary Master, which has many curious and wonderfully pleasing and surprising Motions in it, all natural. It is after the Manner of the Foreign Moving Picture formerly shewn in Fleet-street, but with greater Variety, and far exceeding that. There needs no more to set it forth; for the Picture will speak itself.

The second advertisement appeared in the issue of Jan. 28-31, 1710 (No. 127), and reads as follows:

TO be seen daily at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street, a new Moving Picture, drawn by the best Hand, with great Variety of curious Motions and Figures, which form a most agreeable Prospect. It has the general Approbation of all who see it, and far exceeds the Original formerly shewn at the same Place. N. B. This Picture was never exposed to publick View before the Beginning of the present Year 1710.

The third advertisement, which appeared in the issue of Feb. 4-7, 1710 (No. 130), is identical with the second. (No. 129, cited by Aitken and in the Oxford dictionary, is probably a misprint for No 127.) I confess that these advertisements do not convey, to my mind, a very clear idea of what a "moving picture" was; but the lines from Gay's "Fan," quoted by Marion Bush, throw some light on the matter:

In darkened rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

Cannot further information be obtained in regard to these "moving pictures" of two centuries ago? Exactly when was "The Foreign Moving Picture formerly shown in Fleet street"?

ALBERT MATHEWS.

Boston, May 3.

The Made Tie

"D. O. N." writes in answer to "T. T. D.," asking why a made tie is considered among men to be a solecism: "For the same reason that a cast iron balustrade is vulgar and one of hand-wrought iron a thing of beauty."

Stamford and Meyer

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the composer of music, will be in Connecticut at the end of this month. It was Sir Charles who early in the year put plain questions to Prof. Kuno Meyer in a letter to the London Times. "I asked Joachim in 1900 if he was a pro-Boer. He replied, 'I was until I saw that they were ready and you were not.' I recommend this common sense view of his greater compatriot to the confused, or poisoned brain of Prof. Kuno Meyer. He is a master of the subtleties of language. Will he explain the meaning of 'Der Tag' as used in Germany for many years past? Will he venture to hold that it alludes to the day when England would without provocation attempt the destruction of an inconvenient rival,' and that the wholesale reduction of her army—officers, rank and file, artillery and arsenal workman alike—completes the proof of her deep-laid schemes? Does he think that the naval chiefs of a country intent upon aggression recommend its inhabitants to sleep quietly in their beds? Or is his letter only the outcome of disappointment that they woke up to such purpose when the German-made alarum rang?"

May 6 1915

ATWOOD-BAKER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker, assisted by the Koessler String Quartet (Maurice Koessler, C. Pinfield, Walter Blumenau, Bruno Steinke of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) and Walter Arno, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, first and fourth movements of Mozart's quartet in C-Major; Marteau, eight songs for voice and string quartet (first time here); Leroux, Le Nil (violin, Mr. Koessler); Mahler, Hans und Grethe, Aus! Aus!; Engel, A Faded Leaf Conspirators; Thomas, Chansonette; Holmes, La Belle du Rol.

Marteau's songs are dedicated "to his wife Agnes." Perhaps for this reason he chose as the first poem of the group, Lenau's "An Agnes." Yet we remember reading an announcement of Marteau's marriage in Breslau to one Blanche Hirsecorn-Marchal. Whether Agnes is the first or second wife we are unable to say. In the musical world, as in high society at Newport, there are constant transfers and promotions in marital relationship.

The songs can hardly be called songs in the common acceptation of the word. The voice is used with the string quartet as a fifth instrument in ensemble. These instruments work together to establish a mood. For the most part the music is the result of hard labor. There is seldom a spontaneous phrase for the voice; there is little vocal emotion; nor is the instrumental portion often sensuous or dramatic.

Yet there are at times pleasing effects in the fifth, a love song, and in the eighth, "Autumn." The effect of the fifth would have been still more marked if the strings had been more subdued; and in fact throughout the cycle the quartet might have played with greater dynamic variety, with a more pronounced regard for nuances.

The singer of these songs has no easy task. Mrs. Baker is to be congratulated for having accomplished it with so much skill and with such rhetorical understanding. Her voice is an agreeable, sympathetic one, of pure quality, fresh, well trained. The extreme upper tones may yet gain in body and brilliance.

It was musically a relief after Marteau's songs to hear Leroux's "Nil," with the obligato of Mr. Koessler. The songs of Mahler, unfamiliar to the great majority of the hearers last evening, treat of rustic life and manners. "Hans and Grethe" is perhaps the more successful with its dance swing and [illegible]ive spirit.

Mrs. Baker, still a pupil, gives promises for the future. She not only sings agreeably; she already is able to express various emotions and sentiments in a persuasive and convincing manner.

There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

We recommend to the earnest attention of the Anti-Rat and Fly Committee the following recipe published at London in 1627 with the heading "How to drive away Flyes that they shal never come againe."

"When thou wilte drive a waye Flyes from anye place that there shall none bee seene there againe make the image of a Flye in the stone of a Ring: or as my booke saith Mizaldus, in a plate of Brasse or Copper, or of Tinne make the image of a Flye, of a Spider, or of a Serpent, the second face of Pisces then ascending. And whiles you are making a graving of them say: This is the image which dooth clean rid all Flyes for ever. Then bury the same in the mist of the house, or hang it in anie place of the house, (but if thou hast foure such plates, and burie or hang them in foure corners of the house, or hide them within the walles, that no body take them away, it were farre better.) But this laying of them must be when the first face of Taurus doth ascend. And so no Fly will come in there, nor tarry there. Ptolomie saith that he saw the traile herof in the house of King Adebatus: who was very wise, and was marvallous expert in naturall Magicke, in whose Palace or Place there was neither Flye nor any other hurting worme. And that I might search it out saythe he: I brought in thither lyve Flyes, which presentlie died. Mizaldus."

Now this Mizaldus, or Antoine Mizauld, was not only a skilful physician, but an astrologer and a prophet. He died very old in Paris in 1578. His published works are many.

Swat That Fly.

There have been human fly-catchers of acknowledged dexterity. There was our old friend Flavius Domitianus, the Emperor. It was his practice "to retire himselfe daily into a secret place for one houre and there to do nothing else but to catch flies, and with the sharp point of a bodkin or writing steele prick them through." Joseph Capper, Esq., who died at Kennington, Eng., on Sept. 6, 1804, at the age of 77, was known to his social associates at the Horns as "Domitian." We have a right to infer that he was somewhat clumsy in his methods, for the following story is told about "a mischance that befell him in the indulgence of this fly-killing propensity which he pursued with all the eagerness of a youthful sportsman." After dinner, it was his custom to take a pint of wine. He had a glass, a tumbler and a bowl put on the table before him, and then covered his wine with a piece of paper to prevent flies from quaffing. "One day he happened to leave the room and during his absence a gentleman laid on the paper a small piece of snuff of candle. Capper on his return, mistaking it for a fly, said to himself: 'Aha! now I shall have you,' and cautiously creeping toward the table, with his stick discharged such a blow as shivered his glasses into a thousand pieces to the no small diversion of the company." Yet Mr. Capper left behind him a fortune of £26,921, 9s, 2d.

We know a man of refinement in Boston, of delicate constitution and poetic soul, who cannot drive a nail, hang a picture, or perform any humble, necessary household office; but he has the singular gift of catching flies with his hand. His judgment of distance is unerring. The sweep of his arm is to be compared only with the gesture of Millet's Sower. Unlike Domitian, he would not tortue a fly for the wealth of Indies. Having crunched the insect, he goes to the bathroom and performs the lesser ablution. We suggest that Mr. Benjamin Whirlington, for that is his name, be appointed an honorary member of the Anti-Rat and Fly Committee.

A Moral.

The fly has had its defenders. At the next meeting of the committee some one should read in a clear bell-like voice Chapter XII., "Of the Use of Flyes" in "The Theatre of Insects," by Tho. Mouffet, Doctor in Physick (London, 1658). There are seven folio pages. We have room here for only one quotation.

"The last use of Flies (and that not to be contemned neither) appears to be this, that whereas none of them passe a Summer, yet some of them do not live out a short day, we should by them be put in minde of our own frailty, and of the uncertainty of this vanishing life; the which although preserved with all the dainty food that can be got, with the softest raiment, and all the best waies and means that may be for a short space, yet when it seems most to flourish, it on a sudden declines and scarce with the fly holds out an Autumn, much lesse a Winter; we are in Pindar's account but 'Daiesmen,' i. e., of a daies continuance, and as the dream of a shadow."

May 7 1915

"The Last Laugh" Enjoyed by Large Audience—Humorous Production.

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Last Laugh," a new play in three acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard.

Dr. Bruce	Henry Harmon
Dr. Francis	Everett Butterfield
Eugenia Bruce	Inez Plummer
Sarah	Gertrude Clemens
Bosco	Stephen Maley
Dr. Dunlop	Albert Gran
Jim	Edward Abeles
Mary	Marion Murray
A Policeman	Herbert Main
Dr. Wayne	Nell Burton
Mr. Redman	George Abbott

Dr. Bruce, a celebrated anatomist and surgeon, had endeavored for some time to make a living man out of bones and tissue. His experiments had failed. Charitable colleagues said that he was crazy. Medical journals redicuied his attempts. And now he tries once more. His assistant, Dr. Francis, and his friend, Dr. Dunlop, fear that he will really lose his reason. To save him they persuade one Jim, a simple-minded fellow, to be substituted at a critical moment for the thing swathed in bandages. Jim comes to life and Bruce exults. But Jim's check for $1000 is dated the next day.

His daughter, Eugenia, in love with Francis, is told that this modern Frankenstein will be born a baby. She insists on being his nurse to the horror of her betrothed. It is easy to see what situations arise with opportunities for broad and uproarious farce.

It would not be fair to those who will go to the Cort, if we should tell of Dr. Bruce's little joke or of the scenes that hang on it. At the end of the second act the audience was thoroughly mystified. Jim, the baby, had leaped through the window. Who then was the swathed apparition that came out of the box on the right hand? The actor that took the part of Mike was not named on the playbill of last night.

Other characters are the maid, who is also confused between Jim and Mike; Mary who is Jim's wife and in pursuit of him; Bosco a cowardly Negro—let us hope that the mayor, superintendent of police, the Legislature and the Governor will not therefore be entreated to forbid the play; Dr. Wayne, who admits grudgingly the triumph of his colleague, and Mr. Redmand, an impossible reporter.

The three acts take place in Bruce's laboratory, although some of the bills stated that the third was laid in a flour mill, from which we infer that this act has been changed since the production of the play a short time ago. The one scene is realistically set. The process of vitalizing the supposedly inert and lifeless mass at the beginning of the second act is interesting, even exciting, whatever physicians may say to the technical language employed.

The farce was played with great vigor by all concerned. Mr. Abeles was often amusing, but why did he find it necessary to accentuate his humor by so many "damns" and "hells"? These words are not really funny in themselves even in the mouth of Mr. Billy Sunday. Mr. Harmon gave an excellent performance, especially in the first act, of the visionary doctor. The others were incessantly active when they were on the stage.

The large audience laughed loudly throughout the farce. Thus the authors and comedians were rewarded. From the attitude of the audience it would seem that "The Last Laugh" would have a prosperous run. Yet it is surprising that the dramatists who wrote "The Misleading Lady" were willing to sign their names to this farce.

[illegible] Hazel [illegible] the [illegible] Has [illegible] the very [illegible] of the French and of certain ultra-modern American [illegible], among them Miss Amy Lowell?

This we know: Yesterday we received the following poem signed by her and with this prose: "It's kind of early for morning glories, but you get the idea, don't you?" And where did Miss Hazel pick up the word "coolth"? It's a good word. It's a pity that it has dropped out of familiar conversation. Sir Richard F. Burton was fond of it; see his "Thousand Nights and a Night." But we are keeping Miss Hazel waiting:

FOR A MORNING.

This very morning, then, a leafy vine,
Bourgeoning upon my window lattice,
Offered me a purple flower.
Happy, it nodded in the early coolth
Turning its velvet heart to the gentle sun.
At noon, smitten by the searing heat, my flower died.
Tonight it hangs forlorn, a shrivelled thing,
Swaying like a silent funeral bell
Against the cold sea breeze.
The cold sea breeze
Whisp'ring thro' my lattice:
"This is life—and love."

The Made Tie.

"D. O. N." wrote to us that a made-tie is considered to be a solecism, "for the same reason that a eastiron balustrade is vulgar and one of hand-wrought iron a thing of beauty."

"H. B. H." now answers him: "Is this really the reason? Is a householder expected to make his own wrought iron balustrade? Or does he engage one from a man who can make it better than he can? Is it usual to take down your hand-wrought balustrade each night and put it together again in the morning? I ask merely for information, as I own no balustrade and I make up my tie each morning, thus saving myself from 'vulgarity,' though I make no claim to the production of a 'thing of beauty.' "

"T. T. D.," who first raised the question, writes again, moved by "D. O. N.'s" answer: "The parallel is, I think, imperfect. By this reasoning hand-made ties alone are in good taste. The question of material is not involved. Why should the wearer of a 'made tie' be subjected to scorn and opprobrium? Is it reprehensible to wear a cravat arranged by its manufacturer? Does the appearance upon the neck of the owner suggest a love of morning slumber which necessitates hasty dressing in order to enable him to get to the office in season? Or is the wearing of it a shameful admission of inability to tie the cravat attractively one's self. These are the vital questions. A better argument than any of these is to be found in a well known poem by Browning:

"Better, youth
Should strive through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on ought found made."

We are pleased at finding "T. T. D." using the word "cravat." Yet there are men born to wear a "tie"; some to wear a "string-tie." Perhaps we do Mr. W. J. Bryan injustice, but we think of him as associated with a "string-tie," a wisp, untidy, mussed.

Lost Words.

As the World Wags:

Why have we of this country lost so many fine English words of topographical import still popularly current in Great Britain? New England presents upon an area much smaller than Great Britain most of the mother island's topographical features, but we've lost the words to name such features. Who of us uses in common speech such words as "holt," "heath," "tor," "hanger," "moor," "shaw," "swale," "beck," or half a dozen more that one might recall by the aid of a dictionary? "Fen" and "fell" seem to have survived here, though I have not heard them elsewhere in the United States. Many such words must be used in Canada, one may guess, and it is a great pity that we should have lost them. They are not only useful and significant, but full of historic interest. Two words of topographical significance occur to me that I have not found in any dictionary, and have heard used in two widely separated places, and not elsewhere. Three hundred miles south of Boston on the Atlantic coast, a small tidal estuary connected with a creek is sometimes called a "spung," while "Grassy Sprain" is the name of a long, narrow, weedy pond in Yonkers, N. Y. The word "sprain" I have not heard elsewhere than as part of this proper name.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Brookline, May 5.

In English dialect "spung" or "spong" means a narrow piece of land.

May 2 1915

Concert One to Be Remembered Gratefully—Brilliant Closing Performance.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It was the last of the 34th season. The program was as follows:

Beethoven.....—Symphony in C minor, No. [illegible]
Liszt.....
"Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo)
Strauss....."Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"
Wagner.....
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

This concert was one to remember gratefully rather than one to di[illegible]. The vocabulary of eulogy is more limited than that of blame. Swinburne with all his verbal wealth, high-[illegible]ing sentences and varied rh[illegible] never so tiresome as in his [illegible] in praise of the Elizabethan dramatists. Heap adjective on adjective, weave phrases out-coloring T[illegible] purple, and you cannot give an adequate idea of a musical composition or performance to him that did not hear it.

A brilliant season was brought to an extraordinarily brilliant end. Beethoven's symphony was played [illegible] quently. The conception [illegible] in its breadth; dramatic without [illegible]larity, affectation, extravagance; perfectly rounded, rich in beautifully expressive detail. In the [illegible] conductors the Finale [illegible] the [illegible] glorious outburst is a [illegible] lofty height; but in this Finale [illegible] Muck triumphed where some have been only laborious, and others have wholly failed. He not only maintained the interest; he so treated the various sections that they seemed indispensable to a stupendous whole. The final triumphal song for once was not an anti-climax.

Vividly picturesque was his interpretation of Liszt's "Mazeppa," which is as flamboyant as Victor Hugo's poem. The composition has the "[illegible]" that is characteristic of the romantic music and painting inspired by "Jeune France." Mr. George Moore described Hugo's "Les Orientales," in which "Mazeppa" was published, as "an [illegible] of painted cardboard, tin daggers [illegible] a military band playing the '[illegible] Patrol' in the Palais Royal"; [illegible] also wrote: "The verse is grand [illegible] tremendous." The symphonic poem of Liszt should be played in the proper spirit of romanticism. He did not [illegible] it with his tongue in [illegible] c[illegible]. To him Mazeppa symbolized genius persecuted, crushed, but at last rising superior, standing erect and victorious in royal might." All this was real to [illegible]. He expressed in music [illegible] conv[illegible] with the audacity of a melodramatic genius. There should be no [illegible]pering of the music descriptive of Mazeppa's wild ride, nor should the conductor shrink from the [illegible] delivery of the typical theme [illegible] the thought that the motive [illegible] called bombastic, or even vulgar. [illegible] is the "panache" in all its [illegible] splendor. The Hungarian [illegible] the March-Finale, with its [illegible] instrumentation, is eminently [illegible] Dr. Muck not only recognized the "panache" and gloried in it, as an [illegible]ter, as a leader of his men, he w[illegible].

The performance of Strauss's [illegible] one of the most admirable of the composer's works—perhaps the one that is wholly excellent in its combination of beauty, humor, sentiment and [illegible] imagination—was remarkably elastic and impressive. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" brought a sonorous [illegible] after the preceding compositions Wagner's instrumentation in this [illegible] often seemed thick and turgid.

The great audience was enthusiastic. Applauded again and again as he came upon the stage, Dr. Muck was recalled with fervor several times after the symphony, and after Wagner's prelude there was a prolonged demonstration in his honor.

A few notes concerning the work of the season may not be amiss.

Forty-eight composers were represented with 101 orchestral pieces, concertos, arias, song etc. Of these composers nine were French: Berlioz [illegible], Chabrier (2), Debussy (1), Franck [illegible] W[illegible]loon, but naturalized Frenchman [illegible] 2), d'Indy (1), Lalo (2), Ravel (1), Ropartz (1), Saint-Saens (1).

Four Russian and Polish composers were represented: Borodin (1), [illegible]sko[illegible]ski (1), Stravinsky (1), Tschaikowsky (1).

Three Italians: Bossi (1), Monteverdi (1), Sinigaglia (1)

Enesco, a Roumanian by birth [illegible] have been enumerated among [illegible] French.

Five works of Sibelius, the F[illegible] played

The three Americans were [illegible] Converse, MacDowell.

The other [illegible] w[illegible] [illegible]tr[illegible]n, B[illegible]

These composers had the greatest number of works performed: Beethoven, 14; Brahms, 7; Mozart, 6; Schubert, 5; Liszt, 4; Strauss, 4; Weber, 4.

These orchestral compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Symphonies: Korngold, Sinfonietta; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Volbach, Symphony in B minor.

Symphonic Poems, etc.—Reger, Four Tone Poems (after Boecklin); Shoenberg, five pieces for orchestra; Strube, Variations on an Original Theme, (first performance anywhere).

Concertos, etc.—D'Indy, Fantasia for oboe and orchestra on French folk-tunes, first time with orchestra; Klose, Prelude and Double Fugue for organ (choral at the end with trumpets and trombones).

These works were performed for the first time at these concerts: Franck, C., Chorale in A minor for organ; Fried, Adagio and Scherzo for wind instruments, two harps, and kettle-drums; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole; Stravinsky, Feuerwerk.

The soloists were as follows: Sopranos, Miss Gerhardt, Miss Hinkle; mezzo-soprano, Mme. Culp; baritone, Mr. Amato; pianists, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Borwick, Mr. Gabrilowitsch; organist, Mr. Marshall; violinists, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Noack, Mr. Witek; violoncellists, Mr. Casals, Mr. Warnke.

Miss Hinkle and Messrs. Amato, Borwick and Casals appeared for the first time here at Symphony concerts. Messrs. Witek, Noack, Warnke and Marshall are members of the orchestra.

A season that will long be conspicuous in the annals of the orchestra will end tonight.

The bugle calls in the ball room, the gentlemen run for their partners, the dancers bow to each other.

Jonas the Great.

Can any one inform us about "Jonas the Great," who figured prominently at Clash's American Hall? We are indebted to "C. H. C." for a program of June 5, 1857. It reads as follows:

"Grand Ballet Corps, Bloomer and Fancy Dress Ball. Messrs. Clash, Williams and Jonas the Great respectfully announce to their friends and the public that they will give their Grand Ballet Corps, Bloomer & Fancy Dress Ball, on Friday evening, June 5th, 1857, at Clash's American Hall, Corner of Ferry and North streets, Boston. The hundreds of patrons which have attended these pleasing entertainments under the combined head of Clash, Williams and Jonas the Great will vouch for the entire satisfaction given—not another word need be said. During the evening the following dances will take place—Quadrilles, Mazeukers (sic), Cotillons, Virginia Reels, Contra Dances, Waltzes, Redowas, Polkas, Varsoevannas (sic), Schottisches, Esmaraldas, Jig Dances, etc., etc. The music on these occasions by Harry F. Williams' Quadrille Band, has heretofore given entire satisfaction—they have complimented in the highest terms by those who are competent judges. The orchestra will consist of Violin, Primo, Clarionette (sic), Cornet a Piston (sic), Piano Forte, Contra Bass. The Refreshment department will be furnished to suit the most fastidious. The floor will be under the direction of Jonas the Great. Good Order will be preserved. Ladies are particularly requested and expected to be present early. Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Dancing will commence at 8 o'clock. The Hall will be handsomely Decorated and Illuminated. Joseph F. Clash, Harry F. Williams, Jonas the Great, Managers."

On the back of the program is this announcement. "A Bottle of Champagne will be presented to the Gentleman who brings to the Hall the Biggest Crowd."

Again we ask: "Who was Jonas the Great?"

To the Workhouse.

Here is a pathetic story. John Chapman, a London publisher, gave weekly parties at his house in the Strand. Spencer, Froude, Francis Newman, Mrs. Lynn Linton were regular guests. George Eliot lived with the Chapmans for two years and there became acquainted with George Henry Lewes. Frederika Bremen also lived there for a time in 1851. And now we read that Mrs. Chapman has been driven by illness and poverty into Hammersmith workhouse. Was there no one in all London to help her?

"Eats."

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, describing his experience two years ago in Maine, when he wished a bottle of beer for his lunch in the train, writes: "Among the 'eats,' as the Americans appetisingly say." But "eat" meaning food was once a good, sound English word—from 1000 to 1609. It also meant the action of eating: a meal. In Scotland "eat" means taste, or the act of eating: "It is gude to the eat." In some English provinces "Eating-water" is water that is good for drinking.

The American Invasion.

As the World Wags:

They say that the English newspapers are becoming Americanized. They are not, to any great extent; but even the London Times is learning to talk American. Reporting the trick of an army deserter who tried to po[illegible] wo[illegible]nd-ed [illegible] bandaged, it tells how he was [illegible]d. He had apparently lost his [illegible], but the Times prints this amazing sentence "At the station it was found that his left arm was inside his pants." Pants? E. S.

Brookline, May 2.

Panorama and "Movies."

As the World Wags

I remember seeing in Albany, in the late sixties, a moving picture of Irish scenes. It was a panorama, but the promoter of the exhibition laid stress upon the fact that it was superior to the ordinary panorama for, by means of certain mechanical devices, a most natural motion was imparted to the waves in Dublin bay and to the ships and other craft in the harbor. The illusion was so well contrived that to the eyes of a child the scene was wonderfully life-like. The word "panorama" had not been coined back in Stella's time, but perhaps the thing itself had been invented, in some crude form, and a moving picture would be the most natural thing in the world to call it.

Boston, May 6. W. E. K.

The word "panorama," learned men tell us, was invented by Robert Barker about 1789. In his specification of patent, 1787, he called his invention "La Nature a Coup d'Oeil"—"Nature at a Glance." Some say the principle was due to Prof. Breisig of Breslau. Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced Barker's scheme impracticable and said he would gladly leave his bed at night to inspect such a work of art. When Barker had a panorama on exhibition Sir Joshua did leave his breakfast table and walked in dressing gown and slippers to see the show. Barker's first attempt was shown at Holyrood, then Glasgow, then [illegible]—Ed.

May 9 1915

It has been definitely announced that there will be no local opera company at the Boston Opera House next season. Whether the Opera House will be the home of Shakespearian revivals, melodrama and musical comedies at popular prices, or moving pictures, remains to be seen. This, however, might be written over the entrance doors: Ichabod, the glory is departed!

It is also definitely stated that the Metropolitan Opera House will give performances in the Boston Opera House for three weeks in the April of next year. The "full strength of the company" and "novelties" are promised. And so Boston will go back to an operatic gorge at the end of the theatrical and musical season. Opera six nights a week, with probably two matinees, opera when singers and public are fagged and restless.

The history of the Boston Opera Company with a true account of its origin and its life of five years will probably never be written.

No reasonable person would expect Mr. Jordan to carry longer the burden. If it had not been for his love of opera, his public spirit, and his munificence, we undoubtedly should not have had the opera house or the opera company. It was his honorable purpose to do for opera in Boston what Major Higginson had done for orchestral music. In endeavoring to be thus a benefactor, he spared not time, enthusiasm, money. The city owes him a heavy debt of gratitude. That the Boston opera company is no more is not his fault.

There are some who say that if the original scheme had been carried out—an excellent ensemble without costly "stars," operas well mounted, boxes and seats at a comparatively modest price—the company would still be in existence and flourishing. It may be said in reply that there was a deficit at the end of the first year; that many interested in the opera longed for the stars in all their glory; that the public at large was then more eager to hear this or that singer than to hear the opera itself.

It should be remembered that in the Boston Opera House there is no standing room. Thus an important source of income is cut off. Nor in Boston is there a great floating population as in New York, a transient crowd of men and women willing to spend freely for the pleasure of seeing the sights, among them the opera, with the bedecked and bejewelled women in the boxes. The future of the Boston Opera House rested on the attitude of the steady subscribers.

Now that the Boston Opera Company is no more, it is easy to say this should have been done, that should not have been done. During the last five years there has been much gossip; there has been some scandal. It is not necessary to inquire into the truth of rumors. First of all it would be difficult to ascertain the truth.

Whatever the cause, there had been for some time before the spring of 1914 an impression that the management had not been economical: that there had been waste, not to use a harsher word. This impression may have been well-founded or unjust; it was current and persistent. Many looked back with pleasure to the first season when they could speak of the opera company as "our company." They mourned the unnecessary departure of Mme. Lipowska and Mr. Baklanoff. They still mourn it. They regretted the departure of Mr. Menotti, nor were they consoled by the engagement of Mr. Urban with his extravagant ideas and fantastical scenery. They did not see why Mr. Caplet should be so petted; why he should have countless rehearsals for "Die Meistersinger," simply because he took it into his ambitious head to conduct the opera, while other operas were often performed without proper rehearsal or pitchforked on the stage. Mr. Weingartner complained bitterly that he was not able to rehearse sufficiently. That Mr. Moranzoni was able to lead so many satisfactory performances with hardly any preparation is a proof of his skill and authority.

But all this is of the past. It is not now necessary to inquire closely into the managerial methods of Mr. Russell, whose enthusiasm for opera and desire to produce it artistically should not be questioned.

At the end of the fifth season many subscribers found themselves with diminished income. Their investments brought them no, or lessened, dividends. The city felt poor. Then the war broke out. Many influential subscribers had lost confidence in Mr. Russell as a manager. The rest is known to all.

The five years swelled greatly the ranks of opera lovers. What are they to do in future? An attempt to perform grand opera in Italian this season failed. The people will not endure mediocre or poor singers and they demand at least a respectable stage production with an adequate orchestra intelligently conducted. They will not be satisfied with grand opera in English at cheap prices. What is to become of them?

Mr. Bartlett's Defence of the Drama League

We publish today a defence of the Drama League. This defence is also an attack on Miss Jean Cherry and Miss Ham. Mr. Bartlett is certainly ungallant. We deplore his tone; but we publish his letter as he wrote it, for his strictures lessen the force of his remarks about the beneficent work of the league. We hasten to assure him that Miss Jean Cherry and Miss Ham are persons of flesh and blood, honest and intelligent.

We should like to inquire, at the risk of being vilified by Mr. Bartlett, of what benefit has the Drama League of Boston been to the theatres or to the theatregoing public? Their bulletins of recommendation, strong or mild, have been inadequate. They have often shown a lamentable lack of knowledge concerning the theatre and a curious inability to judge the character of a play and the equipment of a comedian.

We shudder to think of Mr. Bartlett's fate at the hands of Miss Cherry and Miss Ham.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Two doubtless estimable—and obviously self-important and opinionated—young ladies have lately been given space in your columns to belabor each other over the much misused name of "The Drama League." Both apparently dislike that organization because "its aims" were "so utterly at variance" with theirs! Both would so much like to show it (the league) where it is wrong. Both so obviously are posing as prophets crying in an intellectual wilderness, and longing only to be asked to guide and light the way for the Drama League to achieve better—and higher—things than it has yet "aimed" to do, that it is doubly to be regretted that both these specious correspondents did not utilize the rope allowed them by the obliging editor to produce some real constructive criticism such as would prove their own abilities as leaders, rather than selfishly utilize it only for their own little private lynching bees! And, by the way, who are these young ladies? Are they real or imaginary persons? And if the former, what have they done, or attempted to do, for the theatre in or outside of Boston; that they can so condescendingly presume to carp and criticise, even to judge with such finality the "aims" or "accomplishments" of the Drama League? Oddly enough, both seem to write with the piquant bravura and dash, the inspired and prophetic vision (and quite all the pessimism!) that we have come to expect of most of our professional theatrical critics.

After having so admired the dignified silence of the officers and directors of the league in ignoring these as well as a host of other wilfully mischievous or ignorant criticisms propagated in the press from time to time, one hesitates even to seem to recognize the necessity for any such reply to these two discursive misses, but both have so blindly and blandly laid themselves open to the reprimand courteous, and both have so recklessly misstated facts that, in justice to your readers, they should both be corrected.

First, as to "Miss Jean Cherry" (a name carefully designed to look well on a theatre program—or perhaps the felicitous invention of the department editor!), whatever she may have said in her first letter—which, fortunately or not, was unseen by and is therefore unknown to the writer—her reply to Miss Ham is both notally vague and discursive. In fact it is no reply at all: merely verbal gossamer and quibbles, but she nevertheless seizes the apportunity to show her disregard of facts by inventing a purely fictitious meeting, at which "Idyne (sic)—Payne of Chicago" was the speaker. As no such person exists, no such meeting ever occured in Boston; and as Iden Payne—not "of Chicago!"—never addressed a Drama league meeting here, the remainder of her pseudo-facts about that fictitious meeting have as little point or value as the also imaginary "manager" and "noble dozen" of Drama Leagues in the stalls. To put it in the most polite newspaper English, "Miss Jean Cherry" is subject to delusions!

Last, as the chief offender, let us set the aciduous Ham—who damns in the guise of friendly defence!—to rights. An arrantly egotistical damsel this, forsooth: and as ignorantly condescending and patronizing as only a jejune student of Harvard—or Radcliffe (especially when polished off by the 47 varieties!)—can be. She confesses to having friends—Drama Leaguers—who "are not without intelligence!" Despite the lady's transparent 'self-consciousness that she, and she only, is capable of directing the erring playgoing committee upon its rightful path; or perhaps, better still, assume unto herself its whole function; she deals, fulsomely, in outworn literary platitudes and bromidioms, in such vague collectivisms as "Our Playgoing Committee," "our friends, who are members," only a paragraph later than she has sternly proclaimed the self-felt and conscientious necessity for "severing her connection" from the parent league! She accepts those same "commercial" standards of judgment as animate the bedeviled managers in their—interested—outlook upon the league, yet these managers are, strangely enough, eagerly striving for the league to arrange meetings for their theatres; to help out attendance at their houses; proffering speakers to the league in the interest of their attractions; desirous of getting the use of the league mailing list for their circulars! Can it perhaps be possible this opinionated miss is not so infallibly informed, after all? Let us see. She writes knowingly of "this year, much atention was justly paid (by the league?) to Mr. and Mrs. Faversham." Mr. Faversham was in Boston this year in "The Hawk" (minus Mlle, Dorziat) it is true; but Mrs. Faversham, where was she? What "attention" did the league pay to Mr. Faversham (present) or Mrs. Faversham (absent)? A meeting in regard to their play at which they might be invited to speak (the league's usual "attention")? No such a meeting was arranged. As certainly, others than members of the league's playgoing committee, doubted if "The Hawk" was worthy of bulletining. Incidentally, it is a known fact, that this much-condemned committee works in sub-groups of five members, hence with what authority does this much misinformed young lady venture to state that but "two members" wrote this bulletin; while as to "haste"—lives there a "professional" critic who dares deny as much?

It might, conceivably, be possible that this same committee did not issue a bulletin on "Mary Goes First," because the theatrical powers themselves had so little faith in that play that, in Boston, they alloted it only performances on three days of a single week's engagement, so that a bulletin—if issued—could not have been forwarded—via Uncle Sam's leisurely local delivery—to reach members in time to direct their attention to that play. Is Miss Ham ignorant of the fact that the Drama League of America has already officially approved that very play to the extent of printing it, as the single representative of English drama contained in the first year's selections of "The Drama League Series of Plays"? This action was official and national; and not to be negatived by any merely passive act of a local sub-committee.

As to Miss Ham's biased misinformation about the Drama League and the Toy Theatre. There, it is true that "somebody" has blundered. Some one failed to recognize and prepare for the difference that existed between an occasional plaything providing for four performances, of a possible total attendance of only 520 persons, every third week, and running a regular playhouse catering to a possible—and necessary!—audience of 16,000 people distributed over the same period of time; and making proper provision to receive and entertain that proportion of the regular playgoing public on the proper scale necessary to its new building.

It is, unfortunately, a fact that the Toy Theatre venture did not receive proper support from Boston theatregoers (whether members of the Drama League or not); but is it not more fairly probable this should be laid to the door of

those responsible for the [illegible] ingly amateur lax and unbusinesslike direction of that venture, rather than to the Drama League members, who—with most of the other playgoers of Boston—probably preferred either to save their dues altogether, or to pay these professional rates to see professional performances, because, even there, they got a better value for their money than at the Toy. Up to the time of Miss Kingston's visit, the Toy did nothing well enough to be worth doing. Instead of the "only three lines of luke-war commendation almost at the end of the Kingston engagement," as Miss Ham states, the facts are that the league issued two bulletins (the only Toy Theatre bulletins ever issued during that amateur organization's existence) of 11 and eight lines each, respectively; besides arranging a meeting to provide Miss Kingston with an opportunity of interesting its members—one of the very few (as a matter of fact, the only) meetings held in connection with productions current in Boston theatres this season!

Miss Ham seems "touchy" on the "school teacher" question. Possibly she is—or has been—one herself! and possibly for a better—and, let us hope, more intelligent—reason than she became a Drama Leaguer, which she confesses was "because she felt it her duty to support any venture in the theatrical line that appealed to Prof. Baker" (condescending as ever, we perceive!), or for her resignation from that organization, because she "saw that my own aim and that of the Drama League was so utterly at variance" and because she doubted she "could make any helpful suggestions or was likely to be met half-way"! Before she undertook the extreme step of "severing her connection" she might, at least, have tried!

STUART BARTLETT.

Prof. C. R. Post on Gilbert Murray

Prof. C. R. Post of Harvard University has written the following article about Gilbert Murray, whose translation of plays by Euripides are used by Mr. Granville Barker:

"The approaching production of Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides's 'Iphigenia in Tauris' and 'The Trojan Women,' in the Harvard Stadium on the afternoons of May 18 and 19, by Granville Barker, again brings to the minds and even the hearts of the Boston public the figure of the English litterateur, who has already aroused our enthusiasm and endeared himself to our proverbially difficult affections. He is the typical scholar-poet. We have listened to Prof. Murray, the critic, in his conferences upon Greek literature at Cambridge and at the Lowell Institute, and we were spellbound because it was the poet who looked even through the spectacles of the lecturer. We are now to have the opportunity of enjoying him in the more essentially poetic phase of the translator under more auspicious circumstances than ever before in the history of the city.

"He is an almost unique example of a real poet restricting his genius to the sphere of translations. Were he less gifted himself, he might, indeed, follow the Greek more faithfully, but he would remain the mere transiator. Accurate and even distinguished versions of Euripides already exist, notably those of Arthur Way. Gilbert Murray has fulfilled a higher mission. He has fused the modern tone of his own verse and that of the ancient dramas into harmonious and largely original works of art. Something of the Hellenic spirit may have been sacrificed in the process, but there is ample compensation in the vitality of the new product. He brings to his task a vivid imagination and a poetic vocabulary that is ever a fresh surprise in its inexhaustibility. The picturesqueness of his language solves the difficult problem of reproducing the messengers' speeches in Euripides, who always colored these parts of a tragedy with what he had learned from his early training as a pleader. His gifts as a prosodist enable him to suggest, always in modern meters, the ever-changing subtleties of Greek choral rhythms. Not seldom he has succeeded even in enhancing the beauty of Euripides' style. In estimating his achievement, it must, of course, be remembered that the general, esthetic conception of the play and the underlying diction belong to the Greek poet, but granting this, it must also be acknowledged that Gilbert Murray deserves the prototype. The prosaic complaint that Euripides' realistic bent led him sometimes to cultivate arc transformed by his English interpreter into highly figurative phrases, and the repetition of words, which do not seem to have grated so harshly upon Hellenic sensibilities, are passed over by pleas-

[illegible]

"Oliver Twist" was revived in London on April 19, with Sir Herbert Tree, Lyn Harding and Constance Collier in the chief parts.

"La Belle Aventure," under the title "Wild Thyme," brought out at the Comedy Theatre, London, April 19, did not wholly please the critics. The theme is not original. Mrs W. K. Clifford's novel, "A Wild Elopement," deals with it. The daintiness of the original is lost in George Egerton's adaptation. "An Andre who decorated his conversation with allusions to 'doing a bank' and 'a curate with a hare-lip' seemed rather alien from the lover in the French original. The piece is not a masterpiece. Like so many French plays, it has a long expository opening, all of which could be cut out." The Times said. "It is a pity they kept the name 'Andre.' The stage echoes with it. It is on every lip. Such a pretty name! says Mr. Seymour Hicks. Yet not one of them gets it right even once. Even the harmless necessary 'Madame' is a stumbling block. Such trifles become important in a world of counts and marquises, where you hear of the blood of the De Trevilles. French playwrights, like our own, have a weakness for titles, and if you are out for 'distinction' it is just as well to keep it up phonetically."

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is at it again, dancing at the Empire, London, in "The Wilderness," a "Greek ballad dance," with music by G. Ferrari.

There is a good deal of sameness aoout Mr. Wilfrid T. Coleby's little play, "The Debt," as the heroine of which Miss Lena Ashwell experienced for the first time yesterday the cordial responsiveness of a Coliseum audience. How would it be possible to avoid altogether some of the trodden ways of the task? The [illegible] must be German and "foiled." His undoer must be a woman on the English side and triumphant—and greatly talkative. Mr. Coleby's chief aim has been to show us a woman

[illegible]

believed in the submarine, and so chattered about it that friendly governments sent their agents to negotiate for it and the Germans a gang of spies to shadow the inventor and to destroy his invention. A youth who had tried to enlist and been refused for physical defects (hence likening himself to the "Joker," the useless card in the pack) was mistaken by the German spies for their master spy, and, accepting the situation, had to be disguised as the new governess to the widower's family (cue for Charley's Aunt episodes). By and by the real master spy appeared, but the sham one brazened it out so successfully as to get the other spies to gag and bind the real one as an impostor and telephoned to Scotland Yard to pounce on the whole gang just at the moment when the widower (disburdening himself of the fictitious submarine by pretending that it had been sunk) came in dripping wet, and was compelled by his wife to put his feet in mustard and water. Shortly afterwards the sham spy was detected as a sham by his associates and there was more gagging and binding, accompanied by bombs timed to explode in three minutes by the clock. But Scotland Yard intervened just at the 180th second, and the Germans were handcuffed, and there was an end of a farce which, in the records of the far-fetched, must stand very near the top, and no doubt suggested to every one in the audience the obvious joke that The Joker jokes "with deeficulty."—London Times, April 19.

British musicians seem rather hard to please. In spite of the fervent propaganda being carried on at the present time, for native art and artists, the numberless concerts entirely of native music, and the fact, as Mr. Beecham pointed out in the Daily Chronicle recently, that more British than foreign music is given in England every year, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke persists that the native product is still downtrodden. In a circular announcing his 14th series of chamber concerts ("mainly for the propagation of British music") he says: "At nearly all these concerts British artists have been engaged, and a British piano has always been used. This series of facts may not appeal much to the bulk of our music lovers in this country, but no doubt in time some of the above sufferers may come into their own, even in Britain!—In spite of the universal neglect they suffer at present from audiences. It is very patent to most of us that our works are used as sparingly as ever." He also adds, somewhat mysteriously, "Not only is native music an obstacle to be overcome, but the composers themselves put as many obstacles in the path of its production as they can; at least, that is my experience. It is, perhaps, best for our composers to work out their own salvation. Any proceeds from these concerts will be given to the Serbian Red Cross fund, so urgently needed." Mr. Holbrooke further announces that he will address the audience for a few minutes on the "Prosperity of British Music" at each concert, and also on the strange and wealthy amateurs who have come into the musical profession to "help" it in recent years. As Mr. Holbrooke's position is typical of many of our young composers, his complaint is worth investigating. In the past few years he has had three operas produced, in the finest possible way, in London, with several performances in each case. At almost every important festival a new work by him has been produced, and in many cases repeated in the leading centres, London, Manchester, Birmingham, etc. His compositions have figured in the programs of all the chief orchestral and choral societies of the kingdom, and in a good many chamber music concerts for years past he has been represented. Moreover, leading publishers' lists show that a considerable number of his works are in print. This does not look like neglect; on the other hand, it is evidence that the public has been given a good deal of opportunity to become acquainted with the quality of his music. The same may be said of a dozen other young

[illegible]

The Pall Mall Gazette of April [illegible] said of "The Argyle Case" [illegible] at the Strand London April [illegible] play:

"'The Road to Yesterday' by Paul Dix and Mrs. Evelyn Sutherland was produced in England at the Birmingham Theatre Royal April 19. 'It was not received with any great signs of enthusiasm.'

'Quinney's,' produced at the Haymarket, London, on April 20, was greatly enjoyed. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "Playgoers who saw 'Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans' will remember that one of the most dramatic passages in it was concerned with no more than the fixing of a gas-mantle. Similarly, the most enthralling scenes in 'Quinney's', the new comedy given at the Haymarket last night, deal with such seemingly undramatic material as the morality of the old furniture business and the manufacture of faked Chippendale. The 'sound' dramatist, accustomed to get his stagey effects with the usual conventional means, will smile at such a conception of the playwright's art. Let him go to the Haymarket and see it in operation! Last night's audience sat fascinated. 'Like birds the charming serpent draws,' under all the detail of the business in Soho-square, and when Quinney, lifting his voice in defence of the morality which buys for a 'fiver' and sells for a thousand, declared the learned dealers to be the makers of values and not the ignorant public, they sensed a genuine dramatic thrill. In fine, all this side of Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play is delightful, and, as it composes by far the greater part of it, the success of 'Quinney's' seems assured. Mr. Vachell, it is true, degenerates into 'sound' now and then. To get a couple of cheap old-fashioned dramatic effects, for example, he makes his sympathetic young man seemingly melitate bigamy, and his kind-hearted old doctor drag an unfortunate typist through a perfectly intolerable public confession of unrequited love. There was no need for either of these melodramatic credits, as the author could, of course, have discovered for himself had he been in a little less of a hurry to complicate his situation in the usual way. However, before the play comes to an end such things are thrust aside, and the simple issues resume their places. The final result is a genuine contribution to the supply of harmless public amusement. Joseph Quinney of Soho-square, had questionably begun his connection with old furniture as a worm-hole borer—that is, a borer of worm-holes in ancient timber. On the night his daughter Posy was born, however, he vowed to be henceforth an honest trader, and, acting up to his vow, he prospered. But alas! Posy, pretty and well educated, lived to set her affections upon her father's foreman, James, and then Quinney's became a divided establishment, for while the father, with higher ambitions for his child, flew into a fury and forbade the marriage, the mother, with the girl, left the house. Ultimately, of course, James proves not only so good but so clever a fellow that there is nothing left for the old man but to sanction the match and the curtain falls upon a general reunion."

Rosa d'Erna, Mrs. G. R. Vontom, who died recently in Milwaukee, her picture is published in this issue on the page of theatre announcements—was born in Ireland 68 years ago in county Armagh. When she was very young she was organist of the Catholic Cathedral of Armagh and at 14 she was organist of the Carmelite church in Dublin. She sang in opera at Paris and was widely known. In 1898 she built a chapel on St. Joheph's Island in St. Mary's river, Canada, where she had her country place. In Boston she gave ten or a dozen performances in Tremont Temple nearly 40 years ago.

At a recent meeting of the London Shakespeare League, the discussion was about "Some Misrepresentations of Shakespeare." Miss Leverton cited Mr. Granville Baker's three productions at the Savoy Theatre, and [illegible] of the gilded fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and of the treatment of the scene in "Twelfth Night," which she described as "a sort of pink [illegible] for pale playgoers, with toy-box properties, in front of which there grew up during the play an arcade of [illegible] self; and later in the evening Mr. [illegible]

mid-Victorian Gothic. Her criticisms of Mr. Poel's production of "Hamlet" provoked a rejoinder from Mr. Poel himself. Greet made an interesting speech, in which he advanced the view that there are really only two ways of satisfactorily producing Shakespeare: the Elizabethan method and the spectacular method employed by Sir Henry Irving. * * * In the course of her paper Miss Leverton told an amusing story of a performance of 'The Merchant of Venice' she once saw, in which the part of Portia was played by a diminutive actress, the textual justification being that the lady of Belmont refers to herself as being a-weary of the world. [illegible] literalism is [illegible] for [illegible] in few seasons [illegible] harmonies of 'Hamlet' in which the [illegible] took place [illegible] so that [illegible]

...ir [illegible] by the audience, while most of us, at one time or another, have seen Ophelia kneeling at prayer so that the Prince's allusion to her orisons should not puzzle the benighted audience!"

The acceptable type of opera has completely changed. Neither the opera that was a mere excuse for coloratura display nor the "ballad opera" stand much chance as novelties today. Italians, Frenchmen and Russians alike have established various blends of vocal realism, and in doing so they have, whether consciously or not, created vocal idioms that suited their own vernaculars. A wide acquaintance with English vocal music leaves me with the belief that we have still to do as much, and until that is accomplished we shall be perennially hampered with questions of diction, and of the weight of accompaniment that a badly placed syllable can stand if it is to be clearly audible. The trouble is conspicuous in songs. In opera it is fatal. Moussorgsky in Russia, Debussy in France, and, in a different sphere, Hugo Wolf in Germany showed what could be done musically with their various languages. When shall we be able to point to musical phrases that have done as much for ours? It is no use going abroad for models. The methods of Debussy are useless for a language in which nearly every vowel sound is more or less composite. The problem is a hard nut to crack, but I am quite convinced that it is possible to set the English language in such a way that spontaneous dramatic dialogue will fall as naturally on the ear as it does in the best modern continental operas. When that is done, one of the great obstacles to national opera will have disappeared.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Joseph Holbrooke's ballet opera, "The Enchanted Garden," to be produced in New York next October deals, according to the composer, "with a magician, a wizard and a cast of fairy folks and mortals, very unreal as usual. The triumph of Religion (Magician) over Satan (Wizard) is practically the story." The opera will last three hours.

On April 17 Sir Henry Wood's orchestral version—his is not the first—of Moussorgsky's suite "Pictures from an Exhibition," was performed by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. The London Times spoke of it as follows:

"Moussorgsky's extraordinarily imaginative suite, in which each little piece illustrates a picture by his friend Hartman, offers ample opportunity to such a skilful orchestrator as Sir Henry Wood, but it was interesting to observe that the numbers which are most successful as piano music were also the best in the orchestral version. The 'Pictures' are preceded by a 'Promenade,' which suggests the crowd wandering from one exhibit to another, and in the original Moussorgsky returns to fragments of the 'Promenade' as links between several of his musical pictures. Sir Henry Wood has, however, omitted these links rather to the detriment of the effect of the whole. Among the numbers arranged most happily are the children bickering in the Tuileries garden, set for a violin solo with light woodwind, the 'Bydlo,' a picture of a lumbering ox-cart, a wonderfully sonorous piece of scoring, and the 'Ballet of Chickens,' which, with all the playful tricks of the piccolo, violin harmonics, and xylophone, drew from the audience the compliment of a hearty laugh. The more grotesque pieces, such as 'Gromus,' the two Jews and the catacombs, hardly bore the transference so well. Moussorgsky's style is so exceedingly sketchy in them that to score them successfully would be practically to recompose them. 'The Gate of Kiev' makes an impressive and sonorous ending to the work."

Hubert Bath has composed a one-act opera based on Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." He has translated the Italian text for performance in London.

PERFORMED OUT OF DOORS IN GERMANY

There Singing Dragon Does Not Really Eeem a Fabulous Monster.

By PHILIP HALE.

There is naturally much interest in the performance of "Siegfried" at the Stadium on June 4. The music drama has been performed out-of-doors in Germany, where a forest persuaded the spectators that a dragon was not necessarily a fabulous monster, even when he sang. Nor is the interest confined to Boston and the suburbs. We are informed that the audience will include many from distant states.

Mme. Gadski and Mme. Schumann-Heink, and Messrs. Reiss and Goritz have already been heard here in the roles which they will take next month. Mr. Sembach has been highly praised in New York as a singer, with the emphasis on "singer," in Wagnerian parts. Mr. Whitehill has been heard here in opera—at the Boston Opera House as Amfortas, Jan. 15, 1910—and in concert.

It is not necessary to speak about the music drama itself. Those that wish to refresh their memory will take advantage of Mr. Hu[illegible]'s preparatory lecture. Anyone that wishes to learn about the origin of the work can consult with profit the little book by Maurice Kufferath. He devotes a fifth of it to a consideration of the dragon, and discusses the poetic necessity that puts the legendary and marvellous on the stage.

It will be remembered that the first performance of "Siegfried" was at Bayreuth, Aug. 15, 1876, in its place in the tetralogy. It had not then been performed as a separate work, while "Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie" had thus previously been produced at Munich. One fragment had been performed in concert, at Vienna, in 1863, Siegfried at the forge. The cast at Bayreuth was as follows: Siegfried, Unger; Mime, Schlosser; the Wanderer, Betz; Alberich, Hill; Fafner, Reichenberg; Erda, Mme. Jaide; Bruennhilde, Mme. Materna; the Forest Bird, Lilli Lehmann.

Does Not Tell Which Eye Was Blind

M. Kufferath, in his remarks about the Wanderer, neglects to state which one of his eyes was blind, or in a patch. In Boston, the Wanderer, with his perplexing riddles, has been blind now in the left, now in the right eye. This disagreement has vexed earnest and righteous souls chockful of the true Wagnerian spirit.

Famous singers have been heard here as Bruennhilde: Lilli Lehmann, Rosa Sucher, Milka Ternina, Fella Litvinne, Mme. Nordica. As Siegfried we have seen Max Alvary, Burgstaller, Jean de Reszke, Kraus.

As a rule, tho performances in Boston were scenically inadequate, and the stage management was often poor. We remember a performance when the Forest Bird refused to fly. This put Alvary in a rage, and he kicked the bird that had fallen from the wire. Erda was not always introduced, and the great scene between her and the Wanderer was sorely missed.

Mme. Melba once took the part of Bruennhilde, but not in Boston. It is said that she then injured her voice so that she had to retire and give the part to Mme. Litsinne. Mme. Nordica, who was then not on the list of the Metropolitan House Opera Company, said that her failure to secure a re-engagement was owing to the intrigues of Mme. Melba and Jean de Reszke; but before the season was over she admitted publicly that she had been misinformed.

When "Siegfried" was produced at New York, Mme. Lehmann took an active part in setting the stage. She selected bits of forest scenery and rearranged the set.

Performances in Boston.

Let us now speak of some of the performances of "Siegfried" in Boston.

Theodore Thomas's orchestra played "Waldweben" here on May 11, 1881. At a Wagner Festival conducted by Theodore Thomas in Mechanics building, April 14, 1884, the finale of act III. was performed. The singers were Mme. Materna and Hermann Winkelmann.

"Siegfried" was performed for the first time in Boston on April 3. 1889, at the Boston Theatre. The cast was as follows: Siegfried, Max Alvary; Mime, William Sedlmayer; The Wanderer, Fischer; Alberich, Joseph Bech; Fafner, Eugene Weirs; Bruennhilde, Lilli Lehmann; The Forest Bird, Sophie Traubmann. Anton Seidd conducted. Alvary was physically an ideal Siegfried. Mme. Lehmann in her memoirs, speaking of the season of 1887-88 in New York, says of him: "Alvary, who had felt very wretched over there for several years, sang a Wagner role for the first time, and as the young Siegfried, he achieved a great and deserved success that quickly elevated him to the first rank of artists. It was tragic that he was so unlucky as to fall a few years later at Mannheim, during the fight with the dragon, for this accident sowed the seed of his severe suffering and early death."

There was a misunderstanding a few years later, when Stanton, the manager, engaged Paul Kalisch, Lilli Lehmann's husband, and Alvary turned his back on her. "I was reluctant for a long time to recognize the possibility of an unworthy thought toward me being the reason for such conduct, and I took Alvary to be ill, but this was not the case; he thought that we were both capable of perfidy, and so he spoiled a beautiful comradeship, which grieved me more for his sake than for my own."

Son of Great Painter.

Alvary, born in 1858, was the son of the celebrated painter, Andreas Achenbach. He was educated by the Jesuits in Paris and became an opera singer against his father's will. Having studied with Julius Stockhausen he sang in opera at Weimar, Munich, in this country and later at Hamburg and Mannheim. He died in 1898. His voice was naturally a fine one. Either he studied superficially or deliberately rejected Stockhausen's instruction, for whenever he sang in Boston he sang poorly, sometimes atrociously. His tones wabbled; he shrieked, he bawled; his intonation was often painfully false; yet such was the charm of his face and figure, so natural and youthful was his acting that as Siegfried he left an indelible impression. He was a matinee idol. Young women and women that were not young raved about him. His photographs were as sacred images in bed chambers. Woe to the man that ventured to say a word about this Siegfried's vocal art!

[illegible] lant b[illegible] d [illegible] n dress, of his enormous conceit, of an encounter between him and Seidl "in which the unamiable side of his disposition and the shallowness of his artistic nature were disclosed."

First Siegfried in America.

Alvary was the first Siegfried in America at the Metropolitan Opera House Nov. 9, 1887. With Mr. Damrosch he sang the part for the 100th time in New York.

There was another performance at the Boston Theatre April 11, 1889.

"Siegfried" was performed again at the Boston Theatre, hut this time by the Damrosch Company on April 4, 1895, when the singers were Mmes. Sucher and Lindh, and Messrs. Alvary, Lange (Mime), Schwarz (The Wanderer), Oberhauser and Senger. Lange was an excellent Mime. Mme. Sucher forced her tones and her intonation was insecure. As she was discovered sleeping the sight was like the reading of Hamlet by the tragedian in "Great Expectations," massive and concrete. She was most awkwardly displayed.

At the performance in the Boston Theatre on Feb. 6, 1896, Alvary and Lange were heard again. Milka Ternina was the Bruennhilde and Gerhard Stehmann, the Wanderer. The other singers were Mina Schilling, Wilhelm Mertens, Julius von Putlitz. Otto Lohse conducted. The impersonation of Milka Ternina is fresh in the memory. She sang here that season for the first time, appearing also as the Bruennhilde of "Die Walkuere" and Elisabeth. The season also introduced Katharina Klafsky, a boisterously emotional singer, a whirlwind of a woman, the tenor Gruening, and the baritone Popovici.

By the Damrosch Company.

On Feb. 12, 1897, there was a performance by the Damrosch Company at the Boston Theatre. The singers were Mmes. Lehmann and Vollmar and Messrs. Kraus, Stehmann, Lange, Mertens and Dershuch.

And on April 5, 1897, Jean de Reszke appeared as Siegfried in the Mechanics' Building. His associates were Mmes. Litvinne and Olitzka (Erda) and Traubmann and Messrs. Hubbenet (Mime), Ed. de Reszke (the Wanderer), Bispham and Viviani. Anton Seidl conducted. Mr. de Reszke sang Siegfried's music as it had not been sung here before, but he was not impressive or picturesque in action. He was a gentleman with fine instincts lost in a forest and subjected to wholly unforeseen experiences. Mme. Litvinne was Amazonian.

Nordica and Toronta.

The Damrosch and Ellis company gave a performance at the Boston Theatre March 2, 1898. The singers were Mme. Nordica and Mme. Toronta, and Messrs. Kraus, Stehmann, Breuer (Mime), Bispham and Rains. Mr. Damrosch conducted.

The Ellis company gave a performance in the Boston Theatre Feb. 1, 1899. Mmes. Gadski, Toronta, Messrs. Kraus, Stehmann, Kissling (Mime), Stury, Rains. Mr. Damrosch conducted. There was a second performance that season.

A performance on April 11, 1901, with Messrs. Dippel, Ed. de Reszke, Hubbenet, Muhlmann, Blass, and Mmes. Ternina, Schumann-Heink and Scheff, was announced, but it did not take place.

The singers at the performance in the Boston Theatre on April 1, 1903, were Mmes. Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Seygard, and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Reiss, Bispham, Blass. Mr. Hertz conducted. Mr. Burgstaller sang delightfully; Mr. Van Rooy's voice made one forget that the Wanderer is a borcsome person, and Mr. Reiss was a remarkable Mime.

There was an uncommonly good performance at the Boston Theatre on April 12, 1904, when the singers were Mmes. Ternina, Walker and Lemon, and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Reiss, Goritz and Blass. Felix Mottl gave a memorable reading of the score.

Close of Season at Colonial

When the curtain fell on the performance of "Hello Broadway" at the Colonial Theatre last evening, the dramatic season of 1914-15 was brought to a conclusion. The year was more successful than ever. Yet it had to be cut short at the height of its prosperity on account of the remodelling the Colonial Building and the furnishing of additions above the stage of the playhouse. The list of engagements for the year is as follows:

Aug. 24—"Sari," with Mizzi Hajos. Book by Julius Wilhelm and Fritz Grünbaum. English version by C. C. S. Cushing and E. P. Heath. Music by Emmerich Kalman. First times in Boston. Five weeks.

Sept. 28—"Ziegfeld Follies," by George V. Hobart, Raymond Hubbel, Gene Buck and David Stamper and Leon Errol. Six weeks.

Nov. 9—Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." Songs by Otto Hauerbach, lyrics by Julian Eltinge, music by Percy Wenrich. First times in Boston. Four weeks.

Dec. 7—Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in "The Girl from Utah." Book by James Tanner, music by Paul Rubens and Sydney Jones. Six weeks.

Jan. 18—Hazel Dawn in "The Debutante." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. First times in Boston. Three weeks.

Feb. 8—"The Phantom Rival," with Leo Ditrichstein. Adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar. First times in Boston. Five weeks.

March 1—Edward Vroom in "Cyrano de Bergerac." One performance.

March 15—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw. First times in Boston. Four weeks.

April 19—Christie MacDonald in "Sweethearts." Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Fred De Gresac. Music by Victor Herbert. One week.

April 26—William Collier and George M. Cohan in "Hello, Broadway." Book and music by George M. Cohan. First times in Boston. Two weeks.

Close of the Season at Hollis

"The Hyphen," tho new drama based on the war situation in Europe ended its engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening; and with it came to a conclusion the dramatic year at that playhouse. The season of 1914-15 was noteworthy. Favorite stars appeared there in novelties and the standard which has always been maintained was preserved. New plays were conspicuous throughout the year, as will be seen from the summary of the engagements, which follows:

Sept. 28, John Mason, in "Drugged," by Owen Davis; first times in Boston; two weeks.

Oct. 19, Frances Starr, in "The Secret," by Henri Bernstein; first times in Boston; two weeks.

Nov. 2, Lydia Lopokova, in "The Young Idea," by Ethel Watts Mumford; first times in Boston; three weeks.

Nov. 23, Margaret Anglin, in "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde; two weeks.

Dec. 7, John Drew, in "The Prodigal Husband"; first times in Boston; two weeks.

Dec. 17, Edward Vroom, in "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew"; one performance.

Dec. 21, Ann Murdock, in "The Beautiful Adventure," by Michael Morton; two weeks.

Jan. 4, all-star cast of "Diplomacy," by Victorien Sardou, with William Gillette, Blanche Bates and Marie Doro; four weeks.

Feb. 1, Miss Billie Burke, in "Jerry," by Catherine C. Cushing; first times in Boston; 12 performances.

Feb. 22, Maude Adams, in "The Legend of Leonora," "The Ladies' Shakespeare," by James M. Barrie; first times in Boston; four performances. And "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie; six performances.

March 1, Ann Murdock, in "A Girl of Today," by Porter Emerson Browne; first times in Boston; three weeks.

March 22, Otis Skinner, in "The Silent Voice," by Jules E. Goodman; first times in Boston; two weeks.

April 5, "The Little Cafe," by C. M. S. McLellan and Ivan Caryll; two weeks.

April 19, Ethel Barrymore, in "The Shadow," by D. Nicodemi and Michael Morton; first times in Boston; two weeks.

May 3 "The Hyphen," by Justus Miles Forman; first times in Boston; one week.

May 10 1915

I met him in the cars,
  Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
  And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
  By a ticket in his hat.

The Brush.

The man in the drawing-room car does not wish to be brushed. He knows that the dust will settle back on him or on a fellow passenger. He knows that the dust of others will mock the labor of the Negro. Let sleeping dust lie. Yet he foolishly submits, fearing to be thought mean by other travellers, or he ostentatiously hands over a quarter and says in vibrant tones: "I don't want to be brushed." From the moment he entered that car the porter's brush hangs over him. The sword of Damocles was in comparison a blunt menace.

This brings up the question of tipping, and the tip, not a gratuity gladly given for special courtesy or accomodation, but compulsory, an extortion, a demand on the public, by a company to increase wages that are shamefully insufficient. Mr. Penmark now discusses the subject.

Regarding Tips.

As the World Wags:

From Mr. George Babbitt's observatory I have observed with interest his discoveries as to tips. "An Old Waiter's Testimony" is interesting. Every diner who is also a student of humanity, likes to probe into the mental world in which those about him live and move and have their being.

Being of an inquisitive nature, I sometimes endeavor to learn something of the conditions and conclusions of those whoe serve me. No long since, in the attractive dining room of a large Philadelphia department store, a card was laid by my plate, instructing me that no tips were permitted. I asked the rather languid young lady who waited on us what would happen if I left a quarter by my plate. She said it might lead to her discharge; that the wages had been advanced in order to make tips unnecessary. She seemed frank and communicative, sizing me up as a kindly and harmless and very respectable gentleman; so when I asked what the advance pay was, she said "Six dollars a week."

Six dollars a week and no tips! Mrs. Penmark declared that she was going to give the girl a dollar, but I don't know if she managed it.

In a Bromfield street restaurant, where I occasionally tried to lunch, there was, among the waiters, a young young girl "all fixed up" to entice. She was belted and padded and tinted to

[illegible] acting [illegible] part [illegible] was part of her environment. The whole was a [illegible] effect to tempt [illegible] from the young men who frequented the place. When not doing this part of the business I noted an expression of sadness, a droop of the mouth—a return into her real self. And so I wondered why she played the other part so well.

The youths having departed, each with a favoring glance of an exclusive demeanor, I trespassed on my gray hairs by asking her frankly why she was so [illegible] up, when her real nature was the reverse of what she seemed.

She said, "Yes, sir; you are right. I hate all this acting. It is too long a story, but I am sure you know that it is only acting that I am a good girl—and so I am. But I only get $6 a week, and I could not live decently but for the tips these silly boys give me because they think I'm gay. My tips just double my wages. I have a pleasant room with nice people, who think I [illegible]. But you see how it is, I could not have that room and be with those nice people if I did not fool these [illegible] into giving me tips. It isn't that I like to do, but what I have to do. Oh, thank you, sir!"

Now this is another side of the tip question. The tip is not given in all cases "to insure promptness." If so it would be given before instead of after. It is given because, in many cases, the [illegible] feels that the one who serves [illegible] it especially if the waiter is a young woman, with whom tips are generally smaller end less frequent than is [illegible] on full-grown males who [illegible] be busy about heavier tasks.

O. PENMARK.

Framingham Centre.

Old Time Movies.

As the World Wags:

The old time moving pictures referred to in The Herald were probably such as were common with us 40 or 50 years ago in stereopticon exhibitions, made of [illegible] glass plates one sliding over the other. They were sold by Thomas Hall, [illegible] on Bromfield street. The [illegible] effect referred to was produced by having a landscape with clear sky [illegible] on one plate, on another plate [illegible] the clouds. As this latter plate was moved along the moving clouds [illegible] on the screen. I have heard that this art was carried to a high degree of perfection in London. The [illegible] shown in this country were [illegible], such as a fisherman [illegible] on a bank and being butted into [illegible] by a bull.

J. H. HUBBARD.

Cambridge, May 6.

MR. PHILIP HALE: WIZARD

A storehouse of stupendous facts
And microscopic lore;
He starts the day on genial tracks
With endless repertoire—
Some squib, a jest or bright attacks,
That penetrate the core.

Affairs minute, of magnitude—
Encyclopaedic things;
Like Teufelsdrockh in happy mood,
The best to us he brings.
He knows the cultured and the crude,
From dodoes' eggs to kings.

If we're perplexed, we seek him out,
And "put it up to him";
If we're distressed or have a doubt,
Or haunted with a whim,
He makes us smile when we might pout—
He keeps our minds in trim!

The World Wags well when nudged by Hale—
The day is well begun
That opens with some witty tale—
Its [illegible] done and his fun;
Long may his jollity prevail
In narrative and pun.

JUSTIN HENRY SHAW.

Portsmouth, N. H.

FINAL CONCERT BY M'CORMACK

One of the largest audiences, if not the very largest, ever crowded into Symphony Hall greeted John McCormack yesterday afternoon at his farewell concert here for this season. Donald McBeath, violinist, assisted him and Edwin Schneider was accompanist. The program was

[illegible]

[illegible] enthusiastic [illegible] of the [illegible] the John McCormack [illegible]. There was [illegible] and no [illegible]. [illegible] was [illegible] enthusiastically insistent for [illegible] program offered and Mr. [illegible] was even more generous [illegible] Mr. McBeath too hit the [illegible] hearers and [illegible] several extra [illegible], so that the number of selections given was considerably more than doubled.

At the end the audience lingered and demanded more. Mr. McCormack sang one extra number, but the people still stayed and gave no heed to the gradual putting out of the lights. At last the singer appeared, sang one stanza of "Then You'll Remember Me" and the people took the hint.

ART AND WAR.

The Boston Symphony orchestra left for San Francisco in a blaze of glory. The final concert of a remarkable season was uncommonly brilliant. Due praise was awarded the conductor and the players by the critics. The audience was enthusiastic. A striking feature of the season has escaped notice.

The orchestra is composed of Germans, Austrians, French, Belgians, Dutch, Russians, Italians, Bohemians, English, Americans. Many of the players have relatives and friends in actual warfare. Some have had cause to mourn. Musicians are proverbially nervous and excitable, if not so irritable as the traditional poet. Yet during this trying season, under a conductor whose sympathies are known to every one as naturally frankly pro-German, there has been the utmost harmony in rehearsal and in private intercourse. If there was discussion, it was amicable. The men of the various nations and the conductor worked together in full artistic concord. As a result the season of 1914-15 will long be conspicuous in the annals of the orchestra. The exhibition of self-restraint, of tact, of forbearance, may well be a lesson to men in other and less nerve-rasping walks of life.

Nor should a feature of this last concert pass unnoticed. The atrocious sinking of the Lusitania was in the mind of every hearer on Saturday night. Every one knew that the conductor and the majority of the orchestra are Germans. The program was made up of compositions by Germans, for Liszt, though a Hungarian by birth, is ranked among German composers. Yet the demonstrations of approval were unprecedented. Conductor and orchestra were applauded to the skies. For the audience realized that in art there should be no prejudice of nationality. Thus the behavior of the audience was as praiseworthy as the performance on the platform. It is not easy to think of a similar scene under the same conditions in any European city in these evil days.

We have received a note of "Grateful Acknowledgment from the Rats and Flies Committee."

"Many proud moments have come to the Rat and Fly Committee during the busy week at its temporary headquarters, 304 Boylston street; but the proudest moment of all was on the morning of May 6, when the always instructive and entertaining column 'As the World Wags' gave all its space to quotations on the habits of the fly from way back in 1627. If the man of the 'skilful arm' would send his address, the committee would be very glad to add his name to the list; and that no partiality shall be shown, we suggest that any one not already a member of the Woman's Municipal League should take this opportunity to join and aid either actively or financially an organization working in various departments for the benefit of the city.

"SIX MARLBOROUGH STREET.

"Boston, May 8."

Mr. Benjamin Whirlington is a singularly shy person, except in the presence of a fly, when he is as bold as a lion. Then his mild eye turns flaming red, as that of the walrus off the coast of Alaska when he is irritated. But Mr. Whirlington's dexterity with either hand as an unerring fly catcher is only for home or private use. I lease [illegible] this world's goods he is not to be hired by [illegible] if he [illegible] own [illegible] the [illegible] sex would [illegible] joining the Woman's Municipal League even if he could overcome his [illegible] bashfulness.—Ed.

Expensive Hospitality.

As the World Wags:

This jitney business sets me to thinking. I have been running a car for several seasons, mainly to the factory and back, but also as a means of recreation and of being nice to my friends. I am doubting whether this last pays. **The jitney helps to clinch the doubt** thusly: The new bus offers five-cent auto rides, thereby cheapening the looks of the favor I do when I invite friends out with me.

And, bless me! What enormous differences there are in costs of rides. Some people, it seems, can get five-cent rides, but some of my friends have had rides at my expense which cost from $5 to $10 apiece. Because they seem to think that having conferred upon me the benefits of their company for a ride, they are entitled to shore dinners with delectable and selected waters. And not a blessed thing have I ever got in return.

Why would it not be good form for the chap who is not paying for the trip in oil, gasoline, chauffeur's wages and general expenses to shoulder the dinner burden? Why not a fair division? I am getting sour on the whole thing, and have been for some time. Now the jitney comes along and sets 5 cents as the price of an auto ride, greatly lessening the chances and disposition of my friends to value a ride with me. I have about made up my mind that being a good fellow with an auto does not pay. It has not been profitable to B. A. DOLLIVER.

Boston, May 6.

The True Reason.

As the World Wags:

In the interesting discussion concerning the made-tie it does not seem to me that any of the contributors have quite reached the heart of the antipathy.

The made-tie, particularly the bow, is the very essense of symmetry, one wing being the minor image of the other. Now it is on a symmetry, on a certain elegant dishevelment in such little things that individuality of dress depends. One should be correct without being stereotyped. It is just this that makes a list of arts end crafts ware remarkable.

Also the made-tie does not give the wearer that confidence which the well dressed man must have. The wretched little snap may slip at any moment and expose the naked and quivering collar button. And anyone who will wear a made-tie is particularly likely to wear one of those ridiculous, grubby black bone buttons. G. H. B.

Boston, May 8.

A Question of Etiquette.

As the World Wags:

I have a rather vexing problem in etiquette. My brother had occasion to call on a charming lady the other day. On entering the drawing-room, he was met by her husband and "cunning" 6-year-old daughter. The child ran at him in an entirely friendly manner as he thought, while he was still in the door-way. He felt a sharp stinging pain just above his right knee, slightly to the inside, and realized that his hostess's daughter had bitten him. Now what would an approved book on good manners dictate that he should have done? G. H. B.

May 7.

We know of no fitting repartee to a mordacious little girl. Your brother might have said in a Chesterfieldian manner: "What fine teeth your little girl has!" We do not like to think of what he probably did say.—Ed.

Woman the Pursuer.

As the World Wags:

I've been wondering what the outcome would be if "A Modern Eve" met "A Reluctant Adam." Some one, in the jargon of the "colyumists," should be able to "whittle a wheeze" out of it.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, May 7.

In the Spring.

The Washington Times of May 3 published the following letter written by E. Tincher Hulswitt of Albemarle, Va.:

"I noticed where some medical man is out with the words that one ought to eat a dill pickle just as soon as sulphur and molasses for diseases of the spring. Now, Mr Editor, I'm sure, pardoning my intrusion, that there are thousande of people who will agree with me that sulphur and molasses and such like are powerful good for a person in the spring.

"You all know how it used to be in pioneer times, when the doctors were far away, and the good, time-tried remedy like sulphur and molasses was used universally. Holy brimstone! Is a fellow to believe these medical persons? And if so, why?"

Old Jolly [illegible]

[illegible]

Sleepy Hollow (Trenton, N. J., state prison) has been famous or infamous for years, take your choice, but the old place still stands, and will continue till the time shall come when the prison shall give way to the schoolhouse, and the saloon to the church. May God speed the coming of that happy day!

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN

Boston, May 1.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "Maggie Pepper," a play in four acts by Charles Klein.

Joe Holbrook	William P. Carleton
Jake Rothschild	[illegible]
John Hargen	[illegible]
James Darkin	[illegible]
Marchison	[illegible]
Detective Barry	[illegible]
Maggie Pepper	[illegible]
Ethel Hargen	[illegible]
Ada Darkon	[illegible]
Mrs. Thatcher	[illegible]
Miss Markstein	[illegible]
Zaza	[illegible]

"Maggie Pepper," one of the most entertaining of the unfortunately few Klein's pieces, began a week's engagement at the Castle Square Theatre Saturday afternoon. It is first of all interesting as a picture of life in a department store. Various types are introduced: the drummer, the sculptured model, the store detective, the gum-chewing salesgirl and John Hargen, the manager, whose archaic ideas of salesmanship are a menace to the shop's prosperity.

The role of Maggie Pepper was first played here wittily and with a touch of rogue by Miss Rose Stahl. Yesterday Miss Olsson resumed her place, acting for the Craig Players and appeared for the first time as Maggie. The young woman's career from assistant buyer to an important position in the firm of Holbrook & Co. provides many opportunities for the display of histrionic ability. Maggie had neither [illegible] nor obliging friends, and her adventures are the more interesting for the obstacles encountered. She met with many hardships, including a blackmailing brother-in-law. Still, she remained light-hearted. Her brilliance at repartee was undimmed.

Miss Olsson emphasized the [illegible] and romantic moments in Maggie's history and was less effective in her outbursts of cynicism. She played with much intensity and a certain charm.

Mr. Carleton's Joe Holbrook was manly and lovable. He did not exaggerate in the third act, but remained amiably intoxicated. The young man's condition was justified. Had he not broken his engagement with a haughty and hysterical fiancee, insulted his uncle, one of his oldest employes, and as a result, was facing a breach of promise suit, owing to his attentions to the irresistible Maggie.

Ethel Hargen, the haughty fiancee, was capably played by Miss Barnicoat. Mr. Hawley was excellent as Jake Rothschild, the drummer. A feature of the performance was Miss [illegible]'s realistic and piquant impersonation of Miss Markstein, Maggie's chum in the stockroom.

Next week "Nearly Married" will be the play.

NORA BAYES MAKES HER REAPPEARANCE AT KEITH'S

Chick Sale's "Country School Entertainment" Also on Bill.

Good acts all along the line make up the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Miss Nora Bayes, making her initial American reappearance, is the headliner, and received enthusiastic applause. Her songs are all new with the possible exception of the one "Times Have Changed Since Mother Was a Girl," and although it was evident that the audience hoped she would give some of her old favorites, she failed to grant that wish.

Charles (Chick) Sale, with his ever side-splitting "A Country School Entertainment" was as good as ever in his portrayal of the half-dozen characters, from school teacher to school board. Eddie Cantor and Al Lee, here this week for the first time, are an excellent team of comedians, and have some good songs.

Eva Condon, Jack Devereaux and company, in "The Same Old Thing," have an effective little sketch in which Miss Condon as Peggy, the wife, and Mr. Devereaux as Billy the lover have the principal parts. The Avon comedy four in their farce, "The New Teacher," have a full 15 minutes of rough and tumble fun. Will H. Morrissey and Dolly Hackett in songs and satires have one of the very best acts upon the bill. Mr Morrissey is an [illegible] comic, especially good in his [illegible] of Warfield and of Cohan. [illegible] and Effie Watson [illegible] eccentric dancing [illegible] that of [illegible] from the [illegible] the [illegible]

When Charles Frohman bravely said over the Lusitania was torpedoed. "Why should we fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure that a man can have," it was not unnatural for him to characterize death by the title of a play in which he was recently and especially interested.

"Coolth."

Miss Hazel Ray in a "pome" contributed to this column used the word "coolth" and we asked her where she found it. We said at the time that Burton was fond of it and it occurs frequently in his translation of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." A friend tells us that the word is often heard in Canada.

The Pall Mall Gazette in an issue just received reviews "Fifty-one Tales" by Lord Dunsany. "We wonder at Lord Dunsany permitting himself to use such a word as 'coolth,' a hideous affectation." But is the use an affectation? The word goes back to the 16th century. Later, Mme d'Arblay wrote in her diary: "My father and Mrs. Thrale seated themselves out of doors * * * for coolth and chat." "Warmth" has remained in general usage; and "ooolth" is rare except in English dialect. This reminds us that we have received another "pome" from Miss Hazel Ray. She entitles it:

DEWEY SQUARE AT 6 P. M.

A granite vampire, sucking at the city's shoulder,
Sucking at its life blood,
Its pale life blood.
A blue sign telling of red rum.
The crash of steel wheels on iron rails.
Sweaty smells.
Faces. Faces. Faces.
Pallid like skulls.
Upturned with boiled-egg eyes
Noting the time.
Feet. Feet. Feet.
Hurrying, hurrying
Home, home, home.
Home to futile gardens,
Sour babies, peeviah wives,
Cabbage and a pig's foot,
Arid beds.
Heads. Heads. Heads.
Bobbing up and down again
Foolishly.
Empty heads, empty faces, empty pockets, empty lives.
But no revolt.

We advise Miss Hazel to stick to proso. Let us hear more about the shop, Pearl Lovy and the other girls, the floor walker, the hall bedroom, and the ingenious Mr. Blaney. Walt Whitman once wrote a poem about "Faces," which contains remarkable thumb nail sketches: "The faces of hunters and fishers, bulged at the brows, the shaved blanched faces of orthodox citizens." "This face owes to the sexton his dismalest fee, an unceasing deathbell tolls there."

This face is a dog's snout sniffing for garbage;
Snakes nest in that mouth; I hear the sibilant threat.
This face is a haze more chill than the Arctic sea,
Its sleepy and wobbling icebergs crunch as they go.
This is a face of bitter herbs, this an emetic, they need no label,
And more of the drugshelf, laudanum, caoutchouo or hog's lard.

Or if Miss Hazel must don her singing robes after the day's work, let her remember that singularity is not necessarily originality.—Ed.

Some Do Not.

As the World Wags:

Why do the conductors on the cars of the Boston Elevated railway bedaub transfer checks with spittle before giving the checks to passengers?

Boston, May 10. TRANSFERRER.

In "osis" and "itis"

We read that a Londoner with a boil on his arm killed himself because his doctor told him it was a case of "furunculosis" and he, mistaking the word for "tuberculosis" thought he was sentenced to a long drawn out death. "Panel doctors are busy men; but it might surely have been explained to the patient that 'furunculosis' is merely 'boil' spelt in five syllables."

What's In a Name.

Chemists in England, doctors and professors, are disputing over the gas used by the Germans in shells for asphyxiating their foes. One is sure it is chlorine; another swears it is trinitro tolue; another talks of liquid peroxide; and still another asserts that it is phosgene. What matters the name or nature when such warfare is devilish?

A Psychological Study.

Dr. Morton Prince's psychological study of William H. published in the N. Y. Times of last Sunday should be widely read. There is not only the psychological insight that was to be expected of Dr. Prince; there is calm reasoning based on a knowledge of social and political conditions in Prussia, with conclusions that are inevitable and illuminating. Furthermore the style of the writer is delightfully lucid. Seldom is an analysis of this nature made so clear to the man in the street.

That Cow.

As the World Wags:

Here is the song of the "Starving Cow" as I remember it. As it sums up that the cow was innocuous you may like it.

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her
He took his pipe and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered very well
And gae the piper a penny,
And bade him play that ither tune,
"Corn Rigs Are Bonny!"

Brookline. MAURITIUS.

Anecdote for the Day.

"J. D. K." sends us the following anecdote for the day, taken from Alphonse Daudet's "Robert Helmont." "While Daudet was healing a broken leg," says "J. D. K.," "near Champrosay in 1870, he wrote a diary describing the German invasion."

"The whole interior of the farm comes into view, the men, horses, helmets, long lances, an unhorsed cavalryman lying before the well in a pool of blood, and the unfortunate Goudeloup, a hideous object, struggling between two gigantic Uhlans, who have tied a rope around his neck and are about to swing him up. * * * They had just broken open his house. They brought out a barrel of wine into the orchard, to drink it more at their ease. Staving in the barrel they began drinking out of their caps and hands. The thin new wine, made of sour black grapes, soon intoxicated these beer-drinkers. * * * Found another dead Prussian. That makes the third. And always the same wound, a horrible gash at the back of the neck. The farmer of Champrosay appeared. 'You are wounded, Goudeloup.' 'No, I have just been bleeding one of them in the road. That makes the fifteenth in two months.' He drew forth a pair of pruning shears, 'and with no other weapon than this I remained in ambush night and day, attacking the stragglers, dispatch bearers, sentinels. Those I kill I carry to the quarry or throw in the water.'"

Mar 13 1915

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

In the Dark.

In "Hugh: A Memoir," by A. C. Benson, we read that Monsignor Benson in his early life suffered from fear of the dark. This was his explanation of the fear: "To fall over a mangled corpse, squish! into a pool of gore!"

The fear in our boyhood was of the unknown, of what might happen. The dread was not so definite as that of Benson's. It was time to go to bed, to walk up stairs in the dark. There was something waiting for us in the hall above. Something might catch us by the leg before we reached the landing. No nurse had told us stories of robbers or ghosts. The fear was born with us. Perhaps there are children who sniff danger, who are conscious of strange beings unseen and the more terrible; as a dog will start up on a veranda and show fright; as a horse will stop in a peaceful country road and shiver.

Fearsome Tales.

Some men never overcome this innate fear. They may even foster it by reading. We should not like to read again, even in a night of supposedly apathetic middle age, "A Terribly Strange Bed," or that story by Bulwer Lytton. "The Haunted and the Haunters," also known as "The House and the Brain." Then there was a story—we think it was published in Harper's Magazine—about a guest in an old house who had the habit of sleeping with one arm falling over the side of the bed. He was awakened the first night by a clammy, mouldy hand pressing his. There is a chapter in "The Dead Secret" we would not read today for all the world. There are novels Le Fanu that give us the creeps when we now recall them though vaguely. Strange to say, Poe's tales did not disturb us. Who wrote a story about the man that saw a horrible visage grinning over his shoulder every time he looked in a glass? For at least a month after reading that story we did not dare peek into the looking glass in our remote bed chamber. Did not Thackeray admit that a ghost story printed in Blackwood, though he read it in a public room at a hotel in Folkestone, frightened him so that he "scarce dared look over" his shoulder?

Disquieting Rooms.

We should not like to pass the night in a house well known in New York, where the stairs from the lower hall to the third story creak under heavy, sluggish steps; where in the "best guest room" a sleeper is awakened by the sound of stertorous breathing, then a groan and a muffled shriek. There is a stately old house near Boston. Nothing would tempt us to pass another night in one of its bed chambers. It is a large, airy room, with three windows looking out on a finely kept lawn and noble trees. It is comfortably and handsomely furnished. The bed is uncommonly luxurious. There is no apparition. No fair woman with cut throat or dagger in her breast glides in at midnight. There is no unearthly sound. But sleep is impossible. There is the feeling of something strange and dread, even at high noon when the sun floods the floor.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us that one summer he was obliged to sleep for a month alone in a flat. The apartment house was a large one, but the tenants were in the country or on the shore—"at the beach" as they would say, for they were persons who go to "the beach." Mr. Johnson slept in a room on the fourth floor and on the court. "Slept"? He tried to sleep. He began to be uneasy after he opened the street door. The fish tail gas light was dim. He scratched matches. The electricity in his flat was off; so he lighted a candle on the hall table. As he lighted it he expected to see someone masked in a rubber coat with an uplifted axe. He remembered the story of a man called to the front door of his house on a rainy night and shot fatally by a person, man or woman, holding a spread umbrella. He ran to the bed room, locked himself in and hurried into bed. There were steps in the corridor. Doors slammed, although there was no breeze. Demoniac laughter was heard far down in the court. Yet Mr. Johnson is not unduly imaginative, and he had drank a few pints of ale before returning home.

A Badge of Rank.

We read that 25 years ago the old-time printer in London always wore a plug hat. "He never forgot that he was the aristocrat of the labor world, entitled as he proudly claimed, alone among old-time craftsmen, to wear a sword—the mark of the gentleman. But what would happen if the linotype operator came to his "mangle" nowadays wearing one? He would probably be pelted to death with 'slugs'! If he own one, he keeps it for funerals, christenings and weddings: one hat I know of has already committed polygamy, having been freely loaned to bridegrooms whose wardrobe was minus the Hat of State."

This reminds us of a physician in Boston—he went some years ago to join many of his patients—who came into the Porphyry Club after dinner and asked if any member would loan him a "silker" for the next day. "My daughter is going to be married and I haven't a decent stove pipe." One was ready for him the next morning. He sported it at the church nearby. After the ceremony he walked back, donned his own slouch hat, said "Thank God, that's over," and drove to his house for the reception.

Commendable Coolness.

A maid at Southwold, Eng., with her mistress looked up at a Zeppelin airship sailing overhead and revealed in the beam of a searchlight. She looked and at last remarked: "It ain't nice to have things like them hangin' about over the garden."

Mar 14 1915

We were highly entertained by certain entries in the diary of Jabez Fitch, Jr., published in the April number of Pilgrim Notes and Queries. These entries were made in January, 1765, when Mr. Fitch was 28 years old.

Ye 19th I went over to the landing afoot, got some lineing for a jackoat, etc.

Last night being at leisure I made the following Observations (viz.) That I am about to have an outside every day jackoat and not determined whether to have it made with lappalls or not.

It is best to have it made with Lappalls for 4 reasons (viz):

1st—Twill be warmest and most comfortable in cold weather.

2nd—It will look best and is most fashionable.

3rd—It will last best, for there will be two Roea of Buttons and button holes, which commonly wair out ye first of any part of a Garment and each of these roes will last as long aa one Single one if in case I have it made ye other fashion.

4th—Twill best seenre my Sides when Hannah goea to Tickel me.

Tis best not to make it with Lappalls for 6 Reasons (viz):

1st—Twill take most Cloth.

2nd—Twill be most work to make it.

3rd—Twill take most Triming.

All which three articles will augment the cost of sd Jackoat.

4th—The Lappalls will be in my way when tis unbutton'd as I usually wair a Jackoat at work.

5th—Twill not be so handy to tuck my hands into my Bosome when I go about in cold weather.

6th—I have got Buttons anough if tis made without Lappalls, which I have no other use for.

Objections to some of the foregoing Reasons against Lappalls.

1st (viz)—That twill take more Cloth. Tis true but I have got Cloth anough which I have no other use for at present.

Reasons 3rd and 6th—That twill take more Triming and that I have got Buttons &c. alth'o this is so yet I have got a Duzn of Coat Buttons which I got for Reuben's Coat that I have no use for, & no Douht Capt: Bill will Exchauge and let me have Jackoat Buttons for them, which will be anough for Lappalls.

And as to ye 4th Reason (viz) that the Lappalls will be in the way when unbutton'd &c. I can button them back & then it will be as th'o it had not Lappalls.

This was my last Evenings work, but however this morning when my Jackoat come to be cut: there happen'd to be only Just Cloth anough to make a Jackoat without Lappalls so that I lost all my reasoning fore them—so finally I am Ohliged to content my self (not withstanding all my Argument,) with a Jackoat with out Lappalls.

Why She Wrote Them.

As the World Wags:

Thanks for the criticism. I had never read any of Mr. Walt Whitman's things, but I pinched Blaney's American anthology, and have just spent the forenoon reading up. I am in a state of high revolt this morning, and have taken a day off regardless. The only reason I wrote those poems was to show Blaney that any fool with a dictionary could write better things than he does, only he doesn't dare to send his to anybody and I do.

"Coolth"? I don't know. It sounds kind of natural, doesn't it?

HAZEL RAY.

Boston, May 12.

P. S.—I think I am falling in love. Are newspaper folks generally reliable and good providers? H. R.

Mr. Chambers's Grief.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers weeps over the decay in the literary taste of the American people. He well may weep, for he has been influential in causing this decay. There was a time when Mr. Chambers was thinking more about art than about dollars. It is not easy to think that the author of "In the Quarter" and "The King in Yellow" is the man that now supplies magazines with foolish and timidly salacious romances about silly American men and women.

Children and Guides.

It is interesting to know what all sorts and conditions of men read. Commenting on school prizes, a committee of the London C. C. education committee states that Andersen's Fairy Tales and "Robinson Crusoe" come first in the estimation of children; then follow in order "Tanglewood Tales," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," Grimm's Fairy Tales, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, "The Heroes," "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Water Babies." "John Halifax, Gentleman," which was 15th on the list last year, has dropped to 33d place. "In the biography section the lives of Nelson and Gordon retain the first two places. In the poetry and drama section the order of merit, according to the schools, is Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Scott." This is surprising, for we have always understood that Longfellow was more popular than Tennyson among the great mass of the English people. Capt. Cook's Voyages has displaced the abridged edition of Shackleton in the Antarctic at the head of the list.

For a catholic taste in novels a Maine guide is to be admired. We were house with him for a rainy week. The owner of the camp had laid in a stock bought at random. It mattered not to the guide whether the author were George Eliot or Marie Corelli, "The Duchess" or Thomas Hardy; whether the story were drily realistic or wildly melodramatic. But in the middle of every novel he would ask anxiously: "Did he get the girl?" Probably this guide was an exception. Other guides near the pond preferred swapping stories to reading.

May 15 1915

Miss Mary Garden sang in London on April 29 in a concert of British music. The Pall Mall Gazette said that her "prolonged stay in Paris had evidently increased the resilience of her personality." So "resilience" is the one inevitable characterizing word in her case. She talked freely three days before she sang "Oh, that lovely outdoor life, how it regenerates! I love the primitive simplicity of the Scotch peasantry." She incidentally admitted that she had "warm blood coursing through her veins." The generous girl gave Americans fair warning: "I am booked for 20 important concerts in America, and I shall see that the compositions of Delius have a prominent place in my programs."

Males Admitted

We said a few days ago that Mr. Benjamin Whirlington, a shy man, would be unable on account of his sex to join the Women's Municipal League. We have received a letter from "L. N. B." "A few years ago I sent out a circular letter to 12 men asking if they would become life members ($100) of the Women's Municipal League. The money raised in this way was to be placed to the credit of the sanitation department. Ten responded nobly, and the $1000 brought us in a little sum for some of our minor expenses. It was splendid of them all. They knew I was trying to cut down the danger from typhoid fever. It is a great comfort to know how the figures have decreased in these last seven years, to a great extent owing to the education of the ignorant."

No Preference

As the World Wags:

I recently learned to my surprise that the common idiom "fully as well as" is variously interpreted. Please consider the sentence "I like apples fully as well as pears." Does this mean that I like both equally well, or does it imply that I have a preference for one of the fruits? If so, which is favored?

WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

Norwood, May 12.

"As well as" has the senses: "Just as much as," "equally with," "no less than," "in the same way as," "both"

[illegible] Fac" in addition to [illegible] it also [illegible] 'equally,' "too [illegible] also," "too." The man of [illegible] [illegible] would eat apples [illegible] [illegible] as he would eat pears. If only [illegible] were on the fruit dish he would [illegible] miss apples. "Fully" strengthens [illegible] marvelous impartiality.—Ed

Anecdotical

Mr. Douglas Sladen's book of memoirs, "Twenty Years of My Life," has just been published in London. There are some pleasant anecdotes about well known men. One about W. S. Gilbert is new to us. Mr. Sladen was editing 'Who's Who.' Occasionally a person, resenting any intrusion on his privacy, would write a disagreeable letter, refusing to give biographical information. "Gilbert wrote the rudest letter of anybody. He said he was always being pestered by unimportant people for information about himself. So I put him down in the book as 'Writer of verses and the librettl to Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic operas.' He then wrote me a letter of about a thousand words, in which he asked me if that was the way to treat a man who had written 70 original dramas. Next year he filled up his form as readily as a peer's widow who has married a commoner." A curious feature of the book is the admission of colored pictures of interiors in the flat "which for several years was the scene of Mr and Mrs. Sladen's hospitalities." Is there a picture of Mrs. Sladen pouring tea? Of Mr. Sladen brewing a punch? Or of some poor wretch singing while the guests were talking? Let us be thankful that the reviewer did [illegible] use the phrase "dispensed gracious hospitality."

This reminds us that the London [illegible] long ago was printed logographically. John Walter conceived the idea [illegible] casting words entire, so as to save [illegible] the labor of collecting type. He ordered one hundredweight of each of the following expressions for the composing room: Dreadful robbery, atrocious outrage, fearful calamity, alarming explosion, loud cheers, interesting female.

Time to Go

[illegible] to Sir Henry Welby, who [illegible] in [illegible] letter dated Aug. 21, 1661. [illegible] William [illegible] so ill, one of his doctors [illegible] the yesterday there was no manner of hope * * * I have been taught that Jupiter allows every man who [illegible] to the world a different proportion of drink, which, when he has discharged, there remains nothing for him [illegible] to die, and that the proportion and [illegible] makes great difference in [illegible]."

"Breakfast's Ready"

Mr. T. K. Wilson of Swarthmore, Pa., [illegible] that the "nomenclature of the American breakfast table favors the most ill-conditioned words in the language. [illegible] wrote to the N. Y. Sun some [illegible] ago. "What really precious taste [illegible] not shudder at 'beefsteak,' 'giblets,' [illegible] brains,' 'scrapple,' 'shrimps,' [illegible],' 'smelts,' 'rum omelet,' eggs [illegible],' 'frizzled,' 'curried' and [illegible],' 'fritters' and 'batters' and [illegible], and a whole welter of griddled [illegible] basted horrors besides? How [illegible] would have jibbed at 'hash'! The American breakfast itself is a [illegible] institution, a bonal and lugubrious [illegible], the most dull and detested [illegible] of millions of dull lies."

We draw the line at cereals, whether [illegible] in the shape of a pocket [illegible] with whiskers or dandruff. Nor do [illegible] for calves' brains; but how [illegible] one object to a rum omelet? It is grateful to the ear and the stomach. Rum! Is there a more sonorous [illegible] monosyllable in the [illegible] language?

When we read a diatribe like this, or [illegible] someone boasting that he has for [illegible] only a glass of water and [illegible] of dry toast, we recall fondly a passage in Hazlitt's essay "On the [illegible] of Money":

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst, but to be roused out of one's warm bed and perhaps a profound oblivion of care with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams) and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend."

And to think that men with money in the bank deliberately deny themselves sausages with buckwheat cakes and syrup on one plate and in a glorious mess!

Desirable Salons.

Mrs. Golightly wrote to us yesterday that the season had been dull but she hoped next winter to have a "salon with lively conversation." A "salon." Let us [illegible] [illegible] Sydney Smith said of the [illegible] "There used to be in Paris, under the old regime, a few women of brilliant talents who violated all the common rules of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers."

Jan. 6 1915

GABRILOWITSCH AND BAUER PLAY

By PHILIP HALE.

Messrs. Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program, composed of pieces for two pianos, was as follows:

Schumann, Andante and variations; Reinecke, Impromptu on a theme by Schumann; Mozart, Sonata in D major; Saint-Saens, variations on a theme by Beethoven; Arensky, suite, op. 15.

Concerts of this nature are by no means unknown in Boston. Within the last 35 years we have heard Messrs. Andres and Doerner of Cincinnati, at least two pair of amiable sisters, Messrs. Hutcheson and Randolph, Messrs. Fox and Buonamici besides others, play pieces composed for two pianos. It has been said that writers for these two instruments run to the variation form. There were noteworthy examples of this form yesterday. Many were disappointed because the arrangement of Chabrier's "Espana" which had been announced, was not on the program. It will be remembered that Chabrier first wrote for the piano a sort of improvisation on Spanish airs. Lamoureux hearing it in private asked him to make out of it an orchestral rhapsody. The orchestral piece was first played in November 1883. Arrangements for two pianos, four hands, two hands and a transcription appeared in 1884. There was later an arrangement for voice and piano and still later one for two pianos and eight hands.

Schumann originally intended his variations for two pianos, two violoncellos and a horn. At work on his "Paradise and Peri" he changed his plan. The variations were first played at Mendelssohn and Clara Schumann in Leipsic at a concert given by Mme. Viardot Garcia in 1843. The pianists were disturbed by an alarm of fire, and the 12-year-old Joachim also suffered by the confusion that night. Mozart's sonata was played by the composer and his pupil, Barbara Ployer, in 1784. Mozart thought highly of her and wrote a concerto for her. Saint-Saens's variations on the minuet in Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 3 were first played by Alfred Jaell and his wife in 1874.

There was naturally curiosity to hear Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch—par nobile fratrum—play together in generous rivalry. The hall was filled in every part and many sat on the stage. It was interesting to observe how each pianist succeeded in accommodating his personality to the requirements of ensemble. It is not necessary to speak of the technical acquirements of the players or to define the characteristics of each. Their technical accomplishments are known to all; their characteristics were marked in solo passages, yet there was no distracting difference in tonal quality or in interpretation. These pianists are too fine artists for one to shine at the expense of the other and the composers. Occasionally there was a slight undue accentuation, not rhetorical, for the purpose of keeping together, but the performance as a whole was singularly elastic, spontaneous, and eminently musical.

The program gave full opportunity for the display of grace, delicacy, brilliance, sentiment. Perhaps the feature of a concert that gave uncommon pleasure was the beautiful performance of Mozart's sonata, beautiful by reason of its appropriate simplicity, exquisite coloring and perfect euphony. The Romance of Arensky is music of charming melancholy; the waltz is captivating in every way, and the audience insisted on a repetition; the Polonaise is far inferior to the preceding movements.

Enthusiastically applauded, the pianists also played two of Schubert's military marches for a piano, four hands.

"Iphigenia in Tauris" and "The Trojan Women" by Euripides will be played in the Stadium this week. The former was performed in Harvard College yard by the Coburn Players on Aug. 5, 1913; the latter was played at the Toy Theatre in Boston in March of the same year by the company of the Chicago Little Theatre. Then, as now, the translation of Gilbert Murray was used.

Mr. Granville Barker, who will produce these plays in the Stadium, was interested in Euripides [illegible] when he [illegible] J. E. Vedrenne in the management of the Court Theatre, London. While they controlled the Court, "Hippolytus," "The Trojan Women" and "Electra" were produced. Mr. Barker revived "Iphigenia Among the Tauri" at the Kingsway Theatre, London, March 19, 1912, when Miss McCarthy played Iphigenia and Godfrey Tearle Orestes.

Before the production at the Kingsway, the public was assured that the heroine "will look like one of those archaic painted statues, with almond eyes and snaky ringlets, which belong to a very early period of Greek art. Her white robe, falling in stiff folds round her feet, will be spotted with blood red discs, and over it she will wear a ceremonial cloak, patched with all the colors of the rainbow and glittering with gold and jewelled fringes. The chorus women swathed in reddish-purple crape, are designed to fade into the background when they are taking no part in the action of the play. Sometimes they will move forward and dance on the projecting platform which is to be built out over the stalls, and their swaying bodies, crouching, leaping and bending, and their hands and arms moving with stiff, flat-palmed gestures, will try to express, in the manner of certain naive paintings on archaic vases, the flight of birds, the splash of the sea waves, and the rhythmic measures of oars. When their songs are sung they will fade again into the background, and almost vanish from sight."

This comment was made: "All very Rheinhartian, and far, far from Greek."

The stage at the Kingsway was built out into the auditorium. The characters as a rule rushed upon the stage from the front. The scene was all dull red. According to Mr. Courtney's description in the Daily Telegraph: "A grim, austere temple and the steps and the ground before it all the same savage color. The walls are marked with the double-headed axe of the primitive Aegean religion and other barbaric ornament. The doors alone, with a naive, formal pattern in black and white give some relief to the red glow, the doors and the altar, for its stone is not quite hidden by the bright stains of blood. * * * The King of the Tauri and his people are all presented as fierce savages, primitive or rudely gorgeous in dress and weapons. And no doubt Mr. Granville Barker is waiting to be told by many who read Greek in translations that all this is not Greek at all. He may console himself with the reflection that there were people at Athens who said just the same thing about the too-imaginative stage management of Aeschylus. The present critic has no doubt that it is just such a setting as Euripides would have desired for the Iphigenia in Tauris." For whatever he meant—and there are hard questions about that—he certainly meant to write a play of adventure among barbarians who seemed quite as barbarous to Periclean Athens as to us. * * * The terrible tragic figure of Miss Lilla McCarthy's Iphigenia dominated the play, and lingers in the mind a vision of a whole lost world of strange faith and life. The beauty of her speech gave the laments a noble and pathetic dignity. The yearnings for her lost Argos was finely suggested in the recognition scene and the swift changes of wonder and doubt and waking love were charmingly vivid."

Some did not agree with Mr. Courtney concerning the production. The Referee said that "a theatre is a theatre, and it is to the stage of a theatre that the business of the play should be properly confined. * * * We have the actors in 'Iphigenia in Tauris' making their entrance from passages in the auditorium and running at top speed on to the stage, while at the close of the performance the actors come down from the stage and solemnly march out in procession at the door in the stalls marked 'Exit.' The idea is ludicrous. Yet the thing is so very well done. But all this noise and bustle and excitement cannot be said to belong to the theatre. Moreover, such startling effects are not at all in the spirit of the classic drama. In other particulars a more appropriate severity is preserved, and the striking simplicity of the decoration of the stage is extremely impressive. Mr. Barker implicitly acknowledges that he is putting the theatre to uses for which it is not designed, not only by allowing the actors to come and go in such fashion, but by building out the stage into the auditorium."

And so, when the play was performed on June 4 of the same year at His Majesty's Theatre, the characters made their entries and exits from the wings, "to the immense enhancement of the dignity and realism of the production; that sort of foolish sensationalism," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "does not cohere with the spirit of the Greek stage."

In June, 1912, Mr. Barker gave performances in the Greek Theatre at Bradfield College. "The sunny Berkshire chalk-pit, up the sides of which climbs the auditorium, with the severely plain Greek temple framed in ivy and traveler's joy rising against a leafy background of elms and ash trees, are in themselves a beautiful and natural setting for the play. But besides that they are as nearly as we can get to it in this country, the real thing, and give the proper Greek atmosphere to the English scene." The Times then [illegible] Miss McCarthy's [illegible] the agonies of her position and [illegible] fate. The [illegible] was vexed by the [illegible] and the plague of [illegible] aeroplanes. He wished that [illegible] play could have been acted in [illegible] hollow of a Kentish down with the [illegible] sparkling on the horizon. The Greek Theatre at Bradfield was [illegible] by Herbert Branston Gray, [illegible] 1880 was appointed to the headmastership of the school. The school had run down and Mr. Gray determined to build it up. "He it was," said J. E. Vincent, "who, by converting a disused chalk-pit into an exact replica of a Greck theatre, gave Bradfield the best advertisement any school has enjoyed since Thomas Hughes wrote 'Tom Brown's School Days.'" But there is in England a Roman theatre near Dorchester in which a performance could be given with about 13,000 spectators. In 1705 about 10,000 saw the burning of a man found guilty of murder.

As schoolboys we read and were taught that Euripides was the poorest of the great three writers of tragedy; that he was too sophistical; that he made his heroes and heroines, gods and goddesses speak in the language of mean human beings. Swinburne's dislike of Euripides rose to a frothing hatred. Praising John Webster, he wrote that there is "no poet less like in the moral sense than Euripides, while as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action and emotion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well made man." On the same page he speaks of "the vulgar theatricalities of Euripides." On another page we read of "the corruption of art by the sophistry of Euripides." On the other hand, we find Milton speaking of

"The repeated air of sad Electra's poet"

that "had the power to save the Athenian walls from ruin bare." Goethe to the end of his life ardently admired Euripides. "All those who deny the sublime to him," he wrote, "were either poor wretches incapable of comprehending such sublimity, or shameless charlatans, who, in their presumption, wanted to make more of themselves than they were." Talking with Eckermann in 1827 he admitted that Euripides had his faults, but he was a worthy compeer of Aeschylus and Sophocles; that [illegible] treated his characters in a less formally heroic manner, he took the tone that was most suited to his Athenian contemporaries. "A poet who was valued highly by Aristotle, wondered at by Menander, and for whom Sophocles and the city of Athens assumed mourning when they heard of his death, must have been something." De Quincey, discussing the "Antigone" of Sophocles, remarked: "It is chiefly by comparison with Euripides that Sophocles is usually crowned with the laurels of art. But there is some danger of doing wrong to the truth in too blindly adhering to these old rulings of critical courts. The judgments would sometimes be reversed if the pleadings were before us. There were blockheads in those days * * * I remember nothing in the Greek drama more worthy of a great artist than parts in his (Euripides's) Phoenissae. Neither is he the effeminately tender or merely pathetic poet that some people imagine. He was able to sweep all the chords of the impassioned spirit. But the whole of this subject is in arrear; it is, in fact, res integra, almost unbroken ground." The opinion of the Browning's is known to all.

The fact remains that of the three Euripides is the nearest to men and women of today. In some respects he is singularly modern—in his spirit of "scepticism," in the importance which he gives to woman. Yet this "sceptic," as he is called put into the mouth of Hecuba in "The Trojan Woman" when the gods and goddesses had deserted her, this prayer, strange to those who first heard it, but easily understood by those now living:

Those deep Base of the World, and thou high Throne
Above the World, who'er thou art, unknown
And hard of surmise, Chain of Things that be,
Or Reason of our Reason; God, to thee
I lift my praise, seeing the silent road
That bringeth justice ere the end be trod
To all that breathes and dies.

It was long a common reproach against Euripides that on account of his own domestic unhappiness he railed against women in his plays, whence the name of "woman-hater" was given to him. But how was it possible to overlook the many noble women in his tragedies, chief among them Andromache in "The Trojan Women"?

This subject excited the curiosity of the celebrated Mr. Bayle. Let us see what he has to say. We quote from the translation by Bernard, Birch, Lockman and other hands.

"He nevertheless married; not only before he had experienced in his own family the truth of his dramatic commonplaces, but likewise after that the disorderly life of his first wife had forced him to divorce her. His second wife was as dissolute at least at his first. I cannot say with which of these two it was that he found one of his own actors; but it is very probable that it was with the last, because [illegible] that the disgrace [illegible] him, and the [illegible] poets [illegible]

him to leave [illegible] me [illegible] say that Euripides desiring to make use of the permission which men were allowed in Athens, viz., of marrying two wives, took two together, but made so ill a choice that they quite wore out his patience, and raised in him an aversion to the whole sex." His first wife was Choerina. He married her when he was 23 years old, and had three sons by her. It has been said that in Macedon he was torn to pieces by women to revenge the honor of their sex against whom he had declaimed. It is known that as the guest of King Archelaus he came to an unhappy end. "Euripides was walking in a wood, and in deep meditation, according to his usual custom. The intenseness of his reflections doubtless carried him too far; he meeting in a solitary place with the hounds of Archelaus, who was then hunting, was torn to pieces by those cursed animals." But some said that the hounds were purposely set upon him by the artifices of two envious poets who bribed the keeper to do this. Other stories have been told, sadly to the discredit of Euripides. As for the reproaches made against him for such speeches as that given to Hippolytus, "My tongue has sworn it, but not so my mind," Bayle calmly said: "I shall not examine this point; and shall only observe, in general, that it is absurd to ascribe to the author of a tragedy the sentiments he puts into the mouths of his stars."

It is hardly necessary to relate the plot of "Iphigenia in Tauris" or "Iphigenia among the Tauri" (an English schoolboy once translated it "Iphigenia among the Bulls"); to tell the horrid rite of sacrificing to Artemis in the land of the Tauri all strangers cast on their shores; how the first Greek that came to Iphigenia, the priestess, was her brother Orestes. Mr. Barker thinks the play a romantic comedy. To us it is a tragedy with an inexplicably happy, perhaps satiric, ending; but any discussion of the "purpose" of the play may be reserved for a review of the performance. Mr. Murray in the preface to his translation gives an admirable analysis of Iphigenia's character as depicted by Euripides "most unsparingly yet lovingly." "The Altar of Aulis is constantly in her thoughts. She does not know whether to hate her father, but at least she can with a clear conscience hate all the rest of those implicated, Calchas, Odysseus, Menelaus, and most fiercely, though somewhat unjustly, Helen. All the good women in Euripides go wild at the name of Helen. Iphigenia broods on her wrongs till she can see nothing else; she feels as if she hated all Greeks, and lived only for revenge, for the hope of some day slaughtering Greeks at her altar, as pitilessly as they slaughtered her at Aulis. She knows how horrible this state of mind is, but she is now 'turned to stone, and has no pity left in her.' Then the Greeks come; and even before she knows who they really are, the hard shell of her bitterness slowly yields. Her heart goes out to them; she draws Orestes against his will into talk; she insists on pitying him, insists on his pitying her; and eventually determines, come what may, that she will save at least the one stranger that she has talked with most. Presently comes the discovery who the strangers are; and she is at once ready to die with them or for them." Is the play a romantic one with a happy ending? Even Mr. Murray admits that it is shot through by reflection, by reality and by sadness. There is a shadow that broods over it; this shadow is exile, homesickness.

Let us note in passing that Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" was played in New York at the Irving Place Theatre in March, 1900. Was it not performed the next night at Harvard University? Mme. Janauschek played in it at the Academy of Music in New York Dec. 28, 1867, and again in April, 1869. There was a performance by Hedwig Reicher at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, April 19, 1909.

The "Iphigenia" of Euripides was first performed somewhere between 414 and 412 B. C. "The Trojan Women" was first acted in 415 B. C., when Xenocles took the first prize and Euripides the second. Mr. Murray has characterized the tragedy as "an intense study of one great situation, with little plot, little construction, little or no relief or variety. The only movement of the drama is a gradual extinguishing of all the familiar lights of human life." For some years before the play was produced Athens, in the hands of the war party, had compelled the neutral island of Melos to take up arms against her, and after a long siege had conquered the peaceful town, put the men to the sword and sold the women and children into slavery. Melos fell in the autumn of 416. "The Trojan Women" was produced in the following spring. "Not of course that we have in the 'Troades' a case of political allusion. Far from it. Euripides does not mean Melos when he says Troy, nor mean Alcibiades' fleet when he speaks of Agamemnon's. But he writes under the influence of a year which to him, as to Thucydides, had been filled full of indignant piety and of dire forboding. This tragedy is, perhaps, in European literature the first great expression of the spirit of pity for mankind exalted into a moving principle, a principle which has made the most [illegible] eclo[illegible], [illegible] possibly the most destructive, elements of innumerable rebellions, revolutions and martyrdoms, and of at least two great religions. * * * The 'Troades' itself has indeed almost no fierceness and singularly little thought of revenge. It is only the crying of one of the great wrongs of the world wrought into music, as it were, and made beautiful by 'the most tragic of the poets.' But its author lived ever after in a despairing atmosphere of strife and even of hatred, down to the day when, 'because almost all in Athens rejoiced at his suffering,' he took his way to the remote valleys of Macedon to write the 'Bacchae' and to die."

Miss Lillah McCarthy (Mrs. Granville Barker), born at Cheltenham, Eng., made her first appearance on the stage in 1895 in A. E. Drinkwater's company. She afterward joined Ben Greet's company, appeared at the Lyric with Wilson Barrett in "The Sign of the Cross" in 1896, came to America and returned to England in 1897. She has toured in Australia. In 1900 she was again with Wilson Barrett as leading lady and went with him to South Africa and Australia. In 1904 she appeared at His Majesty's Theatre, and since then has played in the leading theatres of London.

Edith Wynne Matthison, Chrystal Herne and Gladys Hanson are known to our theatregoers.

The Greek Play in America

The Greek plays which Granville Barker's company is to give in the East, and Margaret Anglin, assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra, in California, constitute but another evidence of an interest which has been growing slowly for 15 years. There is a certain novelty in the degree of popular attention that will be aroused. The performances of "Iphigenia in Tauris" and "The Trojan Women" here in New York should attract 30,000 spectators, and at the University of Pennsylvania 20,000; while the huge new stadiums at Princeton and Yale will seat great crowds. At the University of California audiences of 10,000 will hear "Electra," "Medea" and "Iphigenia in Aulis." Extensive preparations have been made to bring visitors from a wide range of secondary schools. But such performances have become familiar in many sections. The forerunner of the Greek play in America was the Harvard presentation of "Oedipus Rex" in 1881, later staged by Daniel Frohman in New York and Boston. Between 1890 and 1910 some 60 educational institutions were reported to have given over 100 performances of Greek plays. Nor have they failed to draw large extra-academic audiences. The plays given at Berkeley, for example, have regularly filled the amphitheatre with great crowds.

The chief objects of the academic presentation of Greek drama, whether with or without professional stage help, are, of course, two. One rises from the desire to stimulate interest in Greek and Greek literature, calling attention to the intrinsic value of their study. The other has its origin in a belief in the dramatic power of Greek plays, and in a wish to show modern audiences that they have a place on the stage, not as curious spectacles, but as vital tragedies and amusing comedies. Their sponsors believe that they have the breath of universal genius, and that—the accidental features of their time falling naturally into the background—the images presented will be the embodiment of some permanent fact of human life. Only in limited degree has the purely pedagogical aim been realized. Prof. Rolfe wrote of the early performances at the University of California that "the final outcome of the plays has been a remarkable intensification, throughout the university and in many preparatory and high schools, of respect for Greek studies and interest in them." Yet it was in California that a recent educational survey showed that, while more students elected Latin than any other study, the merest handful—some two-tenths of one per cent.—ever had a course in Greek.

More success has come in other ways. Testimony to a genuine popular interest in various performances has been repeated and sincere. Can a Greek drama really engage the public? asks Miss Anglin's stage manager. "My best answer to that is to mention the reception given Miss Anglin's last appearance in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. There was audience of 10,000 people, yet you could have heard a whisper any time during the performance. At its conclusion they stayed for an hour applauding." W. D. Howells has recorded his delight in an impressive classical production at Cambridge, and Mr. Sargent of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, who has done so much to promote Greek drama in the United States, has told us that even at an inferior play like the "Choephori," "there was overwhelming awe mingled with aesthetic pleasure." There is no logical reason why plays like "Alcestis," "Antigone," "Agamemnon" and "The Birds," if given with spirit and vitality, should not fully interest the most matter-of-fact American audience.

Undoubtedly the players have too often accepted a false conception of their limitations, and have brought forth their Attic drama as a tableau rather than as a dynamic piece of action, as poetry rather than as [illegible] as something of antiquarian and "cultural" interest rather than as a reflection of life. Its high dignity must necessarily be looked to. To the Greeks a play was not a mere entertainment, but —as M. Gaston Paris puts it—a shadowing-forth of the universe itself as "a vast stage, on which was played an eternal drama, full of tears and joy, its actors divided between heaven, earth, and hell." But it is possible to retain this semi-religious atmosphere, and still to give the drama something of the life it once had. One false tendency is shown in the fact that until very recently the majority of Greek plays were given in the original tongue, as in France and England. The West has done a service in developing the Greek play in English, with little colleges like Beloit and Ripon in Wisconsin and Grinnell in Iowa in the van. "Our little town," said a teacher at the first-named institution recently, "has seen more Greek plays than any other city in America." Since 1885 it has had virtually one performance yearly, in translations freshly made by the drama classes and published in creditable form. In Aristophanes's plays, too, it has been demonstrated in various places that modern slang can be applied successfully to the Greek action —to the depiction of Socrates, for example, in "The Clouds." Self-imposed rules of costuming and stage-setting have also hampered our productions unnecessarily. The Greek actors did not dress in monotonous white, but often in the brightest colors; the garments of the men were not flowing, but in many cases closer fitting than modern garb, and trap doors, scenery, and special stage apparatus were by no means unknown.

In short, while revivals of the Greek play will inevitably and always be regarded as offering a mingling of classical instruction with stage interest, there is every reason for believing that the latter element can profitably be given greater stress than heretofore. Sophocles and Euripides were not for one age dramatically, but for all time. It is to be hoped that a producer of Mr. Barker's originality will throw into "Iphigenia" and "The Trojan Women" some of the attractions of the theatre as well as of the pageant.—New York Evening Post, May 10.

Amiable Replies to Mr. Bartlett's Letter

As we thought, Miss Lottie Chase Ham and Miss Jean Cherry were moved by Mr. Stuart Bartlett's decidedly personal letter, published in The Herald of last Sunday. Their replies are now printed, and with them the correspondence is closed.

To the Editor of The Herald:

It is with pleasure that I note your courteous apologies for the letter anent the Drama League, Miss Cherry and myself, signed by Stuart Bartlett. At the same time your regrets do not cover Mr. Bartlett. Of course much could be written by me that would make any reply from him ill-advised to say the least. But his letter betrays such animosity, so many positive misquotations from my own former letter, such a deplorable want of knowledge concerning even the most ordinary theatrical affairs in Boston, and so much untruth, that with one notable exception I should prefer not to have to take the time to bring him to book. I write for the average intelligence, but there is no way by which a writer can be protected from a Mr. Stuart Bartlett.

Simple rudeness is not an important literary or dramatic attribute. So I should be inclined to ignore his personalities as merely a matter if ill-breeding were I not associated with the Toy Theatre management. I object to Mr. Bartlett's statement "that the Toy has a shockingly amateur, lax and unbusiness-like direction," and I ask an immediate apology for so unwarranted an attack, not on me personally, but on the Toy Theatre. If it is Mr. Bartlett's opinion that "up to the Kingston engagement the Toy did nothing well enough to be worth doing" there are but two replies from which I invite him to take his choice; either he never went to the Toy, or else he is ruled out as incompetent to speak on matters connected with the drama. I myself incline to the latter view. LOTTIE CHASE HAM.

Cambridge May 10.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Is it polite in the best circles in the East to break into a private lynching party, especially if you don't know the full reasons for the party being held? Everything seems to be such a matter of good form here that I wondered. Personally I think the more the merrier at any party, and in this state, where they tell me there are ten women to one man, Mr. Stuart Bartlett is joyously welcomed. And he comes forward in such a fine spirit of camaraderie, with fine favors filling both hands. For me in particular he extends a membership in the Ananias Club. I am overwhelmed by the honor, but the "honesty and intelligent" label that the editor put on me last Sunday makes me pause. I am a woman, and believe that woman's mission in life is to please all men until she has settled down to plague one man alone.

Here are the facts: The Drama League meeting I mentioned did take place and I was there, not as a disembodied soul, but in the fles[illegible] blood, likewise skin and complexio[illegible] boots and gown, in fact, in about 127 pounds, all girl. The Drama League meeting did take place at the Plymouth Theatre. The subject was something about Chicago's Little Theatre, its aims, hopes and manner of its founding. (This program was varied a little by Mr. Payne, Prof. Baker and the guests in the boxes taking a rise out of us.) Mr. Payne was to have spoken about the work of the Little Theatre and the fine things accomplished by its directors and supporters; (the directors and supporters were also its playwrights, scene painters and players, I think). The entire group was appearing in original productions at the Toy Theatre (then in Lime street). They were meeting with small success; that much was said, and the size of the Drama League meeting did not fill Mr. Payne's heart with high hopes for added interest in the engagement. Prof. Baker was seated in a chair one side of a small table, when the curtain rose, and beside the same table, but across from Prof. Baker sat Mr. Payne. (I can't help it if I do spell his front and hind name wrong. Why will folks persist in using queer letters in perfectly plain names and ailments?) He was present, and in the boxes were some English players then appearing in a comedy written by G. B. Shaw, called "Fanny's First Play." I remember one of the ladies distinctly; she wore a funny pancake hat with strings. The manager whom I mentioned as standing out in the lobby and glaring murderously at us, was the house manager. A gentleman carrying a green bag told me who he was—the glaring man, I mean, and later some one else told me the bagged man was a Harvard professor. The Harvard professor had remarked to me that he thought the notices to the Drama League must have been worded badly and the members had felt the meeting would not be interesting, etc., etc. That's why I asked some one else who he was! Prof. Baker can recall this poorly attended Drama League meeting, for almost the first thing he said was: "If you are present, please come out of the shadows and occupy the front row so that we can see you." I did not obey, as I did not like the manner in which he handled a book which happened to be lying on the small table.

So much for that meeting.

As for desiring to lead the Drama League out of its troubles, I am not desiring that at all. I attend the theatre; all theatres, from the movey to Shakespeare. I love them all, so with a taste like that, how shall I lead timid souls seeking the kind of dramatic fare their dainty stomachs can digest into right pastures? My digestion is good, and I revel in tasting all kinds of dramatic food.

In reply to "What has Miss Jean Cherry done to support the drama or help it in any way?" I refer to the same paragraph, only adding—and I BUY my tickets. I do not mean to infer that the Drama Leaguers do not—I expect they do—when they go to a performance. But the point is, I GO.

JEAN CHERRY.

Boston, May 12.

P. S.—To prove I am not a disembodied soul, but a woman, I put the most important fact of all in this postscript. I am no "felicitous invention" of the dramatic editor. I owe so much, at least, to my parents. J. C.

Notes About the Theatre and Music

"Betty," by Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger, with music by Paul Rubens, Ernest Steffan and Merlin Morgan, produced at Daly's April 24, is said to be a real comedy with music. "Here we have a gay young dog of an earl, heir to a duchy, who rebels at the thought of matrimony, preferring to show his broadmindedness by surrounding himself with three or four principal ladies and a large chorus. His father, for the sake of the family tree, orders an immediate marriage, whereupon the earl asks the kitchen-maid's assistance in complying. That most fascinating of Cinderellas, in whose imagination he was already the prince, becomes his countess, only to be sent away alone to the country immediately after the ceremony, whereupon the duke transfers everything in his power to her, and her husband's pride goes and nurses itself in a flat at Kensington. But, of course they met again, and the earl fell in love with his wife. Pride still spoke of taxicabs to Kensington, but when Cinderella said archly, 'Good-night, stupid!' the whole theatre would have heartily indorsed the epithet had the proud earl done anything but what he did—carry her off home, whilst the curtain discreetly hid them both from view. The story does not err on the side of every-day probabilities, but it is prettily sentimental, and consistently adhered to. * * * The music is light and tuneful."

"Julius Caesar" has been performed at the old "Vic," now Victoria Hall, in London, "where you can get a stall for a shilling, a pit seat for fourpence and a seat in the gallery for less than the present price of a glass of ale." "The spectacle of the few rows of stalls, the vast expanse of pit, the spacious circles with their mirrored walls, and the huge gallery, all crowded with

humanity, is one not likely to be forgotten. What quiet people they are! They have been hard at work all day and are here validly for an evening's self-respecting relaxation. Men who can sit with their women-folk during the intervals, and show no desire at all to go out at every fall of the curtain, after the fashion of West-end gentlemen of the stalls and boxes, to smoke or drink, leaving their wives and sweethearts alone to stare at each other. They have better theatre-manners in the Waterloo-road. What admirable listeners, too! How quick to take up a point, and how prompt and generous with their applause at the end of each scene!"

The Munich Neueste Nachrichten has something interesting to say about British national anthems. The official anthem, "God Save the King," is an anthem for the piping times of peace. It seems hardly suitable, we are told, for war or for periods of national danger and stress. At such times it is silent, or only comes to the front on ceremonial occasions, or as a "duty anthem." It awakens no enthusiasm, it evokes no emotion. Altogether on a different plane, says the Nachrichten, is the real national anthem, "Rule, Britannia." It is in this great hymn that the Briton pours forth all the passion of his soul. It dates from a period when Albion had become conscious of the enormous importance of her sea power, and today it sounds over land and sea wherever this rule of the ocean, no matter how remotely, is threatened. Might and rule, says the Nachrichten, is the real national values which the Briton does not merely desire as the Frenchman covets fame and glory. They are for him already a possession, and now more than ever when the lordship of the seas means the lordship of the world. It is for this reason that "Rule, Britannia" contains within it a deeper and more constant passion than either the placid "God Save the King," or the blustering "Marseillaise"; and this deep passion works all the stronger when one remembers the usually measured and sedate manner of the British. When they sing this anthem one thinks of an unexpected storm breaking through quiet and serene clouds.—London Daily Chronicle.

Joseph Holbrooke's new pieces for string quartet, an elegy on Belgium in war time, and a lively movement representing Russia, were produced in London on April 24. Curiously enough, there is an extract from "Tristan" in the latter.

The Pall Mall Gazette said (April 22) of Arthur de Greef playing a concerto by Beethoven: "When a pianist who can be delightfully Mozartian goes out of his way to be Beethovenish, there are likely to be developments. The numerous decorative and lyrical passages were given with delicacy and precision, but when the music was declamatory M. de Greef appeared to remember that he must be Beethovenish, coute que coute, and the result was often doubtful, sometimes to the point of smudginess."

"A feature of the current week, operatic, too, in its way, is the 'Gilbert and Sullivan' concert of the war emergency entertainers. It is a happy idea at the moment to direct attention to the work of the Savoyard Castor and Pollux. In rhythmic felicity they were inimitable, and this is another of the qualities that artist and composer alike will have to possess if English opera is to become a reality. It is a curious trait of certain composers that their rhythm is strong only when they are frivolously inclined. When in the throes of deep emotion they lose strong pulsations. There is surely nothing more dramatic than the reiterated emphasis of a rhythmicpattern. But, then, opera of all kinds, British and continental, grave and gay, is one huge tangle of paradoxes."

Bach's concerto in F for solo piccolo-violin, strings, oboes, bassoons and horns was played at the Bach-Beethoven-Brahms festival in London last month. Arnold Dolmetsch played the solo instrument. "It can hardly be pretended that the instrument in question, which in appearance resembles a miniature violin, with its thin, piping tone, is at all calculated under modern conditions to heighten the effect of the work."

How many know that a grandson of Muzio Clementi is a rector of the Established church in London, the Rev. P. Clementi Smith?

The best thing said at the anti-German music meeting yesterday came from Susan Countess of Malmesbury. Alluding to Richard Strauss, she said she had always thought the kitchen utensil and cat and dog music in the "Sinfonia Domestica" puerile, and had "refused to bow down to it, even at the risk of being unfashionable." Would that all our amateurs had shown similar courage! But they were told that this sort of music was "the thing," so they went in their thousands to hear it, to be miserable, and to applaud.—Pall Mall Gazette.

At a dinner of Shakespearean students last week a popular dramatic critic, in the course of a speech on the London stage, offered the criticism that while the actors of the metropolis, taken altogether, are equal artistically to any in the world, our actresses are far inferior to those of [illegible] wanted. One wonders if this is so. We certainly have no great tragedienne at the present moment, but then we have not had one since Helen Faucit. Neither have we a great comedienne capable of playing Rosalind as Ada Rehan played it, though I fancy that if Miss Margaret Halstan were given the chance of playing this part and those of Beatrice, Portia and Viola in London, she might rather astonish the public here as she has done the playgoers of Manchester. In Miss Irene Vanbrugh, however, we have unquestionably an actress of real power, high intelligence and great technical skill. Miss Lottie Venne, again, is a great artist; so also, in her own special way, is Miss Marie Tempest; while I would go a good distance to see Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Helen Haye or Miss Nina Boucicault in almost any part. Miss Alexandra Carlisle has also done a great deal of accomplished work. All this, of course, is far from being a complete reply to the criticism in question, but I think it goes some way toward meeting it.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 27.

J. T. Grein, writing to the Daily Chronicle, states that Edward Laurillard and George Grossmith have offered to help in the renewed pioneer work of the Independent Theatre by giving a check for £100 for all British comedy, of not less than three acts. They will also lend one of their theatres for its production. Mr. William Archer, Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. H. A. Hertz will help in the selection of the best comedy, and the final award of prize and production will be made by Mr. Grein. The competition closes on Oct. 1.

Colin McAlpine's new one-act English opera, "The Vow," was produced for the first time on any stage by the Moody-Manners Company at Nottingham. There are four characters, Jaaron (Judge of Israel), Manoi (his daughter), Caleb (her lover), and a watchman; while there are choruses of warriors and the populace. The action takes place 2000 years ago, "more or less," says Mr. Manners.

A Rhapsody Over a Persian Dancer

In these days when the bitterness of international conflict has impregnated even the air of our concert halls it is a pleasurable relief to turn aside for a moment to an art which no perverted imagination is likely to connect with the prevailing topic. The art of the dancer is essentially akin to that of the musician. The basis of both is rhythm, primarily, of course, in the obvious sense indicated by symmetrical time beats, but more profoundly in the relation of the parts to each other and to the whole. Each successive silhouette of the dancer, considered individually, is a rhythmic conception, and their sequence is governed by aesthetic laws not dissimilar from those of musical composition.

In the West, where music has become complex, the multitude of contrasts that are necessary for expression have been sought in the enlarged scope of technical resource, with the result that in the more primitive devices of rhythm we are far behind the East. Similarly, the difficult technique of the dancer has created a state of affairs in which only the assurance of the amateur dare dispense with it. Trained improvisation is with us a contradiction in terms. In the East it is a cardinal principle. The true oriental dancer trains herself to the spontaneous expression of poetical ideas. In its essence her art is lyrical. The poet has caught a sentiment, as it were, on the wing. It may be clothed in words, or in sound, or in gesture, according to the artist who attempts its expression, but it must not be confined by any of these. It must retain all the freedom of improvisation whilst calling to its service all the resources of the traditional technique. In that way, to, oriental poets improvise their verse, and musicians the endless variety of inflection they bring into their songs.

There happens to be at present in London one of the very limited number of dancers in whom are the attributes of greatness. Of Armenian race and Persian nationality, Mme. Armene Ter-Ohanian has achieved celebrity both in her own country, where poets have vied with each other in her honor, and on the continent, where she has fired the imagination of numberless painters, sculptors and writers. She danced at the coronation of the present Shah and was rewarded in the traditional manner with a jewel. That is one aspect of her career. The other was last displayed in Paris when she danced for the benefit of the refugees from the Marne districts devastated by the Germans. Such contrasts multiply as the world grows smaller.

For that occasion she composed a poem to France in eloquent French prose. None who have seen her dance can have had any doubt that she was a poetess, but she is of the fortunate who dispose of more than one medium. She has expressed the poetic idea of her dance-poems in delicately exotic sentences of the kind that tell much without confining the imagination. I am glad to think that I had not read them before I saw her dance, or I should have missed the pleasure of that comprehension through the eyes alone which is the special joy of the dancer's art.

[illegible] western "[illegible]" [illegible] this is the di[illegible] [illegible] which we were invited [illegible] for "The Lesson of Love" [illegible] is lyrical, like song [illegible] like a book, and I am glad of it.

Yet these Persian miniatures have a story to tell. They are glimpses into the heart of a maiden of that ancient race that has lost wellnigh everything save only its imperishable dignity. They bring visions of that sun-lit country which knows no twilight, because, as Mme. Ohanian puts it, "the sky is too impatient to hesitate before the ardent embrace of night." They tell of Persian women "whose souls remain, even in sin, the souls of children." Cameos of loves imposed and of loves forbidden. And, above all, dreams.

Over them all there hovers an indefinable pathos. The slight figure that, whether dancing or in repose, never for a moment presents a banal outline, evokes many emotions, but never joy. When it represents the springtime of life it seems to be haunted with foreboding, and when it turns at last to winter the tragedy is compelling, as of a soul passing that has known all things but careless laughter. My first impression was so intense that the conventional praise showered on the dancer sounded like the plaudits of an amphitheatre. The secret is that she is no mere performer. Like a true Oriental she gives herself in her art. When she expresses pain she suffers.

Whether this sadness is part of the swan-song of an ancient and much-tired race, or whether it results from the contact of a sensitive personality with Western life, it would be indiscreet to inquire. It certainly has an element of nostalgia that is too persistent and too spontaneous to be other than sincere. One can only hope that if Mme. Ohanian, by her art, has penetrated these many moods, her repertoire includes at least that which French poets call "la melancholie du bonheur."

It must not be concluded that her performance is in any sense depressing. True poetry cannot be. The exquisite play upon the more refined sensibilities of the spectator gives an emotional pleasure that is equally distinct from the intellectual delight in a display of skill and the sensuous appreciation of mere beauty in motion. It is an art in itself, whose charm cannot be put into words because it is precisely the absence of a literary burden that makes it so characteristic.—Pall Mall Gazette April 22.

Attractions at the Majestic Theatre—Season 1914-1915

Week beginning Aug. 26, "The Model Maid," two weeks; Sept. 7, "Wild Oats," one week; Sept. 14, dark (house closed), one week; Sept. 21, "The Trap," three weeks; Oct. 12, "Today," five weeks; Nov. 16, Sam Bernard in "The Belle of Bond Street," two weeks; Nov. 30, "Omar the Tentmaker," with Guy Bates Post, four weeks; Dec. 28, Robert Mantell in repertoire, two weeks; Jan. 11, "Suzi," two weeks; Jan. 25, Marie Tempest in repertoire, one week; Feb. 1, William Faversham in "The Hawk," four weeks; March 1, "The Lilac Domino," five weeks; April 5, "The Blue Bird," two weeks; April 14, "The Law of the Land," two weeks.

Attractions at Shubert Theatre—Season 1914-1915

Week beginning Aug. 31, "High Jinks," five weeks; Oct. 5, "The Whirl of the World," three weeks; Oct. 26, "The Passing Show of 1914," five weeks; Nov. 30, Harry Lauder, one week; Dec. 7, Olga Petrova in "Panthea," two weeks; Dec. 21, "Pinafore," two weeks; Jan. 4, "The Midnight Girl," two weeks; Jan. 18, Emma Trentini and Clifton Crawford in the "Peasant Girl," three weeks; Feb. 8, Lew Fields in "The High Cost of Loving," two weeks; Feb. 22, Pauline Frederick in "Innocent," two weeks; March 8, Al Jolson in "Dancing Around," two weeks; March 22, "Kitty Mackay," two weeks; April 4, "Tonight's the Night," four weeks; May 3, "The Revolt," two weeks.

May 17 1915

Why is it that the deepest thinker, the most philosophic soul, a chairman of a committee, or a man whose wealth is known the country round, cannot rise above the fact that there is a crack in his cuff which may easily be seen by a waiter in a public place or at a private but formal dinner? Is there no such thing as an uncrackable cuff in the market? During the civil war there were steel enameled collars which were cleansed by soap, water and a toothbrush. Send your linen to any laundry, especially to one that boasts of handwork or home washing, and cuffs that were bought at the haberdasher's the week before will crack almost with an explosion after their first return from the laundry.

Few, alas, have the composure of Dean Stanley who said, when his hostess remarked at dinner that one wing of his collar was flapping in the air, "I don't mind it a bit; do you?" We told this story a fortnight ago. It [illegible] "Th[illegible]," [illegible] A[illegible] of Poly[illegible] [illegible] Mr. Johnson, although he [illegible] to tea drinking—he has a [illegible] stomach—accepted the invitation in the interests of sociology. Called upon to say a few words, he was giving certain facts ascertained during his summer sojourns on Cape Cod, when looking down he noticed that a Buff colored sock was curling lovingly over a none too brilliantly polished boot. Stopping his eloquent flow while the ladies were hanging on his lips, he hauled up his trouser leg, pulled up the sock, and asked if anyone could oblige him with a safety pin. 'I have never worn garters in my life,' he added; 'they stop the circulation.' Thus his reputation as a savant was [illegible] enlarged.

To go back to the laundry. When Nicholas Decremps visited London in 1788 he complained bitterly that he was charged 4½ pence for the washing of a shirt. He added. "And shirts are changed every day in London. Such is the general custom, due no doubt to the griminess of the atmosphere." Mr. Herkimer Johnson, visiting three summers ago at a summer palace of Bar Harbor, praised loudly the valet who looked after him. "A treasure, a perfect jewel! I had only two dress shirts in my bag, and he made one of them go for five dinners."

In Uruguay.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the sage of Clamport, the erudite Mr. Herkimer Johnson, would be interested in a letter I have received from Cunninghame Graham.

The adventurous Scot is in Uruguay, as the head of a commission which is buying horses for the "contemptible little army" of Sir John French. Which job is no sinecure, if we are to judge by his letter.

"I have just returned," says Cunninghame Graham, "from the Brazilian frontier—a week of trains, steamers, 'autos,' mail-coaches and horseback. Wet through every day, and no chance of getting dry till the sun comes out. Tasajo to eat; mosquitoes as big as dragon flies. * * * quite happy if it were not for the very heavy work * * * I nearly finished my career at el Hervidero, on the Uruguay, last week. Marking horses in the corral a rainy day, (I had 'gums' on) a darned fool was holding a 'bagual' (wild horse), he let him loose and the next thing I saw was a kick coming. I tried to sidestep it, but the damned 'gums' slipped and I got it full in the chest. Had it been two inches lower, over the heart, I should never have stirred. I saw stars, but went on working for another six hours and it passed off. * * * Yesterday, I galloped some 30 miles and got wet, of course. My horse fell down. * * * I came off on my feet, but he nearly flattened me down like a pancake."

One is at a loss which to admire most, his stomach, which can put up with such a delicacy as tasajo—beef dried in the sun, usually exposed to dust and flies—or his splendid constitution, which, at his age, enables him to work for six hours after receiving a kick from a bagual. From personal experience, I am inclined to admire his stomach most, for I have both tasted tasajo and been kicked by a horse.

The pampa has changed a good deal since he last saw it. The freedom and romance of it are gone. So are the Indians. The gauchos have so far forgotten themselves as to wear trousers, instead of the picturesque chiripa. Churches are not more numerous, but—as an offset—one does not need to ride ten leagues to find a pulperia (saloon). In other words, the pampa is becoming thoroughly civilized.

He will tell us all about it when he returns to London, for, besides buying horses, he is gathering in the capacious store room of his wonderful memory material for more of his delightful sketches.

If the learned Mr Johnson has any curiosity to read Cunninghame Graham, in Spanish, he can do so now, for an excellent translation of his South American sketches—as well as one written in Spanish by Cunninghame Graham himself—has recently been published in London under the title, "El Rio de la Plata."

Lynn, May 12, 1915. M. J. L.

Has "M. J. L." read Mr Cunninghame Graham's latest book, "Bernal Diaz del Castillo: Being some account of him, taken from his true History of the Conquest of New Spain"?—Ed.

Prof. Bocher's Story.

As the World Wags:

Your reference to the guide whose chief concern in reading a novel was to learn whether the hero got the girl recalls a reply of the late Prof. Bocher in answer to a question as to the distinction between [illegible] and [illegible] (I had been puzzled by the [illegible] of Moliere's [illegible]

ig "Le Misanthrope" and ... ua"). "Well," said Prof. Hoeller, "a German girl once asked her young man the same question, and his reply is said to have been: 'If he gets the girl it is a comedy. If he doesn't, it's a tragedy.'" H. B. H.

Boston, May 14.

Tennyson called Moliere's "George Dandin" a tragedy.—Ed.

The March of Science.

Insurances now being effected against danger from flies in the coming summer serve to remind us how lately our views on this subject have altered. The common house-fly, for instance, is now rightly regarded as a danger and a nuisance, but this is how a scientific article could speak of him in 1881: "It will be readily seen that any slight personal inconvenience to man, as produced by the habits of the perfect insect, are much more than compensated for by the unceasing labours of its larvae as scavengers."—London Daily Chronicle.

May 18. 1915

When as a youth I was boarding at Angers the mistress scolded her serving maid because she had let the cat eat a pound of butter. The servant excused herself as best she could. The cat was found to weigh only three-quarters of a pound.

Mr. Fitch and the Clergyman.

A few days ago we quoted from the diary of Jabez Fitch, Jr., published in Pilgrim Notes and Queries of last month. His observations in January, 1765, were chiefly about his "outside everyday jackoat," whether it should have "lappalls" or not. It was in January of the same year that he gave excellent reasons for not joining a considerable number of people assembled together to get wood for the Rev. Mr. Wight. "And if I be Examined why I did not go with them, etc., I have in Answer ye following Reasons (viz.):

"1st Because I have a Family of my own to support which I Judge need my Labour more than Mr. Wight & his Family does at present. [1st Timy 5th 8th]

"2nd Because there is several poor Families in ye plais which are more perfect objects of Charity, therefore I Judge it my Duty to help them sooner (if I were able) than the Revd. Mr. Wight.

"3rd Mr. Wight has got one Idle Son at least, to maintain, & has also got a Teem of his own, which together might get his wood, and be more Honourary to his Family and the Society, and les prejudisial to some perticular Family, in the plais who have more Pride and Ambition, than welth Judgment and good Consideration.

"Therefore I contlude from the foregoing Reasons (and many others which might be colected) that tis better for such poor men as myself and some others in the Neighbourhood to stay at home and do their own work, than to neglect their own Business to procure the Esteem of the Clergy &c."

A New England Hero.

The diary of Mr. Fitch leads one to think that the Rev. Jacob Abbott might have drawn from him the character of the immortal Jonas, the true hero of the Rollo books. Jonas is the ideal New Englander, conspicuous for shrewdness, inventive faculty, imperturbability, thrift, horse sense. He now suggests one of Plutarch's men with apothegms; and now Ralph Waldo Emerson, rather than Thoreau. He was without sentiment. If he had emotions they were not allowed to sway him. We forget whether Jonas ever married. If he had a wife he undoubtedly always addressed her as Mrs. Jonas, even in moments of marital privacy. If children had been born to him, he would have kept a rigidly accurate account of money paid out for them from the day of birth to the day they were twenty-one. It is not easy to determine whether he would have exacted repayment with interest at the legal rate. He surely would have shown them the figures and said: "See what you cost me. Now will you be good?" Beyond doubt and peradventure he put on his heaviest underclothing on Nov. 1 and took it off May 15 without regard to the weather. Perhaps boys do not read the Rollo books today, perhaps Jonas, Rollo and Uncle George are only known by an irreverent parody. It's a pity. Parents should see to it that their boys should digest as well as read the series. There should be reissues of the set, but with the same pictures and the same binding. No modern artist could improve on the old wood cuts. Remember the fate of the rash American who attempted to illustrate "Alice in Wonderland" after Tenniel. There should be a statue of Jonas in the most frequented square of every city in New England; on the common, near the liberty pole, of every village.

For theatre SEE page

Shirt Fronts.

Three months ago the Deutsche Tageszeitung warned its male readers that the starching of shirts could no longer be permitted in Berlin, for starch involved flour, and the use of flour was strictly regulated. An unsympathetic Englishman rejoiced at the thought of the Berliner wearing a soft shirt front and wrinkly cuffs. "They will not cohere with his customary pomposity so well as the stiff adornments did, and may, therefore, lead to an amelioration of his general social attitude." This stiff adornment was often a sham. We knew a lieutenant who used to obtain his luncheon and dinner at a pension in Berlin. He hoped with the aid of the landlady to land an American heiress spending the winter there. In his uniform he was a brilliant, magnificent creature. In civilian's dress he was less imposing. One day we discovered by accident that his glossy front was a dicky worn over a coarse flannel shirt. We were tempted to quote Dr. Holmes's lines to him:

> But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies
> That round his breast the shabby rustic ties;
> Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things,
> The indignant laundress blushes when she brings!

This reminds us that it is almost time for the appearance of impassioned editorial articles in praise of the soft shirt. Truly the starched shirt front is an abomination in warm weather, and few can wear a starched collar with the admirable coolness shown by Gibsonian young men in advertisements. The only objection to the "fatigue" shirt is that in too many instances it quickly looks fatigued.

Cheap Labor.

Advertisements published in London newspapers running "Men (young), light factory work; if cripples, deaf, dumb, etc., if they can stand and use both hands" are significant. We read that there is a good demand for ragsorters at 35 shillings a week, "which is about as much as many literary men have lately been making in a month."

Temperate Soldiers.

Mr. Richard Bagot says in his "Italians of Today": "To see an Italian soldier drunk or in any way misconducting himself in a public place is exceedingly rare—so rare, indeed, that it would create a very disagreeable impression on the witnesses. Indeed, the men of any one of the more important Italian regiments who misconducted themselves in a public place would, in addition to the severe punishment administered by the regimental authorities, undergo a very bad time of it at the hands of their own comrades."

May 19. 1915

In the announcement that Sir Edgar Speyer had resigned various offices and revoked his baronetcy it was stated that he married the daughter of "Count Ferdinand von Stosch." Leonora von Stosch was first known in Boston as a violinist. She fiddled at concerts of the Cecilia Society on Jan. 26, 27, 1892. While she had a decided musical talent, she then made a deeper impression by reason of her face and figure. There was much talk about them in "social circles," and the susceptible and magnetic Arthur Nikisch was not the only musician that looked on her with kindly eyes. There was the customary talk about her "belonging to a good family," but we do not remember that her honorable father was then described as a count. The only "Count Ferdinand" we knew was the hero of Smollett's novel. Miss von Stosch married Mr. Howland of World's Fair buildings at Chicago fame. They were divorced. Lady Speyer from time to time has fiddled in London, chiefly for charitable entertainments. And now she will be just Mrs. Speyer, for her husband, incensed because his loyalty has been doubted, has said to the British government, like the heroine in melodrama: "Take back the jewels you gave me." He can afford to be without a baronetcy, just as the Emperor William, while the war lasts, is probably not in need of the English garter that has been torn from him. The Boston Garter—we write this without thought of advertisement— is more practical. Wearing top boots, the Emperor perhaps needs no garter at all.

A Certain Mike.

For years there have been questions concerning Billy Patterson; where he lived, when he died, who struck him? A more familiar phrase today is: "For the love of Mike." Can any one of our contributors tell us who this particular Mike was, and why a man or woman should be entreated to do or not to do something for the love of him?

Perplexing Forks.

As the World Wags:

I was much disturbed last night, disturbed and perplexed. I dined here at a palace of the rich. Fortunately I had brought evening dress to the city and my linen was irreproachable. I bought a shirt that afternoon in a shop on Amsterdam avenue. The label assured the passer-by as he gaped at windows that the shirt was "classy." The host was an old college friend. Money has not spoiled him, for his grandfather and great grandfather had it before him. He was as cordial and simple as when we sat on the fence together 40 years ago and rolled cigarettes. My reversible cuffs behaved beautifully and my collar did not chafe me. Nor was I disconcerted in any way by my fellow-guests. There was a professor whose hair should have been cut a month before, and, in fact, I saw no man when I made an imposing entrance that presented a fairer view to the eye than I myself. The lady I took out to dinner was a brunette, without the stern acridity that often characterizes the type. She was well-informed and at once introduced the subjects of segregation, penology and twilight sleep, in which as a sociologist I am deeply interested. Physically she was eminently desirable and I settled myself for a pleasant evening.

But to my left I saw a row of forks. They were arranged neatly like tools on a dentist's tray. One had two prongs; one had three curiously shaped; there were other forks besides the ones to which I am accustomed. Which was for what? I watched my neighbor, but she passed the first course—was it of caviare or Littleneck clams? My confusion was so great that I have forgotten. The lady on my left was of generous proportions and so audaciously stripped above her waist that I did not dare to observe her closely lest my attention might have been misconstrued. I fear I committed solecisms; that I used a salad fork for the fish, and the fish fork for the ice cream. This I know: that when the last course requiring a fork was served, I was a fork shy and I fancied the waiter, second inside man, or whatever they called him, viewed me with ill-concealed contempt when he brought me the necessary tool.

I was told yesterday by a professional diner-out that I should have begun with the fork to the extreme left and worked my way toward my plate.

Would it not be a relief to many if at dinners, loosely described as formal or informal, the hostess should be served first and give the example by raising the appropriate, inevitable implement to her exquisitely chiselled mouth with a bold sweep, thus reassuring a hesitating guest and at the same time displaying to advantage her finely moulded arm?

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

New York, May 10.

P. S.—By the way, if a letter comes to you addressed to me from New York, please do not forward it to Clamport, though I expect to be there in a few days. The brunette promised to send me some startling statistics about segregation, and as I leave the city tonight, I told her that letters in your care would always reach me. H. J.

'IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS' GIVEN

The "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides was performed at the Harvard Stadium yesterday afternoon by the Lillah McCarthy-Granville Barker company. The performance was given under the auspices of the English and Classical departments of Harvard University. The translation into English was by Gilbert Murray.

Iphigenia	Lillah McCarthy
Orestes	Ian Maclaren
Pylades	Leonard Willey
Thoas	Lionel Braham
A Herdsman	Claude Rains
A Messenger	Philip Merivale
Pallas Athene	Mary Forbes
Leader of the Chorus	Alma Kruger

P. H.

Mr. Murray in the preface to his translation speaks of "Iphigenia in Tauris" as a romantic play with a happy ending. Is not the play rather a tragedy with a satirically ironical ending? He himself admits that the drama is "shot through by reflection, by reality, and by sadness"; that the shadow of exile and homesickness broods over it. Certainly Iphigenia is a tragic figure, and the play, before the intervention of the goddess Athena, is tragic. The winds fought against Orestes and Iphigenia bearing off the sacred image as the stars fought against Sisera. The Greeks would have soon again been in the hands of Thoas, the barbaric king and the savage Taurians, had not Athena appeared and saved the strangers. Thoas was submissive; he had to be. "There is naught, methinks, of honor in a battle fought 'gainst gods. The strength is theirs." And Athena made this speech, characteristic of Euripides: "For that which needs must be holdeth the high gods as it holdeth thee."

This theophany, or appearance of a god, according to Mr. Murray, seems to have been in the essence of the original conception of Greek drama. Euripides only invented or used an improved kind of stage machinery for introducing the apparition. This mechanical device was effective with Greek audiences and Mr. Murray believes the theophany would be so with any audience not too sophisticated or accustomed to fairies in pantomime. In this instance the intervention of Athena is wholly arbitrary. She assigns the cause of her interference to a higher power. Thoas, bloodthirsty, threatening the bond-women with hideous tortures, at once throws up his hands and is lamb-like in obedience.

We do not know how the Greeks, the first spectators, took these speeches of Thoas and Athena. We know that Euripides was accused of impiety on account of many lines in his tragedies. It is not easy to believe that he accepted the legends as an orthodox believer; yet in the "Bacchae," which was first introduced after his death, he seems to have written in a more devout spirit as one in the latter years tired of conjecture, doubt, denial.

The great scene in "Iphigenia in Tauris" is the maiden's recognition of Orestes. Here Euripides rose to a supreme height, as Richard Strauss did in the music that accompanies the recognition of Orestes by Electra. This scene is universal in its dramatic interest; it is also modern. Nor has any "psychological" analyst, choosing dramatic form, put on the stage a more carefully studied and deftly defined character than that of Iphigenia. As in nearly all the Greek tragedies there is endless battle-door and shuttle-cock dialogue in one line or in two lines that may easily weary a modern audience. Even Swinburne did not wholly rid himself of this tradition in his "Atalanta" and "Erectheus."

For the performance of a Greek tragedy there may be a wide difference of opinion concerning the subject of stage setting and costumes. Some may insist on archaeological accuracy; others may welcome the freedom in fancy that approaches extravagance. There are perplexing questions concerning the action of the chorus, especially its dancing; concerning the nature of the music. If all should agree on these subjects, if the production should satisfy in every way the pedant and the romanticist indifferent to tradition, the attitude and the receptivity of an audience in 1915 cannot be Athenian, not even in Cambridge. There have been "Pagans" born too late, as Goethe, Landor, Peacock, Swinburne, Leconte de Lisle, to whom Grecian myths and legends were more real and substantial than events of contemporaneous history, but what to the average American is Hecuba or what is Iphigenia to him? Women in great distress, as the heroines in any modern tragic play or melodrama. But to the mass of the Athenians in 414-412 B. C. this tragedy of Euripedes was fraught with religious import. Dialogue, allusions, stage ceremonies that are not clear to us were to them of sacred meaning. Tantalus and his descendants associated with heroic or awful deeds were not remote and shadowy. As Mr. Murray has remarked, even in the close union of Iphigenia and the image there was religion behind it. The dances of the chorus, the strophe and antistrophe, were symbolic, full of mysterious meaning. To quote De Quincey: "The mysterious solemnity conferred by the chorus presupposes, and is in perfect harmony with, our theory of a life within a life: a life sequestrated into some far-off slumbering state, having the severe tranquility of Hades; a life symbolized by the marble life of sculpture; but utterly out of all symmetry and proportion to the realities of that human life which we moderns take up as the basis of our Tragic Drama."

But let us speak of the performance yesterday. K. W.

Those who awaited eagerly the display of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's art in setting and costumes were rewarded. The scene disclosed the Temple of Artemis, with golden doors ornamented by black disks and scrolls. In front stood the altar, while on the turf beneath was stretched a large canvas. The costumes of the chorus struck the first note of eccentricity in Mr. Wilkinson's color scheme. These ladies wore orange skirts, trimmed with white bands. From their shoulders hung black mantles, ornamented with bands of blue and large figures of brilliant orange which matched their skirts and rivalled the peculiar orange of their complexions. Their hair was tightly bound with black, and their foreheads circled by blue filets.

The herdsman was a shaggy apparition who rushed upon the scene with breathless speed, delivered his message and departed, with renewed haste, by leaps and bounds. Iphigenia's attendants in the temple were bizarre and inquisitional figures in red, with crimson horny headdresses and black masks.

The triumph of Mr. Wilkinson's hectic imagination, however, was reached in the attire of King Thoas and his retainers. The monarch himself, impersonated by stalwart Mr. Braham, was wildly fantastical in checkered robe and fiery beard, bearing an ornithological sceptre. The costumes of his followers with their black and white Cubist legs and pink grass ballet skirts to match their tufted helmets beggared description.

Although Iphigenia's dress, a white robe, covered with red circles, the emblem of the cruel moon goddess, and a short tunic woven with snaky lines of blood, was intended to emphasize the horror of her momentary profession, it was less terrible than attractive.

...ly effective was her ... colored sacrificial robe and golden ...ched headdress. Orestes and Pylades wore unpretentious tunics.

Dramatically the performance was impressive, wholly admirable. Miss McCarthy enchanted not merely by her eloquent gestures, her facial play, but by the beauty of her voice and her art in imparting added significance to the lines. A woman of commanding stature she was always regal, noble, heroic. In the recognition scene she played with poignant tenderness.

Mr. Maclearn was in every detail an excellent Orestes. Pylades was acceptably portrayed by Mr. Willey. Mr. ...s, as the Herdsman, and Mr. Merivale as the Messenger, spoke their lines with rhetorical fire and emphasis. Mr. Braham was a barbaric Thoas. Miss Forbes chanted Pallas Athene's speeches musically and with fine enunciation.

The lyrics of the play were effectively intoned by the chorus, lead by Miss [illegible].

This afternoon at 5 o'clock "The Trojan Woman" will be performed.

May 20 1915

Nothing is worse than to feed on many dishes, or to protract the time of meats longer than ordinary; from thence proceed our infirmities, and 'tis the fountain of all diseases, which arise out of the repugnancy of gross humors. Thence saith Fernelius, come crudities, wind, oppilations, cacochymia, plethora, cachexia, bradiopepsia, Hinc subitae mortes, atque intestata senectus, sudden death, etc., and what not.

Mr. Johnson's Lapses

We gladly published Mr. Herkimer Johnson's letter yesterday, for any communication from this earnest student of sociology should be given at once to the world; but we were surprised that he should have sat at a pompous feast. We say "pompous" for any dinner that requires more than two forks is pompous. At his age he should know better. We have admired him as a man of singularly abstemious life, regular in his meal hours, however irregular he may be in keeping engagements, furnishing copy for the printer, paying bills, and in other matters that pertain to the conduct of life. A visitor at Mr. Johnson's humble cottage in Clamport was so churlish as to describe his table as meagre. He said at the Porphyry Club, and his offence was therefore the ranker, that one night for supper he had only fried mush and some stewed beach plums. But this visitor is a gross eater who at dinner is disappointed if he does not have raw oysters or clams, soup and preferably a thick one, fish, a joint, vegetables, salad, dessert, cheese, coffee.

Mr. Johnson should now deny himself feasts that at the best are doubtful and wholly fictitious. As Liszt remarked about piano playing, youth is the time for virtuosity. Mr. Johnson has long eaten his heaviest meal in the middle of the day. He should therefore not accept invitations for dinner served ... here from 7 P. M. to 8 P. M. Food eaten after 7 P. M. is poison to him. We are told that at a large dinner where the guests ordered wine, strong ..., malt liquor as it seemed good ..., Mr. Johnson was persuaded to drink tall glasses of gin and ginger ale. Thus he put the gin into ginger. Such experiments lead to deplorable results. A disordered stomach and a befuddled brain prevent mental activity the next morning.

Nor do we like to think of Mr. Johnson's evident interest in his brunette neighbor at table in New York. Still this interest may be purely sociological, for we remember that he once asked us whether in summer the saccharine fulness of the blonde or the stern aridity of the brunette would be the more agreeable to us.

Misused Tobacco

As the World Wags:

Although I am what some persons call a 'non-smoker' (unpleasant term in spite of the historic precedent, "nonjuror") I have lived in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke most of my life, and guests who smoke are free to do so in the bosom of my family. I have, however, some rather serious complaints against smokers. Not only do many of them throw half-smoked cigars and cigarettes into the street, but some, though I take it none entitled to write the word "armiger" after their names, fetch unquenched cigars into public conveyances and permit them to send forth offensive fumes, apparently with the hope of saving the unsmoked portion for the end of the journey. These public manifestations, however, are less offensive because less intimate, than some that one sees in homes and clubs. My simple but not unattractive chimney breast bears the mark of a match scratched across it by a smoker who should have known better. I've known tablecloths in clubs, and I think in private houses, disfigured with holes burned by carelessly handled cigars or cigarettes. Many smokers damage woodwork in private houses by leaving their lighted cigarettes too long on a convenient mantel or ledge. I've ... marks of this carelessness in my own house. Finally I have seen much ... the ... make of their after ... coffee cups by mixing cigar ashes and burnt matches with the dregs of the coffee. Lest any smoker commiserate me upon the company I keep, I make haste to say that I have seen these exhibitions of bad manners not only at my own humble table (of course after the women have withdrawn to the library—we have no drawingroom) but in the few houses of the great and fashionable to which I have had rare access. Frankly, I think every smoker who reads this mild counterblast to tobacco should resolve never to do any of these things. NON-SMOKER.

Boston, May 17.

Flickers and Sir Walter

"Non-Smoker" might have spoken of the careless person that flicks away cigar ashes on a rug and then says with a silly look: "You know tobacco is good against moths." Then there is the man that nonchantly tosses a cigarette butt, still burning, into the waste basket. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he did not like to see women smoke cigarettes for two reasons: they had a stained and smelly finger and an offensive breath; but Mr. Johnson is hyper-sensitive in some respects. While we are discussing tobacco let us quote from the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, knight, by John Aubrey:

"He was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion. In our part of North Wilts, e. g., Malmesbury hundred—it came first into fashion by Sr. Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my gr. father Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sr. W. R., standing in a stand at Sr. Ro. Poyntz parke, at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, wch made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its wayto in silver."

"The Trojan Women" Effectively Produced—Large Audience Enjoys Play.

"The Trojan Women," by Euripides, was played at the Harvard Stadium yesterday afternoon by the Lillah McCarthy-Grenville Baker company.

Poseidon	Lionel Braham
Pallas Athena	Mary Forbes
Hecuba	Lillah McCarthy
Cassandra	Chrystal Herne
Andromache	Edith Wynne Matthison
Helen	Gladys Hanson
Talthybius	Ian McLaren
Menelaus	Philip Merivale
Chorus Leader	Alma Kruger

This tragedy, first acted in 415 B. C., was inspired by a cruel deed in war and has a peculiar significance today. No wonder that Mr. Gilbert Murray, whose translation was used, wrote recently a second preface. Athens had compelled the neutral island of Melos to war against her; she had besieged the town, put the men to the sword and sold the women and children into slavery. Euripides shows us the fate of the Trojan women after the fall of their city, and thus, as Mr. Murray says, the tragedy is "the first great expression of the spirit of pity for mankind exalted into a moving principle."

There is Hecuba, the mother of many sons. Andromache, mourning her beloved Hector, angry at the thought that there were women who, led into captivity, foreswore their dead and gave strange kisses to their new lords and masters; Andromache farewelling forever her child Astyanax; Cassandra, allotted to the King of Men; Helen, gentle, unafraid, protesting her innocence in the face of Menelaus. There is Talthybius, the loyal soldier, who in his heart revolts at the cruelties ordered him by his superiors, as there were Germans in Belgium loath, though commanded, to afflict the innocent civilians. In this tragedy there is little thought of revenge in the future. If there is to be vengeance, let it be wreaked on Helen, the captives exclaim, and bitterest among them is Hecuba, who answers Helen's defence and persuades Menelaus not to sail back to Argos on the same ship, knowing that Helen's beauty is all-powerful. Even Poseidon, the god, was obliged to go forth from Troy and his altars. Of what avail are gods and goddesses to Hecuba? They have betrayed her; they are evil deities, and so she prays the strange prayer to the "deep Base of the World," and the "high Throne above the World, whoe'er thou art, unknown and hard of surmise."

The performance yesterday afternoon was remarkable for the excellence of the acting and for the costumes which, with the exception of the dress worn by the chorus, were gorgeous in coloring, superlatively artistic in design. There was none of the grotesqueness of the day before. Each of the four feminine figures, whose woes and adventures are related in the play, was dressed not merely with striking beauty but in a fashion which reflected her condition and state of mind.

Hecuba, a regal and commanding figure in yellow, black and gray, dominated the scene. A sweep of black mantle ornamented ... to gray disks and [illegible] ... The ... indeed echoes the spirit of the times with its tragic chronicling of fire and sword, human life ruthlessly wasted, the anguish of those left behind and the arrogance of the conqueror. Then there is the pathetic incident of the boy Astyanax and the tragic spectacle of his mother's grief.

Perhaps after all the sorrow of the aged Hecuba is the most poignantly impressed upon the spectator. No sight is more moving than old age shorn of its hope, mourning alone and uncomforted. Miss McCarthy rose to great tragic heights in her impersonation. She knows the value of repose. There was no more effective moment in her performance than when she sat calm, immovable, in grief, which blow after blow had turned to stone, while Talthybius laid Hector's dead child across her knees. Throughout she was a tragic and imposing figure, whether bewailing her fate and that of those dear to her, pitying Cassandra, encouraging Andromache, taunting Helen or lamenting, with passionate tenderness, over the body of her dead grandson. Her voice, too, served her well and the fire and eloquence of her diction excited admiration.

Miss Matthison was a touching Andromache. Her voice is rich and musical and her elocutionary art was effectively displayed. Miss Herne, too, played Cassandra with charm and eloquence. Miss Hanson was a voluptuous Helen, though her art in reading lines does not yet equal that of her associates, and her plea in self-defence was delivered with little conviction. Mr. Maclaren was a sympathetic Talthybius. Mr. Merivale was a princely Menelaus in speech and action.

A large and interested audience was appreciative.

May 21 1915

Something has been said here of late about Charles I., "the Martyr." A paragraph published in a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle should, therefore, interest the amusingly devoted American followers of the Stuarts and those that hold the Stuarts in [illegible]: "Little enthusiasm ... the ... company of the ... would be stirred by the proposed elevation of Charles I. to the rank of an English saint. Nothing in life became him so well as his manner of ending it and on that memorable scene—the last—he did nothing mean. But he delayed the display too long, and to the nation he appears as a man with whom it was dangerous to do business on the promissory basis. Today the nation would accept with indifference this saintly order of merit for the Stuart King; and no doubt Charles I. will be very much pleased."

Neglected Spain.

As the World Wags:

Is there a conspiracy of silence against Spain in the United States?

Time was when Americans—and especially New Englanders—took an interest in the land of the Dons. Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, Lowell, all felt an irresistible attraction for the country where the cross and the crescent were opposed in a gigantic struggle lasting seven centuries. The English also came under the spell of Spain—Scott, Shelley, Southey, Lockhart and Edward Fitzgerald among others. It was the Americans, however, who found Spain a fruitful field for their labors. Ticknor and Prescott will survive owing almost solely to their works on the literature and history of the Spaniards.

Time works many changes and Spain seems to have fared badly at his hands. As George Fitch said the other day in one of his delightful "Vest-pocket Essays," her name only gets into the headlines when Don Alfonso sidesteps an Anarchist's bomb. When Przemysl fell to the Russians the papers published a list of famous sieges. But where was the Saragossa, which baffled one of Napoleon's marshals, and where, after a second siege she was taken, not one house was found standing, and there were over ...00 corpses amongst the ruins. Where was the Saragossa which inspired Tom Moore with one of his most beautiful songs? Again, in an article on the "Prison Camp College," which the English prisoners have started in Germany, the writer recalls the fact that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a "History of the World" while he was an unwilling guest of his Britannic majesty in the Tower of London and that Galileo ... a new scheme for the ... while he was a prisoner of the Inquisition. Allowing for a moment that those statements be true, why not mention that the best book ever written—except the ..., of course—was composed in prison. Why this neglect of Cervantes and his immortal Don Quixote?

The reference to Galileo, however, is ... He did not conceive ... [illegible]

... Again, why is Spain neglected by Americans? Is it because she "got licked" by the United States? It were well to remind ... Homer and his language ... and taught in all the colleges of the civilized world ... most of the ... of Greece ... forgotten. Likewise, the ... of Cervantes will undoubtedly endure as long as ... and Roosevelt. M. J. L.

Lynn, May ...

Does "M. J. L." really think that Sir Walter Raleigh's history is "worthless" ... from the literary point of view? What does he say to this passage from the fifth book:

"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet."

Dr. Johnson, Charles J..., ... Hallam praised ... style, the elder Disraeli ... eloquence; and Oliver Cromwell ... his son Richard to add ... by reading the history.

The English Starling

As the World Wags:

This little bird ... at the present ... in New England ... all through New England ... of them over 100 years old and full of holes and decayed matter. Many of them are on the last verge of ...tion owing to neglect and old age. Trees cannot last forever. They must be replanted to retain their ... and bear marketable fruit. Some of these trees were planted not later than the war of 1812. This dear little bird knows these trees are full of worms ... their trunks and fruit. Is it any wonder that he, being a valuable ...rous bird knows where to find ... bread? Let us be fair to the little creature, and if he destroys a few ... apples, what of it? Tell the ... and be fair to one of our ... birds. Audubon ... the most valuable of the swallow family, and I think his ... question. God made the birds ... doesn't bring the food to the nest.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

A Common Human Weakness

As the World Wags:

Coming from a lecture where the speaker was very earnest and expressed intense feeling, have you ever noticed the fact that one person will characterize it as "dangerous ...alism" and another as "... nation"? Is it not queer how our feelings warp our judgment?

For my own part I have never been able to see how the "sheltered" woman can form an opinion of any value on the subject of white slavery. ... that are worth while can be ... on experience and the actual experience of the "sheltered" woman ... life of the race as it manifests itself for good or for evil, is so slight as to be worth just nothing at all. ... "sheltered" woman ... tional ... feeling ... knows through ... to be ... door ...

The first step towards ... realize the limits of one's own knowledge. A. A. M... L.

Wellesley.

May 22 1915

Like the foolish fat scullion in Sterne, who hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is "So am not I!" The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, only seems to strengthen and enhance our sense of the possession and enjoyment of life. Others may fall around us like leaves, or be mowed down by the scythe of Time like grass; these are but metaphors to the unreflecting, buoyant ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope and Joy withering around us, that we give up the flattering delusions that before led us on, and that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us hypothetically to the silence of the grave.

The Great Fear.

A friend says of Mr. F... who ... with the sinking ... that he died ... would ... The ... [illegible]

...ted ... n ... r ...
...ve shows ex... e or ...
...eanor in shipwreck and disast...
...nd, who, if taken sick and attended ...
...hysicians and nurses, might h...
...oiced the dread that is natural to the
...ast majority. Montaigne asked wh...
... proceeded that in times of war, the
...sage of death seemed without all com-
...rison much less dreadful and terrible
...nto us than in our houses or in our
...eds. He discoursed bravely. So did
...acon in his solemn way, declaring that
...he fear as a tribute due unto nature is
...eak. But the arguments of these es-
...ayists are of little comfort to timorous
...ortals, those that are sensitive and
...maginative and those that would miss
the grosser pleasures of earth. We
know a man who in his talk is looking
forward to more extended knowledge,
eager to see life, on other planets, to
solve mysteries and the secrets of
things now hidden; but he is constantly
feeling his pulse and taking his temperature, and if he is rheumy he sends for a doctor and a trained nurse. The great majority of us are like the pitiable hero of Zola's "La Joie de Vivre," terribly afraid, though we may not whine; and for this reason we find that Alexander Smith in his essay on "Death and Dying" and Hazlitt discussing the feeling of immortality in youth are closer to us than Bacon and Montaigne with their stoics' masks. Nor does Walt Whitman's serenade to death wholly reassure us.

And so the old prayer for deliverance from sudden death is changed by many into a petition that death may come unexpectedly; that there may be a running jump, not a paralytic crawl into the next chamber. Should any one be congratulated on attaining his 90th birthday? "The profit of life consists not in the space, but rather in the use."

For the Love o' Mike.

As the World Wags:

Limerick Mike of a downtown Manhattan hotel is now the most popular waiter in the tap room. For more than 20 years he was the friend and counsellor of the Amen Corner crowd at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, now, alas, but a memory. He ministered unto (and yet solaces his particular proteges who, exhausted by business, political or convivial exertions, threw themselves on his mercy. He comforted them with a flagon, tall, mellow and frosty, that bore a message from green fields and a faint aroma of smoking peat. "Down this, 'or," would he say, "for the love o' Mike." The soul of the draught was pale ould Irish potheen, without a trace of what Mike used to stigmatize bitterly as "fizzle-ile." B. P.

Boston, May 19.

This is an excellent story, well told. All up for Mike. Something in our heart, however, tells us that this is not the origin of the phrase.—ED.

The Good Old Times

Looking over a copy of the London Magazine for August, 1737, we found these "Society Items" under the head "Marriages and Births."

"Capt. Dives of the 2d regiment of guards, to Miss Montgomery, a Yorkshire lady of 7000 £ fortune.

"Mr. Vandeval, a rich Dutch merchant, married at the Bull-and-Mouth meeting, to Miss Ingraham, daughter of Mr. Ingram, a linnen-draper in Cheapside; a fortune of 10,000 £.

"Daniel Moor of Woodstock, Esq., to Mrs. Curzon, Relict of Abraham Curzon, Esq.; a lady of 25,000 £ Fortune."

On the same page we read that James Gray, mariner, for robbing a man of a moidore and six shillings in silver "who had nothing to say in his defence but that he did it only for fun," was sentenced to death; so were three men for stealing a horse, and three for housebreaking.

Here is a story of commercial enterprise: "Aug. 25. This day a man well dress'd on horseback rode as fast as possible from Fulham along the King's Road, who call'd out to the Keepers of the several turnpikes, when he was at some distance from them, to open their gates, telling them he was a messenger and was going to St. James's with an account of her Majesty's death, which alarm presently took wind and was spread about the town for truth; whereupon a messenger was immediately dispatch'd by his Royal Highness to Hampton-Court, who soon return'd with the agreeable news that their Majesties and the rest of the Royal Family were in good health. Upon the above report several woolen drapers went and bought black cloth at Blackwell Hall, and some considerable mercers dispatch'd immediately expresses for Norwich to buy up blacks there; and several of them went into Spittle-Fields, to bespeak black silks, grey lute-strings, etc, and blacks and greys immediately rose 20 per cent."

May 23 '915

Mr. Justin Henry Shaw of Portsmouth, N. H., has sent to us a copy of the London Magazine for August, 1737. It contains a journal of the proceedings and debates in "the last session of Parliament with" a speech made in the "H—se of L—ds" by the "E—l of Ch—ld" against the bill for "explaining and amending so much of the Vagabond Act as relates to common players of Interludes." This speech might have been delivered with effect any time during the last month ...

We quote significant portions

"The bill now before you I apprehend to be of a very extraordinary, a very dangerous nature. It seems designed not only as a restraint on the licentiousness of the stage, but it will prove a most arbitrary restraint on the Liberty of the Stage; and, I fear, it looks yet farther, I fear it tends towards a restraint on the liberty of the press, which will be a long stride towards the destruction of liberty itself. It is not only a bill, my lords, of a very extraordinary nature, but it has been brought in at a very extraordinary season, and pushed with most extraordinary dispatch.

"Our laws are sufficient for punishing any person that shall dare to represent on the Stage, what may appear, either by the words or the representation, to be blasphemous, seditious, or immoral.

"A new law must, therefore, be unnecessary, and in the present case it cannot be unnecessary without being dangerous: Every unnecessary Restraint on Licentiousness is a Fetter upon the Legs, is a Shackle upon the Hands of Liberty. One of the greatest Blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest Blessings a People can enjoy, is Liberty; but every good in this life has its Allay of evil: Licentiousness is the Allay of Liberty; it is an Ebullition, an excrescence; it is a speck upon the Eye of the Political Body, which I can never touch but with a gentle, with a trembling Hand, lest I destroy the Body, lest I injure the Eye upon which it is apt to appear.

"If Poets and Players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are by the known laws of their Country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their Country. Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and Pleasure of any one Man. A power lodged in the Hands of one single Man, to judge and determine without any Limitation, without any Controll or Appeal, is a sort of Power unknown to our Laws, inconsistent with our Constitution. It is a higher, a more absolute Power than we trust even to the King himself.

"To prevent the acting of a Play which has any Tendency to Blasphemy, Immorality, Sedition or private Scandal can signify nothing, unless you can likewise prevent its being printed and published. On the contrary, if you prevent its being acted, and admit of its being printed and published, you will propagate the Mischief; Your Prohibition will prove a Bellows which will blow up the Fire you intend to extinguish.

"Let us consider, my Lords, that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any Country at once. It must be introduced by slow Degrees and, as it were, Step by Step, lest the People should perceive its Approach. The Barriers and fences of the People's Liberty must be pluck'd up one by one and some plausible Pretences must be found for removing a hood-winking, one after another, those Sentries who are posted by the Constitution of every free Country, for warning the People of their Danger. When these preparatory Steps are once made, the People may then, indeed, with Regret see Slavery and arbitrary Power making long Strides over their Land, but it will be then too late to think of preventing or avoiding the impending Ruin. The Stage, my lords, and the Press are two of our Out-Sentries; if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in Fetters, the Enemy may surprize us."

Romance of a Commonwealth Theatre

The arrival of the Liverpool Commonwealth Players in London led Mr. Cecil Chisholm to write about the birth, life and adventures of this company. He began by saying that repertory companies are not usually romantic. "The bloodless fare on which they tend to thrive makes them the least theatrical of stage folk. But the Liverpool Commonwealth Players are different. They are the Cinderellas of the art theatre." Mr. Chisholm continues:

"Having neither a fairy godmother, like Miss Horniman, to dower their theatre, nor a golden grandparent like Mr. Barry V. Jackson to make ends meet, they have had to fight for their own fortunes. Adventures have been numerous; disaster has occasionally clouded the horizon. They have had most of the kicks that a commercialized theatre can discreetly avoid.

"The theatre was founded some three and a half years ago by a number of local enthusiasts, who formed themselves into a company for the purpose. Their first manager and producer was Mr. Basil Dean, one of Miss Horniman's brilliant young men. Mr. Dean was nothing if not ambitious. He gave Liverpool some memorable productions. Especially he devoted himself to the modern staging of poetic drama. His staging of Hauptmann's 'Hannele' was a triumph of delicate lighting and atmospheric sympathy. But Liverpool was apathetic about both Hauptmann and poetic drama. And it showed its apathy with the most amazing nonchalance. The Repertory Theatre, in short, was not a success.

"Soon, however, London claimed Mr. Dean. He came to His Majesty's to assist in the production of 'Drake' ... other pageant plays. Leaving its ideals aside perforce for a little, the Repertory took to light comedy and other congenial fare. Gradually things began to improve. The nucleus of an audience gathered permanently around the theatre, thanks largely to the indefatigable efforts of a peculiarly energetic playgoers' club. Then Liverpool discovered a liking for light comedy, and an author, Mr. Ronald Jeans, very competent to provide it. The company, too, boasted in Miss Estelle Winwood a player with a distinct personality.

"Altogether things were looking up for the last autumn season. A stronger company, under Miss Madge McIntosh, had already been engaged. Then the war broke out. At a hurried meeting the directors agreed the situation was hopeless, and it was virtually decided to close down the theatre. There was to be one of the little artistic tragedies that strew the path of progress. But the directors had reckoned without their leading lady. Miss Estelle Winwood refused to admit defeat. Why should the players not carry on the enterprise for themselves?

"Miss Madge McIntosh, the new producer, agreed to try. And since that date Liverpool's Repertory Theatre has been a huge success! The players have won the heart of the public, once so careless of their fate. Strolling in the other evening, I found the house packed even for so melancholy a tragedy as Mr. John Galsworthy's 'The Fugitive.'

"Indeed, Liverpool is now at the feet of its Commonwealth players. It has not even shied at Shaw! During the past winter 'Candida' and 'The Doctor's Dilemma' have been given with much success. Even such serious fare as Mr. St. John Ervine's shrewdly observed 'Jane Clegg' and such thoughtful comedy as Mr. Rudolf Besier's 'Don' have found ready favor.

"And here a word of warning. It must not be imagined that the Liverpool Repertory is just another edition of the Manchester Players. For the two companies are as different as the work they do. There is nothing Ibsenesque about the Liverpool productions. Miss Madge McIntosh strives rather after vivacity and color. And in Mr. Wilfrid E. Shine she has a comedian of parts."

Notes About the Theatre and Players

The Liverpool company began its engagement at the Kingsway Theatre, London, May 3. The plays then performed were: "The Kiss Cure," by Ronald Jeans and a little curtain-raiser, "Pauline," by the same author. The Times said of this play: "Like the Comedie Francaise the Liverpool Commonwealth company manages its own business. Ambitiously, like the Comedie Francaise, it has its own dramatic repertory. Punctiliously, like the Comedie Francaise, it offers you the hero of one night as valet on the next. This is quite a respectable extent of likeness to begin with; when the Commonwealth is as old as the Comedie it will be time to make comparisons of histrionic accomplishment. What suggests comparison at all is the first London production of the Commonwealth, 'The Kiss Cure,' which is just the type of play Marivaux, a favorite author of the Comedie, wrote a century and a half ago and wrote rather better. To be sure, a good many people have been writing plays of this particular type between Marivaux and Mr. Ronald Jeans and you might label any one of them after the original title, 'Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard.' No—For it is always, this game of love and chance, the same game. Rather, it is the same dance. The couples pout, set to partners, pout again, execute a chassecroise, change partners, and finally each claims his true love (who was at first somebody else's true love) with a kiss. If Marivaux wrote this sort of thing better, that was partly because he had the luck to write in the Dresden-china time of powder and patch, Watteau swains and shepherdesses. An artificial dance-figure seemed less appropriate and less credible in our contemporary world of golfers and motor cyclists, especially when these contemporary swains call their nymphs Steller and Joanner—an almost universal practice with our young actors and a torture to the fastidious ear. If Mr. Jeans does not write like Marivaux, who had a style, he writes at any rate with simplicity and naturalness and even a certain elegance. 'The Kiss Cure' is, in short, a quite agreeable entertainment for those—and they are not few—who find the comedy of dance-figures entertaining. The gyrating and interchanging couples are played, with youthful buoyancy as they should be, by Miss Estelle Winwood (a minx) and Mr. Fred Cooper (a simpleton), Miss Edith Smith (demure foil to minx) and Mr. William Armstrong (with stutter and Scotch burr). Mr. Wilfred Shine, as a comic butler who comes late into a stage world already overpopulated with comic butlers, yet contrives to excite laughter. A little foreplece by the same author, 'Pauline,' serves for the reintroduction of that agreeable actress, Miss Madge McIntosh, to the London stage, if for nothing else."

The Daily Telegraph found the fun in "The Kiss Cure" a little thin. "There was more sparkle and effervescence than flavor." Mr. Jeans's dialogue is "always vivacious, and sometimes he brings off a very good thing. There was the young G... ... in a fine frenzy of affection assures the lady, 'I'll write for a box of cigarettes for you. And I'll pay for them myself.' There was the flirt who thus expounded her art: 'He kisses you, and when it's disappointing you say: "How dare you?" Not very ambitious wit, you remark, but effective enough." There are two pairs of lovers—the shy, devoted man and the hesitating girl, the man who forces the pace and the accomplished flirt." The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette passed a pleasant evening.

"Who's the Lady?" was revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre May 2. The Times, speaking of the production a little over a year ago, says: "Whether the censor should allow the heroine to have her dress torn from her and to parade for the best part of one act in unostentatious underclothing seemed a quite interesting question then, but it does not appear to matter now. The only thing that does matter is that it makes quite an enjoyable evening's entertainment which takes our thoughts away for a little while from more serious things."

A prize play, "The Royal Way," by Bertha N. Graham, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, May 4. It is a romantic melodrama with modern Greece the background of love and political intrigue.

"Exchange," adapted by Rowland Thurnam from the French of Paul Claudel, a mystic and symbolist, was produced by the Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre, London, May 2. The Times said: "It is always difficult to lock minds with a new dramatist at a first hearing; the opinions formed might be much altered by closer study of the work in the original. But from this first hearing, in English always fairly good and sometimes very good, one carries away an impression of passages of great beauty, of symbolism not always very clear, of a finely sensitive statement of a spiritual relationship, and also of an imagination sometimes sprawling and sometimes positively sloppy. The first two acts show with profound insight the average woman and the average man; the man, restless and adventurous, striving to break the shackles on his freedom, the woman doing her best to hold him by all the ties in her command—the lover, the mother, the servant in her, the rights of the wedding-ring, and the memory of early love. To emphasize the contrast M. Claudel makes the husband a mere boy, the wife a homely soul. To break the spiritual bond that unites them, two forces are at work: the commercial, typified by a rich man who wants the young wife, and is prepared to buy her for so much in dollars and cents (for the scene is pitched in America), and the destructive, the 'man-eating' in woman, typified by an actress. In the first two acts they play out their tragic parts in a manner that has a beauty and an intensity by no means due only to the novelty of M. Claudel's queer method—his queer presentation of a world that is at once familiar and symbolic. In the third the play seems to go to pieces. It begins with an exquisite reverie by the deserted wife, it goes on with an interminable piece of harsh nonsense from the actress, who has gone and got drunk. Perhaps Miss Auriol Lee fumbling for forgotten words, made this episode seem more tedious than it need have, but we do not think that the fault lay entirely with Miss Lee. Mr. Stanley Turnbull played the man of business and Mr. Eric Stroan the youth. But the event of the evening was Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's playing of the wife. In passion and in serenity, this was a performance of a rare and engrossing beauty."

The Pall Mall Gazette was savage about "Exchange." "A note in the program informed the audience that, to be able properly to appreciate the work of this author, it is necessary to be 'purified, attuned, and restrained.' It may be from a lack of these qualifications that the play struck us as silly, platitudinous and dull. A nice but evidently foolish girl had married a wretched creature younger than herself, who had been a thief before his marriage, proved an egotistical and faithless husband, and obligingly got drowned in the last act. An American citizen of wealth desired the young wife, to the neglect of his own mistress, who contemporaneously 'carried on' with the young husband, and then got drunk, and maundered considerably towards the end of the play until she obligingly fell asleep. And judging from a certain music that reached us from the row of seats behind, a number of the audience had flatteringly followed her example in the latter respect. What it all meant or why it was written, or why the program note should call M. Claudel a 'superior' dramatist, or why the Pioneers should have worried to get his play produced are all things which are 'wrop in mystery.' The one natural touch of the evening was the fact that three out of the four players engaged had found the business of memorizing their parts a task beyond their powers."

Mr. Walbrook wrote this notice and on May 4 he wrote: "The note by M. Georges Duhamel which was printed in the program of the Pioneer Society's production of M. Paul Claudel's play, 'Exchange,' at the Little Theatre on Sunday night, was, in its way, one of the most entertaining and also one of the

[illegible] disastrous things of the kind [illegible] ever seen. M. Du[illegible] was made to inform the audience that the actors interpreting M. Claudel's play required 'exceptional vocal resources' as well as soul.' He was also made to remind the audience that if they themselves were to enjoy the full bouquet of the Claudelian feast, they needed to be 'purified, attuned and restrained.' The note proceeded as follows: 'Everything in Claudel's work must seem strange to those who cannot rid themselves of preconceived ideas. To get on terms with him, you must throw away your old scales and your old compass; you must repudiate the days of a perspective which until now you have thought just. * * * Whether Claudel makes you uneasy, or fills you with enthusiasm, or disconcerts you, you will admit that he has the supreme virtue of gripping your soul and of making you forget for the moment that there is any world but his.' After that it was, perhaps, scarcely surprising that the play achieved only a rather partial success. It is very dangerous to inform an audience beforehand that the play it is going to see is about to grip its soul."

Mr. Edward Urwick is the author of this sonnet, addressed to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt:

Once your great art a British boy so moved,
That you upon a pedestal he raised
Above mere mortals. Going forth amazed
Into the night, beneath the stars he roved,
Wrapt in enchantment that the Heavens approved.
His paeans rose in murmurs solemn-phrased,
In his young spirit so your brilliance blazed;
He loved his country, wherein you are loved.

If France had you alone her place to hold
In honor of great artists, she were strong,
And rightly boastful, and supremely fine.
We knew your softest whisper purest gold,
Your acting shall be ever shrined in song,
For song alone makes an eternal shrine.

M. Jules Cheret, Miss Maud Allan, and the production in London of "Sumurun" and "The Miracle" are also honored by Mr Urwick in the sonnet form.

The Manchester Guardian says of Mrs. Clifford's new play, "Two's Company," produced at Manchester, Eng., May 3, "it is the jollier possibilities at which the author aims."

"The Right to Kill," adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyser from "L'Homme qui Assassina," by Pierre Frondaie, was produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, May 4. Some of the critics spoke of the scene at Constantinople opening at the time of the war. This was a poor guess. The original play was produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, Dec. 19, 1912. At the Haymarket Sir Herbert Tree played the Marquis de Sevignne; Arthur Bouchier, Mehmed Pasha; Irene Vanbrugh, Lady Falkland, and Edmund Maurice, Sir Archibald Falkland. "The melodrama has, indeed, all the graces of the drawing-room and all the glamour of Constantinople, but we were not very much thrilled by the death of the villain or the anguish of the hero."

There was one interesting reading in the Streatham Shakespeare Players' very creditable performance of "Twelfth Night" (in Elizabethan dress) on Saturday night. It occurred at the oft-quoted moment when Olivia unveils, and the actress said of her face: "Look you, sir, such a one I wear. This present. Is't not well done?" It is a familiar line, more usually spoken as: "Look you, sir, such a one I wear this present." Mr. Massey's version certainly has much to commend its general adoption.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 3.

It has been pointed out that visitors to the Haymarket to see "Quinneys"—which I am not all surprised to hear has quickly settled into the groove of success—should on no account miss the little piece which precedes it. Miss Gertrude Jennings's one-act play, "Five Birds in a Cage." The story of how this came to be written is rather interesting. Mr. Frederick Harrison wanted a short play for one of the patriotic matinees, of which so many have lately been held in his beautiful playhouse, and he asked Miss Jennings if she could let him have one. In two days she had written "Five Bird in a Cage." It was presented at the matinee in question, made an immediate success, and now it is in the nightly bill. It is, of course, a piece which a writer with a ready wit could, as they say, "knock off in no time," for dramatic construction plays but a small part in it. A number of people are 'hung up" in a lift, they talk; et voila tout. As soon as the lift moves to its landing stage the play is over. But how well Miss Jennings has conducted the conversation of her characters, and how neatly she brings out the type of each! The effect is sharp and entertaining, and the success of the little piece is complete. We have now seen several one-act plays from this writer, and they have all been good. We hope soon to see a longer comedy from her pen.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Apropos of "On Trial" produced at the Lyric, London, on April 29, the Times said: "Why does American melodrama bear export better than American farce? For one reason, because jokes are apt to be local. Whereas thrills never are. For another, because the American virtue of strict attention to business is all the more effective when the business is serious business.

Mme. Rejane appeared at the New Theatre May 3 as Sans Gene. The Times gave this excellent account of her performance: "One can never tire of [illegible] [illegible] of the capital ins[illegible] of [illegible]on of actress and part. Chattering [over] her laundry in the prologue [learning], years later, when she is the Duchess of Dantzig, how to receive royalty getting tied up in her train and tressed in her new clothes, swearing, speaking her mind, chatting over old times with the Emperor, standing up for herself and her friends—whatever she does, she does with immense enjoyment and vigor, and with a beautiful naturalness. Her vulgarity is always delicious—it is so natural; there is never a hint that Mme. Rejane or Mme. Sans-Gene or Mme. la Duchess is showing off. And so Mme. Sans-Gene, with Rejane in the title part, is always fresh and delightful." Mme. Rejane, it appears on April 29, gave a remarkable reading of Cammaret's "Carillon," with the accompaniment of Elgar's music: "Its intensity stabbed right to the heart, its tenderness in the one moment where she allowed tenderness to appear was almost overwhelming. She had not much to tell of 'la fierte de rester charitable,' but everything was concentrated in the vengeance of the last line. Perhaps in this particular, but if so in this alone, she had not got the poet's reading of the poem, but she seemed to have got the musician's, for the outburst of Elgar's music at the end is more one of vengeance than of charity."

"Potash and Perlmutter" has been produced in Petrograd.

Notes About Music and Musicians

The death of Neil Forsyth, general manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden—he was drowned while fishing on the Spey, April 29, for his boat was caught in a whirlpool and capsized—brought to the mind of his obituarists stories of his association with the opera. He was with Sir Augustus Harris, who was always willing to oblige everyone. "At a time when the question of pitch was very much under discussion a certain prima donna complained that the piano which was used for vocal rehearsals was 'too high.' Whereupon tuning to Forsyth, his 'chief' asked him to get a carpenter to saw an inch off each leg of the offending instrument." Another story was told of Forsyth about the sensitiveness of singers. "I remember," he said, "two great singers who were about to fight a duel in Covent Garden because they were jealous of each other's reputation. They walked excitedly about the building mumbling, 'I will kill him,' and each asked me to be his second. One assured me that his lamented mother-in-law would not rest in her grave if he delayed killing his rival. The next morning, determined to prevent bloodshed, I informed them both that duelling was not allowed in this country, and that if they did not shake hands at once it would be my duty to take them across the road at once to Bow street police station, where they would incur the full penalty of the law. The threat had the desired effect, for they not only shook hands but kissed one another."

At an auction in London for a war charitable fund, Sir Robert Hudson won the original manuscript score of Sullivans "Utopia" at 50 guineas, and an autograph copy of Paderewski's "Minuet" helped with £8, nobody challenging Lady Wernher further. George Henschel's present of the autograph of one of Brahms's songs made 12 guineas, but Elgar's original manuscript sketches for his Second Symphony, contributed by C. Sandford Terry, were withdrawn. The composer's own gift of a Nelson letter recording his resolve of Sept. 1, 1780: "I shall recover, and my dream of glory be fulfilled. Nelson will yet be an admiral," realized as much as £52 (Young).

A violin sonata by N. Medtner, a Russian, was played in London on May 4. "He has it in him to write in a style thoroughly redolent of the soil." The first movement is a gracefully melodious canzona; the second full of the spirit of the dance; the third, the weakest, has "quickly changing moods of languor and feverish excitement." Michael Zacharewitsch, the violinist, introduced a set of his own arrangements of Russian peasant tunes and battle songs.

Joseph Holbrooke's recent orchestral variations on "Auld Lang Syne" were played in London May 10.

The Daily Chronicle found a new violin sonata by Delius, played in London April 30, a little disappointing. "There were in it many moments of rare charm and beauty, but one's impressions after listening to the music were that the composer's genius is one which is individual to, and belongs entirely to, the orchestra. His scheme of harmony is one that grows out of orchestral coloring to a very large extent, and his melodies are much in the same way intimately bound up with tone color. The last movement of the sonata is the finest. It has a fine swing and glowing beauty."

It appears that Scriabin, the Russian composer, died of the disease of the lip from which he was suffering when in England last year, and that he had just finished the wonderful poetical text of the prologue to his "Mystery." When Scriabin was suffering terrible pain just before his death, he clutched his hands and his last words were, "I must be self-possessed, like Englishmen." M. [illegible]tcha no[illegible]

[illegible] English [illegible] to contribute.

Ysaye has been playing in London. "His playing is as wonderful as ever." Mark Hambourg will give a piano recital there early in June. Mr. [illegible] Vanbruggen says, apropos of his Beethoven-Brahms festival: "Nothing would induce me to perform a work by a living German composer." Rutland Boughton is carrying out his scheme of festival, opera and dramatic performances at Glastonbury. An excerpt from his "Birth of Arthur" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" were set down for Whitsuntide, and for the summer there is talk of open-air performances.

The Times thought that Mr Verbrugghen often weakened the sinews of Brahms's Requiem by indulging in slackenings and quickenings, whereas the whole tremendous range of feeling is meant to be expressed within the bounds of an unvarying beat, although of course the tempi of the several movements vary.

Pablo Casals's first wife, Mme. Guilhermina Suggia, gave a remarkable performance of Dvorak's 'cello concerto in London May 1, "proving her title once more to a foremost place among 'cellists of her own sex, if not of both sexes."

Raymond Roze, remembered here by his association with the Boston Opera House, not only accompanied one of his compositions at a concert given by Mme. Blanche Marchesi in London last month; he also sang it!

In the list of singers engaged for the Russian opera season in London we find these names: "Nina May, Opera Comique, Paris, and the Boston Opera"; "Constantin Stroesco, Boston and Montreal Opera"; "Henri de Poter, Paris and Boston." We remember Mr. Stroesco; but who is Nina May? Is "Henri de Poter" our old friend the "beeping" tenor, Fernand de Potter? The excellent Leon Lafitte will be with this Russian company, also Marguerite Sylva, whose Carmen at the Boston Opera House is gratefully remembered.

The Mariensky Theatre at Petrograd will produce Albert Coates's opera, "Amourbannipal." Coates is an Englishman, and his wife, the librettist, is also English.

It must be nearly time that the rumor started on its wild career once more as to Mascagni and Puccini both composing operas to the same libretto. I do not think I have heard it for a year until I read the other day that they were after "I due Zoccoletti," founded on Ouida's "Two Little Shoes." Messrs Ricordi, however, seem to have stated that they have secured the book from Ouida's heirs for Puccini only, and that the actual libretto, in four acts, is being prepared by Giuseppe Adami. We are told also that Puccini is now completing the scoring of his comic opera, "La Rondine." Has anyone, even Puccini himself, kept a list of the operas he is "writing," all of which are said to be "far advanced"? There must be about five-and-twenty of them somewhere'—Daily Telegraph, May 4.

Miss Claudia Muzio, the young Italian daughter of an old stage hand at Covent Garden, who made a strong impression last summer at Covent Garden, is now singing in opera in Florence with Amadeo Bassi, under the direction of Mascheroni.

There is talk of the recent formation of an Italian trust made up of the Scala, Costanzi and Colon theatres at Milan, Rome and Buenos Ayres, respectively. The main object of the trust is to reduce expense and increase effectiveness by means of the interchange of artists, productions, etc.

The Queen's Hall Orchestra ended its season of symphony concerts in London on May 1. During the nine months of war it gave 112 concerts, including 61 promenade, 30 Sunday afternoon, 14 symphony and 7 private concerts. At the last symphony concert Scriabin's memory was honored by a performance of Chopin's funeral march.

Vallier, a French operatic bass, made his first appearance in London on May 2 and was praised for his voice, diction and forcible dramatic style.

Sir Charles Stanford recalls a remark made by Brahms shortly before his death. "Pointing to England and to Russia," says the Times, "Brahms said of the one, 'Something will come of that country,' and of the other, 'There is great movement.' Brahms had not particular partiality for either. In spite of the personal respect which existed between him and Tschaikowsky, they mutually agreed that the music of each was antipathetic to the other. Brahms steadfastly avoided a visit to England, partly because of his horror of dress clothes and all that those garments imply. But he was not ignorant of England."

The Selling of a Famous "Strad"

Lord Newland's Stradivarius was sold twice in a day at Christie's in London at auction for the Red Cross fund. The Daily Telegraph of April 23 gives this account. A cricket bat had been sold for 70 guineas. The signatures of 66 famous cricketers were on its surface.

"Still the huge company that enjoyed this refreshing interlude knew full well that the legions had really assembled to witness the bidding for the 'Strad' given [illegible] were rife [illegible] stained [illegible] playing [illegible] Lady Wernher, who had been prodigal of gifts to the Red Cross, was discovered early taking up a position behind Mr Anderson's rostrum. With her was Mr. Leopold Davis, son of the late Mr. Charles Davis, who, if he had lived, would have revelled in this sale. Close at hand was Mr. Hill, the famous violin expert, and on the left, and in sight of the auctioneer, was Mr Robert Brandt, a well known amateur, who possesses a fine collection of instruments. Up came the 'Strad.' £1000 Mr. Brandt began, and at every rise was checked by Mr. Davis, receiving encouraging nods from Lady Wernher. At £2000 it seemed as if she had finished, and she stopped to applaud his opponent. But she again urged on her agent, until £2500 was reached.

"Hastily glancing round, Lady Wernher saw that she had won, and called out loudly to Mr. Davis, 'Be quick! Tell him to offer it again from me!' As the hammer fell, Mr. Davis was in time to let the auctioneer understand Lady Wernher's generous wishes, and after the applause had died away Mr. Anderson announced that Lady Wernher, having benefited the Red Cross fund with her splendid bid of £2500, was now anxious to sell the 'Strad' again on behalf of the noble fund. Once more Mr. Brandt started the competition at £1000, but with no Lady Wernher against him this time, succeeded in winning the violin at £1400.

"Experts will at once recognize this to be a very handsome sum. The record bid at Puttick's, the well known musical auction room, stands actually at £1500 for the Booth violin in 1911, although this was amended to £2000, as a private offer, which was accepted immediately afterward. Up to that time the Sir William Avory 'Strad,' sold in 18[illegible] for £975, was the British sale maximum. Long before the war a 'Strad' made £2050 at Stuttgart.

"Musicians, too, will recall the 'Strad' appearing at Puttick's 11 years ago, fetching £700. It had a quaint history. Forty years ago an itinerant violinist—one 'Jack the Painter'—bought it for 2s from a gentleman's servant, who had tried to persuade a music seller to 'swap it for a concertina.' Glueing it well inside and out 'Jack' used to play on it for pence in Notting-hill and Marylebone. At length he sold it to the late Mr W. G. Hill for £25, who transferred it to the late Mr. David Laurie at £80. It was this Mr. Laurie who sold the 17[illegible] 'Strad' offered yesterday to Lord Newlands's father at about £400. As we stated yesterday, this nobleman was a fine executant, and found solace in his favorite violin's 'lovely tone.' To-day Lord Newlands must feel a happy man. Already he had helped the Red Cross by giving 1000 guineas for the Cochefe[illegible] silver-rings, and had cheered a bereaved friend by handing them back as memorials of a gallant son dying for his country. Now, by offering his own father's loved violin, he has been the cause of adding £3900 to aid the sick and wounded, and in this noble sacrifice Lady Wernher has played the true womanly part.

"Every donor who assisted in the day's total realizing £[illegible]137, and making the aggregate over £31,000, seemed content to let Tom Hayward's bat and the Newlands 'Strad' command the popular enthusiasm. A man with a long memory tried to find the vindication of Christie's in the triumph of the violin because he once saw—aeons ago—a grand piano which had somehow got into a sale of old French furniture slip through at a guinea. He was on safer ground when he recalled the 'cello of George IV, which was sold some years ago for 52 guineas. Elaborately painted with the Royal Arms, it also had the legend, 'Liberty and Loyalty'—diplomatic advice, indeed, to any court musical critics who thought they knew something about 'cello playing."

The sale led a writer for the Daily Chronicle to say: "It always gives me a shiver when the sale of a Stradivarius violin (as that of Lord Newlands) is sold for thousands. For it generally means that all its music will be locked up by somebody in a burglar-proof case where all the best violins are stored. Now and then a Kubelik is permitted to play on them. But there are hundreds in bond! Meanwhile, a man in the adjoining flat is playing good tunes on a fiddle that contains nothing but a squeak. With a fifth-rate Stradivarius he—and I—would he happier."

By the way, in the British Museum is a violin bequeathed to it by its owner, Abraham Newland. As cashier of the Bank of England he had to sign the bank notes. Hence the allusion in the old song:

Sham Abraham you may,
But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland

Shakespeare, the English and the Germans

The Stratford "Festival" seems something of an anachronism this year, but Mr. Benson is holding it in the right spirit—in the spirit which moved the greatest poet of all nations and all times when he spoke of the country and the people he loved. The Germans have sought to annex Shakespeare, as they have sought to annex Dante, with the same arrogance and the same ill-success. They have done good spade work in their editions and their treatises, but few of th[illegible]

ave understo... Bismarck went near the heart of the matter when he said that most of Goethe's leading characters are "all Weiblingens—weak, soft, sentimental creatures, not men as in Shakespeare, always repetitions of himself, for he too had something feminine in him, and could only realize and portray the feelings of women." But Bismarck had the intuition of genius. Shakespeare is, indeed, like all great poets, in part the property of mankind, for the touchstone of the greatest poetry is its appeal to the elemental passions of man. None since Homer has swayed them with the unerring mastery of our great English bard. None has known them so subtly, or drawn them with a hand so firm and so true. But if his broad humanity and the unapproached power of his genius to create men and women of all ranks and all characters, as though they lived and breathed, raise him above the limits set to peoples and to states, those very gifts themselves are in him intensely English and intensely national. He sees farther into men's souls than anybody else, but he looks into them with English eyes. His manliness, his heartiness, his love of honor and of truth, his noble humor and his noble tenderness, with the deep vein of sadness that so often runs through all, are among the qualities of his race. We doubt if any foreigner can understand plays like "Henry IV." or "Henry V.," as quite ordinary Englishmen understand them. We know and love him by tradition, but we know and love him more, because he is in our blood. The festival in this year of war is held with a conscious patriotism. The plays are an invocation of what is best and most characteristic in our race. In some, as in "Henry V.," which Herr Bethmann Hollweg quoted when the Germans thought they were going to take Calais, in Coriolanus," or in "Julius Caesar," the stirring lines seem to refer directly to the great ordeal we undergo. In all there breathes, consciously or unconsciously to those who see and hear, the English national temper which they embody and which they have helped to mould, the temper they have handed down to us and to America from the spacious days of Elizabeth; the days when first we fought for the liberation of the Low Countries; the days when we baffled all the might of Spain and shattered the Great Armada.—London Times, April 24.

May 24 1915

The Department of Agriculture wishes the people to call what is generally known as a grapefruit, a pomelo. Various reasons are given for the wish. It is said that a grapefruit does not look like a grape. This is true, nor is it the fruit of a grapevine, but the Welsh rabbit, however admirably made, does not look like the bunny known to naturalists and dear to children. Lucus a non lucendo, to use the language of the ancient Romans. That the grapefruit does not look like a grape is not a discovery of yesterday. Lady Brassey in her book "The Trades" recorded her observation in 1885. If pomelo were to be adopted, there would be confusion in the matter of pronunciation and spelling. Pomolo, pomello, pumelo, pummello, pommelo are given in the dictionaries.

Shaddock was once the name for the fruit of citrus decumana; but it is now in stricter use applied to the larger and pear-shaped varieties of the species. We read in the "Voyage to the Islands Madeira, Barbados, Nieves, St. Christopher's and Jamaica," by Sir Hans Sloan, M. D., that the seed of the shaddock was first brought to Barbados "by one Capt. Shaddock, commander of an East India ship, who touched at that island on his passage to England, and left the seed there." Sloan's "Jamaica" was published in 1707. Samuel Sewall noted in his diary, Jan. 1, 1720, that Mr. Cooper sent his wife "a present of oranges and a shattuck" (sic). In Bligh's "Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the Bounty in the South Seas in 1789" we read: "Isaac Martin * * * fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched." Byron remembered this when he wrote "The Island."

In the East Indies, the pomelo—the derivation of the word is uncertain—is a synonym of the pompelmoose or shaddock. It is a Dutch name, or the Dutch named the fruit in the 17th century. The fruit itself was a native of Java and Malaysia. "The fruit grows as large as a man's head and is round, it is a fine, pleasant fruit; there are plenty of them at Ceylon and other places, and they commonly are called pumple or pimple-noses," as Mr. Edward Ives, the surgeon and traveler, remarked.

In England the shaddock and the smaller variety, the grapefruit, were called forbidden fruit. Some think that this fruit was forbidden to Adam. Some that the fruit was a pomegranate. Others that Eve handed to Adam a lemon.

We well remember the time when grapefruit were counted worthless. They were practically given away, if they were in the market; as were sweetbreads by butchers, if any customer had the queer fancy of eating them. The world went very well then! Today grapefruit in Boston are more expensive than they should be. If they were called pomelos, the price would no doubt be even higher.

...ks for Prisoners.

As th... Wags:

Dumas is easily the favorite among prisoners, both on account of the vividness of his style and the general interesting nature of his work. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" still holds a warm place in the convict's literary affections. Dickens is still a favorite author, but not to the same extent as Hugo and Dumas. Of the poets it is hard to say which one holds the foremost place; tastes differ, and the average convict is something of a poet himself, like the spring poet of fiction. But he cannot perpetrate his bad poetry on his fellow inmates because there is a constitutional law against cruel and unusual punishment. In the western states, when travelling on railroad trains, it is a dangerous thing to show an intimate acquaintance with the English classics; you are suspected of having an academic degree from a penal institution, and within a few minutes you will find your companions as scarce as a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan island.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.
Boston.

Strong Waters.

The changing fashion in drinking is shown in novels. The swells in Ouida's novels were always calling for a "B. and S." Is brandy a favorite drink anywhere today? Perhaps Dr. Johnson did great harm with his celebrated remark: "Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavor of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking can do for him. There are indeed few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained."

"Nimrod" in Fraser's Magazine spoke of a man he knew whose daily allowance of brandy for 50 years was two bottles. "I saw him heart whole and well, in the hunting field, in the 84th year of his life, and he reached his 91st." But Mr. Thomas Whittington, who for years had taken a pint and a half of gin as his minimum daily allowance, died in 1804 aged 104, and walked three miles or more a day or two before his death. Mr. George Kirton drank abnormally all his life, but he hunted when he was 100 and died in 1762 aged 125.

We once saw an Albanian by birth who ended his days at Geneva. For many years he had put down two bottles of brandy a day. His face was dead white, expressionless, but his mind was nimble. His relatives used to say of him: "Poor Jim! He would smoke too much."

May 25, 1915

WARNER AGAIN AS 'VALENTINE'

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "Alias Jimmy Valentine," a play in four acts by Paul Armstrong, performed by H. B. Warner and the Lonergan Players.

Handler	Jack Bennett
Smith	Earl Main
Ellckendolfenbach	Jack Taylor
Doyle	Lester Lonergan
Bill Avery	John Meehan
Mrs. Webster	Anna Layng
Mrs. Moore	Lola Maynelo
Robert Fay	George Graham
Rose Lane	Amy Ricard
"Blinkey" Davis	Joseph Guthrie
"Dick," the Rat	Albert Berg
Lee Randall	H. B. Warner
William Lane	Hubert Pierce
Red Joclyn	Eddie Phelan
Bobby	Ebert Baldwin
Kitty	Anna Kiley
Williams	Jack Taylor

The play is still entertaining. As is well known, the savage burglar, uncouth, illiterate, murderous, passed out of fiction and the drama years ago. On the stage as in private life, he is a refined person with aesthetic tastes, fond of polite literature, a collector of pictures, peachblow vases, snuff boxes, fans, etc. During his well earned rest, he is to be found at home, for he is a devoted husband and an admirable parent. A good many years ago we had the pleasure of spending an evening with an accomplished burglar, known to the world as "Red Leary." He was a singularly courteous and quiet gentleman; a man of few words, who when he spoke in gentle tones spoke to the point. We listened together to stories told by the poet that wrote verses in commendation of a popular soap, the shipping editor of the New York Herald, a reporter who had returned from an Arctic expedition and the most famous police inspector New York has known.

Mr. Warner is the ideal burglar that has concentrated his mind on cracking bank safes without the use of vulgar and noisy explosives. He, too, is quiet, imperturbable in danger, with an exquisite sense of humor, not too proud of his former skill when he is an orthodox citizen. Truly an ornament to the profession that he abandoned for the pure love of a girl. But—note the fact—she was a banker's daughter. Even the repentant "Jimmy" could not stray far from a bank vault.

There are other delightful characters in the play, in Sing Sing and out of it, as the man that opened in a jiffy the keyless lock, the bullying warden, the trusting and sympathetic Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New York, Mr. Lane, the western banker, with his silk hat, the two partners of "Jimmy" in crime and in repentance. The women are not so interesting. Rose is any young girl with an ideal hero obsessing her mind; and the ladies of the Gate of Hope Society are animated caricatures.

Then there is Doyle, the detective. As played by Mr. Lonergan he is a good natured, unctuous person, not a bit sinister. His sudden withdrawal from the chase and his sentimental outburst at the end are therefore not unexpected. This Doyle, having failed in his duty, would never have killed himself like the pursuer of Jean Valjean in Hugo's romance.

The audience was greatly pleased. It laughed at every exhibition of criminal skill; it was delighted when Jimmy baffled Doyle; it applauded the scene in which Bobby and Kitty played at banker and customer; it applauded the crooks when they pledged themselves to a virtuous life; it was thrilled when Mr. Warner sandpapered his fingers to sharpen his touch that he might rescue little Kitty from the vault.

Next week the play will be "Polly of the Circus" with Miss Florence Martin, late of the "Peg O' My Heart" company, and the Lonergan Players including Mr. Lonergan.

We read of the prices brought at the sale in New York of first editions, manuscripts and letters of Eugene Field. What has become of the manuscript poem written by Eugene Field for a Papyrus Club dinner a good many years ago? If we are not mistaken Socrates and Alcibiades figured in it. For certain reasons, even the Papyrus members did not allow it to be read, although the "true Papyrian spirit" then ran high, and there was uncommon freedom of expression. The manuscript was a beautiful specimen of chirography. It was once shown to Mr. Francis Wilson when he was at the height of his popularity as a clown. He had made a specialty of collecting Fieldiana, but he was unwilling to buy this poem. Perhaps it shocked him; perhaps he was unwilling to pay over a dollar or a dollar and a half; for Mr. Wilson, through a collector, is not a spendthrift.

A Shameless Film.

If ever a moving picture deserved to be prohibited, it is the scenario that will include the scene of the murder at Freeport, L. I., the escape of the slayer, the arrest and the trial of Mrs. Carman. We are not told whether Mrs. Carman will be shown rigging up the dictagraph with the assistance of the man from New York, or listening to a patient's statement of her case to the doctor; but we are assured that Mrs. Carman has been rehearsing diligently for several months and that the ingenious Mr. Garland Gaden drilled her for her second appearance in court. "Dr. Carman may appear in the movies also." The film would surely be incomplete without him. The play-broker, Mr. Winniett, says that Mrs. Carman will make more out of it "than the President of the United States gets in a year." A physician's wife that does not respect the confidences of a patient should not be suspected of sensitiveness and shyness.

Their Master's Voice.

The voice of Robert Browning was heard through a gramophone at the annual contest held recently at the Browning Settlement in London. The poet spoke into a gramophone in 1889, the year of his death. Let us hope that he then freed his mind concerning professional readers of his poems and all Browning societies.

Cook Redivivus.

So our old friend, the intrepid Dr. Frederick A. Cook, wishes to climb Mt. Everest. In the description of Mont Blanc published in Murray's first Handbook to Switzerland (1838) is this statement: "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent of this mountain have been persons of unsound mind."

A Fiery Poet.

Mr. Gabriele d' Annunzio, who some years ago left his beloved Italy and his sumptuous wardrobe because he could not or would not pay his just debts, has made flaming speeches exciting to war. He no doubt burst into poetry; but will he fight as a soldier? A foreign newspaper says: "Death has no terrors for him, and he has already built a tomb for himself among the Apennines." Yes, yes, and no doubt the tomb is a handsome one provided with every modern convenience including sanitary plumbing, but will he put his poetic... in danger, or, now ... will he regard it chiefly as a source of material for a thrilling drama or romance with the rights of translation reserved? Somehow or other it is not easy to fancy him in his singing robes in the front rank animating the soldiers with his verses, as Tyrtaeus cheered the Lacedemonians so that they won the day.

The Italian Soldier.

The daily life of an Italian soldier in peace would be irksome to the luxurious Gabriele. The soldier's day, we are informed, begins at 4.30 A. M. Drill and routine continue "with a two hours' break of compulsory repose untill 5 P. M." He then is free for four hours, but he must be back in barracks by 9 P. M.—8.30 P. M. in winter—and is supposed to be in bed a half hour later.

Women Commissionaires.

The Daily Telegraph of London rejoices in the fact that English women have found a new "avenue of work" in which they can release men for war. Wearing a uniform they open the doors of cabs or motor cars, stopping at shops, and usher customers in. They are obliged to stand from 8 A. M. to 6 or 6:30 P. M. Time is allowed them for dinner and tea, but no meals are supplied by the shopkeepers. Before the shop opens the women polish the brasses on the doors and otherwise assist in cleaning. "As they are prevented, physically, from performing all the duties of a man commissionaire their pay is not on the same scale; but they are given a living wage, and their uniform is supplied." What does the Telegraph mean by a "living wage"? Just how much does a woman commissionaire earn for standing at least eleven hours a day?

Heaven's Gifts.

A London newspaper sneers at the title of a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy:

All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above.

"The good gifts in question appear to be one cabbage, four onions, three apples, and a couple of tomatoes!" Well are there any better gifts? What more would the gentleman have?

EDITH TALIAFERRO SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Makes Vaudeville Debut in "Breath of Old Virginia."

Miss Edith Taliaferro is the headliner of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, where she is making her vaudeville debut in "A Breath of Old Virginia," a war-time play in which she has the part of the southern girl whose hand is sought alike by a southern and a northern landowner, the southern soldier winning. Miss Taliaferro, well known by her work in "Polly of the Circus," "Young Wisdom," and other plays, was quite as pleasing in "A Breath of Old Virginia." She was enthusiastically applauded.

Paul Morton and Naomi Glass, Paul Morton having formerly been of the far-famed Four Mortons, have a musical satire entitled "Before and After." The pair sing well and Mr. Morton, always a clever dancer, does some excellent work in that line. Then there is Bert Fitzgibbons, who always gets a laugh when he appears upon the stage, and another when he leaves. Carrying the same line of foolishness, he scored his usual success. Armed with a broomstock for a cane and with a hat of ancient vintage, he kept up a rapid-fire conversation with himself and his audience, occasionally, by way of variety, breaking into song and into false notes as only he can.

Four Antwerp Girls—Belgian refugees they are—entertained in a series of musical selections, one of the young women being an accomplished harpist, while another was expert with the violin. Arthur Barat, direct from the London Hippodrome, did some startling feats, principally at chair balancing in mid-air; Keit and Demont have in "College Nonsense" a sketch that has at least a few good things; Doyle and Dixon as eccentric dancers received a round of applause. The show concludes with the Great Toyo Troupe of Japanese acrobats.

Next week Maggie Cline is among those billed to appear with her inimitable "Throw 'em Down McCluskey."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a mystery farce in two acts, with prologue and epilogue by George M. Cohan.

Elijah Quimby	George Ernst
Mrs. Quimby	Miss Beatrice Loring
William Hallowell Magee	William P. Carleton
John Bland	Robert Capron
Mary Norton	Miss Doris Olsson
Mrs. Rhodes	Miss Mabel Colcord
Peters	Dudley Hawley
Myra Thornhill	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Lou Max	Alfred Lu...
Jim Cargan	Theodore Friebus
Thomas Hayden	Morrill Morrison
Jiggs Kennedy	James Seeley
The Owner of Baldpate	Al Roberts

Those who failed to see Mr. Cohan's ingenious and amusing piece, when it

[illegible] Boston earlier in [illegible] [illegible] have an opportunity [illegible] a fine performance of the [illegible] at the Castle Square Theatre where it [illegible] presented here for the first time by a stock company.

"Seven Keys" is uproariously funny with relieving touches of melodrama. The plot is developed with extraordinary skill. The element of suspense is maintained from start to finish, while the ending is wholly unsuspected, a [illegible] to surprise.

The characters, too, are amusing and [illegible] to the general merriment. Elijah [illegible], the caretaker, and his wife, the millionaire president of the R. & [illegible] Suburban, the chief of police, Peters, the Hermit ghost, Jim Cargan, the crooked mayor and his attendant crook; [illegible] Norton, the reporter, all are sharply defined and contrasted.

The performance was in many respects excellent. All the characters [illegible] conspicuous in word and action and [illegible] efficiency on the part of the [illegible] is an essential. Yesterday the [illegible] were well cast and capably [illegible]. Mr. Carleton, handsome and [illegible] in the leading role of William Hallowell Magee, the novelist, played with spirit. Mr. Hawley displayed remarkable talent as a character actor [illegible] performance of Peters, the hermit. [illegible] Larrilcoat was sufficiently tough [illegible] as striking in the part of Myra [illegible], the adventuress and blackmailer. Miss Cosson was adequate as [illegible] Norton, the reporter.

May 26 1915

We have received letters from women [illegible] to vote and from women not wishing to vote and unwilling that any other women should have the privilege of [illegible]. This column is not the place for [illegible] of letters on the subject of [illegible] suffrage. Nor will this column [illegible] space to any political discussion.

That Military Spirit.

[illegible] the Literary Correspondance [illegible] Grimm and Diderot we find in the [illegible] of May, 1785, a review of a pamphlet "Considerations sur l'Ordre [illegible] Cincinnatus" by Count Mirabeau. This pamphlet, inspired by one published in Philadelphia the year before, [illegible] violent attack on the order of the Cincinnati, as the creation of patri[illegible] military nobility which would [illegible] become a nobility of civilians, an aristocracy the more dangerous, because being born outside the constitution and the laws, the laws would not be able to repress it. To Mirabeau, [illegible] Chinese worship of ancestors [illegible] more reasonable. The [illegible] answered that the fact of Gen. Washington not disdaining to be at [illegible] of the society should be a [illegible] answer to Mirabeau's sar[illegible] invectives; and, speaking [illegible] Washington, he made a statement [illegible] significant today. "Perhaps in [illegible] (Washington's) eyes there does not [illegible] a more proper means of keeping [illegible] the military spirit that founded [illegible] republic and can alone assure [illegible] preservation."

His Little Joke.

In the same volume is a pleasing [illegible] about Nicolas Thomas Barthe, [illegible] was reputed to have a pretty wit. [illegible] he had said something that he [illegible] humorous, with the aid of his [illegible] to see if his white eyes never [illegible] to sweep the company to receive [illegible]. One day M. de Monticour, [illegible] was so biting, seeing [illegible] fixed on him, upset M. [illegible] in a cruel manner, by saying [illegible] and politely: "Monsieur Barthe [illegible] laughing."

Miss Hazel's Portrait.

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] don't want to be in the least [illegible], positively not, but I've been [illegible] what Miss Hazel Ray [illegible] I think I can see her. [illegible] that she's got a plainly tailored [illegible] colored rose, mouth with the [illegible] wee ripple flare, very dressy Co[illegible] eyes, about a mile apart, [illegible] with the clusters of pin tuck[illegible] pink ears and the new putty [illegible] hair. I'd say that she's built [illegible] a long, cool drink of water and [illegible] fluffy double frill waists, with [illegible] collar, fastening with loops [illegible] buttons, and has shoe tops to [illegible] the spots in somebody's eyes that [illegible]. Mind you, this is not to be [illegible] way, for maybe [illegible] is handsome and has a nice, [illegible] like Fritzi Scheff's, but she [illegible] as if she was sort of [illegible] something.

[illegible] what Miss Hazel writes [illegible] the beans and taking a [illegible] that she doesn't like her job [illegible] doesn't she work to be [illegible]. A fitter's job is the easiest [illegible]. She makes appointments to [illegible] customers' garments as if she [illegible] a famous doctor or dentist. She [illegible] the [illegible] people of Brookline and [illegible] and [illegible]. More than that, [illegible] in trying-on parlors, [illegible] how [illegible] her gets [illegible] manner, while she's dressed to [illegible] in her [illegible] she's certainly got to [illegible] an iron chancellor. Of course, you [illegible] get [illegible] intimate with them [illegible] they ask you out to see them and all that, but you can always feel superior to them when you have your own clothes [illegible] and pins in your face. I saw a show in New York a little while ago, named Captain Brassbound's something or other, and a lady in the play ran things by mending an outlaw's coat and making people let her repair their clothes, even on a warship. And that's certainly a true touch.

Miss Hazel, once you get in a position where you can tell a customer to stand this way or that, or won't you turn around please, and now will you walk away from me a little ways, it's easy. And if they get nervous all you've got to say to them is: "Why, what a beautiful straight back you've got, just like a young girl's," and they'll come around all right. And if you're not very attractive, as maybe Miss Hazel isn't, it doesn't make a bit of difference. And, if you want to, you can wear black clothes of B. C. style, and they won't think the worse of you.

I like Miss Hazel, and I hope this will help her. KATRINE GRAY.

Boston, May 24.

A Morning Joy.

Milkmen in the suburbs of London are being replaced by milkmaids. Here is an inducement for early rising for, of course, these maids wear the traditional operetta costume, short skirts with yokes on their fair necks holding up pails to the right and the left, a flower in the low-cut bodice, and they enter smiling with a tripping step and a swirl of skirts. What matters it, then, if the milk is watered or tastes of the stall?

May 27 1915

MISS TRACY AND PUPILS IN SOLOS

Miss Mary R. Tracy, soprano, assisted by her pupils, Miss Anna Brennan, Miss Dorothy Corcoran, Miss Euphrasia Hernan and Miss Katherine Plunkett, also by Miss Gladys R. Berry, 'cellist, and Mrs. Margaret Gorham-Glaser, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Miss Tracy sang these songs Mozart, Deh Vieni; Tuscan Folk song, arranged by Schindler; Harris, April; Schubert, Ave Maria with 'cello; Campra, Charmant, Papillon; Schubert, du bist die Ruh, Ungeduld; Willeby, June Morning; old Irish, Love's Young Dream; old English, Phyllis has Such Charming Graces; Coleridge-Taylor, An Explanation.

Miss Corcoran sang Musetta's waltz song from "La Boheme"; Miss Hernan a song by Massenet and "With Verdure Clad"; Miss Plunkett songs by Strauss and Del'Acqua; and Miss Brennan an aria from "Madama Butterfly." Mrs. Glaser played Tausig's arrangement of Strauss's waltz "Man lebt nur einmal," and Miss Berry played pieces by Vieuxtemps, Humperdinck and Dunkler.

This concert gave much pleasure to the audience composed of the teacher's and the pupils' friends. The program was varied; the songs were of all schools and well contrasted; the instrumental selections gave the required balance.

Miss Tracy's agreeable and well-trained voice was heard in music of the 18th and 19th centuries, music purely classical, florid, also Lieder of Schubert and songs of simple sentiment in English. The interpretation was thoughtful and appropriate. Thus in the first group the smoothly defined melodic lines and the simplicity of Mozart's aria were respected; the charming Tuscan song was sung with the requisite lightness, and there was no attempt to give undue importance to Harris's little Spring song.

The pupils showed good results from Miss Tracy's instruction and they as well as the pianist and the violoncellist were liberally rewarded by the audience.

How incomplete are even the largest encyclopaedias and dictionaries! The recent discussion concerning the propriety of changing the word "grape-fruit" to "pomelo" led us to inquire into the character of one Capt. Shaddock, the commander of an East India ship, who touched at Barbados in his passage to England and left there the seed of the fruit named after him. The huge Dictionary of National Biography knows him not. Was he passionately addicted to the fruit? Some one writing to The Herald protested against the "coining" of the word "pomelo." The word has been in the English language for over half a century.

Prudery.

Henry Carey's charming verses, "Sally in Our Alley," are seldom published in [illegible] form. The several [illegible] usually tinkered. We have [illegible] the "Reliquary of English Song" [illegible] G. Schirmer, edited with [illegible] introduction and notes by Frank Hunter Potter, with the music harmonized and arranged by a [illegible] of English doctors of music. Lo and [illegible] hold, the last two lines of the seventh verse are feeble, a silly softening of the conclusion. Furthermore the last line of the other verses is "And she lives in our alley," not "And lives in our alley." Carey's line, "But let him hang his belly-full" is changed to "But let him bang, bang as he will." There are other lines that are not letter perfect. Mr Potter has a long note on this song, but he says nothing about his impertinent changes.

Other songs have in the past been "edited" by prudes. There is Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Song," to which several composers have set music. The setting by Alfred H. Pease is the most striking. Myron W. Whitney used to sing it effectively. We remember one version—was the music by Pinsuti?—in which the line "On a stallion shod with fire" was changed to a "charger shod with fire." Now a charger is a horse ridden in charging an enemy; one ridden by an officer in the field or in action. This poor Bedouin was simply hurrying to his sweetheart.

Some Americanisms.

The latest volume of the Oxford English Dictionary, "Spring-Squoyle; St—Standard," contains words and phrases that are stamped as Americanisms. Spring-fever is one. We have all had it, though spring in New England is a fabulous season known only to poets. "Spring poet" is not in the dictionary. Spring board, a board on which a wood-feller stands when working at some height from the ground, also a light kind of vehicle; to put through a course of sprouts, spry, "current in English dialects, but more familiar as an Americanism", squall, a bad temper, used by Washington Irving; square, a block of buildings bounded by streets—not an open space enclosed by buildings, squatter, a settler occupying land in a district not yet surveyed or apportioned by the government—yet English writers have called an unauthorized occupant of land, a squatter; squinch, the verb meaning to screw or distort the face, squire, a justice of the peace, lawyer or judge; squirm, to wriggle, as of reptiles; squirt, the noun meaning a display of rhetoric; stag dance, stag deviltry, stag dinner, stag party; stage house, stage stand, stage coach, a kissing game we used to play when we were children, and without fear of microbes; stake, in the Mormon church a territorial division, the see or jurisdiction of a Mormon bishop; to pull up stakes, to move stakes, to drive stakes, to stick one's stakes; stake and rider, a species of fence; stalk cutter, stalk borer, the larva of a moth destructive to plants; stall, compartment in a roundhouse; stalwart, in a political sense, stalwartism, stalwartize, stamps, money (properly paper money); stamp "as an instructive expression of fury, formerly often to stamp and stare, hence (now only U. S.), to be very angry"; stampede, originally U. S.; stamping ground; stand, "in hunter's parlance getting a stand on them"; stand, a position, site or building for a business; stand, a standing growth or crop; stand cask; to stand pat, cards and politics, stand patter, stand pattism; stand up to, "to meet fairly and fully an obligation, one's word or promise." No doubt we have overlooked other "Americanisms."

A Few Words.

A squash in New England was once known as a squanter-squash, or isquoter, or squonter, from the Narragansett Indian "asquutasquash." In 1705 a writer said: "Squash, or squanter-squash, is their name among the Northern Indians, and so they are call'd in New York and New England." Does any one of our readers recollect the use of squanter-squash in the country? Squash is an Indian word. We miss "stack" and "stack the cards." The dictionary gives "stadia" as the plural of "stadium," but admits stadias, stadios, stadia's, stadiums, stadium's. "A plural form 'stadii' * * * used by Byron, 'Sardanapalus,' vol. I., has been corrected in posthumous editions to 'stadia.'" Not in all. "Stadii" is in the octavo edition published by John Murray in 1850. The word in "Sardanapalus" refers to the old Greek and Roman measure of length. In Holland's "Plutarch" (1603) we find in the list of words explained: "Stadium, a race or space of ground conteining 625 foote." The Oxford Dictionary is famous for the wealth of quotations, but under "springy" we miss the familiar line from Charles Lamb's "Hester": "A springy motion in her gait."

Identified.

British soldiers are singing the "Swanee River" as a marching song. The Daily Chronicle says: "It is simply our old friend 'The Old Folks at Home,' a song founded on a plantation melody." Is Stephen C. Foster so soon forgotten?

May 28 1915

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] We have [illegible] Is this the [illegible] Templeton, who is [illegible] would not be fussy [illegible] writes: "Excluding cannibalism, and the habit of eating [illegible] I can offer no opinion [illegible] nothing one can eat which is [illegible] to be eaten with the fingers that asparagus. It is long, it is greasy, it is loose and liable to every sort of [illegible] sudden catastrophe; it is always eaten with some sort of oil [illegible] and its nice conduct would involve the powers of a professional juggler combined with some practice in climbing the greasy pole. Most things [illegible] easily be eaten with one's fingers. Only this one tiresome, to [illegible] table I eat between my [illegible] and thumb. I should be better off as a giraffe eating the top of a palm tree; it doesn't want any holding up."

The ancients have much to say about asparagus, but little or nothing concerning the manner of eating it. In Elizabeth's time it was boiled in water or in broth and we [illegible]. There was famous asparagus at Delft toward the end of the 17th century. Muffett in 1655 wrote "Asparagus was in old time a meat for such emperors as Julius Caesar, now every boor is served [illegible] to them. [illegible] years ago the Vie Parisienne [illegible] an entertaining two-paged [illegible] showing the different ways in which pretty women of Paris ate the [illegible].

Mr. Johnson does not [illegible] he hears some villager say "[illegible]." Southey insisted that the word should be spelt "sparagrass." [illegible] a delightful note in the first edition of Walker's "Critical Pronouncing [illegible] [illegible] "Asparagus. This word is [illegible] pronounced sparrowgrass [illegible] be observed that such words as [illegible] to not know [illegible] which convey no definite idea of the thing are frequently changed by [illegible] into such words as they do know [illegible] spell and words do convey [illegible] rite idea. The word in question is an instance of it and the corruption of this word into 'sparrowgrass' is so general, that 'asparagus' has an air of stiffness and pedantry."

The Martial Mandolin.

The Deutsche Tageszeitung has published an appeal [illegible] Germany, preparing to face one enemy the more! From the caves of The Abruzzi from the marshes of [illegible] Sardinia, from the forests of Calabria, from the courts and [illegible] and Magellan an army of vagabonds, convicts, ruffians and [illegible] ers is about to march against [illegible]. The mandolin may [illegible] to the German as the lyre of [illegible] was to the foes of Sparta. [illegible] soldiers now [illegible] the [illegible] parly on mouth organs.

To Katrine Gray.

Having read your letter in today's Herald this is where I quit. The pace is too fast. I had intended doing a neat little monograph on the new envelope chemise. But no. I am an amateur on lingerie. A mere dilettante, while you, Katrine, dear heart, you are the sure enough snow petalled marguerite in the fluffy ruffles stuff. Wherefore I fade, evaporate evanesce. I am no more.

But before I go, it seems fitting that you should have an epitomized Bertillon of myself. This partly because you were so far off on your estimate [illegible] because you deserve to have your curiosity satisfied. So then: I am six feet tall, weigh 220 pounds and run somewhat to double chin. Waist measure 42 inches. I wear number [illegible] shoes without cloth tops, B. V. Ds and a blue flannel shirt by preference, though when driven to it I have been known to worry into a 17½ linen collar. I roll my own cigarettes and am passionately fond of young onions. That's about all. For the peace of mind of the ladies who have been kindly concerned as to the welfare of my young soul it may be well to say that I moved out of the danger zone of the lodging house district some 15 years agone.

"This then is the swan song of
HAZEL RAY
Sometimes known as
HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON."

Dorchester, May 26.

In Memoriam.

Eulogy ran riot at the memorial services for Elbert Hubbard in New York. Elizabeth Towne, "New Thought leader," said that Hubbard was the "Twentieth Century Plutarch." This was certainly a new thought. According to the best of our knowledge, Plutarch is known chiefly by his lives of noble Grecians and Romans. Nor were his essays collected as "Morals" written in the Fra Aurora spirit. Dr. Frank Crane in a fine burst, declared that we could lose all the college presidents, all the priests and pastors, President Wilson and all the senators and [illegible] would [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] illustrious [illegible]

[illegible] he led in [illegible] and then [illegible] that the [illegible] sons of his host might be like two hemispheres. As he was leaving, the host said: "That was an able and eloquent prayer, but why did you wish my sons to be like hemispheres?" "Well, I didn't mean anything in particular; but hemisphere is a good-sounding word, and I thought it would please the boys."

Perverted Meaning.

To F. M. P. "Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber Alles," was written by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who, expelled from Prussia in 1841, on account of his political opinions, went to Heligoland, which then belonged to Great Britain. There he wrote the song, hoping to consolidate the German people in opposition to the military party. The present bearing of the song was far from his thoughts.

May 29 1915

Here is an anecdote for the day. Bishop Wilberforce describing the wedding of King Edward and Queen Alexandra wrote: "The little Prince William of Prussia was between his two little uncles" (afterward the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Albany) "to keep him quiet; both of whom he—the Crown Princess told me—bit on the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet."

Phrases and Roofs.

As the World Wags:

I am interested in the discussion of words, phrases, familiar sayings published in your column. Perhaps one of your contributors might tell me just where in the works of Montesquieu is the remark attributed to him about the nation that is happy because it has no history. I have thumbed his writings in vain.

But here is a more important question. When I was a boy in a town that is now a city, it was the habit of coquettish girls when they wished to call attention to a new finger ring, to hold it up—sometimes they put the finger on their lips—and they would say, giggling: 'Seen my cow?" What connection, pray, was there between a finger ring and anybody's cow? Did the saying come from some anecdote? Did city girls use the phrase?

I am reaching the time of life, so pathetically described by Schopenhauer, when that which happened 20 years ago is a blank; when I am not sure of the last month; but deeds, sights and sayings in the Sixties are as fresh in my mind as the dinner of yesterday. I could not give to a stranger an accurate description of any public building in Boston, but I can draw correctly the brick building for the intermediate, grammar and high schools in that elm-crowned town. It was hideous, an eyesore, but many of the townsfolk were proud of it because it was topped with a "Mansard roof." The schoolhouse was built at a time when dwelling houses, banks, postoffices, in fact, all public buildings, were graced with a "Mansard roof," and the wonder was that this species of roof was not recommended to building committees by architects of churches. The villagers had no idea why this curb roof was called "Mansard," nor did they know that the roof so-called was often far from the old French architect's design.

It was in this schoolhouse, when I was in the "grammar" grade, that a tall, thin, sallow girl sported a little ring with a reddish stone, and asked me if I had seen her cow. The boys in the high school used to call her "the living skeleton." She never married, but when she died at the age of 45 or 50 they tell me she weighed nearly 200 pounds.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Cohasset, May 28.

The Italian Soldier.

We published last Tuesday a paragraph about the daily life of an Italian soldier; how his day began at 4:30 A. M. and drill and routine continued, with a two hours' break of compulsory repose, until 5 P. M. "C. J. A." now writes:

"This is only so during a few weeks in the summer, when the Italian soldier is in drill camp. The rest of the year he gets up twice a week at 5 o'clock for bathing (two baths a week and compulsory), and drills but three or four hours a day. In Florence and Rome he doesn't always drill as much as that, though he is obliged to get in by 8:30 and go to bed at once. His food is the worst thing from which he suffers, as he has coffee and bread for breakfast, no butter, no milk, no sugar often; meat and bread for dinner with a soup often; macaroni for supper at 4:30. 'With the macaroni goes a tomato sauce, one spoonful to the barrel.' The 4:30 supper ends the day and at Orvieto the officers often gave the troops their final meal at 4 'to finish the things up and let us off to the ladies'—i. e., they did all last fall and winter. The soldiers complain bitterly of not having enough to do.

"I might add that the border scouts, the men with the cock-feather hats, do live up to this standard and do make incredibly long marches. In time of war the others do as well. The infantry of one regiment in the African war a couple of years ago marched fifty miles without resting and carried forty-two pounds of knapsack as well as guns and, for the officers, swords."

The Pall Mall Gazette [illegible] Italian army as "polyglot." "The majority of the soldiers drawn from Lecce and Reggio di Calabria speak Greek, while in other parts of southern Italy and in Sicily Albanian is the prevailing language. French is the mother tongue of over 100,000 natives of Aosta, Pignerol and Suze, and German of some 12,000 in Piedmont and Venetia. Catalan is largely spoken in Sardinia; and in a few scattered districts Serbian, Slovenian and other Slav dialects are in the ascendant."

True Castillans.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "M. J. L." of Lynn is right in pointing out to the public the narrow-mindedness of "neglecting Spain." Yet there are some steady rays of light in the surrounding darkness which he seems not to have observed.

Had he read his Herald more carefully on May 20, the day he wrote, he would have seen a notice of the annual celebration by the Castilian Club of Boston in honor of Spain.

For 27 years this club has been doing its best to promote that interest in Spanish history and literature which "M. J. L." desires to see.

Some day, maybe, it would cheer his heart to go up to the Ticknor room of the Boston Public Library and examine the more than 30 bound volumes of essays upon Spanish history written by members of the club. He will see that Saragossa and Cervantes are still "names to conjure with" to some of us.

ADELAIDE A. CLAFLIN,
President of the Castilian Club.

Cambridge.

May 30 1915

The music season of 1914-15 is over, and the "Pop" concerts begin next Tuesday. We reviewed the Symphony concerts when the series closed.

Many mourned the end of grand opera at the Boston Opera House. They were not consoled by the attempt to give performances in Italian at the Boston Theatre, where the Boston Theatre Opera Company opened on Oct. 5 with "Aida." The operas performed were "Aida," "Carmen," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Trovatore," "Otello," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Boheme," "La Favorita," "Tosca." The company came to grief early in November. The chief singers were as follows—Sopranos: Johanna Kristoffy, Rena de Sales, Mariam Ardini, Kathryn Lynbrook, Dora de Phillippe. Contraltos: Blanche Fox, Alice Gentle, Caro Sapin, Mrs. Meyer Bloomfield. Tenors: Pietro di Biasi, Umberto Sacchetti, Attilio di Crescenzo, G. Opezzo, G. Ciccolini. Baritones: Ferruccio Corradetti, Pietro Gallazzi, Ramon Blanchart, M. Pico, R. Corrucini. Basses: Joseph Florian, Giuseppe Tricario. The conductors were Arturo Bovi and Ignacio Castillo.

The Aborn Company gave opera in English at the Boston Theatre beginning April 5th with "Aida." The other operas performed were "Mme. Butterfly," "Lohengrin," "Haensel and Gretel," "Il Trovatore," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Carmen." The chief singers were Estelle Wentworth, Bettina Freeman, Ellecn Castles, Edith Helena, Gertrude Francis, Maud Santley, Mildred Rogers, M. L. Biggers, Gladys Chandler, Mary Carson, Louise Haussman, Leonore Beck, and Morgan Kingston, Henry Taylor, Leonid Samoloff, S. Sciaretti, John Graham, Alfred Kaufman, George Shields, Thomas Chalmers, Louis d'Angelo, Morton Adkins, William Shuster. Joseph Pasternack was the chief conductor.

On Feb. 2 "The Milkmaid of the Trianon," music by J. B. Weckerlin, and "Weeping Pierrot and Laughing Pierrot," music by Jean Hubert, were performed here in English in Jordan Hall. The translations into English were by Miss Amy Lowell. In the first of the operettas the singers were Miss Maggie Teyte and John Campbell; in the second Miss Teyte, Mr. Campbell and George Mitchell took part. Arthur Shepherd conducted. There were performances on Feb. 3 and [illegible].

A ballet pantomime, "Pan and the Star," with music by Edward Burlinghame Hill, music that was imaginative and effectively descriptive, was given at the Boston Opera House Dec. 8. Chalmers Clifton conducted.

Mme. Pavlowa and her company in November at the Boston Opera House gave performances of the ballets, "The Awakening of Flora," the "Puppen Fee" and "Walpurgis Night," and in March at the Boston Theatre "Amarilla," "Chopiniana," "The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King," "Raymonda" "Puppen Fee" and "Walpurgist Night." They also were seen in many dances.

Delibes's ballet "Sylvia" was performed by amateurs at the Boston Opera House on Feb. 3. Charles E. Roepper conducted. There was a repetition on Feb. 19.

The Choral Societies and Choral Works

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, gave the customary concerts and celebrated its centenary, with [illegible] On Sunday, Dec. 20, [illegible] performed. Mrs. Louis [illegible] Reinald, Miss Florence Jepperson, J. Garfield Stone and Willard Flint, solo singers. On Dec. 21 "The Messiah" was repeated with Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge-Derby, Mrs. Harriet Sterling Hemenway, George H. Boynton and Albert E. Brown the solo singers. The concert on Feb. 14 was of a miscellaneous nature, with Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, solo soprano. "The Creation" was performed on April 4: Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, William H. Pagdin, Frederick Martin. The Centenary Festival began on April 11 with a performance of Verdi's "Requiem": Mmes. Gluck and Matzenauer, Paul Althouse and Arthur Middleton. On April 13 "Morven and the Grail," with music by Horatio W. Parker, was performed for the first time. Composed especially for this festival the oratorio was a severe disappointment. The solo singers were Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Mulford, Lambert Murphy and Arthur Middleton. Addresses were made by Courtenay Guild and Henry M. Rogers. A miscellaneous concert was given on April 14, by Mmes. Rio and Miller, Lambert Murphy and Earl Cartwright, the chorus and the orchestra. "Elijah" was performed on April 15: Mmes. Rio and Miller, Reed Miller and Earl Cartwright. A cup was given to Mr. Mollenhauer in recognition of his services. The work of the chorus was excellent at these concerts. The choice of soloists was not always fortunate.

The Cecilia Society, conducted by Arthur Mees, gave two concerts in its 39th season. The program of the first, Jan. 21, included works by Bach, Gevaert, Loeffler, d'Indy, Bantock, R. Stewart, Brahms. Mrs. Marie Sundelius sang songs by Pergolesi, Mozart, Wolf-Ferrari, Sibelius, Siegren, Carpenter, Coleridge-Taylor. The program of the second concert, March 18, included works by Franck, di Lasso, Wolf, Lang, Boughton, Bantock, Nevin, Cornelius. Robert Maitland sang songs by Schubert, Brahms, Strauss, Lully, Hahn and others. The season was not a satisfactory one.

The Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend, conductor, gave two concerts in its second season. The first was in Jordan Hall, Dec. 9, with works by Bach, Gevaert, Tschaikowsky, Lotti, Rachmaninoff, Brahms, Elgar, Henschel, Ford, Festa, Foote, Lewis, Lang, Converse. At the second concert in a church Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew was performed.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, began its 44th season by a concert in Jordan Hall on Nov. 17. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano, was the chief soloist. At the second concert in Jordan Hall, Jan. 12, Leland Powers gave readings from works of Galsworthy and Dickens. At the third in Jordan Hall, March 2, Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, was the soloist. Part songs were sung in memory of Dr. Langmaid and Walter F. Littlefield. The fourth concert was in Symphony Hall, April 6, when the club was assisted by Lambert Murphy, tenor, Alfred F. Denghausen, baritone, retired and past active members of the club, the Harvard Alumni Chorus, the Harvard Glee Club and an orchestra. The conductors were Messrs. Mollenhauer and Warren A. Locke. To borrow Roscoe Conkling's remark, this was a "halcyon and vociferous occasion."

The People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell conductor, gave the concerts of its 18th season on Jan. 17, when compositions by Verdi, Bruck, Hadley and Wodell were performed, with Mrs. Stapleton-Murray, Harrison and Ferguson as solo singers, and on April 25, when Handel's "Samson" was performed, with these solo singers: Miss Mona Holesco, Miss Ida Gardner, Alfred D. Shaw, Nelson Raymond, Burton Piersol.

"Elijah" was performed by the Elijah Chorus on April 15. This was the first performance in Boston of an oratorio by a choir of colored singers. The soloists were Miss Minnie Brown, Miss Daisy Tapley, Roland W. Hayes, Harry T. Burleigh. Dr. W. Oglethrope Taylor conducted.

A folk-song festival, organized by Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, was held in Symphony Hall, Nov. 30. The chorus of colored singers was assisted by R. Nathaniel Dett, composer-pianist, and Clarence Cameron White, violinist. All the music was by colored composers.

A large chorus led by George Matthews sang at the Lutheran Church Oct. 29, and the Swedish Singing Society Harmoni, Gustaf Sundelius conductor, sang at the Boston Theatre, Nov. 22.

Sunday Afternoon Concerts

The concerts given on Sunday afternoon in Symphony Hall drew, as a rule, large audiences. They were, for the most part, of a high order in respect to the artists that appeared and the nature of the programs:

Nov. 1—Philharmonic Society of New York, Efrem Zimbalist, soloist; Stravinsky's "Fireworks," heard here for the first time.
Nov. 8—Olive Fremstad; Pasquale Amato.
Nov. 15—Olga Samaroff, pianist; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.
Nov. 22—First Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Nov. 29—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.
Dec. 6—Maggie Teyte, soprano; Harold Bauer, pianist.
Dec. 13—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
Dec. 27—Lucrezia Bori, Sophie Braslau, Luca Botta, Arthur Middleton; the last three sang here for the first time.
Jan. 3—Anna Case, soprano; Efrem Zimbalist, violinist.
Jan. 10—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
Jan. 24—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
Jan. 31—Frieda Hempel, soprano, Emma Roberts, contralto; Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Miss Roberts sang here for the first time.
Feb. 7—Marcella Sembrich, soprano.
Feb. 21—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.
Feb. 28—Harold Bauer, pianist; Pablo Casals, 'cellist.
March 7—Second Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
March 14—Elena Gerhardt, soprano; Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist.
March 21—Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano; Percy Grainger, pianist.
March 28—Margarete Matzenauer, dramatic soprano; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist. Mme. Matzenauer sang here for the first time in concert.
April 18—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
May 10—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.

There were other Sunday concerts of various kinds, by the Boston Theatre Opera company, by singers and orchestra at the Boston Opera House, etc. An interesting experiment was made by the Boston music school settlement, under whose auspices concerts at a low price were given in the Boston Theatre on Sunday afternoon:

Oct. 25—Maud Powell, violinist; Felix Fox, pianist.
Nov. 8—Arrigo Serato, violinist, his first appearance here; George Mitchell, tenor.
Nov. 22—Tina Lerner, pianist; Swedish Singing Society Harmoni.
Dec. 6—Mme. Gerville-Reache, contralto, the Hoffmann String Quartet.

Concert of Chamber Clubs

The Kneisel quartet gave four concerts at which these pieces were played here for the first time: Zoltan Kodaly's quartet in C major op. 2, Nov. 3; D. G. Mason's piano quartet in A major (Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist), Dec. 1; V. Tommasini's quartet in F major, Jan. 5; A. Schoenberg's sextet in D minor, March 16. The production of Schoenberg's sextet was one of the chief events of the musical season. There was pleasing music in Tommasini's quartet. At the first two concerts Samuel Gardner took the place of Hans Letz, who was detained in Germany for military duty. Harold Bauer, pianist, and Ludwig Manoly, double bass, assisted at the third concert; Samuel Gardner, viola, and Hyman Eisenberg, 'cellist, at the second. The concerts were conspicuous for a more brilliant and euphonious performance than that of the quartet the season before.

While the Flonzaley quartet gave remarkable performances at the concerts of Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11, the programs were less interesting than those of preceding seasons. The unfamiliar pieces were two movements from a quartet by Darius Milhaud (Dec. 10); the whole of Reger's quartet, D minor, op. 74, and Emanuel Moor's three preludes in the form of a suite for the violin alone, op. 100, played by Alfred Pochon.

The Hoffmann Quartet played at the Boston Theatre when Mme. Gerville-Reache sang, Dec. 6, and at Mrs. Beach's concert, Dec. 16.

The Boston Quartet (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir and Schroeder) gave its first public concert in Boston, March 8.

The Carolyn Belcher Quartet gave a concert on March 22. Albert Sand, clarinetist, assisted.

The Koessler Quartet (Messrs. Koessler, Pinfield, Blumenue and Steinke) played at Mrs. Atwood-Baker's invitation concert, May 5.

The Zoellner string quartet at its concert Dec. 3 brought out these unfamiliar works: J. Brandts-Buys, Romantic Serenade op. 25; G. Samazeuilh, quartet in D.

The Longy Club of wind instruments gave three concerts and brought out these unfamiliar pieces: Nov. 25, Bach-Gibson, Pastoral Suite; K. Stumpf, bass clarinet, assisted. Jan. 20, Volbach, quintet; Wooters, Adagio and Scherzo for four flutes; A. Battles and Jean McKnight, flutists, assisted. March 8, J. Amberg, suite; Miss Mary Fay, soprano, assisted.

Singers in Recital and Concert

Let us name in alphabetical order singers that have sung here in concerts and recitals. B. S. O. stands for Boston Symphony orchestra; H. & H. for Handel and Haydn; C. S. for Cecilia Society; K. Q. for Kneisel quartet; L. for Longy Club; S. H. for Symphony Hall; P. C. U., People's Choral Union; B. O. H., Boston Opera House; T. T., Tremont Temple Course.

Althouse, Paul, H. & H., Verdi's Requiem, April 11; Amato Pasquale, B. S. O., Oct. 30; S. H., Nov. 8, Antin, Mary, Oct. 26; Atwood-Baker, Martha, May 5, invitation concert, Marteau's eight songs with string quartet.

Bach, Emilie, Toy Theatre, Jan. 31; Bayes, Nora, K., May 10; Bispham, David, T. T., Jan. 7; Bori, Lucrezia, S. H., Dec. 27; Botta, Luca, S. H., Dec. 27; Boynton, George H., H. & H., Dec. 21, Braslau, Sophie, S. H., Dec. 27; Brown, A. E., H. & H., Dec. 21; Brown, Minnie A., "Elijah," April 15, Burleigh, Harry T., "Elijah," April 15.

Calve, Emma, K., May 3; Cartwright Earl, H. & H., April 14, 15; Chipman, John, Dec. 8; Constantino, F., Wilbur Theatre, Nov. 1; Crescenzo, A. Di, March 11, T. T.; Culp, Julia, Jan. 16,

... (B. S. O.), Feb. 27. ... with Percy Grainger.

Delaunois, Raymonde, S. H. Dec. 16; Dodge-Derby, Elizabeth, H. & H., Dec. ...; Draper, Paul, Nov. 25, B. S. O., Nov. ..., for charity, Dec. 10, B. S. O., Feb. 6; Paul Dufault, Feb. 23.

... Eva A., March 31; Endert, Elizabeth Van, Dec. 19; S. H. recital, Jan. 7.

... Mary, L. C., March 3; Ferguson, ..., C. U., Jan. 17, Ferrari-Fontana, E., April 23, Fisher, Bernice, T. T., Jan. 8; Flint, Willard, H. & H., Dec. 20; Fontenoy-Coudert, B. O. H., Dec. 8; Forrest, R., T. T., April 8; Fremstad, Olive, S. H., Nov. 8; Frick, Karola, Dec. 12.

Gabrilowitsch, Mrs. Ossip, Dec. 12, Feb. 11; Gardner, Ida, P. C. U., May 25; Gerhardt, Elena, March 14; March 26, B. S. O.; Gerville-Reache, J., Boston Theatre, Dec. 6, Gluck, Alma, S. H., Jan. 3, H. & H. April 11.

Hackett, Arthur, Feb. 18, T. T.; Harrison, Percy, P. C. U., Jan. 17; Harrold, Orville, K., March 7; Hayes, R. W., Nov. 12, "Elijah," April 15; Heinrich, Julia, Jan. 27; Hemenway, Harriet S., H. & H., Dec. 21, recital April 8, Hempel, Frieda, S. H., Jan. 31; Hinkle, Florence, B. S. O., Dec. 18; Holesco, Mona, P. C. U., April 25; Holt, Gertrude, Feb. 14, Hudson-Alexander, Caroline, H. & H., Feb. 14, April 13; Hunt, Helen Allen, Dec. 8; Huntington, Clara, T. T., March 11.

Jefferson, Florence, H. & H., Dec. 20; Jorn, Karl, K. April 12.

King-Clark, Mme., Toy Theatre, Jan. ...

Laude, Harry, Shubert Theatre, Nov. ...; Leveroni, Elvira, March 11, T. T.

Martin, Robert, C. S., March 18; Martin, Frederick, H. & H., April 4; ..., G., Dec. 19, S. H.; Matzenauer, Mme., ... S. H.; April 11, H. & H.; McCormack, John, Nov. 8, 29, Feb. ...; Middleton, Arthur, S. H., ... April 11, H. & H., Miller, Christine, H. & H., April 14, 16; Miller, Reed, H. & H., April ...; Mitchell, George, Boston Theatre, Nov. 8; Mulford, Florence, April 13, H. & H.; Murphy, Lambert, Apollo Club, April 6, H. & H., April 13, 14; Murray, Stapleton, Jan. 17, P. C. U.

Nielsen, Alice, April 8, T. T.

Outukano, N., Feb. 16.

Pagdin, W. H., April 4, H. & H.; Palmer, Margaret, April 28; Piersol, Burton, April 25, P. C. U., Plancon, C. Pol., March 11, T. T.

Rappold, Marie, April 26; Rennyson, Gertrude, Nov. 12; Reynolds, Louise S., Dec. 20, H. & H.; Rio, Anita, April 14, 16, H. & H.; Roberts, Emma, Jan. 31, S. H.; Root, Virginia, Nov. 15; Rothier, Leon, Dec. 19, S. H.

Sapin, Cara, Feb. 18, T. T., Scotney, E., Dec. 10, T. T. Feb. 18, T. T.; Sembrich, Mme., Feb. 7, S. H.; Sharlow, Myrna, Jan. 7, T. T.; Shaw, Alfred D., April 25, P. C. U.; Steinberg, Bernard, Nov. 15; Stone, J. Garfield, Dec. 20, H. & H., Sundelius, Marie, Jan. 21, C. S.; Swartz-Morse, Jessie, Jan. 28.

Tapley, Daisy, "Elijah," April 15; Teyte, Maggie, Dec. 6, S. H.; Townsend, Stephen, Feb. 11.

Whistle, F. M., Dec. 3; Werrenrath, R., Nov. 15, S. H.; Wilson, Carolina, May 17, ...; White, Howard, Dec. 10, T. T., ... 18, T. T.; Whitehill, Clarence, April 13, H. & H.; Williams, Grace Bonner, Apollo Club, Nov. 17, April 4, H. & H.

Pianists During the Season

Bauer, Harold, Nov. 28, B. S. O., Dec. 6, S. H.; K. Q., Jan. 5; recital Jan. 23; with Pablo Casals, Feb. 28, March 29; with Ossip Gabrilowitsch, May 15; Beach, Mrs., Dec. 16; Bishop, Florence M., March 31; Borwick, Leonard, April 11, B. S. O., recital (for charity) April 14; Burnham, Thuel, Feb. 9; Busoni, Ferruccio, Feb. 25.

Cannon, Franklin, Nov. 23; Chaloff, Julius, Feb. 17; Copeland, George, Jan. 7, Feb. 18.

Dett, R. N., Nov. 30; Deyo, Ruth, Nov. 9.

Ebell, Hans, Dec. 7, 17 (charity), Jan. 19.

Friedberg, Carl, Nov. 30; Fox, Felix, Oct. 25, Boston Theatre.

Gabrilowitsch, Ossip, Dec. 1, K. Q., Dec. 12 (with Mme. Gabrilowitsch), Feb. 11, March 28 (with Mme. Matzenauer, S. H.), April 24, B. S. O.; May 15 (with Harold Bauer). Ganz, R., Oct. 17; Gebhard, H., Dec. 9, Jan. 31, April 26, Grainger, Percy, March 6, March 21 (with Mme. Culp, S. H.).

Havens, Raymond, Feb. 10, Hofmann, Josef, Jan. 9.

Lerner, Tina, Nov. 22, Boston Theatre; Lhevinne, Ethel, Nov. 9.

Maier, Guy, Dec. 7, Jan. 31.

Pattison, Lee, Nov. 27, April 1; Powell, ..., Carl, Oct. 29, Dec. 3; Proctor, ..., Jan. 24.

Renaud, ..., Nov. 21, April 8, T. T.

Samaroff, Olga, Nov. 15, S. H.; Shwab, ..., Dec. 8; Szumowska, Mme., Nov. 23. Thompson, Edith, Nov. 11.

Vitek, Mrs. Anton, Feb. 23.

Zeisler, Fanny Bloomfield, Feb. 18.

Violinists Familiar and Newcomers

... ly, Dec. ... time ... Durrell, Josephine ...

Eichheim, Henry, Feb. 16.

Fletcher, Nina, March 22.

Gittelson, Frank, Nov. 6, first time. Gluck, Margel, Nov. 15.

Hochstein, David, Jan. 19, first time. Holding, Franklyn, Feb. 23. Howard, W. L., Nov. 12.

Kreisler, Fritz, Dec. 13, Jan. 2, B. S. O., Jan. 10, Jan. 24, April 18.

McBeath, Donald, at Mr. McCormack's concerts.

Noack, Sylvain, April 17, B. S. O.

Ondricek, Mr. and Mrs., March 10.

Pochon, Alfred, Flonzaley qt., March 11, Powell, Maud, Oct. 25, Boston Theatre.

Quiroga, M., April 19, Keith's Theatre. First time.

Serato, Arrigo, Nov. 8, Boston Theatre, first time. Seydel, Irma, March 1; Spalding, Albert, Nov. 12, April 29.

White, C. C., Nov. 30. Witek, A., Feb. 23, Nov. 14, B. S. O.

Zimbalist, Efrem, Nov. 1, S. H.; with Alma Gluck, Jan. 3.

Other Soloists in Various Concerts

Violoncellists: Casals, Pablo, with Mr. Bauer Feb. 28, March 29; with B. S. O., March 6; Gurowitsch, Sara, Nov. 15; Harrison, Beatrice, March 14, S. H.; Malkin, Josef, Dec. 12, B. S. O. (first time), with Mr. and Mrs. Witek, Feb. 23. Orrell, Lucilla, April 26. Warnke, H., Nov. 21, B. S. O. Willeke, K., Jan. 5, K. Q.

Viola: Ferir, Emile, March 13, B. S. O.

Flutists: Brook, A., April 23; Laucella, N., Nov. 11; Maquarre, Andre, Feb. 13, B. S. O.; North, C. K., Dec. 10, T. T.; Petersen, Julie, Dec. 3.

Oboist: Longy, Georges, March 13, B. S. O.

Clarinetist: Sand, A., March 3, L. C.; March 22. His first season here.

Harpist: Sassoli, Ada, April 26.

Organists: Marshall, John P., B. S. O. Dec. 26, April 3; Rechlin, E., Oct. 29.

Sundry Comments Made at Random

On the whole, the season was an interesting one. We have mentioned the violinists who played here for the first time. Mr. Serato deserved a wider hearing, also greater attention, than he received. Mr. Kreisler and Mr. John McCormack, the singer, were the two box-office magnets of the greatest power; nor is it probable that the former's service in the Austrian army, the story of his wound, and printed accounts of his adventures lessened his popularity. Mme. Sembrich keeps her hold on her audience, but she was disappointed when she sang here in aid of the Polish sufferers, on March 25. Of the singers, Mme. Julia Culp was, on the whole, the most satisfactory; indeed, she is undoubtedly the first among Lieder singers now before our public. It is to be hoped that she will extend her repertoire. Songs by Duparc, G. Faure, Debussy and other Frenchmen are certainly worthy of her attention. Miss Hinkle sang beautifully at a Symphony concert, while Mr. Amato did not do himself justice, or, rather, he tried to sing too well. The singing of Mme. Gluck was a feature of the season. Mr. Botta and Miss Delaunois made a favorable impression. Miss Braslau and Miss Roberts are not yet prepared for concert work. Mme. King-Clark sang with discouragingly attendant circumstances. Miss Nielsen showed a greater variety in expressive interpretation than in concerts of preceding seasons. Miss Gerhardt was not in her best vein. There is a melancholy interest in remembering Mme. Gerville-Reache at the Boston Theatre. Her death is sincerely mourned. It was not easy to recognize in Miss Hempel the brilliant singer in opera. Of the quartet in Verdi's "Requiem," Mme. Matzenauer was the only one that sang in the appropriately dramatic style.

The playing by Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch was delightful, in recital and in ensemble. Mr. Busoni, who was too tired to keep his engagement with the Boston Symphony orchestra, gave a remarkable interpretation of pieces by Bach, pieces undisturbed and transcribed. Mr. Copeland was again singularly poetic and elusive. Carl Friedberg, a new comer, was eminently respectable. Mr. Ebell, also a new-comer, proved himself to be a thoughtful pianist with adequate technic. Mr. Ganz did not leave a marked impression. Mr. Borwick, who played admirably in a cool English fashion at a Symphony concert, gave his recital for charity, and the critics were not invited. Mr. Gebhard was more effective as an interpreter of Bach than of Chopin. Miss Lerner again gave pleasure. Mr. Hofmann, of course, is to be ranked among the leading pianists, although he is not distinctively emotional, and at times plays in an almost perfunctory manner. Mme. Zeisler displayed her accustomed fire, brilliance and individuality. Mr. Grainger was a singularly interesting apparition.

Mr. Gittelson ... as "the Vulcan of ..." ... Vulcan might have ... an hour off from the ... has solid attainments, ... it has been over praised abroad to his injury. Mr. and Mrs. Ondricek played with Bohemian dash. Maud Powell drew a great audience to the Boston Theatre. We have spoken of Mr. Serato. Mr. Spalding gave two interesting recitals, and pleased by his interpretation as well as by his technical acquirements. Mr. Pochon showed that an excellent ensemble player can also charm as a virtuoso.

Mr. Casals is beyond doubt and peradventure a consummate artist, but we have heard violoncellists that moved us more. Too often he reminded us of the young man's characterization of Maud in Tennyson's poem. Mr. Malkin, in his first season here, showed that he is well equipped. Miss Harrison has many excellent qualities, among them that of confiding her own sentiments and emotions to the audience.

This review of the season is necessarily incomplete. Recitals were given by local singers, pianists, violinists, that, highly creditable to them, were enjoyed by the hearers. There were concerts of a quasi-private nature that are not mentioned here; also concerts arranged for charitable purposes.

Notes on the Drama and Music

Some very unpleasant stories are reaching London of the way in which certain English actors are comporting themselves in regard to the war in American dressing rooms, green rooms and clubs. We hear of these persons saying such things as "What has England done for me that I should fight for her?" and "Why should we actors be called upon to fight? We pay the soldiers to do that!" and of such speeches finding applauders. Comment upon such conduct is not easy. It may, however, be remarked that in the London Green Room Club there are already more than 50 names on the roll of honor, and that practically the whole of the theatrical profession at home is helping in one patriotic way or another. It may also be worth observing that the effect of such poltroonery upon every true American who hears and witnesses it is to excite in him a feeling of utter contempt for the speaker. The emotion which it has aroused among self-respecting English actors in the United States—many of whom have offered their services to their King and country and have returned to England, where they are now in training—can easily be imagined. Let no honest American judge the English stage by degenerates who have neither the grace to be patriots nor the wit to keep their shame to themselves.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 11.

When the Liverpool Players produced in London May 13, "A Woman of No Importance," Mr. Walbrook spoke of "the sincere artificiality of the dialogue."

Two violin sonatas were played in London May 11; one by the Russian A. Winkler, whose "tendency is scholastic, and he delights in contrapuntal skill"; the other by John Ireland, op. 1. "Is it a half-forgotten effort of youth? One would think so from the evident difficulty the composer has in getting away from his material."

Mr. Edward Lloyd, who is coming out of his retirement to sing in the chorus at Mme. Clara Butt's concert tomorrow in aid of the Red Cross, is no stranger to chorus-singing. He possesses a medal given him 56 years ago for singing in the chorus (as a boy alto) at the first Crystal Palace Handel Festival in 1859, and in the previous year he sang in the choir at the Chapel Royal, St. James's on the occasion of the marriage of the Kaiser's father, the Emperor Frederick, to the Princess Royal. In the 60's he was a member of the choirs of Westminster Abbey, St. Andrew's, Wells-street, and the Chapel Royal, and at that period, as he once said, "With the help of various cabs, I did enough work on Sundays to kill 40 tenors." In deference to his wife's wishes, Mr. Lloyd always refused to accept operatic engagements, but for 30 years he was the most popular tenor on the English concert platform. It is now 15 years since, in the fulness of his powers, he retired into private life, "to give other singers a chance," and only events which have since induced him to interrupt his quiet life as a gentleman farmer in Sussex have been the coronations of King Edward and King George (when he assisted in the chorus at the Abbey) and the present urgent needs of the Red Cross Society.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Irish Players began its season in London May 10 with "The Playboy" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan." In the former, Sydney J. Morgan played Christy and was highly praised. Miss Allgood, Miss Magee and Messrs. Sinclair and Kerrigan took their old parts.

"The lord chamberlain's warning to the theatrical and music hall world on the subject of scanty dress and impropriety of language has been occasioned chiefly by certain revues that are performed in provincial and suburban variety theatres, and in one or two houses in London which, while not producing them, engage them for limited periods."

Mr. Josef Holbrooke, having ... considerable volubility of talk, likes to add ... to his ... spirit of his ... thing ... Mr. Beecham at ... England and On ... press. We have ... musician gaining any very useful reputation by his gifts as an orator.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Madame Donalda, now at home on her native heath in Canada, has been giving a series of concerts on Sundays in Toronto, in course of which she came in contact with the "Lord's Day Alliance." This "watch committee" seized their opportunity when Busoni was soloist. All who took part in the concert were haled before the magistrates, who, in course of their examination of the constable who had brought the charge of a breach of the Sunday laws, elicited from this hero that all he saw "was a man playin' a piano." What a breach! At various ... concerts organized by Madame Donalda about £2000 have been gathered for Red Cross and other funds. Dr. Lightstone, who is with the royal army medical corps at the front, is a brother of Madame Donalda, while another is in the Canadian army service corps, and her husband, Seveilhac, formerly well-known as Covent Garden, is fighting in France. Madame Donalda proposes to return to England in the autumn if the political horizon shows signs of brightening.—Daily Telegraph, May 1.

Joseph Holbrooke's new set of orchestral variations was produced in London, May 10. The Times said: "The fun of these variations is that they are all said to be 'portraits of musical celebrities.' The composer helps our recognition of the portraits by quoting initials in the program, and, strange to say, the very first 'celebrity' of Variation I. has the initials 'J. H.'

"Some of the variations are exceedingly clever, and the recognizable ones are very entertaining. But Mr. Holbrooke's difficulty is that some of his celebrities have no particular ... style for him to reproduce. For example, it is evident that R. W. is not Richard Wagner, but an English contemporary of Holbrooke's. As musical portraits F. D. (Delius) and C. D. (Debussy) are certainly the best, and the Tempo di Valse called R. S. is so blatantly 'Rosenkavalierish' that it was difficult to believe it could have been written 10 years ago. This is the only ... which suggests caricature; where a likeness occurs elsewhere it is ... sympathetic one."

The lord chamberlain's warning to theatrical managers, which is printed in the papers today, should really have been addressed to dramatic ... The "book" of a revue or other ... position is submitted to the censor and approved. Afterward it is altered at the pleasure of the comedians, who "gag" freely. In most cases, however, some "gagging" is necessary. Otherwise the "book," pure and simple, would asphyxiate the audience.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Among French visitors at present in London must be numbered that well known actress, Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, who was last seen by playgoers here in Baron Henri de Rothschild's "Croesus" at the Garrick. Since then this gifted French artist has been winning fresh friends in America, where she appeared in "The Hawk," Mrs. Zain-Taylor's adaptation of "L'Epervier." Mlle. Dorziat, who has secured the rights for this country of Francis de Croisset's very strong play, proposes shortly to produce the English version in London, and is now casting about for a theatre suitable for that purpose.—Daily Chronicle.

"Nobody Loves Me," by Robert Elson, was produced at the Kingsway, London, May 6. The Times said: "It looks as though minxes were a hobby with the Liverpool Commonwealth Company. Miss Estelle Winwood, who was a young minx on Monday, was last night a maturish minx, euphemistically described as 'so very modern.' This being interpreted, meant that she was a merry widow who started a hat shop out of her winnings at 'Monte,' gave rowdy supper parties at her flat—when the guests laughed uproariously at jokes which left the audience in front quite cold—and lived, unwed, with a remarkably humdrum solicitor. When her daughter, an ingenue fresh from the country, where she lived in charge of a tyrannical grandmother (cane, ear trumpet, lace fichu, and sharp tongue, all of the regulation stage pattern), turned up unexpectedly at the flat, just when the supper party had got to the liqueurs, it was awkward for the minx and still more awkward for the daughter. Fortunately the usual stage lordling was at hand to take the girl back to her grandmother in his car and subsequently to marry her, almost in her own tomboyish despite. But not before the tyrannical grandmother, relenting under the new experience of being 'stood up to' by the various victims of her tyranny, forgave the minx and even, if we are not mistaken, bestowed an old woman's blessing upon the humdrum solicitor. As a story, it was, perhaps, just tant soit peu theatrical. But stories are not much worse for that, in the theatre, so long as the characters are reasonably human, and the author of 'Nobody Loves Me' clearly has an eye for some of the realities of character. If the grandmother (cleverly 'composed' by Miss Alice Mansfield) is the obviously ready-made article always kept in stock, the minx and ingenue are fresh and individual. The minx shows that gift for ...

...ing which all people of taste know to be an excellent thing in woman, and the tomboy daughter has a genuine will of her own. Miss Winwood exhibits alert intelligence and a certain disquieting charm. Miss Edith Smith, too, is an agreeable, sincere actress. An elderly family servant, privileged to tell plain truths to 'the family,' was played, with sly humor by Miss Nina Henderson."

"Watch Your Step," produced at the Empire, London, May 4, described as "a veritable avalanche of ragtime, much of it most excellent," made a big hit.

Miss Mary Moore made her first appearance in "variety" at the Coliseum, May 10, in a "section" of "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace."

"Striking," a farcical romance, by Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger, was produced at the Apollo, London, May 5. Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Charles Hawtrey took the chief parts. "There is the framework of a universal strike, exhibiting all the 'upstairs' people forced to attempt amateurishly the menial tasks proper to the 'downstairs' people, and this particular joke has already been well nigh exhausted on the farcical stage. The best fun of the play is in the free run given to the well known and well liked idiosyncrasies of Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Venne and Miss Trevelyan."

Miss Lavalliere played at the Ambassadors, London, on May 7 in Pierre Wolff's "Dieu! Que les hommes sont betes!" The Times said: "It is good to have the chance of seeing Mlle. Lavalliere again. To charm and expressiveness and accomplishment she adds a very marked personality, which makes its effect as soon as ever you catch sight of her sitting quietly on her sofa and playing patience. She looks so quiet, and you feel so certain that the quiet is not going to last for long. Nor does it. In two minutes she is feverishly putting into practice a wild trick for countering her lover, who has just announced by letter his intention of breaking off relations. In 10 she is giving that lover the finest 'roasting' that ever stupid man received at the hands of a witty and not too fastidious woman. She wins him back very easily—and wins a coveted pair of pearls as well. Even the staggering blow of learning that her trick may have got her into serious trouble with another man cannot lay her low. In a moment she is up again and tackling that other man with all the feminine weapons most exquisitely handled. And at the end the witty and not too fastidious lady finds herself not with no lover at all but with two, and both rich. Well, she certainly deserved them. When Mlle. Lavalliere plays Suzanne there should be no limit to her conquests. M. Andre Randall as lover the first and M. Joan Servais as lover the second play up to her perfectly, and the audience revels in it all.'

John Coates is now a lieutenant in the territorial reserve forces.

Percy A. Sholes, editor of the Music Student (London), will lecture in this country under the auspices of the American Society for Extension of University Teaching every day during next January and early February. Among his subjects are Cesar Franck, Debussy, Grieg, Elgar, MacDowell, and The Younger British Composers. He will lecture here at Boston University and at Harvard.

New Music in London: May 6, Marian Arkwright's symphonic suite "In Japan" conducted by her. "There is much in the music which really comes from Japan, and much that is the outcome of a very charming taste on the part of the composer." May 10, orchestral suite from Clutsam's ballet, "The Pool," "mainly written on conventional lines," but including a "charming" nocturne. May 10, "the first performance of Delius's 'North Country Sketches,' consisting of four pieces inspired by the aspect of an undefined northern landscape. The programme spoke of Yorkshire and Norway, but the music at moments hinted at landscapes beyond the Tweed. The two first numbers belong to the very best that Delius has given us. His recent compositions show the reflection that comes with maturity. His dissonances are here more daring than ever, and apparently as arbitrary as ever, but in reality they are coordinated in a manner that far surpasses early Delius. Above all, there is a scrupulous economy of means—not merely instrumental, but polyphonic. The part writing is complex, but not confused. In the two later numbers there are traces of the old defects. The texture is less consistent, and the economy less rigid. Yet, regarding the composition as a whole, it is of a nature to convert many listeners who have hitherto been sceptical concerning the lasting artistic worth of Delius's music."

And yet the Pall Mall Gazette says of Miss Arkwright's suite, that it suffers from excessive orthodoxy alike in form and in orchestration. "Even the irregular rhythm of some of the exotic material used is bowdlerized in the development, and the association of Nikko festivals with prunes and prisms is not altogether a happy one."

H. B. Irving is about to produce a new comedy, "The Angel in the House," by Eden Phillpotts and B. Macdonald Hastings.

Leoncavallo goes on writing operas without ever coming anywhere near the success he achieved with his still popular "Pagliacci." Clearly he is not destined to repeat his early triumph with his latest effort, "La Candidata," of which what is understood to be a revision [illegible] was staged recently in Rome. In this instance, the composer appears to have been satisfied with a libretto of the flimsiest and most frivolous description, dealing with suffragettes. Yet the scene is laid in France. A critic who attended the performance described the book as "apparently the champion bad libretto of all operetta," and he went on to say: "Leoncavallo has provided music many of the numbers of which would be considered promising in a young and unknown operetta composer, but which are for the most part ridiculous coming from the hand that wrote 'Pagliacci.' There is a waltz, which is about third-rate Vienna, and there are reminiscences. It is really hard to imagine (added this candid critic) why a man who has won a certain name for himself as one of the creators of the modern Italian operatic school descends to anything so very common and vulgar as this 'Candidata.'"
—Daily Telegraph.

May 31 1915

The Herald has published poems, suggested by the war, written by university professors and laymen in this country; by poets major and minor in England; and as a curiosity, poems of hate by Germans possessed by a frenzy not divine. We publish today verses that do not stand in need of translation. They are simple, direct and passionate. They were written by a Bostonian, a woman righteously indignant, immediately after the news that the Lusitania had been torpedoed was made known.

I have passed by, long since, the half-century mark,
I am withered and old and worn,
I am only a woman, an old one at that,
But I swear I can still feel scorn.

Scorn for a country that sits on its tail
And carefully counts the cost,
And watches unruffled while Hell is let loose
And the rules of the game are lost.

I am only a woman, an old one at that,
With early Victorian views;
But to stand by in silence when silence is crime,
I'm d——d if I do not refuse.

My knitting and needles I've thrown in the fire,
I'm learning to shoot at a mark;
I have put on my husband's best pants and shall be
An enfeebled but spunky Jeanne d'Arc.

The Space-Promiser.

As the World Wags:

To what lengths may a female of the species go in this conservative and easily upset city to meet a gentleman who in a written statement posted conspicuously in the street car promises space if you but apply to him? Every time I am hanging to a strap, being trod upon, or when seated comfortably observing my fellow passengers doing all sorts of feats for our education and their balance, my eye catches that sign, and oh! how I long to meet the man who writes—"For space in this car apply to Mr. Wineburg." How can he give it? Will he make the Elevated put on more cars, or, if one is courageous enough to take him at his word and apply for the space, will he seize his hat and your hand, dash for the nearest subway, tear gallantly through the crowd and elbow his way through the car to a seat, bawling all the way at the top of his lungs, "Space for Mr. Wineburg"? And if he did, would that prove effective? And if caught by surprise so that it did prove effective, after Mr. Wineburg had torn out again and waited for the next courageous person applying for space to him, what would the irate passengers do to the passenger for whom Mr. Wineburg had provided space? After all, is it a man who promises this boon or what is it? Since the unmasking of Hazel Ray this morning, I have my doubts. Until this time I have felt that if I could pluck up my courage and apply to Mr. Wineburg for space in the car, he would hand it out to me with a big, fat, red seal attached and every time I appeared about to be a strap hanger, or totally eclipsed when seated by having two stout persons almost completely squash me between them, I'd meekly extend that document and demand my space. So I ask is the space-promiser a man. And is Mr. Halliday Witherspoon a man, or is he perhaps a trademark for festive silver as his name implies?

JEAN CHERRY.

Boston, May 28.

A Second Helping.

Let us again speak of aspargus. Dean Swift was fond of the shoots. See his journal to Stella. And he was particular about the manner in which they should be eaten. Faulkener, the Dublin publisher, once dined with him, and asked for a second helping. "Not until you have finished what you have," said Swift. "What, would you have me eat the atalks?" asked the guest. "You will get no more until you do," answered Swift.

Who was the first to eat asparagus? Jacob says that it was not grown in England before the 17th century; but Henry Phillips in his "History of Cultivated Vegetables" (1822) says it is a native of England. Asparagus was rare in France towards the end of the 16th century. It was thought that it grew from the horns of rams buried in the ground, which led Noel du Fail to say that asparagus could not be dear in Paris, "where there is an abundance of [illegible]." In [illegible]arenne's co[illegible] (165[illegible]–1653) there is mention of chicken [illegible] up garnished with asparagus; also of asparagus with white sauce—'the asparagus should be cooked quickly and for a short time', of asparagus "en ragoust"; also of asparagus with cream—"cut into little pieces and save only the green tips; fricasee them with butter or melted pig's fat, parsley and shallot; after that let the mess simmer with very fresh cream, and, if you wish, serve with a little nutmeg." Apicius directed that asparagus should be prepared with salt, cumin, old wine, oil, pepper and borage. Simon Seth said it was so nutritious that it holds an intermediate place between pot-herbs and flesh.

Mr. Golightly told us last week with a tremor in his voice that his physician had denied him asparagus and tomatoes; yet learned leeches, from Dioscorides down to the present time, have prescribed asparagus in cases of jaundice and nephritis; Celsus recommended it as a pickle in affections of the spleen, and the Arabians held that it is an antiseptic. When we were a student in Berlin 30 years ago jaded revellers used to call for hot asparagus water in the restaurants as a settler and quieter, while in this country clam juice would be grateful in similar cases.

To go back to Dean Swift. He wrote Stella on Jan. 14 that he had eaten asparagus a day or two before, and in May of the same year he wrote: "Go, go, go to the dean's and let him carry you to Donnybrook and cut asparagus. Has Parsivol sent you any this year?" (Isaiah Parsivol was the dean's steward and tithe-agent.) But is asparagus on the table in England from January to May?

SHAH-MOURADIAN GREETED BY CAPACITY AUDIENCE

Tenor's Singing of Armenian Folk-Songs Delights Hearers.

The Majestic Theatre was filled last evening at a concert given by A. Shah-Mouradian, tenor, assisted by Mrs. Sevaaly, soprano, and Mrs. Ondricek, violinist.

Mr. Shah-Mouradian sang an Armenian march, an aria from Bizet's "Pecheurs de Perles," Leroux's "Le Nil" and several Armenian songs. He has a manly, resonant voice of sympathetic quality and fine range. His diction in French was excellent. His singing of Armenian folk-songs delighted the audience.

Mrs. Ondricek placed pieces by Vile Toi, Sarasate, Tschaikowski and Tor Aulini. Cui's "Orientale," an added number, was a feature of her performance.

Mrs. Sevasly sang two Armenian songs, an aria from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Wenzel's "Veux-tu?" There was hearty applause and the program was lengthened. Mr. Winter was the accompanist.

June 1 1915

I am the mate and companion of people, all just as immortal and fathomless as myself;
They do not know how immortal, but I know.

Not to Be Outdone.

We observe that certain newspapers in New York and Boston publish a poem daily. Some of these poems are original compositions. A newspaper of this city once had its own pet sonneteer. The poems now published are either by "boss poets," as Artemus Ward called them, and favorites of more or less conspicuous citizens, or they are verses of gentle sentiment by humble but aspiring rhymsters.

It is with great pleasure that, not to be outdone, we publish this morning an original "pome." The author has evidently been influenced by Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." He too might say with Walt that he is "one of the roughs, a Kosmos, * * * comrade of raftsmen and coal men—comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat, * * * of every hue and trade and rank, of every caste and religion, not merely of the New World, but of Africa, Europe or Asia—a wandering savage,

A farmer, mechanic or artist, a gentleman, sailor, lover or quaker,
A prisoner, fancyman, rowdy, lawyer, physician or priest."

My Brothers.

I have a thousand brothers.
Brothers by virtue of salt sweat, sweat that is stinging in the eyes, bitter in the mouth.
Brothers by virtue of straining muscle, the horny hand, the curse of labor.
Brothers by virtue of the quick-spent wage, loud laughter, the ribald oath.
Brothers by virtue of huge tossed-off mustles, the struck blow, the retched-down, raw, red rum.
The coal heaver, with his scoop and plate, he is my Brother.
I stood at his shoulder in the cold, gray dawn heaving the clinkers.
We coaled the liner and came up black, with aching buttocks.
The nigger on the hatch coaming, bronze-gleaming under the ship lights, he is my Brother.
I took the fruit from him, sixty pounds to the stem, thro' the hot August night.
He smote me between the shoulders without rebuke, for he is my Brother.
The stevedore, trundling his half-ton of cotton, straining at the truck handles, he is my Blood Brother.
We worked the [illegible] for thirty-nine hours without sleep.
Our knees shook. Our eyes were heavy with sleep.
The fisherman, hard bitten of the spindrift, he, the fog-eater boreal brown, he is my elder Brother.
He tells me tales.
The bambino, tugging at his mother's dugs, he is my little Brother.
He has the making of a great, big man.
I and my Brothers.
We go down into the bowels of the ship and rip the guts out of her.
We loaf on the corners and sneer at the pale, counter-jumping ribbon-clerk.
We laugh loud at the pot-bellied broker with his soft won dollars.
We fight. We brawl. We are hoodlums. We are bone and brawn.
We are filled with the joy of living.
We shall die content.
My Brothers and I.

H. W.

Dorchester, May 29.

A National Song.

It is reported that "La Francaise," a song with music by Camille Saint-Saens, now popular in Paris, will probably take the place of the Marseillaise. We doubt it. The latter song not only has sacred associations with it; the music is strangely inspiring. In this country and in England it is usually sung and played at too slow a pace. The late Alexandre Guilmant often spoke of this to us. Many doubtless recall the excitement at the second Peace Jubilee in Boston when the French band made its appearance. The Marseillaise was then played in the visitors' honor. They returned the compliment by playing their version of "Yankee Doodle."

The words of the Marseillaise declaimed and not sung have aroused Frenchmen to wild enthusiasm. In 1848 Rachel recited the poem, not only in Paris but through the provinces. Hector Fleischmann tells us that the Revolution appeared with her "living and triumphant, imprecatory and mournful, sounding the Jacobin quarry, the halloo of tyrants. Paler and whiter than ever, eyes blazing with the inward devouring flame that was already consuming her, wrapped in the waving folds of the flag, she was like the avenging Nemesis arisen from the horizons of purple in the disorder of '93 and '94."

Of late in Paris the Marseillaise has been sung at the Opera-Comique by Miss Chenal and declaimed at the Comedie Francaise by Mounet-Sully.

Effects of Dope.

As the World Wags:

Effect of Indian hemp, Cannabis indica.

Chorus of Prohibitionists:
Foss-for-us! He shines!
Chorus of Antis:
To the steins!
To the steins!

Framingham, May 28. J. C. H.

Pope's Size.

In London, chest measurements for waistcoats are thus classified in tailor's slang: Small men's, 32 in.; slender men's, 34 in.; men's, 36 in.; Pope's, 39 in.; out size, 42 in. But why Pope's? It appears that the head of an old firm at the West end, Messrs. Pope & Plante, ordered this size to be made specially for his own use, and the manufacturer called it after him. Was the term ever used by tailors in this country?

By the way, why should a repairer of garments for a tailor be called a busheler or bushelman? Is the word derived from the German "Bosselei," a petty job, patching up, or "basteln," to work carefully at a small job?

Good Haters.

Giovanni Visconti Venosta, who passed his early life in Milan when Lombardy was an Austrian province, records that "we had to shave our chins, because beards and imperials were suspected things. We could only go about in couples, and no more than two persons could stand together in the streets. It was advisable to keep clear of the police as much as possible, for they occasionally arrested people out of mere caprice. The suspicion of a soldier or the perfidy of a police official could send the most pacific citizen to prison for months, perhaps for years. He who has never heard the swords of the Austrians beat upon the city pavement can understand neither our hatred of them nor our love for our country."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "A Celebrated Case," a drama in a prologue and four acts by Adolphe Phillippe D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon.

Characters in the prologue:

Jean Renaud	William P. Carleton
Lazare	Theodore Friebus
Count d'Aubeterre	Frederick Ormonde
Seneschal	Al Roberts
Denis O'Rourke	James Seeley
Madeline Renaud	Miss Doris Olsson
Adrienne	Miss Violet De Biccari
Martha	Miss Sylvia Cushman
Annette	Miss Marcia Williams
Louise	Miss Gertrude Wellington

Characters in the play:

Jean Renaud	William P. Carleton
Count de Mornay	Theodore Friebus
Viscount Raoul de Langey	Dudley Hawley
Duke d' Aubeterre	Frederick Ormonde
Denis O'Rourke	James Seeley
Adrienne	Miss Doris Olsson
Valentine de Mornay	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Duchesse d' Aubeterre	Miss Mabel Colcord
Chanoinesse	Miss Augusta Gill
Julie	Miss Sylvia Cushman

The famous old play revived yesterday at the Castle Square Theatre was first seen here in 1878 at the Boston Museum.

with Cha[illegible]s Barro[illegible], W[illegible]m [illegible], R. F Mc[illegible]lannin, Annie [illegible]arke, [illegible] Reeves and Mrs. Vincent in the lead[illegible] r[illegible]les. It was recently revived in Ne[illegible] York with a distingui[illegible]hed cast.

The piece is st[illegible]l excellent entertainment The story is interesting, a r[illegible]mantic melodrama of the old school, i[illegible]g[illegible]n[illegible]ously told and with an effective [illegible]limax.

Madeleine, wife of a French so[illegible]d[illegible]er, Jean Renaud, is murdered. Testi[illegible]ony u[illegible]willingly wrung from their little child p[illegible]ts to Jean as the murderer. He is s[illegible]ntenced to the galleys for life. Many [illegible]ears later he meets his daughter, now [illegible]dopted by the D'Aubeterre's, as he, with other convicts, is passing through the grounds of the Duke d'Aubeterre's estate. By means of a necklace given his [illegible]ead w[illegible]fe by her foster-sister, the Duchess d'Aubeterre, and which has [illegible]nce passed through the hands of the [illegible]l murderer, Jean is cleared of the crime, and Lazare, the camp follower, [illegible]asquerading as the Count de Mornay [illegible] arrested and convicted of the murder.

Mr. Carleton played Jean with pic-tu[illegible]esque force, simple pathos and in soldi[illegible]rly spirit. Mr. Seeley as the faith[illegible]l O'Rourke, who found so pleasant a [illegible]ome for the unfortunate Adrienne, was [illegible]ece[illegible]sf[illegible]l and amusing. His brogue was o[illegible] the richest, while the deeper side of D[illegible]s d[illegible] not escape him. Mr. Friebus [illegible] the prologue was a shaggy villain. [illegible] de Mornay his transformation was [illegible]pl[illegible]te and, still a villain, he was [illegible]n[illegible]al, po[illegible]shed and courtly. Mr. Or[illegible]onde was a welcome apparition as [illegible]ubete[illegible]re, and Mr. Hawley was a gal[illegible] Ra[illegible]ul.

[illegible] Olsson was quietly effective in the prol[illegible]gue, and her death scene was t[illegible]hing. Later she was girlish as [illegible]rienne, b[illegible]t the role is, at best, lachry-m[illegible]e. Miss Barnicoat was a sympathetic [illegible]tine whose aristocratic rank be-[illegible]me her well. Miss Gill led de Mornay [illegible] betray his guilt with shrewdness and [illegible]mposure Little Miss De Becearl [illegible]ved Adrienne in the prologue with [illegible]rked inte[illegible]igence and a child-like ab-[illegible]e of se[illegible]f-consciousness.

[illegible] piece was attractively staged. [illegible]re was an audience of good s[illegible]ze [illegible]ext week the play will be "Within [illegible] Law."

MAGGIE CLINE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Old Favorite Well Received—An Excellent Vaudeville Bill Given.

The [illegible]ll at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is worthy of the best traditions of v[illegible]udev[illegible]le. Last evening there was a crowded house and incessant laughter.

[illegible]ggie Cline, the "Queen of Ireland," [illegible]pl[illegible]ndent in her all-green costume, [illegible]ng of matadors, picadors, stevedores, pompadours, storm doors, and all the w[illegible]e argued well for old Ireland. Nor [illegible]id she forget her colleagues on this we[illegible]k's bill when she sang:

> Reme[illegible]ber when you make your pickin',
> R[illegible] and Val[illegible]rie ain't no chicken—
> [illegible]one of 'em's got anyth[illegible]ng on me!

The warmth of the audience brought f[illegible]h "Throw Him Down, McCloskey."

R[illegible]th Roye, one of the newcomers to B[illegible]ton, made a decided impression. [illegible]s Roye has all the essentials of a co[illegible]ed[illegible]an. While she is pretty, she is [illegible] d[illegible]ght in her facial play. Her methods are uniq[illegible]e in her departure from c[illegible]nventional lines, and perhaps the best evidence of her versatility was her interpretation of a well worn vaudeville a[illegible]set, "If That's Your Idea of a Wonderful Time, Take Me Home, Take Me Home."

Another act new to Bostonians was [illegible]e "Dramatic Cartoon" of Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson. It is such a p[illegible]ece as this, which, by the way, is the work of Miss Norton, and the manner of its presentation, that has made [illegible]any adm[illegible]rers of vaudeville. The piece [illegible] a st[illegible]king expose of the utility t[illegible] which everything may be put in a f[illegible]rnished room, and the various situat[illegible]ns evoke continual laughter.

Other acts on a good bill were Valerie [illegible]re and company in the melodra-[illegible] t[illegible] travesty, "The Locks at Pana-[illegible], Du Callon, the loquacious sailor, [illegible]s tottering ladder; Wyatt's Scotch [illegible] and Lassies in a Highland Revue; [illegible]ann and Stone, singing comedians; [illegible]ore and Douglas, in feats of [illegible]ngth; Meehan's Canine Actors, and [illegible] Pat[illegible]e Weekly pictures.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Polly of [illegible]e Circus," a play in three acts, by Margaret Mayo. Performed by Miss [illegible]orence Martin and the Lonergan Players.

Mandy Jones	Emma De Weale
Rev. J[illegible] Doug[illegible]as	John Meehan
Mrs. Wi[illegible]oughby	Anna Layng
W[illegible]e Willoughby	E[illegible]rt Baldw[illegible]n
[illegible] Jones	[illegible]
[illegible] Elverson	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]m	[illegible]
[illegible] by	[illegible]
[illegible] Hartley	J[illegible]k [illegible]
[illegible]er	J[illegible] G[illegible]
[illegible] Willoughby	Anna [illegible]
[illegible]n Strong	Jack Ben[illegible]t

Flore[illegible]ce Martin, here this winter [illegible] "[illegible] o' My Heart," is the visiting st[illegible]r f[illegible] the third week of the summer stoc[illegible] se[illegible]son at the Majestic Theatre. The play is not new to Boston theatregoers. They apparently regard it as an old favorite, for the house was full.

In the first act a circus pitches its tents under the nose of the church, close to the home of the Rev. John Douglas, "darn square, if he is a parson," as the circus manager later expresses it. Members of an indignant congregation invade the parsonage to protest. The only person in favor of the circus is Willie Willoughby, an inquisitive small boy who believes in perpetual moton. There is an accident at the circus—the star rider misses her jump. Polly, limp and dangling, is brought in by the young parson.

The second act shows her fully recovered, forgetting the circus slang, learning to sa[illegible] "isn't' for "ain't, and in love with the parson, of course Two prying deacons—and George Graham as the nasal Deacon Elverson was excellent—object to the parson's harboring a circus girl. Polly hears of it and, to save Douglas embarrassment, returns to the circus with Big Jim, her adopted parent.

In the last act, the circus scene, Polly appears in bareback costume, miserable but dauntless. She confesses to Big Jim her love for Douglas. Big Jim tells. Douglas arrives and Polly attempts to throw herself from her horse. Douglas saves her—and Miss Mayo, the author of the play, supplies the happy ending.

The play is a comedy, with some pathos—the popular combination. Polly, like Peg O' My Heart—and Lochinvar's bride—has a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

Mr. Lonergan utilizes too many stock gestures. Miss Martin occasionally gives the effect of having practiced facial expressions before the glass.

The scenery is poor—unscathed by the modern move for realism in stage settings. The last act, behind the scenes, adjoining the main tent, is sufficiently exciting, with a calliope, a motorcycle, a clown and a dancing horse (named Texas Tommy, though he does not appear on the program) for the local color humdrum to circus people, and interesting to those who aren't.

Richard Carle is the star next week, in "The Dictator," by Richard Harding Davis.

June 2 1915

Horace Walpole wrote a book entitled "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third." Four years after the battle of Waterloo appeared a book entitled "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," written by Richard Whately, afterwards archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Samuel Johnson for the sake of argument denied that Canada was taken and supported his denial by pretty good arguments.

It is not surprising, then, that some doubt the existence of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, and others are sure that if he moves about in flesh and blood he is certainly not Miss Hazel Ray. As will be seen by her letter, Miss Ray's sister is indignant at Mr. Witherspoon's assumption of Hazel's identity.

If Mr. Witherspoon really is Miss Hazel Ray, he refutes the proposition of Hazlitt: "No one ever wishes to be another, instead of himself." "No man," says Hazlitt, "if he had his choice, would be the Angel Gabriel tomorrow! What is the Angel Gabriel to him but a splendid vision? He might as well have an ambition to be turned into a bright cloud, or a particular star. The interpretation of which is, he can have no sympathy with the Angel Gabriel—he would rather remain a little longer in this mansion of clay, which: with all its flaws, inconveniences and perplexities, contains all that he has any real knowledge of, or any affection for."

But to the letters.

Miss Hay's Grievance

As the World Wags:

Still another grievance against Hazel Witherspoon. At the close of his or "her" interesting (and it most assuredly was an interesting) narration before the Nichols class, the other evening, I timidly inquired from the floor if he found the jails in Mexico less attractive than those of the United States. To my utter consternation, he began a lengthy comparison of jails on both sides of the border. Then finally t[illegible]rning languidly in my direction, he said "For example, take our own state prison at Charlestown, with which, I presume, you are familiar, etc." When next he tries to [illegible]

[illegible] r[illegible]
[illegible] HAZEL RAY

[illegible]burg, May 28

[illegible] Witherspoon th[illegible]s s[illegible] t[illegible]te [illegible] Artem[illegible]s Ward, who, le[illegible]t[illegible]ri[illegible] in Pitt[illegible]rgh, Pa., remarked t[illegible] his [illegible]ience "Those of you who have b[illegible]n in the penitentiary" The next m[illegible]ng a tall, gaunt, so[illegible]r, sombre m[illegible]n, [illegible]rying a h[illegible]ckory stick, called at [illegible] hotel and demanded satisfaction [illegible]cause Artemus had insulted his wife and her sister by saying that they had [illegible] in the penitentiary. In London Artemus used to say: "Those of you who have been in Newgate—" E. P. Hi[illegible]ston tells us that the commencement of the sentence was spoken by A[illegible]s as if unpremeditated "Then when he had got as far as the word 'Newgate' he paused, as if wishing to call back that which he had said. The appla[illegible]se was unfailingly uproarious."—Ed.

Hazel's Sister

As the World Wags:

I am mad clean through. I'm just as mad as Hazel would be if she were not away. But she is away, so I'm going to write for her. She's down seeing Washington with the "Us Girls Club." They've been putting money in the saving's bank for a long time. I never could She doesn't weigh 220 pounds, or wear B. V. D.'s, or have a w[illegible]ist measure of 42. Miss Katrine Gray was nearer right than that but she was a long way off Hazel is beautiful and I'm nagging mad. I wonder if people get The Herald in Washington? Who is this Mr. Witherspoon any way? There ought to be a law against writing a good girl down like that, for Hazel is a good girl even if she is a bit queer and writes poetry. GLADYS RAY.

Boston, May 29.

Impossible Identity

The only thing for Miss Hazel to do, if she is not Mr. Witherspoon, is to join the prize beauties and be seen with them at a public reception. If she is as beautiful as her sister fondly thinks, she should have forwarded her photograph to the judges. The proprietor of the store in which she works would no doubt have given her leave of absence for the trip, if only for the sake of the advertisement. If Mr. Witherspoon insists that he is Miss Hazel, let us remind him that in certain retreats there are men of brilliant intellect who will swear that they are Julius Caesar, Napoleon, or the Emperor William, and women who know that they are Mary Queen of Scots, Florence Nightingale or the Empress Josephine. Even if Mr. Witherspoon should marry Miss Hazel, the identity would not, could not be complete. No one can lose his or her identity. One idiot differs from another idiot in idiocy.

A Humane General

The sayings of Wutzu, a famous Chinese general, written about the fifth century B. C., were translated a few years ago by Capt. Calthrop. Some are pertinent today.

"Let the army on no account cut the crops or burn the barns, and so show the people there is no cruel desire. Those who wish to surrender should be received and made free from anxiety." The ideal general is "master of both arms and letters."

"Those who have gained power on earth by many victories are few."

"Five victories will wear out a nation."

"Might is overcome by humanity."

An emperor talked of peace and prepared for war. He came to Wu, saying: "I am a man of peace, caring not for military affairs." Wu answered. "Why do your words say not what is in your heart?" He asked this lover of peace why he made halberds 24 feet long, pikes 12 feet long, and chariots that were not pleasing to the eye or useful in the chase. "I know not for what use my lord makes these things," said Wu with a fine irony.

June 3 1915

It was but the other day that a foreigner was relating in a tertulia, or conversazione of Madrid, the well known anecdote of Adam's revisit to the earth. The narrator explained how our first father on lighting in Italy was perplexed and taken aback; how, on crossing the Alps into Germany, he found nothing that he could understand—how matters got darker and stranger at Paris, until on his reaching England he was altogether lost, confounded, and abroad, being unable to make out anything. Spain was his next point, where to his infinite satisfaction, he found himself quite at home, so little had things changed since his absence, or indeed since the sun at its creation first shone over Toledo.

M. J. L. Kisses Feet

As the World Wags:

My respectful greetings to Dona Adalaida A. Claflin, cuyos pies beso (whose feet I kiss)—as any true Castilian should say.

With all the consideration and respect to which she is entitled in her double captacity, as a lady and as president of the Castilian Club, I would like to ask her, whe[illegible]ce d[illegible]d she infer [illegible]? I have [illegible] [illegible]ce of t[illegible]e el[illegible] [illegible] members, for a l[illegible] [illegible] sorry to have to rem[illegible] the [illegible] una golondrina no [illegible]e ve[illegible]o [illegible] swallow does not make a su[illegible]), [illegible] although a club, which can b[illegible]t s[illegible] a president as herself, might be more appropriately described as a bird of paradise than as a swallow, still, the C. C. has done but little to dispel the gloomy ignorance about things Spanish, which pervades the people of the United States.

It is an anomaly that, in this democratic country, clubs, which at first were designed for co-operation in son[illegible] [illegible]ommon task, have degenerated in[illegible]o cliques of superior persons, who su[illegible]round themselves by a Chinese wal[illegible] o[illegible] statutes and regulations to preser[illegible] themselves from the foul contact o[illegible] the common herd The insane desire for selectness, rampant everywhere, h[illegible] increased the number of clubs and rendered them so common that no one pays any attention to the doings of any club, except her or his own.

Not that I wish to impute any s[illegible]obbish motives to the worthy members of the C. C., but the mere fact that it is a club is a sufficient cause to render its labors unknown to the public at larg[illegible]. If, instead of writing over 30 vol[illegible]n[illegible] and sending them to enjoy a beatific peacefulness in the Ticnor room, th[illegible] members of the C. C. had taken eve[illegible] opportunity that presented itself—an[illegible] they are numberless—to write small paragraphs to the newspapers ab[illegible]t Spain, they would accompl[illegible]sh infinitely more towards educating the people on the subject than by holding annual celebrations in honor of Spain. How many members of the C. C. are aware, for i[illegible]stance, of the fact that Canada—hersel[illegible] a member of an empire and the n[illegible]ighb[illegible]r of a country eminent for engi[illegible]eering works—has entrusted the con[illegible]truction and design of a passenger c[illegible]ble-way across the whirlpool, below Niag[illegible]ra Falls to a Spanish company?

On several occasions have I visite[illegible] the Ticknor room, and I th[illegible]nk I c[illegible] safely recommend it—from it[illegible] [illegible]k of readers—as having the purest a[illegible] a[illegible] being the quietest in the whole Bost[illegible] Library. It is an excellent place fo[illegible] those meditatively inclined

And bowing to Dona Adalaida and taking leave of her—with her kind permission—I wish to answer your own questions regarding the knight of old—Sir Walter Raleigh—and the modern chevalier—Cunn[illegible]nghame Graham.

I may have a poor literary taste b[illegible]t I persist in thinking that Sir Walt[illegible]r'[illegible] history has no literary value. T[illegible]t is to say, not more than tho[illegible]sa[illegible]ds of other productions which are entire[illegible]y u[illegible]known because their authors were otherwise quite uninteresting ch[illegible]acters. Man, even Dr. Johnson, is a servile creature and likes to look with condescension on the accompl[illegible]shments of the great. I believe the Kaiser is quite an artist, yet, if he were n[illegible]t Kaiser, he would probably have to "strive to earn an honest penny" b[illegible] drawing chalk pictures on the flag stones as do many "artists" in the streets of London and Glasgow.

As to Cunninghame Graham. I have not read his "Life of Bernal Diaz," but I was aware of its existence and mentioned it in my article on Cunninghame Graham in the Christian Science Monitor for May 4. In his letter—from wh[illegible]h I quoted in your column—he says the following: "I am sending you my 'Rio de la Plata.' Bernal Diaz (Life) should be out by now, but I am far from books." Seemingly he has not seen it yet himself, for I haven't received a copy of it. M. J. L.

Lynn, May 31.

The Quincy Boys

As the World Wags:

A bronze tablet in the Quincy school hall bears the following inscription:

> To the memory of
> A faithful officer in the war
> Which preserved the Union
> And destroyed slavery
> His companion in arms
> Of the commandery of the State of Massachus[illegible]s
> of the
> Military Order of the Loyal Legion
> Of the United States
> Have here placed this tablet
> Samuel Miller Quincy, Colonel 2nd Massa[illegible]setts Infantry, Brevet Brigadier Gener[illegible] U. S. Vols.
> Born June 13, 1833.
> Died March 24, 1887
> Lex regit Arma tuentur

The coming dedication of the monument to Wendell Phillips, abolitioni[illegible] and old South Cove re[illegible]dent, brin[illegible]s forcibly to mind the glorious war recor[illegible] of the Quincy boys in blue who dri[illegible]d on Albany street, and were faithful to every charge. Their like we shall nev[illegible]r see again in these days of sord[illegible]d gain

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN
Secretary Quincy School Asso[illegible]ation.
Boston.

To Punish Germany

"S. G. T.," who belongs to the A[illegible]tho[illegible] Cl[illegible]b in London, ou[illegible]lines a way to pu[illegible]ish Germany after the war. He h[illegible] to submit that all Germans sh[illegible]ld b[illegible] deported; that poll tax of at le[illegible]st £1[illegible] a head be placed on every Germ[illegible]n a[illegible]plying for admission to E[illegible]g[illegible], and that no Ge[illegible]man be perm[illegible]tt[illegible]d to [illegible] or t[illegible]ade i[illegible] any Brit[illegible] [illegible] at l[illegible]ast a per[illegible]od of [illegible] the w[illegible]r [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] r[illegible] al[illegible] war [illegible], and the civilized world [illegible] itself [illegible] hordes of German spies, and [illegible] punish Germany at the same time by [illegible] this canaille live and reproduce itself in countries other than its breeding places."

MISS IPPOLITO'S PUPILS GIVE A RECITAL

Present Program in Voice and Piano at Steinert Hall.

Miss Emilia Ippolito presented pupils in voice and piano at Steinert Hall last evening. They were assisted by Luigi Maimlero, tenor, who sang arias from "Aida" and "Pagliacci."

The pianists and singers were Misses Katherine E. Kerr, Helen M. Howard, Madeline Di Vito, Celia Basile, Clementina Struzziero, Evelyn Sweeney, Anita Kelley, Anna M. Gomes, Elizabeth M. Jacobee, Ethel Kelley, Josephine Molloy, Alice M. McDonald, Elizabeth Munroe, Helen Neville McQuillen. There was a large and interested audience.

June 4 1915

The Germans cannot say that the English are wholly merciless. The secretary of an animal hospital and institute in London writes to the Pall Mall Gazette in behalf of dogs, cats and other pets belonging to alien enemies. These dogs and cats were driven into the streets during the anti-German riots. "If any animal lover will be kind enough to temporarily house them and communicate with us we will send for them as soon as possible and endeavor to find new homes for them or painlessly destroy them free of charge." A compassionate soul, this secretary even if he ruthlessly splits an infinitive. He announces that the appeal refers also to animals belonging to aliens about to be interned. Some pets will be "painlessly" destroyed; not by the cowardly gas of German Kultur that is killing French and English soldiers.

A Novelist and Folios.

Little has been said here about the death of Mrs. L. B. Walford, yet her novel "Mrs. Smith," published forty years ago, was widely read and loudly praised. The London Times says that the testimony to her success which she most appreciated was hearing Mr. Gladstone at a railway station call out of a car window to a retreating figure: "If you want the third volume of 'Troublesome Daughters' you will find it on the little table beside my bed."

"Mrs. Smith" was published in this country in the "Leisure Hours Series," which contained many excellent novels, well printed and in a form that Dr. Johnson would have approved: "Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand are the most useful after all." To our mind no subsequent edition of Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" equals the Leisure Hour edition with its sketch map of the scene of the story, and the motto from Keats's "Endymion" on the title page.

Johnson used to say that no man read long together with a folio on his table; yet there are books that lose their savor in an octávo edition. Charles Lamb could read Beaumont and Fletcher only in folio. Compare the stately folios of Bayle's Dictionary, either in French or English, with the matter-of-fact Parisian edition of 1820 in 16 octavo volumes. It is not easy to think of George Sandys's "Relation of a Journey Begun An Dom 1610" except in folio. "I began my journey through France, hard upon the time when that execrable murther was committed upon the person of Henry the fourth, by an obscure varlet: even in the streetes of his principall Citie, by day, and then when royally attended; to shew that there is none so contemptible, that contemneth his owne life, but is the master of another mans": how commonplace and mean this would seem in a conventional reprint! Nor should we care to read Ogilby's "Asia," Spence's "Polymetis," Thomas Heywood's "Nine Books of Women," or Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny in a people's edition. As for Montaigne, he can be read in any form: in the Tudor series, in Everyman's Library, in the four-volume edition edited by Hazlitt or in some sumptuous and limited edition.

Third Helping

As the World Wags.

In an old book called "Health's Improvement," published at London in 1655, which the title page tells us was "written by that ever famous Thomas Muffett, Doctor in Physick," we find this statement about asparagus:

"Asparagus was in old time a meat for such Emperours as Julius Caesar; now every boor is served with them. They must be presently gathered when their heads bow down yards, and being sodden in two or three waters (to ridd them of bitterness) they are to be boiled in mutton broth until they be tender, which is done in a trice. The greatest and tenderest stalks are ever best, and few or no kind of herbs nourish more, being spoiled of their bitterness, and eaten hot."

John Evelyn, too, shared in the prevailing fondness for asparagus, for he praise the statement in his "Acetaria" (London, 1699) that "Sparagus, asparagus (ab asperitate) temperately hot and moist, cordial, Diuretic, easie of Digestion, and next to Flesh, nothing more nourishing, as Sim. Sethius an excellent Physician holds. They are sometimes, but very seldom, eaten raw, with Oyl, and Vinegar; but with more delicacy (the bitterness first exhausted) being so speedily boil'd, as not to lose the verdure and agreeable tenderness; which is done by letting the water boil, before you put them in." M. G.

Cambridge, May 31.

In The Herald of May 28 we quoted Dr. Muffett's first sentence. Muffett's name, by the way, was also spelled Moufet, Moffat, Muffet, Mouffet. His "Theatre of Insects: or lesser living creatures, as Bees, Flies, Caterpillars, Spiders, Worms, etc., a most Elaborate Work," was published in Latin in 1634. The translation in 1658 was added to Edward Topsell's "History of Four Footed Beasts." The "Theatre" is delightful reading. It is furnished with a "Physical Index, containing plentifull Remedies for all Disease incident to the Body of Man, drawn from the several Creatures contained in this second volume." This is said to be the first zoological work ever printed in Britain. We have not seen Muffett's "Nosomantica Hippocratica" (1588). The full title of Evelyn's book mentioned by "M. G." is "Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets." In his diary, October 21, 1699, Evelyn says: "I presented my 'Acetaria,' dedicated to my Lord Chancellor, who returned me thanks in an extraordinarily civil letter."—Ed.

"In Gentlest Germany."

Mr. E. V. Lucas has written a parody on Sven Hedin's apology for Germany. The parody, "In Gentlest Germany, by Hun Svedend," has just been published by John Lane. This Svedend's purpose was to expose England's share "in provoking this peaceful if somewhat fully prepared people to war." The German officer is "self-contained, massive, dignified, absolute; one of those machines from the gods which have made Germany what it is." He is surrounded by efficiency, from the "exquisite authoritative gesture" of the station-master starting a train to the highly successful manner in which the crown prince sits on a sofa.

Here is Svedend's tribute to the German navy: "At the present moment the fleet is riding the waters of Kiel harbor like a gigantic monument to the wise and clear-eyed foresight of its creator. . . . Not a barnacle on their magnificent sides, not a cobweb between the masts, but testifies to the glory of Germany as a sea power."

As for the Kaiser, the "All Highest," "with all His fulminant force, He is humble before God. He might so easily take a high line with God, but He does not."

The Zeppelin carries out the German military maxim: "The race that wrecks the cradle rules the world."

"Some day the facts will come out as to the great part played by the Prussian Navy in the battle of Trafalgar."

It is true that the Louvain Library has been destroyed, but "new books are easily written."

Hun Svedend regrets the conflagrations and devastations in Belgium—for the most part "the work of the inhabitants themselves"—but he remembers that "little nations have always been a nuisance, and always will be."

June 5 1915

"SIEGFRIED" AT STADIUM

By PHILIP HALE.

Wagner's "Siegfried" was performed in the Stadium at Cambridge last night. Alfred Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

Siegfried........................Johannes Sembach
Mime...............................Albert Reiss
Der Wanderer...................Clarence Whitehill
Alberich...............................Otto Goritz
Fafner.............................Basil Ruysdael
The Forest Bird.......................Alma Gluck
Erda...............Ernestine Schumann-Heink
Bruennhilde.....................Johanna Gadski

This was the first "open air" performance of the music drama in this country. There have been one or two performances of "Siegfried" in woodland scenes of Germany. We remember one that was sadly marred by an unexpected and impertinent rain storm. The weather was not ideal yesterday, and a stadium is hardly a forest. Yet the performance was noteworthy and it will be recorded by historians of opera and drama in the United States. Mr. S. Kronberg, who had the courage and the enthusiasm to propose the idea, and Mr. Alexander Steinert, who gave the requisite and substantial aid and in a generous and artistic spirit saw to it that nothing was left undone to make the occasion memorable, are indeed to be congratulated on the results of their labors. To bring over the magnificent orch[illegible] of the Metropolitan Opera House; to secure singers of international reputation in Wagnerian roles; to overcome the great difficulties in stage management and lighting inevitable in a performance of this character, would lead the most experienced manager to hesitate and shake his head.

Whether "Siegfried" gains or loses in effect by a performance in the open air, even when the stage is erected in a forest, is an interesting question, not to be dismissed by quoting lightly the saying of Goethe that art is art because it is not nature. The discussion would bring up several points: Whether the representation of forest scenes in a theatre is not more effective for dramatic purposes than the sight of trees, rocks, caves, mountains, as they exist in nature; whether the orchestral effects, sonority, delicate nuances, contrasts of timbres, are not inevitably diminished, if they do not often wholly disappear, and thus the orchestral commentary on the speech and action becomes feeble, insignificant or unintelligible; whether the singers are not severely handicapped, and as actors are ineffective, owing to the fact that to the great majority in the audience facial play cannot be distinguished; in a word, whether a performance of this nature is not seen as through the wrong end of an opera glass and heard for the most part as through an ear trumpet, microphone, or any instruments designed for the aid of the very deaf.

These questions naturally suggested themselves to many when the announcement was made that a music drama would be performed in the huge Stadium. Everything was done by the producers to enlarge the acoustic properties, if a stadium can be said to have them. To expect or to demand the aesthetic results possible in an opera house would be unreasonable. The performance might be characterized as spectacular and extraordinary. Nor would it be just to compare the performance of last night with those of preceding years in the Boston Theatre or even in Mechanics building. Such a performance as that given in April, 1904, when Felix Mottl conducted and the singers were Mmes. Ternina, Walker and Lemon and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Reiss, Goritz and Blass, would be impossible in the Stadium; nor is it likely that Mme. Ternina and Mr. Mottl could have been persuaded to take part in an open-air performance.

We have said that the performance of last night was spectacular and extraordinary, if only by reason of the place itself and the sight of the audience. This audience, it is stated, numbered between 19,000 and 20,000. It would not be easy to ascertain how many of these spectators heard the orchestra to their satisfaction. The singers at the rehearsal were heard clearly in the rows at a great distance opposite the stage. The orchestral performance at the rehearsal heard in these rows was often only a murmur or a chirping. Stringed instruments in the open air do not carry far. The tone is lifeless; brilliance in forte is impossible; delicate passages are as though the strings were silent.

But to those near the stage last night the orchestra was often eloquent. There were times when it was ineffective, through no fault of the conductor or the players. The embroidery of the violins was hardly heard; violoncello passages were barely suspected; figures for wood-wind instruments were fragmentary or not heard at all. There was a recompense, and a great one. The voices of the singers were uncommonly distinct; never were they overpowered; and so the text for once had meaning without undue effort on the part of the actors, without boisterous declamation. Seldom have we heard a performance of "Siegfried" so well sung.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of Mme. Gadski's Bruennhilde or the Erda of Mme. Schumann-Heink. Mme. Gadski, with the years, has gained in artistic sincerity and in expressive interpretation. That the Bruennhilde of this music drama is not so interesting a figure as the Bruennhilde of "The Valkyrie" or the heroine of "Dusk of the Gods" is the fault of Wagner, who does not allow her to appear until the ears are sated and it is not easy to receive musical impressions. The scene between Erda and Wotan is one of the grandest conceived by Wagner. It has justly been called Aeschylean, and Mme. Schumann-Heink sings her music in the Aeschylean manner.

The Mime of Mr. Reiss is also familiar here and has been often praised. The impersonation is indeed remarkable for its vivacity, its cunning, its malice, its dwarfish malignancy. And Mr. Reiss is not tempted to extravagance. We have seen Mimes that mistook music-drama for farce-comedy. Only once last night did Mr. Reiss become merely a grotesque figure. In the quarrel with Alberich the two reminded one of an imitation in burlesque of the Wild Men of Borneo. The quarrel was squalid and would have caused Wotan to lose his pontifical composure if he had been a looker on. It was not Wagner's intention that the two dwarfs should at any time be knockabout comedians. Mr. Goritz was otherwise an excellently evil Alberich.

The music of the Dragon has been more impressively sung here, especially the phrase when bored by Wotan he asks that he may sleep again. Mme. Gluck was a clear-voiced, melodious bird. Mr. Whitehill, who took the part of Wandering Wotan with his puzzling questions for the first time in Boston, sang superbly. His enunciation was delightfully clear, nor to gain this did he throw overboard the elemental rules of song. In other words, he is not of the Bayreuth phrase-chopping and staccato school. He succeeded in making the Wanderer interesting for the most part, truly a rare feat. Seldom if ever has the noble music for the answer to Mime's third question been sung here so majestically.

Mr. Sembach, who appeared here for the first time, made a pleasing impression as Siegfried. He is yet very young in the part, but his performance did not betray this fact. At present his singing of the music outstrips his acting of the part. When he gains greater freedom he will probably be a more boyish hero and more elastic in action. Then, too, the scene in which he forges the sword will have dramatic continuity and a stirring climax. He is now more effective in lyrical and tender passages than in heroic outbursts.

Mr. Hertz conducted with great care and with a fine appreciation of the score. In times past his love of stentorian orchestral effects, without regard to the singers and hearers, excited unfavorable comment. Last night he conducted with a nicer sense of proportion and a more loving regard for nuances.

Mme. Edvina, who, in spite of the fact that she brought letters of introduction and recommendation to our "best people," proved at the Boston Opera House that she was charming in certain roles, has been singing in London. The Daily Telegraph said that she sang the air from "Louise" with which "her name is now closely associated."

Is it not possible that Mme. Edvina, who is a woman of brains and has a lively sense of humor, secretly loathes this air, "Depuis le jour," and wishes it had never been written? For she now shares the fate of Miss Maggie Cline, characterized by Mr. James Huneker as the Bruennhilde of the Bowery. No matter what Miss Maggie wishes to sing, the public demands "Throw Him Down McCloskey." And yet when Miss Maggie was younger, say 24 or 25 years ago, her song "If Donavan's a Better Man Than I Am" gave her deserved fame. It's a gloriously heroic ditty. In these degenerate days of the stage who remembers Donavan's Christian name or the name of the singer that "bested" him?

And so it is with Mr. Albert Chevalier. When he appeared this season in a London music hall, the public, impatient of new songs, demanded the old favorites, including, of course, "My Old Dutch." In this instance the judgment of the audience was undoubtedly righteous.

As with singers, so with novelists, poets, painters, composers. Frank Stockton told how the success of a most amusing story written by a contributor to magazines handicapped him for some years: How editors, declining or accepting his manuscripts, would refer to the brilliance of that story; how at last he wrote one that he knew was even funnier, but wisely placed it in a strong box and then put the box where it never would be found, otherwise he would have been ruined for life. Did not Longfellow at times regret that he had written the "Psalm of Life" or "Excelsior" when he looked over his sonnets in the translation of Dante which were caviare to the general?

An Old Question.

The question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" has been revived by persons writing letters to the New York Sun and having no other waste pipe for their restless intellect. It is an old question, one never satisfactorily answered. Dan Emmett's song is at least 55 years old. The striker has often been named. The incident occurred in many cities, towns, villages in various parts of the country. We remember publishing some years ago a circumstantial account of the affair, which, the writer swore, happened in Boston. We believe the name of the street and the time of day were given. Now, a citizen of Rome, Ga., is s[illegible]re

that Mr. Payne of Warre... Pa., struck ... This Mr. Payne was a nephew of J... rroll Payne, a prominent lawyer, etc., and of Father Payne. This is eminently southern, and we are relieved to find that Mr. Patterson's assailant belonged to one of the first families. Our sympathies, however, have always been with Mr. Patterson. Never ... what he had said or done; Mr. ... n was struck anonymously. No ... that the poet exclaimed:

I'll gib ten dollars down,
An leab dem in my will,
If any one can show de man
Dat ebber struck old Bill.

Huge Stones.

The announcement that Stonehenge is for sale has aroused archaeologists and other scientific gentlemen to pernicious activity. We are told again for the 500th time that "blocks of stone weighing 200 tons were used in its construction"; that Henry of Huntington 1000 years ago referred to the mystery of its origin, etc., etc. Since the announcement there has been a hurried examination of encyclopaedias in newspaper offices. Yet, no one, to our knowledge, has quoted from Stillingfleet's "Defence of Discourse Concerning Idolatry." The ingenious and learned author alluded to Buxtorf's account of the figure of the idol Markolis, that it was after this fashion: "two huge stones standing one against each other, and a third lying cross over them, covering the other two with one half of his bigness," and "the Rabbins in Avoda Zara say that these stones being placed after that manner are forbidden, because that was the figure of the idol Markolis." Then Stillingfleet asked: "What if our Stonehenge were some such thing? for the stones lie transversely upon each other after this figure, which neither belonged to a Roman temple nor to the Danish monuments."

But when today we read the word Stonehenge, we do not think of Caxton, Sidney, Charles II., Defoe, Stillingfleet, or even the late Sir Edmond Antrobus, who owned the monoliths and trilithons; but we see Tess of the D'Urbervilles spending the night there with Clare before the men came to take her, and asking Clare if one had sacrificed to God there; we see the whole enormous landscape bearing "that impress of reserve, taciturnity and hesitation which is usual just before day."

Mr. Pain's Parody.

To Printers' Pie, published in London, Mr. Barry Pain contributes a parody of a scene from a play supposed to be written by Maeterlinck and entitled "Glucose and Aniline." Here is an extract:

Aniline—Tell me more, brother.
Glucose—It is a sandy cat.
Aniline—My cinnamon heart! And is it a little, little cat?
Glucose—It is about the size of a piece of wood.
Aniline—And it listens for me, even as love listens. For the cat is love, and love is the cat.
Glucose (sternly, turning from the window)—The ... sister, love is dead.
Aniline—What do you say?
Glucose—My mistake. I mean the cat is dead.
... children (together)—Poor poothy!
Aniline—Do not say to me that the cat is dead.
Glucose—I will say then that two motor ... buses and a Ford car have run over it, and that its head has come unstuck.

The London Daily Telegraph says this is "clever." To our mind it is about as funny as a railway accident.

Sir Frederic H. Cowen, known chiefly in this country by his sentimental song, "The Better Land," and the equally sentimental cantata, "The Rose Maiden," though at least one of his symphonies has enjoyed a certain popularity, is the author of a little book, "Music as She Is Wrote," being "A Glossary of Musical Terms (very much) Up-to-Date." It is published by Mills & Boon and is sold for a shilling. Here are some of the definitions:

Accent—A thing used mostly by foreign conductors when trying to speak English to the orchestra.

Artist—Any one of any nationality (except British) who plays, sings or composes.

Bagpipe—The only known instrument not yet used in the modern orchestra.

Cavatina—A violin piece by a composer of the name of Raff.

Classical—Anything that has no tune. Most modern music is classical.

Composer—Any one of any nationality (except British) who composes. (See Artist).

Con Grazia—The manner in which a prima donna smiles and curtseys when she is presented with a bouquet she has herself paid for.

Dot—A pont placed after a note to indicate that its value is increased by one-half. It is unfortunately only a musical sign and cannot be used for £5 notes.

Festival—A lying-in hospital for stillborn works of British composers.

Flat—A very unpleasant way some artists have of singing.

Form—An obsolete term.

Interval—The most enjoyable part of any musical entertainment.

Lyrics—Verses sent in batches to a ... by an unknown poet without ... stamped envelope for their return.

... to us from the continent. ... still ... time to do so.

Pianist—Any one who plays the piano and comes to England from a foreign count...

Programme—A selection of vocal and instrumental pieces at a concert, varying in number from 5 to 20, out of which one piece is sometimes by a British composer.

"Songs of Brittany," by Theodore Botrel, translated into English by G. E. Morrison, with a preface by Edgar Preston, is published in London by Elkin Mathews, at the price of 1 shilling net. Botrel is called the "chansonnier aux armees." He is the son of a Breton blacksmith, not yet 50 years old, and he has been writing songs practically all his life. The author of the preface says that when he was last heard of, he was singing to his countrymen "not far from the trenches." The songs in this volume, about 30, deal "with the things that are simple, elemental and of everlasting appeal—love, birth, death, faith, the coming of spring, the winter wind, the crafts of the blacksmith and the fisherman, the hopefulness of childhood, the sad wisdom of old age. The following verse from "Mon Pain, Mon Vin," is now peculiarly appropriate:

I am no longer young, and my hands shake,
But if tomorrow France had aught to dread,
My scythe, my hoe, my pitchfork I would take;
I would defend my bread.
Blotting out at one blow all ancient feud,
In this old valley or that field of mine
My blood I'd shed—the last drop of my blood,
To guard my wine,
To guard my bread,
To guard my wine.

A reviewer has said of the poems: "This is the authentic speech of the countryman and the fisherman in all lands—the direct utterance of the things that are his strength. It is a language as simple as Bunyan's, a music as elementary as that in which the monks of the early church wrote down their chants; and its appeal is universal."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Jangled, Out of Tune and Harsh

I have often wondered why so many house pianos are perpetually out of tune. Something is wrong with our American ears that we don't know and don't care when our pianos give forth flat, tinny and distressing sounds. How many a summer evening, which should be dedicated to quiet and peace, is made a nightmare, even in a "nice" neighborhood, by pianos "jangled, out of tune, and harsh"!

Having made the painful discovery that the tuneless piano, like the poor, is always with us, I have come to the conclusion that the "average" inhabitant of our American cities and towns is not endowed with even an elementary "ear for music," and it is really a very great pity, for such a person, with the most innocent intentions in the world, may become by means of his piano (or perhaps I should say her piano) a public nuisance.

A piano is valuable not as a piece of furniture but as a voice; and as such the family shares its possession with a willing or unwilling neighborhood. If, notwithstanding that the voice of the piano is cracked, members of the family persist in "playing" it, I can think of no more ingenious form of torture for the nerves of the community. For this reason, after a man has supplied bread and butter and shoes for his children, his next duty should be to see that his piano (if he has one) is in tune. Indeed, it should be the social duty of every good citizen to have the family instrument regularly overhauled and put in order. If the combined ears of the family tell him that nothing is wrong, there is still strong ground for suspicion, and he should hire a musician to enlighten him.

It certainly should not require, however, the training of a musician, nor the talent of a genius to perceive that the tone of a piano is utterly wrong and thoroughly ugly. An average "ear for music," an intelligence that can distinguish musical sound from mere noise, should detect it at once. But, as I have hinted, this "ear" is wofully lacking, although never more necessary than now, when practically every family, at some stage of its progress, persists in acquiring a piano.

Meanwhile, proper education will do much to remedy our general state of tunelessness. The ears of children should be systematically trained at the public school to distinguish true musical sound from mere noise. The power to make this distinction, at present possessed by the few, should be regarded as a matter of elementary and compulsory knowledge, like being aware that "five times two make ten" and "bathing is essential to cleanliness." Training of this kind will prove an unmixed good to the community, in spite of the horrid possibility that the ears of some persons will remain incorrigible to the end of the chapter.

It is also suggested that the Chamber of Commerce could help immediately and concretely in the formation of a more tuneful public spirit by posting up such placards as "Tune your pianos, then play them!" "Noise is not music!" etc. It may even be necessary to pass laws restricting the sale of pianos to families that can produce at least one member showing unmistakable signs of a "musical ear"; and to have, in connection with the local board of health, "musical inspectors," whose work is the regular examination of pianos for "bad ... duty ... it ... light and ... let us hope that ... will not have to be reported to!

Boston. AGNES G. GOLDEN.

Lady Gregory's New Three Act Play

The Pall Mall Gazette of May 18 reviewed Lady Gregory's new play as follows: "It was pleasant at the Little Theatre last night to find the touch of Lady Gregory in her new three-act play, 'Shanwalla,' as sure as an individual as ever. Certain reports from Dublin had rather prepared us for a failure, or, at any rate, a very partial success; but one or two past experiences of the kind might have warned us that reports from Dublin are not always to be trusted where the Abbey Theatre is concerned. In spite of the work the Abbey Theatre has done for the literature of Ireland, and through its literature for the country itself, it still has in the Irish capital plenty of bitter critics, whose motives, needless to say, have nothing to do with art. However, let them rest in peace! 'Shanwalda' lacks the enormously comic basis of 'The Image.' Its plot could not possibly make half so good a 'story' as does the plot of that admirable comedy; neither is there any passage of dialogue in it quite so searching as that in which old Peggy repudiates the suggestion that when she dies her long-dead husband will not recognize in heaven, as his once blooming bride, the thing of skin-and-bone she has become. But there are tenderness and humor in its story of the loyal young stableman, whose murdered wife returns, as a ghost, to save him from a false charge under which he is being tried, and to lay the guilt in the right quarter. Tenderness and humor, and, in the characters of the rascals who have wrought all the mischief, a perfect delineation of the cunning ruffianism, capable of melting into a deady and whining superstitious fear, which has long been one of the typical notes of Irish character on the lower level. And there is any number of quite beautiful touches in the character of the young husband, the murdered wife, the old blind beggar—who alone can converse with the visitant from the shades—and the warm-hearted, quick-tempered young squire. Here and there the separate 'interests' of the play—the spiritual one of the return of the dead to those they had loved on earth, and the material one of the attempt to spoil the race horse Shanwalla for the big race—are roughly joined, and the denouement still wants a little more developing; but it is a play without a dull moment, a thing of the delicate lights and shadows of rural life, not in Ireland only, but elsewhere, where there are the eyes that can see. The company act is quite at the top of their form. Mr. H. E. Hutchinson makes a handsome and in every way lifelike young stableman; Mr. J. M. Kerrigan speaks as he only can speak as the blind beggar; and Mr. Fred O'Donovan brings out to perfection the cunning, and Mr. Arthur Sinclair the malignity, of the two villains of the piece. As the wife, too, Miss Kathleen Drago gives a quite exquisite performance, full of beauty of soul, epressing itself in rare subtleties of speech."

Notes on Plays and Playgrounds

A new war play, "The Day Before the Day," by C. B. Fernald, was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, on May 19. It deals with the diabolical plotting of three naturalized Germans, chiefly in Suffolk, aided by an officer of the Prussian guard and "a low-class German-American called Schindler, who was sufficiently German to want to injure England, but too much of an American to care for wronging women and children. ('Hear! Hear!' from the gallery.) The three chief demons, all well stricken in years, carried 'guns' in their pockets, were ever ready with their 'Gott strafe England!' and spat quite a lot. In the last act they appeared at an evening party at Lady Lullaby's Hampstead residence with their 'guns' concealed in their evening clothes, and continued their manifestations until they were arrested by three gallant English officers and marched off to their doom. * * * The funniest part of it was the fiendishness of the three German Graces. It was wonderful with what venom the gentle Effenbach spat; with what ferocity the bald-headed German glared, and with what thunderous force the smiling Pulitzer pealed forth his denunciations of the accursed England."

Mr. Walbrook writes in his column "Plays and Players" (Pall Mall Gazette, May 18): "The remarks made in this column last Tuesday regarding the unpatriotic deportment of certain English actors in America have been largely quoted and commented upon, and several writers have asked the question: 'Can such reports possibly be true?' Mr. William Farren (clarum nomen), in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette on the subject, which appeared last Thursday, also asked the same question. Nothing could be more natural than an attitude of dubiety as to the possibility of any man with British blood in his veins expressing ... opinions as ... ...

... as then. ... tors w... ... lve— ... s ... r do c..., of course ... th... try in the smallest degree ... known to brother actors in ... and have been made a note of ... a eye to the future. But I address my remarks chiefly to the press of the United States. It is there that the ... attitude of the English stage requires to be known, and the opinion of the theatrical profession concerning these degenerates realized."

The revival of "Who's the Lady?" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre was a failure. "The type of play which depends for much of its effect upon scenes of undressing, going to bed, and so forth, is not fitted to the present temper of the playgoing public. The theatre is having a hard fight just now, and I am certain its chief hope lies in an appeal to, among other things, the clean mind."

"The Arcadians" has been revived at the Shaftsbury Theatre.

How fond Oscar Wilde was of sneering at newspaper men and the press generally in his books and plays! One was reminded of this only last week, when "A Woman of No Importance" was revived at the Kingsway. The author of "The Doctor's Dilemma," among the host of his delightful qualities, is yet fond of exhibiting the same weakness. And, of course, both were well known journalists, and much of their best work was done for the press. The after-pose of superiority is not a pretty thing to contemplate. Compare the attitude of Charles Dickens. He, too, began his writing career as a journalist, and, years after, when he was the supreme figure in the world of English letters, he took the chair at the annual meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund, and, in proposing the toast of the evening, said: "I hold a brief tonight for my brethren." And, after describing some of his exciting experiences as a descriptive journalist, he went on as follows:

"I have never forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. My feeling for the vocation of my youth is not a sentiment taken up tonight to be thrown away tomorrow, but a faithful sympathy which is a part of myself."

How much more "well bred was the great writer's loyalty to his old craft than the jeers of the relatively little ones who seemed so anxious to show that they had risen superior to it!—Pall Mall Gazete, May 18.

This paragraph may well follow: "The 'only gentleman' in Mr Macdonald Hastings's new play at the Kingsway Theatre is represented as a journalist. Mr. Shaw set the example of rendering newspaper men ignominious in his plays. As an ex-journalist himself, his pose in this matter was an ill-bred one. Apparently even Mr. Hastings cannot quite resist temptation. He makes one of his reporters accept a furtive 'fiver' as a tip on duty. Perhaps the profession ought to thank Mr. Hastings for not making it a half-crown."

George Grossmith, Jr., returning to London from New York said: "There is a wrong impression about German-Americans, they should be called American-Germans, for during a long stay in the states I scarcely found one who was not fundamentally an American, and, therefore, neutral. Many of our hyphenated friends are pro-ally, and many of them gave our company a rapturous welcome. Why, the Germans in America were enthusiastic about the chorus of Gaiety girls I took out. You know the favorite German-American song now? It's 'I won't be a soldier boy when I grow up.' That shows their feelings on the war."

The ovation given to Mme. Rejane at the Queen's Hall has more behind it than the audience's gratitude for a worthy recital of Cammaerts' "Chantons, Belges!" It is seemly that French actors and actresses should be received with acclaim in this country, for the Entente Cordiale owes them an incomparable debt. Rachel, Coquelin, Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully, Bartet, Rejane—how much these great artists have done to interpret France to England! What superb ambassadors of friendliness they have been!—Pall Mall Gazette.

John G. Brandon's short play, "The Frenchwoman," produced at the Palladium, London, last month, is said to be adroitly constructed and thrilling. The scene is in a Belgian farmhouse. The occupants, ostensibly Dutchmen, are German spies with a wireless apparatus. The heroine is a French woman fleeing from justice; some British royal horse artillery come along. The captain, served with a meal, has his suspicions aroused by the buzzing of the wireless hidden in a cupboard. Two revolvers cover him as he searches for the wireless; but the Frenchwoman contrives to warn him, and at the sacrifice of her life shoots both spies as they bind their victim and prepare to kill him.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows of Charles Frohman: "The death of Mr. Charles Frohman—murdered with over a thousand other non-belligerent men, women and children by an 'officer and gentleman' of the German navy—has removed from the theatrical world of England and America one of its most potent figures. One of the curious things about him was that, so far as this country at any rate is concerned, he ... was almost entirely unknown ...

[illegible] at [illegible] of his first [illegible] at the Duke of York's and other theatres, yet, to my knowledge, I never saw him. I certainly never saw him on the stage. Even his photograph was unfamiliar; rare were the occasions on which he addressed the public over his own name; and he only allowed himself to be 'interviewed' at long intervals. In short, he 'boomed' himself scarcely at all, and was emphatically a man of deeds rather than of words. We Londoners owed him not only the 'production' of most of the Barrie plays, including the annual 'Peter Pan,' but the most spirited repertory season ever seen in this country. According to a story in the papers yesterday, his last words were a quotation from 'Peter Pan' relative to death as a great adventure. He had known the downs as well as the ups of theatrical managership, and had faced each with equal composure; and we may be sure he met the last stroke of fate with the bearing of a man who had been brave in life."

A New Play at the Theatre Francais

It was the first premiere at the Fran-cais since the war. It was the first time for most of us Parisians there that we had put on evening dress since the war. The house was full, but it was a wartime house; ladies wore afternoon dress, and in several boxes were wounded troopers in the care of Red Cross nurses. The troopers delighted the audience by booing a semi-sympathetic "boche" in the play, and even when M. de Feraudy, who had been the "boche," announced according to tradition after the last curtain that the piece which the Comedie Francaise had had the honor of performing was adapted by M. Pierre Frondaie from the novel of M. Maurice Barres, "Colette Baudoche," the troopers hissed poor Feraudy again until the rest of us said indulgently "Hush," and applauded the actor. M. de Feraudy had no easy part. He was the German Herr Professor, who was a lodger in the house of the old Lorraine grandmother, Mme. Baudoche, and his grand-daughter Colette. He could scarcely have been sympathetic, being a Prussian Herr Professor from Konigsburg, settled in Metz. But he could not be odious, because Colette, the Lorraine girl, half fell in love with him.

He was rather ridiculous, but he was captured, he the conqueror, by a certain kind of finer feeling in the conquered which he had not known, and when he asked Colette to be his wife she hesitated, but at last said "Yes." The old grandmother's heart was torn, but, after all, Colette's future was what mattered most. Then Colette went, as every year, in mourning to the memorial service in Metz Cathedral for the French slain in 1870, and she came back home to tell the Herr Professor that a Lorraine girl could never be a Prussian's wife. The play is well adapted from the novel, and it was not an easy thing to do. The play was still less easy to act. M. de Feraudy's tact as the "boche," who had to steer half-way between being the hero and the villain, was marvellous. Mme. Pierson and Mme. Marie Leconte were equally good in easier parts.

A fourth act which had been tacked on, and in which the Herr Professor reappeared after the declaration of war, and in which Colette had news of the battle of the Marne, was proved at the dress rehearsal to be a mistake, and was omitted at the first night. There is a tact in these things, and no one can sit comfortably listening to a play about the war while others are fighting. Even as it was, "Colette Baudoce" was very near the limit, and one really could not help smiling sympathetically when the wounded soldiers hissed poor Feraudy the "boche."—Daily Telegraph, May 13.

Music Notes Chiefly from London

Cyril Scott's piano concerto was produced in London on May 15. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "When the French musical impressionists set up the standard of revolt against the tradition of yesterday, one of their most plausible grievances was that the German classics of the 19th century had abandoned the pure arabesque of Bach, Rameau and Mozart in favor of 'flowers of eloquence.' They could make no such complaint of Cyril Scott, who has throughout his career consistently relinquished eloquence for arabesque. His piano concerto, which he introduced at Queen's Hall, establishes this with a conviction worthy of the Flemish polyphonists. As they regarded the ingenuities of part-writing he regards the art of musical embroidery. His exuberance of ornament is such that one barely sees the wood for the trees, and it is his own fault if the listener tires of the foliage before he has penetrated far enough to see the trunks. His sense of decoration is oriental in its lavishness. If it were supported by an oriental, meditative concentration he would be one of the foremost composers of our time. But his thought readily turns away to follow a seductive sequence, or a chain of harmonic surprises, and the listener is frequently left wondering what it is all about. His last movement undoubtedly carries one to an extraordinary point of exhilaration. There is a fugue followed by a recapitulatory cadenza, that is masterly in conception. The preceding adagio has a fascination of another kind. The concerto must certainly be heard again, for it is a remarkable personal utterance, but, to quote an expression that headed an article in these columns last week, the musical waterwheels are distractingly prominent."

Mme. Edvina has been singing again in London. She sang "by request" the aria from "Louise" that has become "so intimately associated with her." Mme. d'Alvarez is also singing in London.

A new string quartet, the Philharmonic, founded in London, is thus described: "A leader whose intonation is not above reproach, a 'cellist whose zeal is applied more to his part than to the whole, and a general tendency to put on pressure do not make a satisfactory ensemble." This recalls the old story with a picture in Fliegende Blaetter. The conductor remonstrates with a 'cellist for undue force. The 'cellist, rolling his eyes in ecstasy, exclaims: "O let me! the music is too beautiful!"

An "Heroic" overture by Montague Phillips was produced in London, May 17. "Though we know that every man who leaves for the front is potentially a hero, there is little to indicate it externally, and there is still less reason to suspect the latest heroic nature of Mr. Phillips's themes. They lack distinction and might have been written by any other composer who thought it worth while. The one who has recorded them does not lack competence to deal with them. Technically he makes the most of his commonplaces, but no amount of dexterity could make them heroic."

Miss Ethel Smyth, whose visit to Boston is well remembered, is disturbed because at the British Musical Festival her "Hey Nonny No"—"the most successful and characteristically English, as well as the shortest of all' her concert works should have been disregarded and the "least suitable and 'representative' " of her compositions chosen. Now listen to this: "But for the war, two operas of mine would now be running simultaneously at two of the first opera houses in Europe. When I see myself described, I am sure with no sub-intention, as 'our leading woman composer'—a phrase which, however, will be found on examination to mean less than nothing—I cannot help reflecting that none of our male composers can point to a similar achievement. It is too much to ask, that now when a new era in our musical history has dawned, a place in the sun such as I have won for myself unaided elsewhere, on the sole merits of my work, may at last be vouchsafed me in my own country?" How her sister composers in England must love Miss Ethel!

The London Times says that Joseph Holbrooke's setting of Poe's "Bells" did not deserve its place at a British Festival concert. "'The Bells' is the essence of fatuity, because it subsists solely upon the device of covering up the musical platitudes of choir and orchestra with the jingling of as many different kinds of bells and other unmusical instruments as the composer could collect." As for compositions by Bantock ("Fifine at the Fair"), Wallace ("Villon"), Harty ("With the Wild Geese"), they are all works of "considerable power and vitality, but all of them rather cumbersome and prolix. Their composers seem to find it difficult to get beyond the idea of scenic illustration in sound, and so their music is apt to do clumsily what words do better instead of doing perfectly what words cannot do at all."

Mr. Evans also wrote of the new series of Saturday and Monday "Pops" of the London String Quartet, announced to begin May 31:

"Now we shall know whether the numerous eulogists of the good old times of St. James's Hall were really sincere—whether they really wanted the equivalent of the old Pops, or whether, fogey-like, they simply wished to turn back a few pages of progress. That the Aeolian Hall will be filled I do not doubt, but I am curious about the average age of the audience. Nothing less than the shade of Joachim himself would please some of the graybeards. There will be modern works. Terrible! There will even be some of our own music in each program. Worse and worse! I see the announcement of a new quartet in one movement by Eugene Goossens. If the old enuthusiasts really do turn up I trust there will be somebody to administer first aid."

Singers eager to sing "good" English songs may like certain songs recommended by the London Times: Cyril Scott, "Song of London," described as "vigorous"; Delius's gentle "Cradle Song"; Rutland Boughton's strikingly original "Fly, Messenger, Fly," and Vaughan Williams's beautiful "Silent Noon."

"One little reform which the war has brought about in our playhouses is the playing of the National Anthem by the orchestra at the end of the evening. And another is the way in which the audiences stand listening to it with loyal attention, not stirring to adjust their wraps or dive for their hats until the last chord has been played."

From music on the march to poetry on the battlefield is only a step. Poetry has relieved the tedium of waiting before the action. Mr. Hulton, in his Life of Scott, gave the illustration: "When 'The Lady of the Lake' reached Sir Adam Ferguson, he was posted with his company on a piece of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere, no doubt, on the Lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to be prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank above them."—London Daily Chronicle.

At the production of "Lakme" in the Franco-Russian season at the London Opera House, Prof. Inayat Khan was responsible for the local color, as Yoshio Markino was in the production of "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Edwin Evans said of Inayat Khan, the Sufi: "Now that he is also a theatrical producer, sumptuary complications have arisen with regard to his correct European attire. When I met him the other day he had solved the problem by wearing clerical attire, with an overcoat surmounted by the astrakhan collar that is accepted as a theatrical symbol." Miss Armene Ter-Ohanian, the Persian dancer, representing a Bayadare of the Brahman temple, danced in "Lakme" to the accompaniment of her native musicians. This operatic undertaking was blessed by the Russian clergy in the traditional manner.

A season of promenade concerts has opened at the Royal Albert Hall with Thomas Beecham and Landon Ronald conductors. The prices range from 12 cents to $1.25, with a reduction to subscribers, and smoking is permitted except in a portion of the hall reserved for non-smokers. Mr. Evans writes:

"The concerts will be 25 in number, and a special feature will be the elimination of all German music indeference to the prejudice of the moment. That is a prejudice I have never supported in its extreme form, but for 15 years I have consistently maintained that German music occupied far too much space in our programs, and that the independence of our musical life was affected by it. Musicians cannot evade their debt to the German past, but as for the German present, the less said about it the better, in music as in other things. I am, therefore, glad to welcome a series of concerts that will, if the programs are well arranged, prove how little we are dependent on Germany for good music in A. D. 1915."

They have curious ways of expressing themselves in America. Last week I gave the titles that had been conferred upon Mr. Percy Grainger. Now I see that Mr. John McCormack is described as the "pride of the box office." He may well be so, for at his third and fourth concerts in Boston recently over 6400 persons heard him, and paid "exactly" $8000 for the privilege.—London Daily Telegraph.

Here is a wise remark about Lalo's symphony played recently in London: "A work that it would have been interesting to know when it first appeared—the year of the first jubilee—but not of sufficient inspiration to delay the process of becoming dated. In the eighties and nineties we missed many works that we shall never enjoy adequately out of their turn."

The German administration in Brussels recently announced that the well known German conductor, Felix Weingartner, would give a series of concerts there. According to the Handelsblad, the Brussels municipality refused permission to use the municipal hall for this purpose, but the German authorities replied that the hall would be used without the municipality's consent.

When the late Scriabin was a youth in Odessa, writing pot-boilers for a living, the Russian publisher Belaiev rescued him by giving him an income of $1500 a year to compose at his leisure.

A fortnight ago I gave in this column sundry details of the important and all-powerful Imperial Russian Musical Society, through the organization of which all things may, and most do, happen in music in Russia. In a great way its good offices may be of immense service to the spread of knowledge of our music. For of the 3000 books that have been prepared, which deal with the Mlynarski British Festival, a large proportion is destined for Russia, and will be distributed by the Imperial Russian Musical Society to all its individual establishments. These books are not mere program books. They are intended as a record, and so are to contain biographical accounts and critical comments on the composers and their works represented in the first festival programs (it is hoped and intended to make the festival an annual affair). By the broad issue of these books, which contain some ninety pages of matter and cost over £100 to produce, the prose gospel of British music is to be spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia, so that at least the titles and publishers (if any) of many of the wroks will become known. —London Daily Telegraph.

The music critic of the Daily Telegraph had this to say of "Rigoletto" sung in English last month at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London: "Familiar though it is, Verdi's early opera is not among those which are frequently performed nowadays in English. But of its power still to appeal to a public of unsophisticated musical tastes there can hardly be any doubt." Yes, and there are musicians of repute the world over who enjoy hearing this opera which has never been appreciated in England.

The Daily Telegraph published this note: "In New Orleans there is a conservatory of music where no time is wasted in perfecting the young students. Its professors have evolved a 'New Rapid Method,' in recommendation of which an engsging advertisement runs thus: 'Popular Music Learnt in Six Months. By our instructions You Can Play Better than Paderewski and Kubelik.' "

At La Scala, Milan, was produced recently a new one-act opera entitled "Notte di Legenda" (Night of the Legend), and composed by Alberto Franchetti, whose "Germania" was staged a few seasons ago at Covent Garden. The book, fashioned by Forzano upon lividly melodramatic lines, deals with a legend according to which it is foretold that death will stalk through the castle of a certain Count Aldrovandi upon the day that the spectre of his wife (whom he killed on account of her infidelity) is seen. The victim of this doleful prophecy turns out to be the Count's daughter Vanna, who, having been loved by the villain Gualberto, bestows her affections on a rival by name Gilfredo. At a fete given by the Count, Gilfredo arranges to elope with the heroine. But his superseded rival, disguised as a jester, overhears the plot and gets someone to kill the lover. Vanna witnesses the murder and thereupon stabs her jilted admirer, afterwards becoming crazy. It all sounds delightfully cheery, and the Milan audience, it is said, received the novelty quite cordially.—London Daily Telegraph, May 15.

"Mascagni is reported to be engaged upon the score of a film drama. The story is that of 'Faust,' the version being a new one. It will be interesting to see whether, in the present dearth of likely operatic books, other well known composers will follow Mascagni's example, and seek inspiration for moving picture plays. They might possibly do worse."

Zandonal's "Francesca da Rimini," one of the novelties heard at Covent Garden last season, was recently given for the first time in Rome at the Teatro Costanzi. The work is said to have scored a genuine success.

Circumstances having lately revived an affection of long standing for French folk-songs, I have been surprised to find how few singers appeared to be acquainted with the settings which I consider to be the best. These are by Edouard Moulle, who, though his original work is not of sufficient calibre to attract much notice, has proved by his accompaniments that he is a musician of a remarkably subtle instinct and considerable attainments. He has published a set of 50 songs collected in Upper Normandy, and is engaged upon another, comprising 52, of which two books containing 15 each have so far been issued. Besides these he has arranged a series of 25 love songs, from the 12th to the 18th centuries, under the delightful title "Chansons Tendres." He has also extended his operations to the north of Spain, and set 30 and odd folk-tunes, chiefly from the province of the Asturias.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Leo Slezak has been singing as guest in the German Opera House, Berlin. Mr. Spanuth hearing him as Eleazer in "The Jewess," found that he shouted too much, that the voice was too often "elementary in a fleshly way."

The "Heitere Serenade" by Josef Haas was produced at Stuttgart by Schillings. The composer, a pupil of Reger, teaches at the Stuttgart Conservatory. The composition, op. 41, is described as a Humoreske in four movements. A German "Humoreske" in one movement is distressingly dismal as a rule.

Marie Joachim, a daughter of the violinist, is now a singing teacher in Hamburg.

Mrs. Arthur Nikisch's new operetta, "Immer der Andere," will be produced for the first time at Leipsic.

June 7, 1917

Many hundreds of years ago an absent-minded Greek philosopher was engrossed in writing a new famous work of a religious nature. From time to time the learned man would shake his pen on to the floor. He did not notice his lily-white hound lying there, and the faithful animal, not wishing to disturb his master's train of thought, stood the inconvenience without flinching. His work done, the philosopher arose, and, suddenly looking down, discovered the spoilt dog. "Dalmatian!" cried the holy man.

The Hazel Ray Mystery

As the World Wags:

There seems to be a marked similarity in the writings of Hazel Ray, Gladys Ray, Rachel Hay and Katrine Gray. I should like to know what relationship exists between them. Or are they all one and the same person, namely, "H. W."?

ANNIE MAY.

June 2.

And so there are deep thinkers who find a similarity of style in the plays attributed to Shakespeare, those attributed to Marlowe, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and the essays of Francis Bacon, and therefore declare that Bacon was the gifted author. No, these valued contributors to The Herald are not one and the same person, nor is any one of them either Mr. Herkimer Johnson, Mr. George P. Bolivar, Mr. Lucien B. Henderson or Mr. Marcellus Graves, also valued con

[illegible] ... has a [illegible] figure [illegible] with [illegible] full of [illegible]. It is true that Mr. Halliday Witherspoon has asserted that he is Miss Hazel Ray but her sister Gladys indignantly disputes the claim, and, as our readers know, there are already grave doubts concerning the existence of Mr. Witherspoon. The Hazel Ray correspondence a century from now will undoubtedly be a [illegible] literary mystery. There will be Hazel Ray societies; meetings addressed by [illegible]-coated investigators; papers read by [illegible] college girls; [illegible] against her authorship, and [illegible] professor, doctor or dentist from a western town may visit [illegible] to solve the mystery by searching the Charles river for sunken proofs or explanations hidden in an iron-bound [illegible] or in a bottle that will still have the faint and grateful fragrance of New England rum.—Ed.

On to the Front!

A London chronicler is shocked because on going into a bank and an insurance and a broker's office he saw about 500 young men on stools with pens in their hands and ledgers before them. He asks why they are not at the front. There was not one of those young men who could not be replaced by a woman able to write and add up [illegible].

This reminds us of an incident recorded in the complete works of Artemus Ward. It was during the civil war that Mr Ward, going back to Baldwinsville after his trip to Salt Lake City, [illegible] a young man, who says he'll [illegible] if he goes to the war. He was [illegible] in a barrel, and was indeed a [illegible] object."

Stinking Trieste

Trieste, the city that Italy would [illegible] covet, was once characterized by Sir Horace Rumbold as "a sort of [illegible] place for distinguished literary [illegible]." Charles Lever, who was [illegible] there for four years, [illegible] the town. He wrote "Trieste is [illegible] half Holywell and half [illegible]. Whatever is not skipper is [illegible] which talk of the people is [illegible] and elephants' teeth, and I [illegible] the day and the hour that I accepted it." Sir Richard F. Burton, who was British consul from 1871 until his death in 1890, was also unhappy. He was often away from the town, now [illegible], now in Midian, now in Vienna or Venice. So that he received more than one hint from the foreign office that his presence at Trieste for at least [illegible] three months in a year would be appreciated. The emoluments of the office amounted to £600 a year, besides [illegible] allowance. There was a vice consul and the duties were light. But the town is unwholesome. The death rate is high. The north wind is bitterly cold and violent, so that cabs and [illegible] and even a railway train have been overturned by it. The summers are [illegible] and debilitating. The Citta Vecchia is unspeakably filthy, and its [illegible] flowing into the harbor is [illegible] inland by the sirocco, so that the town stinks worse than Cologne did when Coleridge wrote his little poem. [illegible] is the Italians want the city. It was at Trieste that Alexander Wheelock Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, born in South Natick, was United States consul. He died there in [illegible] as the consuls Lever and Burton [illegible] died there before him.

A Famous Arsenal

Bombs may yet destroy the Arsenal at Venice, which James Howell in one of his Familiar Letters, dated in 1621, but written probably in the Fleet at London, described as one of the worthiest things of Christendom. "They say there are as many Gallies and Galeasses of all sorts belonging to St. Mark, either in Course, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Carine, as there be Days in the Year; here they can build a compleat Gally in half a Day, and put her a Float in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients pitted before-hand, as they did in three Hours, when Henry the Third, pass'd this way to France from Poland, who wish'd, that besides Paris and his Parliament-Towns, he had this Arsenal in exchange for three of his chiefest Cities: There are three Hundred People perpetually here at work, and if one comes Young, and grows Old in St. Mark's Service, he hath a Pension from the State during Life."

Recurring Questions

While the New York Sun is endeavoring to find out at this late day who [illegible] Billy Patterson, the London Daily Chronicle asks the old, sad question, why is a horse chestnut the Castanea equina, so called? "Why is the horse so twisted [illegible] complimentary talk? There is no reason to suppose that horses ever liked horse chestnut. The only explanation is that chestnut is coarse. A libel on the horse."

Now the word "horse" is applied to names of many plants and fruits, and it [illegible] generally denotes in English, as in [illegible], a large, strong, coarse kind. In Gerarde's "Herbal" (1597), we find un[illegible] chestnut: "For that the people [illegible] their [illegible] of the [illegible] and such like [illegible]." But the Chronicle does not mention Gerarde. It gives as one reason: "The horse chestnut is so called on account of a resemblance to a horseshoe that is found when the twigs of the tree are sliced obliquely." There is nothing about this in Dr. Robert Means Lawrence's "Magic of the Horseshoe, with Other Folk-lore Notes."

The reason why the lower part of Chestnut street in Boston is called Horse Chestnut street needs no learned explanation.

June 5 1915

Like Mr. Silas Wegg, we are fond of dropping into poetry. For this reason we welcome "Songs of Simple Things" by Miss Judith Foljambe, who rhymes "valor" with "Valhalla" and assures us that life is "passionate red," the living grey, the dead golden, the chalice purple and bread silver. Nor is Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod a slouch of a poet. This line from "Songs to Save a Soul" pleased us especially: "And He was me and I was Him." Some might prefer this quatrain:

The thunder of a passing train,
Which belches out its hideous pain
Against the howling of the wind,
Streaming its Titan hair behind.

One Leon Rains.

This "Leon Raines," who according to report has been severely criticising in Dresden the American government and declaring publicly that he is ashamed of his American citizenship is undoubtedly our old friend E. Leon Rains, a bass singer, who first appeared in Boston at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in "The Messiah" Dec. 19, 1897. In 1898 he was a member of the Damrosch and Ellis Co. At the Boston Theatre in February he took these parts: Reinmar, Hunding, the Marquis in "La Traviata," and in March he was seen and heard as Pogner, Fafner, The Duke of Verona. Early in 1899 he came again to the Boston Theatre as a member of Mr. Ellis's company. He then took the parts of Biterolf, Henry the Fowler, Hunding, Fafner, The Marquis, Hagen, The Duke of Verona.

Rains was romped as a boy, according to biographical press agents, in the district of New York known as Hell's Kitchen. He was born in Thirtieth street, and it has been said that he was the son of a rabbi. He helped a milkman, sold newspapers, set type, was a beer bottler, worked at various trades. Fond of music he sang as a boy soprano in Lawrence Barrett's production of "Francesca da Rimini" at the Star Theatre, New York, in 1883, when he was 12 years old. He was with the San Francisco minstrels. Finally he studied singing in New York, later in Paris. After the engagement with Mr. Ellis, he went on a concert tour. In 1899 he sang as "Guest" in Berlin. Then followed his engagement, a long one, at the Dresden Opera House. In 1909 he was at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. He visited this country again late in 1912. He has sung at Bayreuth and in various cities of Germany and other European countries.

Now it appears that this Leon Rains denounces America; that his passport will be taken from him. His conduct might have been expected if he were a tenor. Tenors do surprising things, they are capable of anything. But that a bass with a menagerie voice should act in this manner—fie, fie!

Natural History Note.

The oyster, well nigh a vegetarian, always dines between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon.

Halliday on Tour.

As the World Wags:

The world is surely wagging violently in the Ray family. Be calm, ladies, be calm! Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, though a war correspondent, is a man of peace. On this I speak with authority, for have I not had the pleasure of five minutes' intimate conversation with him during his recent visit to the Cape? Yes, Mr. Witherspoon has actually been here. From fields of slaughter in Europe he came to old Cape Cod, where peace reigns and the stout democracy of the fathers still flourishes in all its pristine vigor. He found here no militarism, and there was no navalism visible outside the catboat brand. How he must have enjoyed that quahaug chowder at the inn! The strict enforcement of our sumptuary laws, alas, left him without that aperitif which would have made the repast perfect.

Mr. Witherspoon's lecture in the town [illegible] was [illegible] to say, a great success. [illegible] the [illegible] I noticed [illegible] present. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Jones [illegible] regret [illegible] whispered that Mr. Jones [illegible] extremely busy correcting proofs of the [illegible] volume of his colossal work.

[illegible] the least interesting part of the [illegible] was Mr. Witherspoon's description of his experience in a Mexican dungeon, though he spoke with becoming modesty in his reference to it. Indeed, it was only at the urgent request of the audience that he extended his remarks on this subject. For Miss Rachel Hay's information, I may say that the lecturer made no invidious allusion to Barnstable jail. We have also to thank Mr. Witherspoon for some much-needed information on the pronunciation of foreign words. Rheims is no longer "Reems" with us; "Rance" is now the proper caper. Louvaine is no longer " Lou Vane," with the accent on the "Vane." Instead, we have adopted a distinctly nasal tone in dealing with the last syllable of the word.

We can assure Miss Gladys Ray that Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is no myth. The unseemly agitation of the ladies Ray is entirely unwarranted. In the local paper for which I have the honor to be correspondent I have described Mr. Witherspoon as "a fluent and entertaining speaker, well versed in world affairs, and distinguished for that exquisite charm of manner which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield."

Now is the time to subscribe!

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, June 4.

The Gospel of Hate.

The Bishop of St. Germans at Truro, England, exclaimed: "I cannot hate the Kaiser any more than I can hate Judas Iscariot. I can only repeat the words of Christ: 'It had been good for that man if he had not been born.'"

Dr. George Clark Cathcart, a surgeon, destroyed with his stick an anti-inoculation poster headed "Caution to Recruits," displayed on premises belonging to Mr. John Lewis, an Oxford street draper in London, whereupon Mr. Lewis, over 80 years old, struck the eminent surgeon several blows over the head with his trusty umbrella, smashed his stick and bruised his knuckles. The impartial magistrate bound over both parties to be of good behavior.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Within the Law," a drama in four acts by Bayard Veiller.

Sarah	Miss Mabel Colcord
Richard Gilder	William P. Carleton
Edward Gilder	James Seeley
George Demarest	Morrill Morrison
Helen Morris	Miss Beatrice Loring
Detective Sergeant Cassidy	Robert Capron
Mary Turner	Miss Doris Olsson
Agnes Lynch	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Joe Garson	Theodore Friebus
Fannie	Miss Marcia Williams
William Irwin	George Ernst
Eddie Griggs	Dudley Hawley
Police Inspector Burke	Frederick Ormonde
Williams	Frank Fields
Dan	John Leslie

The Craig Players gave an excellent performance of Mr. Veiller's exciting play. Theatregoers are familiar with the adventures of Mary Turner, the shopgirl, who served a term of three years at Auburn for another's theft and later became the wife of her former employer's son.

Miss Olsson as the heroine was capable. Her scene of denunciation in Mr. Gilder's private office was convincing, not merely hysterical. As queen and brains of the crooks, she was shrewd and resourceful.

Mr. Carleton was impetuous and gallant as Richard Gilder. There has been no better impersonation of the elder Gilder than Mr. Seeley's. He gave the part life and plausibility. This Gilder was dignified, truly paternal, a human being, nor was he, though a disciplinarian, wholly incapable of sympathy. Acted by Mr. Seeley, he was something more than the dramatist's caricature of a metallic business man.

Mr. Hawley was excellent as Eddie Griggs. Mr. Ormonde realized fully the character of a police inspector in modern melodrama. Miss Barnicoat was amusing as Agnes Lynch, with her speech of the gutter, her views of life in general.

Next week the play will be "All the Comforts of Home."

Yesterday many were interested in the added feature, "An Hour with the Movies," from 1 to 2 o'clock in the afternoon and from 7 to 8 at night. A Charlie Chaplin picture was seen besides views of last week's matinee audiences as they passed out of the theatre. Hereafter a movie man will be on duty after every matinee to "catch" the audience as it passes out.

NOTED PIANIST APPEARS AT BOSTON THEATRE

Josef Martin, the brilliant young pianist, made his debut at the Boston Theatre yesterday afternoon as an added attraction of one of the strongest shows of the season. Mr. Martin gave a short recital in connection with the concert by Caroline B. Nichols and her Boston Fadettes just before the regular picture program afternoon and evening. His recital at the [illegible] Box Theatre, New York, last winter, created comment. He will [illegible] special feature of the musical pr[illegible] Mrs. Nichols [illegible]

[illegible] "The Dictator," a [illegible] by [illegible] Harding Davis. The [illegible] of the cast:

[illegible]el [illegible]n	[illegible]
[illegible]les Hyn[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]n	Ge[illegible]
[illegible] John T. Bowle	Le[illegible]
[illegible] Bowle	Wi[illegible]
[illegible]ke Travers	[illegible]
[illegible] Sheridan	A[illegible]
[illegible]	J[illegible]
J[illegible]e [illegible]rava	[illegible]
Rev. Arthur Bostick	J[illegible]
[illegible]ra Juanita Argu[illegible]a	An[illegible]

"The Dictator" is already familiar through its presentation several seasons ago with William Collier in the leading role. The piece is admirably suited to the peculiar style of Mr. Carle. Last night there was a crowded house and Mayor and Mrs. Curley were present.

The piece is one of seemingly endless complexities, the dialogue is often funny in an uproarious way the author has contrived many scenes with a delightful turn that leaves the [illegible] dwelling on the pleasures of this [illegible] to find himself before he knows it [illegible] on to another.

Brooke Travers has just cleaned [illegible] $25,000 on the races in New York. Together with his valet he finds himself in an argument with a chauffeur, there are words and the head of the chauffeur strikes the curbstone and he [illegible]. Travers and his valet board the Boli[illegible]r, a south-going steamer.

As the boat approahes the island of San Manana, Travers and his valet inquire as to the possibilities of extradition. Col. John T. Bowie, who is returning to the island as United States consul at Porto Banos, on learning of an insurrection during his absence, induces Travers to accept his [illegible] and credentials. The latter [illegible] the straw eagerly, enters the co[illegible] by boldness and good luck [illegible] the dictatorship and continues [illegible] road till the fortunate arrival of the battleship New York.

It is interesting to recall the [illegible] plights of Travers, of the sick [illegible] of the calculating Bowie, of the [illegible] of the Rev Mr. Bostick, and of D[illegible], who thought well of his calling.

But the centre of all interest was Mr. Carle. Last night he appeared to excellent advantage, his acting was as if he relished the change. The [illegible] that becomes him so well—the [illegible] of simulated extemporaneous [illegible] a delightful outlet in Travers. [illegible] not mean that the comedian [illegible] Richard Carle rather than Travers. In his picturing of the despair of Tr[illegible] there was the art of the comedian. His fippancies and advances to Miss S[illegible]dan, whom he finally succeeds in winning from the Rev. Mr Bostick, are to be seen and heard rather than related. The comedian stepped for a brief moment out of the picture to say a few words to an insistent audience.

The remainder of the cast acted with intelligence.

Next Monday Miss Edith Taliaferro will be the visiting star in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

FRITZI SCHEFF HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Sings Several New Numbers—Good Program All Through.

Fritzi Scheff heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The Viennese prima donna, whose success in vaudeville has been even greater than it was in musical comedy, sings several new selections that were, however, no more enthusiastically received than her old favorites of Mlle Modiste days.

Immediately after Miss Scheff came another act that received liberal applause. The team was Raymond and Caverly, old-time favorites—"wizards of joy," they are billed but with new pleasantries. Laughter started as the curtain went up revealing a street scene in front of a restaurant with a variety of signs that kept the house in an uproar until Messrs. Raymond and Caverly appeared. They are a funny pair of German comedians, with a lot of new jokes.

Jim Tooney and Ann Norman were also entertaining. For lack of a better name their act is styled "Nonsense" and that is what it is, but of the new, wholesome and never-tiring variety. Miss Norman appears first, sings a song about her husband in which she asserts that some other husbands look better to her than her own. Then her husband comes in, and not one in the audience blamed Miss Norman for her favorable comments upon other bene[illegible] dicts.

Clifton Webb, assisted by Gloria Goodwin, gave an exposition of the modern dances with the original Russian Balalaika Orchestra providing the music. The tango-trot, the gavotte and several other dances are artistically executed by the couple, one of them being Mr. Webb's own creation, "The Tipperary Trot." Leo Beers made good with a clever pianologue and whistling specialty. Valentine and Bell as trick cyclists; Bolger Brothers, banjo [illegible]; Walter Leroy, Emily Lytton & [illegible] in a pretty little pastoral sketch [illegible] "Neighbors," and the 70 [illegible] pigeons of Sylvia Loyal round [illegible] program.

June 9. 1915

has no wish to change anything, to reform anything,

that people pass as before an open window, hearing strange, exciting words.

The Mouth Trap.

We have not heard anything recently from the Anti-Fly Committee. We should like to put before it the question propounded by the London Daily Chronicle: "What becomes of the dead flies of yester year?" The Chronicle adds: "For the spectacle of a fly that has died a natural death (and there must be trillions) is almost as rare as that of a dead donkey." This reminds us of an old minstrel gag: "Where do flies go in the winter? They ought to go there in the summer."

It appears that our friend in Boston, the natural flycatcher, whose arm-sweep is majestic, whose curved hand is an unerring trap, has a dangerous rival in a Kentish inn. Londoners were bothered by flies in the taproom. "Bob kin ketch flies in his mouth," said a veteran, evidently the starter. "The visitors wondered and accepted the bet (in kind) that Bob should catch flies in his mouth. It was, I imagine, the only really outstanding triumph of Bob—otherwise a silent man. He rose—like a Cinquevalli, conscious of skill—spotted the fly on the tavern table, leaned cautiously, blew, as his mouth approached, upon the wings of the doomed insect—its only means of escape. Then a pounce! And the village flycatcher had the fly in his mouth and the bet in his pocket."

"Siegfried" as I Saw It.

As the World Wags:

I knew that the performance had started for I could see Mr. Hertz conducting with vigor. What little of the music I might have heard where I sat was drowned by the argument of a woman in the next box, who was striving in vain to persuade her husband to buy her a program. I handed her mine to quiet her. I saw the parting of the curtains through the meshes of a large lace hat, which bent and bobbed continuously. As Siegfried sang tenderly of spring and mating birds the lace hat was tilted slowly backward and the head of its wearer was laid on the shoulder of her female companion. Then came a voice from under the hat: "Why, there isn't a star out! How awful if it rained and spoiled this elegant performance."

During the second act a box of candy was sociably circulated with many a merry jest, in the box at my left. "Siegfried, Mein Sohn"—started Mime, which seemed to be the signal for a concerted rush of small boys down the aisle in front of me. Two minutes later all other sounds were drowned as these same small disturbers of the peace were escorted out by two ushers, loudly complaining, "Well, yer needn't rip the clo'es offa me"; "Leave ago a my neck and I'll walk out by meself."

I need not tell of the whistle that sounded through the entire auditorium at one of the most dramatic moments of the drama, nor of the still more shocking laughter that followed it, nor of the general taking on and putting off of wraps throughout, as these were part of everyone's outlook during the evening. As the love duet neared its beautiful climax a man in the second box in front arose to go, lifting his hat and shaking hands lingeringly with his half dozen companions. The climax to "Siegfried-as-I-Saw-It" came when the lace hat and its companions arose. "I'm sick of this," said they, and filed lengthily out. AGNES CARTER DANIELS.

Wellesley, June 7.

The Gospel of Hate.

Here is the translation of a German advertisement that was published in the Frankfurter Volksstime. The translation preserves the manner in which the German compositor set the advertisement in type:

I sell slightly worn suits made to measure.

GOD

only knows how cheap. New suits, overcoats, dining jackets, dress coats, frock-coats, mackintoshes, and trousers are also to be had so much reduced in price that someone almost ought to

PUNISH

me. But during the war I am selling at altogether exceptionally low prices. All these articles are genuinely German, for we will have nothing to do with

ENGLAND.

Kaufaus fur Herren-Garderobe, Schnurgasse 2, II., Wurzburger Eck, 234.

Strange Tales.

Strange tales have come to us from Europe, tales that are already legends, as that of the Russian army passing through England on its way to the trenches; the story of the superfluous postage stamp on an envelope hiding the written message from Germany: "We are starving." Now comes the statement that King Constantine was stabbed by his wife and then, stabbed with a sharp pointed [illegible] knife, not a paper cutter shaped like an ivory dagger but a paper cutter of [illegible] real wood or tortoise shell, but one that is inherently hostile towards books. A still more remarkable story is given as follows: That in letters from Berlin to men and women in Boston the funeral of the Crown Prince was described as an imposing spectacle, but mentioned only incidentally as though the whole world knew that he was dead and buried.

A Judge of Bad Manners.

Perhaps some of our readers may remember Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast, who once dwelt here and frequently contributed to the newspapers for the purpose of correcting the views and opinions of Bostonians and holding out a lantern to guide their erring feet into the only straight path. He used to sign his articles: "Sumichrast," after the manner of Napoleon dictating a bulletin in the saddle. Prof. Sumichrast's book, 'Americans and the Britons," has just been published in London. He is severe in his remarks on the manners of Americans, believing that the average American has no manners and does not wish to have any. The lack he attributes to our "intense individualism." This individualism in the American's patriotism makes him intolerant toward other nations. We are also sadly wanting in matters of art. "Still he (the American) can always express himself, as witness the skyscrapers, ugly but individual, built for a special purpose, which is business and the making of money." Hatred of England is taught in the school histories. And so on, and so on. Mr. Sumichrast was always amusing when he was most serious.

June 10 1915

From letters received we learn that some objected strenuously to the performance of "Siegfried" in the Stadium, because Wagner was a German and a German submarine torpedoed the Lusitania. "I will gladly hear music by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and others, but not music by a modern German." Let us see. "Siegfried" was first performed in 1876. Wagner died in 1883. The ultra-modern school looks on Wagner's music as old-fashioned; the members speak of it irreverently as "old hat," to use the slang of the Paris studios. We pray that the Hohenzollerns may be put down and junkerdom and militarism destroyed root and branch; but what has all this to do with the performance of a legendary music drama completed nearly 50 years ago and composed by a man who has been dead over 30 years? Let us not wholly lose our reason, even if all Germany has apparently gone mad. One might protest if Dr. Muck were to put Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" on the program of a Symphony concert, because it is a boisterous expression of the form of Kultur that we call militarism. The performance of this march at the present time would be tactless, to say the least. But "Siegfried"—!

The Prefix "Horse"

As the World Wags:

In your column of today, I see that the London Daily Chronicle is quoted as asking whence the horse-chestnut derives its name. Had the editor but turned to that invaluable compendium of the mistakes we make, the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," by Thomas Browne, Dr. of Physick, his question would have been answered; on page 102 of the first edition, 1646, appears this:

"And so are they deceived in the name of Horse-radish, Horse-mint, Bullrush, and many more; conceiving therein some prenominall consideration, whereas indeed that expression is but a Grecisme, by the prefix of Hippos and Bous, that is, horse and bull, intending no more than great. According whereto the great dock is called Hippolathum; and hee that calls the horse of Alexander great head, expresseth the same which the Greeks do in Bucephalus."

Finding this passage reminded me that I once saw in a Greek history the statement that Bucephalus was white, with a black mark shaped like the head of an ox on his haunch—interesting if true to anyone who knows anything about animal coloration.

"DR. OF PHYSICK."

Boston, June 7.

Few of our readers have the first edition of Sir Thomas's entertaining work, published in pot folio in 1646. The passage quoted above is in the first volume of the Bohn edition of Sir Thomas Browne's writings, page 215. The lines are in the seventh chapter. There is this note: "To this list may be added horse-ant, bullhead, bullfinch, etc. But the prefix does not always mean great." The annotator, Simon Wilkin, Esq., adds that horse-chestnut and horse-radish are among medicines used in farriery." Horse-beans, which are smaller than some other species, are so called because horses are fed with them; horse leeches, probably because they fasten on the legs of horses while drinking. Horse-hoe, though drawn by horses because it is large, owes its prefix to the former, not to the latter circumstance. Why is the epithet "dog" prefixed to the scentless violet and the wild rose? Dog-rose is a translation of rosa canina. The Greeks also prefix "dog" ("kunorodon"—because the root was thought to cure the bite of a mad dog. Hence the Latin and English. Now as to Bucephalus. Plutarch tells how the Thessalian Philenicus asked Alexander's father 13 talents (about $15,000) for the fiery, untamed steed; how Alexander mastered the horse; how he would spare him when he was somewhat old, "notwithstanding, when he meant indeed to fight, then Bucephalus was brought unto him, and as soon as he was gotten up on his back the trumpet sounded, and he gave charge"; how the horse died after the battle with Porus "whilst he was in cure for the wounds he had on his body; but, as Onesicritus saith, he died even worn for very age"; how Alexander built the city Bucephalia in the place where the horse was buried. But it is Pliny that says: "Alexander the Great had a very strange and rare horse, whom men called Bucephalus, either for his crabbed and grim look, or else of the mark or brand of a bull's head, which was imprinted upon his shoulder."—Ed.

Verbal Corruptions.

As the World Wags:

As to horsiness in plants and trees: how is this for the genesis of horse-radish? German: Meerrettig (sea-radish); Meer, pronounced "mare"—and in English the mare becomes a horse.

A notable corruption through resemblance in sound accounts for the English for the fruit known in Mexico by its aboriginal name, aguacate. When they came to grow it in the British West Indies the English word nearest to the Mexican pronunciation, "ah-wah-cah-teh," was alligator, and so they call it the alligator pear. The Spanish name, avocado, (advocate, or lawyer), is a similar adaptation from the sound of the original. In Hawaii, and generally throughout the Pacific, I believe, the fruit is commonly known as "avoca," a contraction from the Spanish much preferable to "alligator," as "pomelo" is preferable to the silly name of "grapefruit."

Malden, June 7. S. B.

We have already discussed the question of "grapefruit" and "pomelo." Give us grapefruit every time, only at a more reasonable price than that asked in the Boston market. As for S. B.'s "genesis" of horse-radish, it is no more absurd than certain other derivations by deep thinkers. Eugene Field once told an inquirer thirsting after knowledge that the word "corker" came from the Greek, "korka," meaning "the adorable one."—Ed.

A Gaelic Visitor.

There is a visitor in New York, Miss Nelly O'Brien, of an illustrious family. She is the grand-daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the leader of the Young Ireland movement of 1848, and is in direct descent from Brian Boru, Ard Ri (High King) of Ireland. William Smith O'Brien was a fervent patriot of marked accomplishments, but he is probably best remembered by many in this country through Thackeray's "Battle of Limerick":

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more.
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon Shore!

June 11 1915

OUT-DOOR SHOWS

The performance of two plays by Euripides in the Stadium at Cambridge awakened moderate interest; the performance of Wagner's "Siegfried" in the same place drew a great crowd. Enthusiasts shout that plays and operas should thus be performed every year. The Stadium may thus be an American Bayreuth, they say, forgetting the fact that the opera house at Bayreuth is not an open air theatre.

If there are to be performances of dramas and operas in the open air they should be held when there is a reasonable prospect of fair, warm weather. The New England climate does not yield gracefully to Euripides or Wagner.

There is also this to be considered: whether the spoken speech of actors is audible to the great majority in the Stadium. Would it not be well for them to use megaphones, and, as facial play is hardly to be distinguished, wear masks, with each mask expressing the dominating emotion of the actor or actress? The answer that voices would therefore be undeviating, monotonous and the fixed stare might easily become grotesque is not conclusive. In an open air show finesse in the performance is not to be expected.

By the performance of "Siegfried" it has been proved that the voice of a singer is easily heard, while a large and excellent orchestra is generally ineffective and often inaudible. For opera a varied and eloquent performance of the orchestral score is indispensable, especially in the music dramas of Wagner. If stringed instruments and wood-wind instruments have no resonance, if their tone does not carry, the labor is in vain. There is a spectacle; there is singing; but there is no adequate interpretation of the composer's purpose and expression. The larger the hall, the more ineffective a performance, dramatic or operatic. When Mechanics building was converted temporarily into an opera house, the men and women on the stage were to the majority of the spectators only puppets with more or less expressive voices. What then will happen in any huge unroofed space without sound-conserving walls?

The experiments recently made were interesitng and instructive. But would not the plays of Euripides have been far more effective in an ordinary theatre? We have not the Athenian out-door setting, nor are we intimately acquainted with Athenian stage management. And what an engrossing performance that of "Siegfried" would have been—in the Boston Opera House!

Certain famous sayings, although accepted by the world at large, may not have been said. There is the word of Cambronne at Waterloo, the energetic monosyllable over which Victor Hugo made a great ado. Articles have been written to prove that Cambronne made no such Rabelaisian reply. Others have put into his mouth: "The Guard dies and does not surrender." The family of Gen. Michel, killed by Cambronne's side, said that this heroic if rather Ciceronian answer came from the general's mouth. The curious should consult the pamphlet "Le Mot de Cambronne," by Pierre Larousse. Cambronne, by the way, did not die on the battlefield and he surrendered. Louis XVIII. appointed him commander of the fortress of Lille; marshal of France, he died in 1826.

When the Duke of Wellington was asked if he had given the order: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" he replied that he wasn't "such a damned fool." Kosciusko protested vigorously when the phrase "Finis Poloniae" was attributed to him. He said it was an unpatriotic blasphemy.

We were reminded of these and other instances by reading again that Bluecher, "looking down on London from the dome of St. Paul's," cried out: "What a city to plunder." The exasperatingly accurate tell the story another way. Bluecher, standing at the foot of Ludgate Hill and looking up at St. Paul's, noticed the mass of mean buildings near the church. He exclaimed in his own language: "Was fuer plunder!" Now "plunder" in German means rubbish, trash; so the visitor's speech simply was the exclamation, "What rubbish!"

So there might be dispute over Goethe's last words, "More light!" Some would have it that he thus referred to the spiritual enlightenment in the next world. As the biographer Lewes puts it: "The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more Light gave a parting cry for it." Others have preferred to think he called for another candle or lamp; but, if we are not mistaken, Goethe died in an easy chair about noon. Did Charles II. really apologize for being such an unconscionable time dying? John Randolph of Roanoke is pictured as crying out, "Remorse," on his death bed. Was it John Phoenix who spoiled this story by saying that a serious gentleman called on that day, and expressing his regret at not being able to see Mr. Randolph, left his card, on which was engraved, "R. E. Morse." Mr. Randolph, told of the visit, was much disturbed because Mr. Morse was not admitted to the bedchamber.

Causes for Divorce.

Some peculiarly pathetic stories of domestic misunderstandings have been

recently published in the newspapers Prof. Drewe, doctor of dietetics, doctor of alimentation, doctor of chiropractice and president of the Apyrtrophers' Society, eats only unfired food, nuts, fruits herbs, vegetables. When his wife asked for a steak, he gave her raw potatoes coated with honey, and because she often visited her mother for the purpose of eating steak, he now sues for divorce on the ground of desertion.

Dr. Robert D. Martin, said to be the strongest man in Bridgeport, if not in Connecticut, insisted on taking his two coach dogs to bed with him and Mrs. Martin, who was obliged to keep one position during the night lest by moving she might hurt a dog. It was brought out in the evidence—for Mrs. Martin obtained a divorce—that her husband was in the habit of calling her "a fat slob." Now a slob is a dull, slow, or untidy person. To a sensitive woman the characterization would probably be more offensive than "bono head," "solid ivory," "nobody at home," or even "chump." Mrs. Martin is a choir singer, but there was no evidence that she sang in bed; and even if she had, that was no excuse for giving her coach dogs as night companions. If there had been twin beds or one bedchamber for the husband and one for the wife, the Martins and the dogs would probably all be on the best of terms today. The question of separate bedrooms, etc., is carefully considered by Balzac in his "Physiologie du Mariage," a book that cannot be too earnestly recommended as a wedding gift.

Kaiser and Pig.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of strange stories from Europe, here is one which quite exonerates the Kaiser of responsibility for starting the war. As the story comes from England by way of Montreal, it is surely not of Teutonic handiwork.

It seems that in the middle of July last, when nobody dreamed of war, the Kaiser, who is no slouch as a farmer, bought a famous English pig of the breed known as Gloucester Old Spots. He set his money with the order. The pig was already crated and about to be shipped from Hull when the war broke out, and the Kaiser telegraphed in frantic haste: "Um Gotteswillen, schick' das Ferkel nicht ohne weitere Anweisungen," which is, being interpreted: "For the love of Pete don't ship pig until further orders."

One's natural question is, if the Kaiser designed to bring on war last summer, why did he buy the English pig? His [illegible] will say that he bought the pig in order to hoodwink Great Britain. But if that were the case why did he deliberately throw away his good German money? Germans are not of that kind. Why did he not have the pig charged? Is it possible that the big breeder would not trust the Kaiser—would not charge him, in fact, except at the point of the bayonet? There are many pretty points for a casuist in this affair of the Kaiser and the English pig. W. E. K.

Boston, June 8.

June 12 1915

For Sunday Reading

Mr. Eugene Hyslip told us yesterday at the Porphyry Club that as soon as he receives his Sunday newspaper he turns to the "magazine section" to read the serial story. "No, I don't look at the war news or the baseball pages or the editorial articles until I have found out the mystery of those goings-on in Hayti, of those horrible shrieks in the swamp, and what became of the adventurous Americans."

So there are persons in these days who read serial stories. We are old enough to remember how novels by Thackeray, Dickens, Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, published in magazines and other periodicals of this country, were discussed in private and in the press. Each number was eagerly anticipated. There was curiosity, especially in the case of Wilkie Collins, concerning the development of the plot. We also remember the absurd protests against "Griffeth Gaunt" and "A Terrible Temptation," as there was an outcry later when Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower" was published in the Atlantic Monthly and suggested to Thomas Bailey Aldrich a pleasing quip that has been reverentially handed down. We also remember how Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and its predecessor, "Tess of the D'Uurhervilles" were eviscerated by the timid editor of a magazine.

"To Be Continued"

The great ones died and Thomas Hardy, righteously indignant at the reception of his "Jude" forswore the novel. There were still serial stories. The great majority of them were like two that give the reason for this anecdote. A traveler stopped over night at a little western town. Flags were streaming; the brass band was playing; the marching procession was [illegible] bells were ringing vigorously joyous. "Why all this?" asked the stranger. "Haven't you heard the news?" said a gray-haired villager, as he jumped into the air; "'Nature's serial story' is concluded." "Yes," answered the stranger, frowning darkly; "but 'Judith Shakespeare' is still to be continued."

The Delights of Trash

There was naturally less popular curiosity over the monthly or weekly publication of a novel by Thackeray or Dickens—with the possible exception of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a mystery that some even now are trying to solve—than over the novels of Wilkie Collins with their intricate plots of a Chinese puzzle order. As a boy we were frightened terribly by the dream and the various fulfilments of it in "Armadale." We were too young to appreciate fully the passionate Miss Gwilt. There was a creepy scene in "Man and Wife," and the description of the quicksand in "The Moonstone" was not agreeable reading. But to men of the meditative mind that, fortunately for many, comes after the roaring forties, Mortimer Collins is more sympathetic than Wilkie. Some one in this country will yet discover Mortimer Collins. It is not too late for Mr. Howells to be again adventurous. Or the men of meditative mind turn to blood-and-thunder stories, preposterous ones, tales of detectives in comparison with whom M. Dupin, M. Lecocq, Inspector Bucket, Sergt. Cuff and Sherlock Holmes himself were all mere village constables; stories of hidden treasure, persecuted wards, scientific gentlemen that have devoted their superhuman ability to crime. These readers revel in trash—for the serious-minded speak of these romances as "trash" and advise the young to read only the "standard" novels, with the exclusion of "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones." They revel, as when boys they looked forward to a dime novel in the Beadle Library. We therefore understand Mr. Eugene Hyslip's first choice of Sunday reading. As a matter of fact, we, too, are curious concerning the Haytian mystery, although we forget by Monday morning the names of the heroes and the sinister native villain. Tomorrow, with Mr. Hyslip, we shall doubtless again be pleasurably excited and still more curious.

By the Clock

It is a pity that so many of the sidewalk clocks are to come down. They were an unfailing source of joy in one respect at least: they varied in telling the time, varied from one to ten minutes. Occasionally one stopped, and the humorist kept appointments by it. There should be no place for a clock in an office, for men will work against it, a compelling, goading task master. Any one that writes, for example, facing a clock or with a watch on the desk, will do jail work. His nerves will be affected; his own internal clockwork will suffer. There are persons who go to sleep with a clock or watch by the head of the bed. Has any one of them ever found out whether two watches ticking at odds in the same room will finally tick synchronously? The statement that they will is often made. The French ornate clock that is a decoration in Parisian furnished rooms, or in hotel parlors and bedchambers, is admirable in this: it seldom goes. It believes what certain philosophers tell us: there is no such thing as time.

June 13 1915

We spoke last Sunday of the religious ceremony that took place in the foyer of the London Opera House to inaugurate the season of Russian and French opera. This custom obtains in Russia. The Daily Telegraph of May 17—the season opened on May 29—gives this account of the proceedings on May 15. "The idea is beautiful in itself, this offering up of a prayer for the success of human effort, and it was quite beautifully carried out. The congregation, which consisted largely of members of the company, with one or two friends, stood, in accordance with the custom of the Greek church, while, at a table covered with a plain, white cloth, on which rested two lighted candles, the Very Rev. Fr. Smirnov, chaplain to the Russian embassy, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Theokritov, as deacon, read the Orthodox Litany. To this the responses were sung with marvellous beauty by three members of the embassy chapel, the fourth of the quartet having been killed in the war. This music, which is of hoary antiquity, is of rare character. The litany over, there followed prayers, said by the officiating priest, and the reading of the gospel: 'Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you'; then the Ekteniya, or liturgical prayer, the second portion of the litany, and the Ynogla Lieta, an invocation to the Almighty for the members of the Imperial family, especially for the Grand Duke Nicholas, for the whole of the Russian peoples, and for everybody concerned Mr. Rosing's enterprise. This last invocation was most impressively intoned by Fr. Theokritov, each phrase of the invocation being intoned or inflected [illegible] pitch slightly [illegible] sor and with eve[illegible] the close Fr. Smirnov turned to the congregation, and, after kissing the cross, invited the members of the congregation likewise to come to him to kiss it. Then following the singing by the opera chorus and the whole company of the Russian, French and British national anthem, and a simple ceremony of extraordinary beauty and emotional effect was brought to an end."

Imagine a ceremony of this nature at the Metropolitan Opera House! What jests founded on "Ask" and "Knock" in the gospel would not be perpetrated by ingenious paragraphers.

Sasha Votichenko played in London on May 26 the tympanon, an old instrument, of which the Hungarian cembalon is today the nearest equivalent. "His instrument was given by Louis XIV, to Pantaleon Hebenstreit, who gave a concert on it in 1768," Mr. Votichenko says he is descended from Hebenstreit. The tympanon is described as having a singularly sweet tone. In Mahillon's catalogue of the Museum of Instruments at the Brussels Conservatory there is a minute description of a tympanon that belonged to Fetis. The form is trapezoidal. Mahillon says that the tympanon pictured on Assyrian monuments appeared in Western countries at a very recent epoch. "The use of this popular instrument is now exceedingly rare in our country; but M. Vander Straeten recalls a player who went about the cabarets of Brussels hardly twenty-five years ago." The story about Hebenstreit as told by a London critic above is not strictly accurate. This Habenstreit was a violinist, born at Eisleben. He first taught dancing. Living at Leipsic he was forced on account of debts to run away. He hid at a preacher's house in Merseburg, where a tympanon gave him the idea of perfecting it. He made one four times as large and put two rows of strings, one of gut and one of metal, for each note. He played with two light drumsticks. With this instrument he went to Paris in 1705 and played to Louis XIV., who was so delighted that he named the instrument the pantalon, after the Christian name of the player. The abbe de Chateauneuf, hearing Hebenstreit play at the house of Ninon de Lenclos, was moved to write a "Dialogue on the Music of the Ancients." Descriptions of the pantalon vary slightly. Hebenstreit went back to Germany and was engaged at Eisenach as court conductor and master of dancing. About 1708 the Elector of Saxony called him to Dresden, as a court musician, to play the pantalon, at a yearly salary amounting to $1500, a great sum at that time. After his death the pantalon was neglected for a long time. He left pupils, one of whom, Gebel, made improvements. Towards the end of the 18th century one Noelli tried to bring the pantalon into fashion again, but in vain.

An Englishman has been taken to task for asserting that play-writing is among the professions which are still free from "the invasion of progressive women." The Daily Chronicle well says that women have written plays which have been produced with considerable success. "This is especially true of the present day American writing world." The Daily Chronicle then names British women dramatists. Miss Constance Fletcher (George Fleming) was one of the earliest writers of a problem play. "Mrs. Lessingham," produced in 1894, gave Mrs. Patrick Campbell a fine opportunity and induced controversy. One of her best plays, or most successful ones, is "The Light That Failed." Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written many plays. "The Likeness of the Night" was played by the Kendals. "A Supreme Moment" was produced in this country. Then there was Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). "While her plays were all singularly brilliant, not one of them attained any popular success—perhaps people were a little afraid of their cleverness." Miss E. M. Symonds (George Paston) has written many plays, among them "Feed the Brute." Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, Mrs. Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, Miss Cicely Hamilton, Miss Netta Syrett, Bridget Maclagan, Mrs. Leonard Merrick have also won fame in the theatre. "Peter's Mother," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasteur, was extraordinarily popular. In London it was necessary to transfer it three times, and by royal command it went to Sandringham. Then there is the fertile and amusing Lady Gregory.

Mr. Galsworthy's new play "A Bit o' Love," was performed by the Liverpool Players at the Kingsway Theatre, London. May 25. The original title was "The Full Moon," which had been used by Lady Gregory. The Pall Mall Gazette headed its review "A Beautiful Play" and began by saying that "A Bit o' Love" is "one of the few works we have seen on the London stage since Aug. 4, which have been worthy the attention of thinking men and women." The scene is "the soul of a young clergyman, whose wife has left him for another man, and who, at her humble entreaty, has consented not to divorce her and bring ruin upon the man she loves." For this the clergyman becomes the gossip of the village He is hissed and hooted One night he walks into a barn to hang himself A child is asleep there. Her voice disturbs him and, putting the rope out of his reach, [illegible] Another [illegible] y—one [illegible] died, leaving him with [illegible] thoughts of following her. B[illegible] been brave; the clutch of [illegible] helps to make the clergyman [illegible] too, and as the curtain falls [illegible] on his knees praying to the spirit of loneliness to give him strength

The Pall Mall Gazette defends Mr Galsworthy from the charge of coldness brought against him for his "Strife," "Justice," "The Fugitive." Perhaps 'A Bit o' Love' will also be voted [illegible] In our opinion it is not only one of the most beautiful but also one of the [illegible] impassioned plays written in our time The delineation of the young clergyman with his agony of mind, his physical torment, his proud sensitiveness, his conscientious performance of his duty, his tenderness to bird and beast, [illegible] manliness (surging at one moment nearly into an act of homicide), and the persistence of his spiritual faith is the work of a man of deep insight and also of deep pitifulness. The work of Mr Galsworthy has never been cold. In this play it strikes us as wrought at a white heat controlled by the conscience we call Art. . The impersonation of the character of the clergyman by Mr. William Armstrong is one of the most beautiful pieces of acting we have ever seen."

The Daily Chronicle says: "Mr. Galsworthy has put into this play all the sentiment and theatrical sense he has lately been trying to suppress. In several of Mr. Galsworthy's later plays we have been conscious, more than anything else, of the author's desire not to give himself away His dialogue has tended to consist mainly of hiatus, and [illegible] curtains have tended to come down upon his people just as they were beginning to say what they had to say. In 'A Bit o' Love,' however, Mr. Galsworthy throws away discretion He reveals his natural sense of the theatre and gives the rein to his hysterical passion. He just makes the most of each individual straw as he piles it on the back of his hero. . . Obviously this is not a great play, but it is skilful stuff of the theatre—too skilful to be altogether accepted."

The Daily Telegraph finds that Mr Galsworthy lives in a bad, hard world, with fools and the callous everywhere. His heroes and heroines are always crucified. The villain is the majority, the common people. We are all of us always huzzaing for Barabbas. "No doubt it is well that we should be made uncomfortable. No doubt it is true now as it was when Plato wrote the Republic that the perfectly good man is likely to be tortured by a wicked world. * * * We have nothing but admiration for the sad nobility of Mr. Galsworthy's ideals. But if we are to take him as a dramatist it must be said that this perpetual exposition of suffering virtue to the [illegible] brutality of the mob easily degenerates into tedium. * * * The play is quite short, but so loosely knit, so discursive, that it seems diffuse and lengthy. As to the characters, 'the best in this kind are but shadows.' Our sympathies are never won. * * * Village folk may be dull and brutal, but they are flesh and blood, and Mr Galsworthy's [illegible] were pen and ink."

Mr. Chadwick's New Orchestral Ballad At a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union held in the Music Shed in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel, at Norfolk, Ct., June 1, 2, 3, a new orchestral ballad by George W. Chadwick, a violin concerto by Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and a piano concerto by Sir Charles Stanford were performed for the first time. The violinist was Mr. Zimbalist; the pianist was Mr. Bauer.

Mr. Krehbiel in the New York Tribune of last Sunday had this to say about the "encouragement of the American composer" and Mr. Chadwick's [illegible]. He names the native American composers who have been represented at Norfolk. Messrs. Horatio Parker, Henry Hadley, George W. Chadwick, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Henry F. Gilbert; also the sources from which they derived inspiration for their works. He then says:

"I am not inclined to attach much importance to this differentiation of the compositions in respect of their real or alleged poetical contents. What is of greater significance is their musical value and their illustration of the artistic tendencies of their creators. In a general way the older men, so far as I have heard their works at Norfolk and elsewhere, exemplify sounder scholarship and a truer conception of beauty than the younger, who have fallen under the sway of the spirit which affects to look upon everything not ultra-modern as 'academic' and reactionary. Inasmuch as the putting forth of such an opinion is likely to be looked upon by some of the younger men who are clamoring for 'encouragement of the American composer' (each meaning himself) as unpatriotic, it may be well to refer to the course The Tribune and the creed which that course has exemplified consistently during the last 30 years.

"The [illegible] that it [illegible] demonstrated that devotion to the loftiest ideal in music may be consorted with a patriotism which shall exact for the American artist as sincere a measure of appreciation and as full a measure of encouragement as those which are given to the artists of the Old World. It holds that there is nothing inconsistent in such a position. It has not put the best compositions produced in America on a level with the best produced in Europe, but it has insisted upon the right of music composed in this country to be heard and judged on its merits. It has met the American composer in this spirit because it believes that he has won a title to such a dignity; not because it thinks that good would come from coddling him. It has had no hypocritical praise for pretentious mediocrity, and is not likely ever to cultivate the habit of encouraging the conceit of small men who would fain have the public accept them as great because they are Americans; but it has been glad with an honest gladness when a composition by an American has been found to bear the marks of genius.

"It was in this spirit that the new music was listened to at Norfolk last week, and it is with no little satisfaction that the record is made that the composition produced by Mr. Chadwick held its own with an essentially German violin concerto of the latter day type by Mr. Stock and a pianoforte concerto by Sir Charles Stanford, which because of its conservatism and freedom from the influence of the ultra modern French and German schools may properly be classed as in a praiseworthy sense English. Between these two works, in respect of melodic and harmonic thought and orchestration, Mr. Chadwick's 'Tam o'Shanter' stood.

"Through a long career Mr. Chadwick has been one of the most industrious as well as successful of American composers. He is American to the backbone. One of his ancestors fought in the ranks of the patriots at Bunker Hill. He has wandered at times to cities and countries far distant from his birthplace, but feels himself most at home in New England. Yet the manner of his music and the manner of his intercourse with his fellow men disclose the broad liberalism of the cosmopolite. He lives in Boston, where since 1897 he has been director of the New England Conservatory of Music, but his childhood home was Lowell, Mass., in which city he was born in 1854. He studied music in Boston and taught there and in Olivet, Mich., before he took an advanced course of instruction in Leipsic and Munich. His thesis at the first conservatory was an overture on an American subject, 'Rip Van Winkle.' We do not recall that he has gone to American literature for any other work in the large forms, but he has caught the spirit of American life in some of his symphonic and chamber music and given such expression to it as brought it home to the minds and emotions of people who have American—especially New England—sensibilities. 'Tam o' Shanter' being a frank bit of program music, Scottish melodic and rhythmic idioms were naturally employed in its structure. Without them Burns's story could not have been told in music. To publish its pictures and humor was the composer's purpose, not to discuss its psychology or philosophy.

"This would probably have been the professed aim of the latter day type of composer, who, unable, or, let us say, unwilling, to delineate the poet's weird incidents and their theatre, would have sent themes suggestive of nothing in particular through a maze of dissonant harmonies and unrelated keys, tricked out the fruit of his labors with experiments in instrumental color and then said it was the soul of Tam, the esoteric significance of intoxication and the essence of witchcraft, wizardry and demonology which he had presented. Not so Mr. Chadwick. His Tam is a Sotchman, who gets fuddled at the tavern and rides out in a storm; who espies a church and the wild and uncanny revels of a lot of witches; who betrays himself by a shout of approval when the flings of a lightly clad damsel become a great deal less than lawful; who is chased through the night by the unholy rout, escapes by the skin of his teeth (or, rather, by the tail of his mare) and got home, indulges in reviewing his adventure in his mind, smiling at its humorous aspects and evidently trying to apply the incidents which had culminated in the loss of his mare's caudal appendage to point a moral to the tale of the night's adventure. Mr. Chadwick's imagination and sense of artistic propriety and taste never leave the tracks even on the steep down grade of the witches' orgy or the frantic scramble for Tam's life, but he adventures daringly enough in his harmonies and achieves some startlingly original instrumental effects. The piece begins with a musical storm picture:

'The wind blew as 't were blawn its last,
The rattling showers rose on the blast.'

"The thematic material is of the obvious kind. Where under such circumstances would a composer be without his rushing chromatic scales and the other devices for delineating turbulent nature? Then, making the necessary exchange of senses, we hear the hero of the poem when on the market night

'Tam had got planted unco right,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely.'

"A melody with as strong a Scottish flavor as the liquor which Tam drank until he got so befuddled that when the trombones and horns present him they muddle their keys in the roistering chorus. Through the storm which bursts in again Tam begins his homeward ride:

'Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
. . . . . .
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire.'

—an ostinato trotting figure accompanies fragments of Tam's time—Kirk Alloway draws nigh and we see the meeting house through the medium of a respectful perversion of a psalm tune from old Ravenscroft yclept 'Martyrs' in the hymn books. Tam catches a glimpse of the goings-on of the witches in the kirk. Dances, of course, from droning bass and skirling pipes. As in 'Danse Macabre,' the xylophone imitates the rattling of bones, but Chadwick goes Saint-Saens one better by using also the resonant block of wood which is the leader's instrument in the Chinese orchestra, and also a Chinese drum to accentuate his hornpipe and reel rhythms. This is a new device and an extremely effective one, but not so striking a color conceit as one which the composer ingeniously borrowed from the mixture stops of the organ. He blends oboe, muted trumpet and violin harmonics in a tune, and its parallel in fourths and fifths, and gets a new orchestral tint; or an unfamiliar is not a new one. Ever more fast and furious grows the music until interrrupted by a short phrase on horns and bassoons. It is Tam shouting his maudlin approval:

'Weel done, outty sark!'

"A moment of silence, two ominous gong-taps and 'out the hellish legion' sallies. Tam's race for life begins, syncopated beats on the exotic percussion instruments urge on the wild hunt. There is a direful shriek as Meg bounds over the bridge crossing the running water, over which witches dare not pass:

'Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail!'

"Tam reaches home, and peace sets in. His theme returns in the music, but it is transformed and chastened in mood. Tam is no longer roistering with his tavern companions, but is sobering up in thought of his recent experiences. No doubt his eye twinkles as he remembers cutty sark, for bits of the psalm tune and the dances flit through the music which depicts his music and his moralizings. And so to a sweetly contemplative end.

"The festival audience at Norfolk always rises to its feet to welcome the festival composer and always gives him a vote of thanks with beating hands.

"The psalms were unusually ruddy on Thursday evening, for Mr. Chadwick's music, clear in structure, agreeable in sound, full of humor as well as beauty, made an unmistakable popular appeal, and was more unfeignedly enjoyed than any piece on the festival program. It ought to provide a diverting feature in our orchestra concerts next season."

Loudest Fiddlers in the World

A correspondent of the New York Herald wrote recently from Huntington, W. Va.: "Every fiddler, banjo picker, guitar wizard, mandolin and piano player in Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky and West Virginia is either here or on the way by rail to compete in the Interstate Old Time Fiddlers' convention, which started tonight in a wild burst of melody, and which will last all day tomorrow. No one will have to pay the fiddlers, for the prizes have been offered as advertisements by all sorts of business concerns.

"The progress of civilization, the high cost of fiddlers or any other situation will not interfere with the thoroughly old time arrangements of the committee, and the tunes selected have been limited to the well known 'Arkansas Traveler,' 'Turkey in the Straw,' 'Sourwood Mountain,' 'Devil's Dream,' 'Dixie,' and the ever-throaty 'Mocking Bird.' Every one in town is playing something today, and those who can't play anything are tapping a spile driver accompaniment to any old sound they hear.

"To show that music has charms to soothe a savage prize the committee has collected a set of awards that include the useful and the ornamental. For instance, the man who plays 'Sourwood Mountain' with all the pathos that rightly adheres to that famous promontory will receive a plug hat that actually fits his head. The artist who can draw the greatest throbs from 'Pop Goes the Weazel' will receive a mattress on the spot. Everything from a pair of overalls to a Swedish dolly is included in the most comprehensive list of prizes.

"The fiddler with the fewest teeth will receive a full set rivetted into place and suitable for a life's work from Dr. A. F. Wallen, while Perry Duncan will give a pair of high-heeled shoes to the shortest fiddler in the competition. The best left-handed fiddler gets a night dress and the thinnest fiddler will have a live chicken to give him a new start in life. A can of green gage plums goes to the fattest fiddler in four states.

"It is estimated that there are 3000 musical instruments in town tonight carried by as many players. Among them are included several musicians."

Notes and Comment on British Plays

Once more the Irish Players are being subjected to a good deal of the sort of criticism familiar in the spring. "Ah! Punch isn't as funny as it used to be!" Quite a number of writers are echoing the attacks of a year or two ago, when we were told that the Abbey Theatre company had got into all sorts of evil ways of speaking and acting, and that the charm of them had gone. I cannot agree. I have seen them more than once this season, and their performances seem to me as delightful as ever, and their art as unique. Neither popularity nor fault-finding has spoiled them. The familiar members of the company are what we have always known them to be; and there are several new members who look like developing into exceedingly effective actors and actresses. As to the authors, the season has, at any rate, proved one thing—the sustained dramatic powers of Lady Gregory. Her play "Shanwalla," if here and there needing a little more thematic development, is in every way worthy of the author of "The Image," "Hyacinth Halvey" and so many other admirable works.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Felix Huguenet, the Parisian actor, is taking to South American boulevard plays in which he excels. He will travel for five months in Brazil, Chile and Peru. Before each performance he will give a short lecture explaining what he is doing for his country. After the play the cinema will show pictures of Paris and France during the war. The profits of this tour will go to works helping blind soldiers. The women of the company will show the latest ideas of French dressmakers to prove that Paris is still the centre of fashion.

Fred Terry and Julia Neilsen have revived "Henry of Navarre" in London at the Strand, and "The Dairymaids" has been revived at the Aldwych.

"In Time of War," by C. Watson Mills, was produced at the Lyceum, London, on May 22. The war is the one now raging. A great deal of German villany is shown. The chief German villain gets an English nurse into his power, but is foiled in the nick of time. "How any section of the public knowing that these and far worse things are happening only a few hundred miles away, and may yet be attempted on our own soil, can derive entertainment from such spectacles is beyond our comprehension."

A melodrama, "For England, Home and Beauty; or Comrades in Arms," by Andrew Emm, was produced at the Princes Theatre, May 22. "It proved to be a mixture of racing and the war, with longing interpolations of comic material of a rather elementary kind, in which the author, who played the chief comic part, conspicuously figured. It all seemed exceedingly superficial, but the audience gave it a brave reception."

A couple of one act plays by Robert Vansittart were produced at the Little Theatre May 25. "The first called 'Romance' showed how a French Marquise, in the time of the Revolution, foiled a blackguardly emissary of the Revolutionary Government. The second, called 'Foolery,' depicted the bright niece of a miserly Provost foiling not him only, but three Kings on a visit to his chateau, and finally eloping with the Provost's son and with a good deal of golden treasure in a sack. Both were well written, and if the first was, perhaps, the more dramatic, the second had the finer literary quality. Two poems which fell to the niece to speak sounded, indeed, quite charming."

Notes About Music and Musicians

"The Vow," an opera in one act by Colin McAlpin, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, May 15. The librettist, James Blackhall, fearing the censor, took the incident of Jephthah's vow and put in his own material. Jephthah is now Jaaron, and his daughter Manoi has a lover Caleb. At the end the maiden is seen going with her father to the sacrificial altar. "The libretto fashioned by Mr. Blackhall is hardly one that offered his collaborator 'very much scope.'" The fault really lay in the choice of a subject. The introduction of a love element makes the one interest subservient to another. "Mr. McAlpin proclaims himself a musician of undoubted technical accomplishment who is not afraid to rise superior to mere considerations of a desire to win the popular ear by reliance upon the obvious. Yet there are moments when the composer shows that he can write persuasively in a comparatively simple lyrical strain. At other times one gets the impression that he is more concerned to show that he has mastered modern orchestral complexities and is a little indifferent to the claims of the human voice."

Vesta Tilley is singing in London an appeal to the "boys" to enlist. "I joined the army yesterday, so the army of today's all right." Miss Tilley's "study of the new recruit is a very clever reading of a thoroughly British type."

The music critic of the London Times says of Elgar's violin concerto, which was found to be laboriously made and dull when it was performed in Boston: "All admit that the work is permeated with an extraordinary sense of beauty, but it is impossible to feel that 50 minutes are really required to unfold it. It takes that time because the composer, not being quite master of his material, was determined not to risk misunderstanding." The critic says of a composer, not fully appreciated perhaps in this country: "Delius is unlike his British contemporaries in this: his instrumental music never suggests any anxiety as to the impression it will produce."

A good deal is said in these lines: "Mr. Lloyd-Powell is a talented pianist, with leanings toward the style that in the days before the suffrage movement we dared to call feminine. It is not that he sacrifices strength to grace, but the exaggerated changes of tempo and the too sudden variations of dynamic impulse suggest ill-regulated emotionalism."

In the evening Miss Gertrude Lonsdale gave a vocal recital, with the novel feature that the accompaniments were played on a pianola presided over by Mr. Reginald Reynolds. The experiment was an interesting one, but, although successful beyond expectation, did not carry the fullest conviction. The hands of a sympathetic accompanist have an intelligence of their own. They do not need to wait for the singer's note, because they have already guessed a rubato ending on the beat. The pianola is scarcely so responsive. Instead of the rubato there is some hesitation, and occasionally a distinct pause. For all that, the degree of accuracy attained was very remarkable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The name of Edward MacDowell figured in London in a program announced as consisting of British songs.

Some Wagner specialist has unearthed from the composer's literary remains various remarks about the British which are having a wide circulation in the press. They are between 50 and 60 years old, but we are assured that they are as true now as they were 50 years ago—a statement which there is no reason to doubt. London for Wagner was "an unfriendly, filthy town." Here is his description of the people of London: "I cannot conceive anything more repulsive than the genuine English type. Throughout it is the type of a sheep. The Englishman has the instinct of the sheep in that he knows where to find his food in the meadow. This is called his practical sense. But the beauty of the meadow and the blue heaven over it do not exist for him." In another letter Wagner writes that you have only to know an English soul in order to see what a wretched creature of God he is. For him pure art is something with which he has no acquaintance, and which he is utterly unable to grasp. The great and the magnificent in art does not move the Englishman. Give him something pretty and indifferent, and he is as pleased as possible. But it is not fashionable to be moved, to be carried away; this is bad form. The English public, says Wagner, is the most impressionless in the world, and no one visiting them can have any other intention than to get money from them.—Daily Chronicle.

Kaiser William has personally forbidden the performance of any of the operas of Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni or other Italian composers in any of the German theatres. In Dresden the publishers made a huge bonfire of books written by Gabriele D'Annunzio. The bonfire was made in a public street.

There is another king of laughter to whom our soldiers and ourselves owe an eternal debt of gratitude: Theodore Botrel, well named "Le Chansonnier aux Armees." He recently returned to Dunkirk from the front in Flanders where he did splendid work by bringing the inspiriting influence of song to the men in the trenches. The songs of this Breton bard are of a more serious nature than those of some other French "chansonniers"; they remind us at times of Beranger, but they are not wholly devoid of the spirit of laughter.

One of his most popular works is "Rosalie," the song of the French bayonet. It is a grand thing to hear half a regiment of soldiers singing this glorification of cold steel, and that they go into action the better for it one can readily believe:

Rosalie est si jolie,
Que les galants d' Rosalie,
—Verse a boire!—
Sont au moins deux, trois millions.
Buvons done.

. . . . . .

Au milan de la bataille,
Elle perce, et pique, et taille,
—Verse a boire!—
Pare en tete, et points a rond.
Buvons done."

After this tribute to "elegant Rosalie," who sets out in shining white and returns home crimson, may be mentioned "Dans la Tranchee"—the imaginary letter of a soldier to his mother; "Guillaume s'en va-t-en Guerre," in which the Kaiser's vain plans are satirized, and "Le Petit Paquet," in which Botrel, most prolific of French song-writers, sings the praises of the valiant French women who work for their defenders in the line of battle—Daily Mail.

138

"SIEGFRIED" SUNG IN THE OPEN AIR

Boston Hears First Outdoor Performance of the Music Drama.

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston, June 4.—Wagner's "Siegfried" was performed in the stadium at Cambridge to-night. Alfred Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

Siegfried	Johannes Sembach
Mime	Albert Reiss
Der Wanderer	Clarence Whitehill
Alberich	Otto Goritz
Fafner	Basil Ruysdael
The Forest Bird	Alma Gluck
Erda	Ernestine Schumann-Heink
Brunnhilde	Johanna Gadski

This was the first open-air performance of the music drama in this country. There have been one or two performances of "Siegfried" in woodland scenes of Germany. We remember one that was sadly marred by the unexpected and impertinent rainstorm. The weather was not ideal to-day, and a stadium is hardly a forest. Yet the performance was noteworthy, and it will be recorded by historians of opera and drama in the United States.

Mr. S. Kronberg, who had the courage and enthusiasm to propose the idea, and Mr. Alexander Steinert, who gave the requisite and substantial aid and in a generous and artistic spirit saw to it that nothing was left undone to make the occasion memorable, are indeed to be congratulated on the results of their labors. To bring over the magnificent orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, to secure singers of international reputation in Wagnerian roles, to overcome the great difficulties in stage management and lighting inevitable in a performance of this character would lead the most experienced manager to hesitate and shake his head.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of Mme. Gadski's Brunnhilde or the Erda of Mme. Schumann-Heink. Mme. Gadski with the years has gained in artistic sincerity and in expressive interpretation. That the Brunnhilde of this music drama is not so interesting a figure as the Brunnhilde of "The Valkyrie" or the heroine of "Dusk of the Gods" is the fault of Wagner, who does not allow her to appear until the ears are sated and it is not easy to receive musical impressions.

The scene between Erda and Wotan is one of the grandest conceived by Wagner. It has justly been called Æschylean and Mme. Schumann-Heink sings her music in the Æschylean manner.

The Mime of Mr. Reiss is also familiar here and has been often praised. The impersonation is, indeed, remarkable for its vivacity, its cunning, its malice, its dwarfish malignancy. And Mr. Reiss is not tempted to extravagance. We have seen Mimes that mistook music drama for farce comedy. Only last night did Mr. Reiss become merely a grotesque figure. In the quarrel with Alberich the two reminded one of an imitation in burlesque of "The Wild Men of Borneo." The quarrel was equal'd and would have caused Wotan to lose his pontifical composure if he had been a looker-on. It was not Wagner's intention that the two dwarfs should at any time be knockabout comedians. Mr. Goritz was otherwise an excellently evil Alberich.

June 14 1915

THE BANTAMS

It is said that the most imposing regiment in the Italian army is the Corazzieri, or Royal Bodyguard, "for smartness and physique of man and horse the most magnificent corps of its kind in Europe." No trooper is less than six feet one or two; they are a century of statue and splendid of [illegible]. The description recalls Victor [illegible] ... the cuirassiers of [illegible] at Waterloo: "They were [illegible] men on colossal horses."

These Italians would no doubt have [illegible] the father of Frederick the Great and Frederick himself; also the Empress Catherine, "admiring [illegible] (by dainty dames abhorr'd) [illegible] gentlemen," but in these [illegible] the "pony" man is thought to be more serviceable, as it was proved in the civil war. Thomas Fuller con[illegible] the stature of Andronicus, [illegible] seven full feet in length, [illegible] ... to ... cockloft is [illegible] ... he [illegible]. The [illegible] ... the [illegible] ... more [illegible]t. [illegible] easily; he is better [illegible] the [illegible]s, he demands less kh ki[illegible] ... less food, a smaller [illegible]t. As a medical journal pointed out some time ago the nervous connections between the sense organ and muscles of the limbs are shorter. No soldier has a higher reputation for endurance, courage and the capacity to fight than the Japanese, and his average height is between 5 feet and 5 feet 3 inches.

MARITAL GOLF

A wife in New York state suing for separation told the court that her domestic trouble was partly due to the fact that she had defeated her husband at golf and made him "look cheap." She was asked: "Did you try to defeat him?" "I certainly did," she answered, "and what's more, I succeeded." The pride of victory still glowed in her breast.

It has been said that a happy marriage is largely a matter of mutual tact and forbearance. If it be so, the wife in this instance was singularly tactless. No man likes to be defeated in any game, whether it be a friendly trial of skill or force, or one played for a stake. Old Burton in his advice to the melancholy cen[s]ured chess, "a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate," and he told the story of William the Conqueror in his younger years losing a mate and knocking the chess board about the pate of the Prince of France, his opponent, a cause afterward of much enmity between them. Now golf is more trying to the temper than chess. It leads to vain boasting, depression of spirits, offensive exultation, biting comments, suspicion of foul play, reckless profanity. A wife may venture to conquer at cribbage, checkers, any in-door game, in privacy, and without outward signs of rejoicing, if she is sure that she is still fair in her husband's eyes; but if she is truly wise she will allow him to win, though no one sees them.

How rash her desire to conquer in golf, where the contestants are in the eyes of the public! How perilous her victory! As Victor Hugo remarked, success is hideous. Man, the superior animal, is defeated by the weak being who had sworn to love, honor and obey him. The woman well versed in human nature will look her prettiest when on the links with her husband; will see to it that her figure is gracefully displayed, will smilingly accept the courtesies of other men and the admiration of the caddy; but she will never win a game from her husband. Then she will be rewarded by hearing him say: 'You are improving. I was proud of you today.'"

And therefore I make no more estimation of repeating a great number of names or words upon one hearing, or the pouring forth of a number of verses or rhymes ex tempore, or the making of a satirical simile of everything, or the turning of everything to a jest, or the falsifying or contradicting of everything by cavil, or the like (whereof in the faculties of the mind there is great copie, and such as by device and practice may be exalted to an extreme degree of wonder) than I do of the tricks of tumblers, funambuloes, baladines, the one being the same in the mind that the other is in the body, matters of strangeness without worthiness.

A Lost Opportunity.

Mrs. Katherine Darling of Jersey City, suing for divorce, complained bitterly that Mr. Darling had compelled her to sleep in a bath tub. It was not proved that Mr. Darling said to her gallantly: "Katherine, I know of no place in which you appear to better advantage."

A Noble Dame.

Little has been said in this country about the death at 90 years of Adeline Louisa Maria, Countess of Cardigan and Comtesse de Lancastre, "a picturesque, restless and disturbing figure in English society." Brantome should have written her life, yet could he have equalled in audacity her own memoirs published in 1909, which led the Times to describe it as 'a picture of people who regard themselves as the cream of the earth, who have no serious occupation and [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... ut it without [illegible] ... of wine [illegible].

[illegible] her [illegible] the [illegible] beautiful figure and very little hands and feet, also "that frankness of speech which seems like wit when it comes from pretty lips." As her maiden name was de Horsey, it is not surprising that she rode well. She once went to a hunt in a red coat and black gloves and excused herself for not following the hounds because she was in mourning; but we are not told that she ever wore a Cardigan jacket although it surely would have become her.

Why Prussia Hates.

As the World Wags:

Reading the other day the reported remark of a Prussian officer to an English army [illegible]: "You will always be fools and we will never be gentlemen," one can hear, I think, the Prussian roughly boasting, but at the same time inadvertantly owning to the sting of the unattainable. Does not the Prussian hate of England have its origin as much in psychological [illegible] as in economic competition? The question, "Why do the Prussians rage?" may **be answered partially by saying that they know in the bottoms of their hearts** that an ill-tempered yokel can never, no matter to what heights his ill-temper waxes, become a commanding figure. The British leader of men may be conservative to the point of osseocephalism and quite unscientific in his methods. On these alleged defects, the Prussian pours his guttural scorn. But the lurking consciousness that the qualities that command respect can never be his goads him ever, and occasionally will out.

In the French he sees other human qualities that he pretends he doesn't want. Frederick Palmer, writing in Collier's, remarks: "When I was in Germany I got a new impression of the attitude of the Germans toward the French. I discerned an irritated consciousness that the old French civilization with its modern democracy had something that the Germans knew they lacked."

Somewhat in this connection is a passage from "Amiel's Journal," written in 1871 (translated by Mrs. Ward). "The notion of 'bad taste' seems to have no place in German aesthetics. Their elegance has no grace in it; and they cannot understand the enormous difference there is between distinction (what is gentlemanly, ladylike) and their stiff vornehmlichkeit. Their imagination lacks style, training, education and knowledge of the world; it has an ill-bred air even in its Sunday dress. The race is poetical and intelligent, but common and ill-mannered. Pliancy and gentleness, manners, wit, vivacity, taste, dignity and charm are qualities that belong to others."

Have forty-four years diminished the uncanny precision of this statement?

Wellesley, June 11. E. C. H.

At the World Wags:

Many people, some of them eminent, claim to believe that "Deutschland Ueber Alles" is a song of conquest. As I remember the words they express only a preference similar to that in our English song:

> Above all lands in east or west,
> I love my native land the best.

I remember a definition in the Tin Trumpet, an old time comic dictionary: "Absurdity. Anything we do not understand." An illustration is given in the story of the Frenchman in London, who seeing the street sign, Iron Mongers Lane, exclaimed: "Quelle absurdite! Irons manger l'ane! Est-ce qu'on mange l'ane ici!"

This brings to mind the young American lady in Paris, who called down to her waiting mother: "Je suis deja," intending to convey the information that she was all ready.

PHIL OVERBORUM.

Boston, June 10.

This young American lady, when her cab broke down, screamed to the cabman: "Cochon, arretez! Le printemps est cassé!" Does Mr Overborum refer to Horace Smith's "Tin Trumpet, or Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish"? Years ago, in Albany, N. Y., we knew an editor to whom this book was **of great help in time of copy.—Ed.**

June 15 1915

USELESS RHETORIC

Many will note with pleasure the action of the Sanitary and Street Cleaning Teamsters' Union in requesting Mayor Curley to prevent foremen on the dumps from using profane language while giving orders to the drivers of the carts. To put an end to this evil will not be an easy task. Profanity has long been thought the world over necessary in bringing out the best work of animals, including man. The stage driver in the glorious western days, the muleteer in Spain, the head of the [illegible] ... [illegible] ... the driver of a [illegible] ... the [illegible]st [illegible] with the [illegible] ... even, all believe [illegible] and imprecations were the only language that the driven could understand. The belief is still current.

Perhaps Mayor Curley may compromise. Perhaps he will permit the foremen to use one loud-sounding oath, but only after a courteous introduction, as the one framed by Chucks, the boatswain, in Marrayat's story: "Allow me, sir, to insinuate in the most delicate manner in the world," etc., etc. But nothing has been said by the Teamsters' union about the profanity of the public provoked by streets that are shamefully unclean and otherwise in wretched condition. Profanity is low and useless; not to be countenanced even on the stage, where it is used to amuse genteel audiences as though it were a recently invented and irresistible form of humor. It [illegible], on the other hand, one may say, a safety valve for the indignant. But here again it is a useless expression of emotion. The streets of Boston have long been cursed by an indignant public, but are the streets the cleaner or the smoother for it?

Some months ago Mrs. A. McAllister of Chicago, who had "recently returned from Europe, brought a pair of [illegible] stockings to a meeting in that city of the executive committee of the American Flag Day Association, that is to say, the stockings displayed the Stars and Stripes woven into the silk seven inches above the foot. According to her story American women in London wear such stockings in order to call attention to the neatness of their ankles. Mrs. McAllister denounced this 'desecration of the flag'' and said she should call the attention of the federal authorities to it. She did not admit that the shapeliness or thickness of ankles had much to do with the degree of desecration.

Yesterday was Flag day, and remembering Mrs. McAllister's indignation, we looked anxiously about for these desecrating stockings. We looked in vain. The flag was not thus displayed in all its glory. Yesterday was a day, if there ever was one to show patriotism in this manner, though the careless might have shown the stockings at half mast.

In our boyhood we envied the youth of our village, a "dressy" person, who possessed a wonderful series of shirts: one ornamented with figures of baseball players, another with ballet girls, still another with the Stars and Stripes. Nothing was then said about desecration, although refined persons of quiet tastes looked grieved when their eyes fell upon the young man's bosom, and when he applied for a clerkship in the bank he was rejected as being "a man about town." There were also pocket handkerchiefs ornamented with the American flag. Here the cry "Desecration!" would not have been unreasonable.

100 Years Ago.

Last Sunday a newspaper published a bibliography of Waterloo. Victor Hugo's description of the battle, which is an important section of "Cosette," was not included, and yet thousands once knew the details of the battle chiefly by reason of Hugo's pages. We say "once," for in all probability "Les Miserables" is not so widely read as it was in the sixties and early seventies. Our friend, Mr. Golightly, would say that it lacked the "punch." Even in the sixties there were Golightlys. Artemus Ward, describing his village green, said that the villagers, a kindly people, knew little of Balzac and perhaps cared less for Victor Hugo. "Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily."

It has been said that Hugo's description of Waterloo is erroneous, romantic. An old clergyman in our little town confessed to a parishioner that he had read "Les Miserables." He did not value it highly. "In the first place, Hugo thinks education alone will make the world more righteous. That's nonsense and against scripture. In the second place he speaks of a sunken road at Waterloo that thwarted Napoleon. There ain't no such road. I've been there." The parishioner did not dare to say that the road might have been filled up since 1815. In the early sixties, the minister in a New England village was a bigger man than the constable or the foreman of the hand fire engine "Deluge" or "Torrent."

The best history is romantic. And what a description of Waterloo [illegible] may be [illegible] ...

[illegible handwriting]

[illegible] of dead, but we are on the battlefield with Hugo. Milhaud's cuirassiers, the melancholy bagpipe player, Cambronne with his too celebrated reply, Ney reserved for French, not English bullets, Napoleon at the end wandering like a somnambulist. It was Flaubert that said: "There are things in Hugo that I could have mended, things badly built, but then what thrusts of power beyond the reach of conscious art!"

And may not the summing up of Hugo be yet applied to the present War Lord? "Napoleon had been denounced in the infinite, and his fall was decided upon. He was in the way of God."

A Bass Singer.

Some time ago we protested against the prudery of certain editors who, selecting songs for popular editions, are treacherous towards the verse-writers chosen. We said how in Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Song—Stallion" had been absurdly changed to "charger" in this or that edition, while in the setting of music by Alfred H. Pease, the text was unchanged, nor was Myron W. Whitney ashamed to sing it. We have received the following letter from Salem:

"You comment upon Myron Whitney singing about the Bedouin stallion 'shod with fire.' Of course. Why not? Whitney began life as a blacksmith in Athol. Nobody knew better than he from personal experience that a horse could not be shod without fire!" We had always understood that Myron Whitney was for a time a stone cutter. Whatever he was, blacksmith, stonecutter, singer, he did his work well. We have never known a more conscientious man. It is a pity that he was not persuaded to write his memoirs. He had seen many cities, known many men and women, and he had a delightful sense of humor, but his modesty prevented him from coming before the public as a gossip and raconteur.—Ed.

June 16 1911

Those quite excellent people who think that Rossetti's women are "guys," that Rodin's women are "ugly," and that Ibsen is "immoral," and who only want to be left at peace to enjoy the works so many clever men have made especially to suit them.

Welcome Trash.

As the World Wags:

Your reference to the delight in reading novels described by the serious as trash reminds me of a talk on Charles Darwin given by Prof. Asa Gray some 40 years ago.

Prof. Gray spoke of visiting Darwin in England and of Mrs. Gray's pleasure at finding the current numbers of Scribner's Monthly so that she could finish serials that she had begun to read in America. Subsequently Mr. Darwin referred admiringly to Mrs. Gray as "the lady who could carry three novels in her head." He himself could remember but one at a time, and he told Prof. Gray that he spent the larger part of his waking hours lying on his back and having trashy novels read to him, in order to deaden the almost constant pain he suffered; that his average working time was less than two hours a day, and when he was able to work two hours a day he felt that it was a good day. H. B. H.

Boston, June 12.

For the Top Shelf.

As the World Wags:

I went to the Pops the other night, and they played Handel's "Largo" twice over as usual, the second time in response to insistent applause. The "Largo" wears better than most other chestnuts, but would it not be excellent to call a truce, say for one year, on all chestnuts? Those who like chestnuts would like them all the better at the end of that time, and everbody else would have had one year's respite.

Perhaps you might open the column to suggestions for a small Index Expurgatorius. Oliver Herford once wrote an accompaniment for an interesting picture in one of his pictorial primers:

R's Rubinstein, playing that old thing in F
To Rollo and Rembrandt, who wish they were deaf.

To the "Largo" and "Melody in F," I would add Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "Tipperary" (in America at least) and the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." I suppose it would be asking too much to have Tosti's "Good-Bye" included in the list.

ROBERT WINTHROP MORSE.

Boston, June 13.

Harry Lauder Will Now Sing.

Here is an extract from the report of a divorce action in the court of session, Edinburgh:

"Asked if she had ever expected her husband to become a domiciled Scotsman, the witness replied that he had certain characteristics which might lead him in that direction.

"The lord-advocate asked her to explain.

"Witness—Not to offend present company, he was of a very thrifty disposition. (Loud laughter.)"

Byron an Anti-Austrian.

Dr. Hans Ehrenhard has written a long letter to the Cologne Gazette in which he attempts to prove that Byron was anti-British. Now it is true that in letters, speech and in "Don Juan," he said hard things about his countrymen, for English society was "nasty" to him after he left Lady Byron. But see what he wrote in his journal: "I abhor and loathe the Austrians. I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate, for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor the Austrians—except on an impulse and then I am savage—but not deliberately so." Byron, not long before his death, confessed that he knew absolutely nothing of the German language, "except oaths learned from postillions and officers in a squabble. I can swear in German potently when I like—Verfluchter, Hundsfott—and so forth." In spite of the learned Dr. Hans Ehrenhard, it is not hard to guess where Byron, who admired Washington above all other men, loved Italy and died for Greece, would stand today.

Byron's dislike of the Austrians was not so contemptuous as the remark of a Prussian that we often heard quoted with approval in student days in Berlin: "The Bavarian is the connecting link between the Austrian and man." Yet, met socially, the Austrian is, as a rule, a delightful companion. As for the Bavarians, who would not rather live with them than with the Prussians? And what stranger does not feel himself at home in Munich?

Sympathetic Watches.

Let us add to our note about watches and their wearers. There is a widespread belief that a watch often stops on the death of its possessor. Letters giving instances are frequently published. Here is one written about a fortnight ago: "My father had a watch which he had worn for 40 years. It was a splendid timekeeper, and had never been known to get out of order. A few days before last Christmas my father was taken seriously ill; he had as usual wound up his watch before retiring, but strange to say it would not go. A few days later my father died. I was struck with the coincidence at the time, but had never heard until today of the sympathy between the watch and its wearer. I now believe in it." The choir will please sing all the verses of "My Grandfather's Clock."

Little but Great.

Little has been said about the republic of San Marino, which has finally sided with Italy. It has lost its independence only for a few months; once when Cæsar Borgia held it, and again in 1739. Centuries ago it aided the Popes contending with the Malatesta family. As a reward the papal states always abstained from absorbing it. The great Napoleon and Napoleon the Little respected its independence. The former offered San Marino a large accession of territory, which was declined.

June 17 1911

We read yesterday about a "fleet" of automobiles, also a "fleet" of ambulances. Thus is an old use of the word revived. As far back as the 15th century a body of knights was called a fleet. Sportsmen in the early part of the 19th century spoke of a fleet of wild ducks, and in the Cheshire Glossary fleet is defined as an assemblage of birds when they come to their feeding ground or roosting quarters. The dramatist Crowne in his "Country Wit" (1675) introduces a character saying: "I will convey you safe home with my fleet of lanthorns." A number of fishing-lines or nets is also called a fleet in England, and in some countries a floating bridge or horse-ferry, or drain, sewer, ditch, bog or swamp out of which the water issues from the mills is a fleet.

A Worthy Sister.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Overborum's young lady must have been a sister of a friend of mine in Paris, who in reaching his seat on top of a swaying omnibus trod on the toes of a market woman, who loudly denounced him as a "sale chiffonnier." When he was finally seated, he asked plaintively: "Why did that woman call me a chest of drawers?" W. H. K.

Brookline, June 14.

French as She Is Spoke.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Phil Overborum may enjoy a little occurrence which a certain Ph. D. of my acquaintance is wont to relate with great glee. A young lady of Boston, riding in a trolley car which got a slight bump from a wagon, thought it opportune to display her "culture" and her emotion by exclaiming "Oh cher! Oh cher!" E. S.

Boston, June 14.

War Notes.

"Chastened Reveller," an Englishman fired with patriotism, writes to a London journal: "Since Turkey is an enemy, we have converted the main item of our Christmas [illegible] Mohammedanism, and christened it with reference to chimes and bells which ring in the new, 'the dingdong.' Observe the analogy with the French name, but with a far sounder derivation, for this bird never came from the Indies." The writer thus alludes to the "coq d'Inde." Perhaps "Chastened Reveller" has been reading John Beckmann's exhaustive essay on turkeys. Beckmann is of the opinion that before the discovery of the new world the turkey was not known in Europe, and America is the native country of these fowls. Chardin said that the birds came from the West Indies, "although they are called coqs d'Inde, because, being larger than common fowls, they in that resemble the Indian fowls, which are of much greater size than the common fowls of other countries." But how is the glory of England to be advanced by throwing overboard the word "turkey"? If this patriotism is exercised to the fullest extent, the English dictionary will suffer.

Some one has found a copy of a Latin grammar printed in 1640, according to the printer's note, at "the beloved city of Mentz, which belongs to the German nation, whom God has consented to prefer and to raise with such an exalted light of the mind and free grace above the other nations of the earth."

The Rev. Bernard Snell, M. A. of Brixton Independent Church found an appropriate text to head the printed order of service the day after Italy's declaration of war: "They of Italy salute you" (Hebrews xiii., 24).

The Daily Mail recently took as its motto for the day what Velleius Paterculus said in 31 A. D. about the Germans: "Natum mendacio genus et in summa feritate versatissimi." ("A nation of born liars and men above all prone to frightfulness.")

His Nicknames.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. has had many nicknames bestowed upon him by his countrymen. "The Touring Emperor;" "Gondola Willy" when the people were unwilling to give him a great navy; "William the Sudden"; "The One and Only." Bismarck used to speak of him sourly as "The Young Man." The English soldiers call him, "William the Weed." It was reserved for the London Times in a solemn special article to prophesy that in future years he will be known as "William the Poisoner."

Articles.

"Special article." The Daily Chronicle is disturbed by this use of the noun in the report of East end rioting. "Soon a shower of articles was rained down into the street." The Chronicle then says: "Articles? They included mattresses, chairs, tables—'all kinds of articles.' They comprise 'many valuable articles,' such as over-mantles and pianos. Until one wonders whether 'articles' is only another word for 'things.' Yet one must remember the journalistic view of an 'article,' which is always a thing, but may or may not be valuable." The Oxford Dictionary gives as the 13th definition of "article"; "an article of: a material thing forming part of, or coming under the head of, any class;" as, an article of furniture. Hence, elliptically, "article" may mean a piece of goods or property, a chattel, a thing material. Thus Byron in "Don Juan" wrote of "stockings, slippers, brushes, combs. . . . With other articles of ladies fair."

June 18 1911

A correspondent wrote the other day that Myron W. Whitney was born at Athol and was a blacksmith before he became famous as a singer. We humbly asked whether Mr. Whitney was not a stonecutter and we did not remind our correspondent that biographical dictionaries say that Mr. Whitney was born at Ashby. Now comes an indignant gentleman who writes: "I knew Myron from the time I was a little boy until he died. I lived in his house. I played with his boys. Myron was a pianokey maker and worked in the old Hallett & Cumston factory on Washington street long after he became known as a good bass singer." The indignant gentleman, who began his letter "Wrong as usual!" unfortunately neglected to sign his name, but we are glad to be personally informed concerning his acquaintanceship with Mr. Whitney and his boys.

The Herald will publish next Sunday an interesting article about Mr. Whitney's early years as a singer.

Balzac's Little Treatise.

As the World Wags:

Last week in your suggestion for wedding gifts you mentioned a book that arouses my deepest curiosity, a curiosity that I have always intended to satisfy when I had the time.

In my copy of the "Physiologie du Mariage" appearing in an edition of Balzac issued about 1910, there are several chapters written in cipher. Why? What strange thing is it that a Frenchman cannot write about in a book of this character? By whom were these chapters intended to be read and how? Certainly not by the general run of brides and bridegrooms. Or was it a joke?

Unfortunately I have not the book at hand at present, but as I remember it, the cipher consists of doubled letters, generally consonants, every 10th line (?) or so being repeated. Perhaps someone can offer a suggestion. J. B.

Boston, June 15.

In an earlier edition of this book we do not find the "cipher" that excites "J. B.'s" curiosity.—Ed.

The Ideal Newspaper.

As the World Wags:

I come to town every morning in the street cars and though I have seen many people with newspapers in their hands, but few read. Why? Because the cars are crowded. There is no room in which to turn a newspaper.

It seems to me that this defect might be overcome by reducing the size of the sheet to, say, about the size of the Saturday Evening Post. I do not mean that it should be bound so carefully as the Saturday Evening Post—rather have it look as now., but all the news could be printed, if big head lines were cut out, on fifteen pages of this size. What do you think of it? J. W. B.

Boston, June 15.

Yes, yes; though "15" pages might perplex the press men. The ideal newspaper would be about the size of a red—not yellow of course—bandanna handkerchief. Then it would be more useful in several ways.—Ed.

Sir Gilbert's Book.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The World in the Crucible: An Account of the Origin and the Conduct of the Great War," has recently been published in London by John Murray. Certain extracts quoted in the reviews published in London journals are good reading.

Here is a thumb-nail sketch of the war lord: "From boyhood William was a dreamer, but a dreamer of the selfish, material, grandiose type, with intellect powerful enough to make him, with his opportunities, a great force, and with a personality of singular impressiveness. It was clear from the start that, European war or no European war, a mediaeval greed of power was the desire of his heart. He was a spangler from the beginning; though sometimes he assumed the role of modesty, which merely provided a background for outbreaks of passionate declaration that he was made a gift to the world and set upon a throne, so that with the blessing of Providence Germany should exalt herself and save the world by her ideals."

The description of the scene in the House of Commons when Sir Edward Grey made his historic speech is as calm as the scene itself: "A professor lecturing on the economic policy of the Gracchi, could not have shown less emotion than did Sir Edward Grey as he sketched the history of our relations with France. He was not an advocate pleading a cause; he was a judge, impartial, passionless, severely exact, summing up a case. As he went on, the House, strained as its attention was, seemed to fall into his mood. Now and then there was a muttered 'hear, hear,' once or twice there was a burst of cheers; but they seemed almost irregular interruptions of a judicial pronouncement."

The scene at headquarters: "The headquarters are down in that little town yonder in a small and unpretentious house. There are a few motor cars in front, dingy and weather-beaten, covered with mud and dust; for war is all dust or mud; there is no happy medium. No gorgeous staff lounges about; they are far too busy inside, mostly writing. Through the windows comes the constant tap-tap of typewriters and the jingle of telephone bells. One can see just such a scene any day in a stockbroker's office in Copthall avenue, save that these clerks wear khaki, and that the quietly absorbed man in the inner room is not telephoning orders to buy or sell shares."

This quotation is in lighter mood. Mr. Thomas Atkins describes a battle: "Perhaps the best epitome of modern battle with its artillery terrors is to be found in this tense, elliptic description of a wounded fighter: 'First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise—and then the nurse says, "Try and drink a little o' this"!'"

June 19 1911

Mr. Reginald E. Raven, a patriotic Englishman, is of the opinion that Mr. Lloyd George, minister of munitions, might be comforted on his way if he called to mind the beautiful old copybook motto: "Work is the ruin of the drinking classes."

A Considerate Husband.

This reminds us of curious evidence in a suit brought by Mrs. McCormick against Deputy - Assistant - District - Attorney Robert C. McCormick in New York. The attorney for the wife cross-examined Mr. McCormick about his use of strong waters. The latter denied that he visited daily all the boozing-kens in the neighborhood of the Criminal Courts building, and, asked whether there was not a saloon on every corner, answered with an enviable knowledge of locality: "Not at all; there are 12 corners and only five cafes." He admitted that he felt more cheerful after his first

hooked," but indignantly repelled the accusation that on a certain occasion he was "obfusticated." Indeed, he did not know the meaning of the word until the wife's attorney, Mr. Mirabeau L. Towns, evidently a man of the world, or at least a reader of slang dictionaries, defined it as "bedoozled," "spifilcated," "lit up." He might have recited the list of synonyms in "Slang and Its Analogues" and added to it, for slang is coined daily. When Mr. McCormick was asked whether his wife looked the same to him after three drinks, he answered, "Certainly." "Not lovelier?" "No, just the same." As the reporter remarked at the beginning of his story: "Mr McCormick throughout his examination was most considerate of his wife."

Expert Testimony.

It is a pity that Mr. Regan, proprietor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York, was not summoned as a witness, for the suit brought by Mr. Jacintobosta against the Knickerbocker for damages this was in November of last year. Mr Regan described various ways in which a casual observer may determine whether an acquaintance is "suffering" from intoxication. The sufferer has a merry twinkle in his eye (not when he has a "still," or a "numb," or a "muzz"). His knees clash together like castanets. He frequently knocks the furniture and trips on the rugs. Watch him making for a given point, especially when he is setting his course over a hardwood floor. See if he spreads loose change on the bar and tells the barkeeper to take what he wants. Mr. Regan might have added: See it, unable to pick up the change, he pushes it towards the barkeeper, saying: Give me a good cigar." If he mistakes the house detective for a bell-boy, his case is hopeless.

Spoonfuls or Spoonsful.

A play was produced at the Criterion entitled "Three Spoonfuls." The critics at once said that the title was ungrammatical, whereupon Miss Zellah Covington wrote in reply that her collaborateur, Mr. Jules Simonson, "a most punctilious man on all points of grammar," in the play used the phrase "Three Spoons Full," but somehow this phrase was twisted in the title. "Am I very wicked? I think that after a hurried meal I should say: 'I only ate a couple of mouthfuls,' because a 'couple of mouths full' would sound strange" Many letters were written on this subject.

Mr Reginald Nitch-Smith wrote: "The title of the play 'Three Spoonfuls' [illegible] correct—at least, all grammatical dictionaries contain the word 'spoonful'—and as far as I know all members of the medical profession use, what Miss Covington terms **'a hopelessly ungrammatical' measure, spoon**fuls in writing prescriptions. I have not seen the play, and do not know 'the plot,' but it may please the grammatical public to alter the name to 'Twelve Drachms' or 'Three Swallows.'"

"Schoolmaster" was positive that both expressions are correct: "When a boy I was present when one of the divines responsible for the revised version of the New Testament was discussing a similar point with a prominent Cambridge classical scholar. They decided that 'twelve basketfuls' was as correct a phrase as 'twelve baskets full' (St. Matt. xiv., 20).

Let us hear from "Medical Octogenarian":

"Some 70 years ago the question whether to write 'spoonfuls' or 'spoonsful' as a direction for taking medicine was discussed in the Pharmaceutical Journal. The editor—the late Mr. Jacob Bell—pointed out that, although a conjuror might swallow 'spoonsful,' the ordinary patient could only manage 'spoonfuls.' According to the New Oxford Dictionary, spoonful is a substantive formed by the addition of the suffix 'full' to 'spoon,' and it should, of course, form its plural in the ordinary way."

And here is an editorial opinion of the Daily Chronicle: "Certain purists have risen in protest against 'Three Spoonfuls.' They maintain that the Criterion poster should announce 'Three Spoons Full.' The male partner in the writing of the play always took this latter view. But the advertisement side doubtless saw the possibilities of a strictly grammatical quarrel. All the same it might have done even better with 'Three Spoons Full,' as arousing the furious comment of the amateur pedant. The doctor orders us 'three spoonfuls,' but he does not mean that we should employ three spoons in the simple measurement. You may employ 20 if it does not occur to you that one is enough. And as the more logical lady of the Criterion plays hints, if I say I've had only three mouthfuls for a scrappy dinner, I do not imply that I had three mouths full—of my own or of others."

A Pen Sketch.

Mr. Michael Monahan makes this pen sketch of the Elbert Hubbard of 18 or 20 years ago, before the two were estranged: "A quaintly romantic figure, with its bravado of long hair and eccentric costume; the dark magnetic eye with its hint of power, [illegible] a little sternness that yet easily yielded to mirth If it were not too fantastic, I would almost say, a blend of Alfred Jingle and Robert Louis the beloved."

We All Know Him.

As the World Wags:

The man who always gets a seat, you know him? He has knuckled your back, pushed past you without a word, rubbed his disgusting abdominal protruberance against your coat. I saw one such in an electric car the other day. There were women standing, but he found a seat by making others uncomfortable. I stood and studied his countenance. He had a mean mouth, a selfish nose, commercial eyes, prehensile fingers, and an expression of smug egotism. One realized that his days were given to chiseling whoever could be chiseled, and his nights to planning who should be chiseled next morning. They tell me these men are necessary to commercial efficiency. Let us, then, have less of such efficiency, and a bit more humanity. The Germans are efficient. If a nation gets in their way they shoulder it aside or trample it under foot. In that direction mere efficiency leads. We cannot get on without efficiency, but we cannot get on with the kind exhibited by the Germans and the man who always gets a seat.

STRAP HANGER.

Brookline, June 14.

June 20 1915

The remarkable success of the Boston Symphony orchestra in San Francisco, a success remarkable in every way, was announced by telegraphic reports and confirmed by statements made after the orchestra returned to Boston. We are now able to publish extracts from leading journals published in San Francisco during the series of concerts.

Mr. Redfern Mason of the Examiner wrote:

"Never phlegmatic or running to the opposite extreme of emotional excess, Dr. Muck represents the combination of the best elements of the academic spirit with a temperament at once genial and exalted.

"He plays on this great orchestral body of tone as if it were a veritable organ, every key a living fount of music

"The most modest man who ever led orchestral phalanx to victory stood bowing before more than 4000 persons in Festival Hall last night. He was Dr. Karl Muck and the orchestra which had just thrilled the audience through and through with a superb reading of the 'Tannhaeuser' overture was the Boston Symphony. Dr Muck has directed the Bostonians for years; he has taken them to many states of the Union; but never has the organization played before such houses as they have had in San Francisco during this annus mirabilis of the Panama-Pacific exposition.

"Think of it. The $65,000 expended on bringing the Boston orchestra to the coast was paid by Monday night and the receipts for the two subsequent concerts are pure gain. That means something like $10,000. Is not that a goodly return with which to thank Henry Lee Higginson for foregoing his idolized "pops" in order that we of San Francisco might hear what kind of music this greatest orchestra in the world can make?

"The visit is one of the most notable achievements in the history of American music and musically it will be the proudest jewel in the crown of the exposition authorities.

"Little marvel then that Dr. Muck was almost overcome and that the orchestra stood in amazed wonderment, hardly knowing what to do in the presence of such a storm of enthusiasm. The audience would fain have had a word from the director's lips, but, like Moltke, he is silent in a multiplicity of languages; his native tongue is that of orchestra; in that he is fellow and coequal of Richter and Nikisch and Weingartner.

"It was good to hear once more those wonderful strings, to revel in the mellifluous tones of the wood-wind, to be inspired anew by the sacred thrill of the brass, and hear the rumble of those drums.

"We shivered with ecstasy when the brass sounded the theme of Valhalla and the trumpet cut the air with the sonorous symbol of Siegfried's sword. With what a noble melancholy the horns and bass reeds sang the 'Pilgrims' Song' from 'Tannhaeuser.'

"Never does Pegasus run away with his master when Dr. Muck conducts. He follows Shakespeare's advice to the players and observes a moderation even in the wildest storm of passion. Nay, I am almost inclined to think that the Boston Symphony expresses its highest ideal of power in the golden restraint of the whispering strings.

"Dr. Muck could not compass the miracle he works, if he were not supported by such a body of artists as it is doubtful whether musician ever had at his command before. These men are no longer strangers to us. Concertmaster Witek has stamped his gracious personality on our minds; that wonderful trumpeter, [illegible], we shall never forget; we are friends of Longy of the oboe, of [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Walter Anthony of the Chronicle: "With each of the [illegible] of the Boston Symphony orchestra the [illegible] of the [illegible] extended to make room for its new [illegible] of the possibilities of instrumental music. Each recital has been [illegible] revelation, and each offering has led us at least a step farther up the heights where vistas are vast and where only genius lives and creates

"It was a brutal remark, perhaps, but there was a grim germ of truth in what a neighbor of mine said to her friend—and which I overheard—yesterday in Festival Hall after the Chabrier Rhapsody had shouted itself to silence. This is what she remarked.

"'It seems as though the orchestras we have had and heard have just been for the purpose of showing us how the tunes were supposed to 'go.'

"The difference is not so much in the matter of the individuals comprising the orchestra for we have many of the finest at home. The difference is a matter of conductor and rehearsals. It is, in short, the difference between a permanent orchestra organized for sympony and an orchestra with which the presentation of symphony is merely casual and a 'high spot' between cafe, theatre and cabaret engagements."

Mr Ernest J Hopkins of the Bulletin: "I say 'orchestra,' advisedly, for Dr. Muck simply started the amchine, took his hands off the steering wheel and let it run itself without even beating time. One always suspected that that orchestra was automatic. And this is the secret of Dr. Muck's quiet method, no need for arm-waving or hair-tearing where there is such perfect understanding that the crooking of a little finger will do as well."

Mr. Hopkins summed up as follows in the Bulletin of May 27.

"The greatest artistic event of the exposition is over; last night, after thrilling an audience of 4200 people, the Boston Symphony Orchestra stepped nonchalantly aboard its special train and flitted eastward. Hereafter folks will say, 'Before the Boston Symphony.' and 'Since the Boston Symphony.'

"The total attendance at the 13 concerts was 46,037 This tells the tale in itself. When in America before have people gone to symphony concerts in the aggregate of 46,000 in 13 nights?

"Dr. Muck and his men are used to large audiences. In Boston they always 'sell out.' But Festival Hall is far larger than this orchestra's usual home; and if you will divide out the figure of 46,037 you will find that the average attendance for the dozen-and-one concerts was actually 3541.

"It's a poor way to figure the artistic importance of an event; but even the cash returns are eloquent. W. H. Leahy announced that on Monday night the box office receipts equalled the huge guarantee of $60,000, and the expense guarantee, $5000 additional, which had been necessary to get the Boston Symphony out here.

"It took faith to put up that $65,000. But the faith has proved justified, and there were the profits of two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, to reward it. I suppose last night's house was about $7000 and the night before perhaps $5000. There is the entrance to the exposition to figure upon; of that total of 46,000, at least 30,000 must have been cash admissions, exclusive of season tickets; which meant that $15,000 was left at the gates. Take $75,000 in the 'house' and $15,000 at the gates, and it adds up to $90,000—which is the cash value placed by San Francisco on 13 days of Boston Symphony.

"Of last night's program little need be said. It eclipsed the former Wagner concert. It was one of the most wonderful of this wonderful series. It is to Dr. Muck that we owe the wonderful educational gain of the season; he arranged the programs, and gave us **Bach, Haydn, Mozart, at their best;** we never knew Brahms before, Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz and Strauss at their most eloquent Sibelius and MacDowell and Saint-Saens and Chabrier and Franck, and the Russians and Italians and other French composers—why, the series was a journey all around the musical globe

"So, no matter who brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra here—and this interesting question is still in dispute—the thanks of many thousands of people are massed together and held in escrow for the right party.

"As announced in the Bulletin, we are to have a fine orchestra of our own next season, under improved conditions, and in all probability a very noted conductor. We shall know how to listen to our orchestra now, and how to praise it helpfully. Some day—who knows?—Boston may pay $90,000 to hear the San Francisco Symphony!"

Early Years of Myron W. Whitney

The Herald has published several letters about the birthplace and early years of Myron W. Whitney, a singer of international fame, an affable, courteous, unselfish man who enjoyed a good story and was a passionate and successful fisherman.

We publish today an account of Mr Whitney's early years as a singer [illegible]

[illegible] Myron W. Whitney [illegible] in Boston [illegible] the Tremont Temple [illegible] of about 80 voices [illegible] of E. H. Frost. They [illegible] rehearsal a week, Thursday and Saturday evenings, the first of these being devoted to secular music to be used for a concert later in the season and the Saturday evening to the music for the Sunday service. Mr. Whitney's employment, as the writer remembers it, was mason work, his special [illegible] being laying the brick for furnaces, it being before the day of galvanized iron casings.

At one of the Thursday evening rehearsals, above-mentioned, one of the [illegible] brought in a friend that [illegible] had a fine voice and would like to join the choir. In the course of the evening this friend was induced to sing a song which was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The singer made his mark in the performance. It was Mr. Whitney, and probably his first singing in musical surroundings in this city. He sang for some time in the Temple choir and as Mr. Frost also had the care of the music in the Church Street Methodist Church, and wanted some one to take care of that choir, he selected Mr Whitney for the place.

Later on the organist of the [illegible] Street Baptist Church had engaged to become the first organist of [illegible] Church, which had just been formed for the Rev. F. D. Huntington as rector, who had just gone over to the Episcopal church from the Unitarian denomination. This left the Baptist church without a choir director and the retiring organist recommended Mr. Whitney, who was engaged June 3, 1860, for a year. He had the use of a teaching room in the church and may be considered as being fairly launched into a musical life. He remained there about a year and on Sunday, May 11, 1861, sang his first service in an Episcopal church and his first singing of a "Te Deum" (Thomas in B flat), in Emmanuel Church, then worshiping in Mechanics Hall, corner of Bedford and Shawmut, Mrs H M Smith also doing her first work as soprano in a Boston church at that same service

Dr S. P. Tuckerman, then organist and director of St. Paul's choir, became interested in Mr. Whitney and got him into St Paul's choir. It is the impression of the writer that he was also the means of his going to Europe for musical study.

From this time on Mr. Whitney's fame as a singer increased, and is so identified with the musical interests of Boston that his worth as a man and singer is well known.

G. H. W.

Boston, June 16.

Mr. Monahan's Opinion of Mr Cohen

Mr. Michael Monahan in the Phoenix of June writes in a genial manner about Mr. George M. Cohen, who to thousands is the great American dramatist We are glad to see that Mr. Monahan does not head his essay, "An Appreciation." He simply heads it: "Cohen." And here is the essay itself.

"Mr. Cohen is the Greatest Thing in New York, the idol of the many-headed, the despair of the judicious, the personification of that triumphant mediocrity which hoots, stick out the tongue or throws objurgatory brickbats, if you don't like it.

"In a word, Mr Cohen is New York—not the New York of the Four Hundred or of that more numerous and amply moneyed but still middle-class set which casts eyes of ravening envy upon these: Mr. Cohen is the real New York, the Big Town, the Cosmopolis whose manners and morals are most extensively and convincingly on view

"Everybody knows that Mr. Cohen is our greatest and most successful Actor; that in his own elegant idiom, he has Sothern, Mantell, Warfield and the rest of the legitimate stiffs backed clean off the porch. Everybody knows that who reads the Sunday papers and who does not? But it is not so well known that the amazing Mr Cohen is also the particular Ornament of our judiciary, our foremost Dramatist our leading Art Critic, the accepted and all-potent Censor of our Literature, and one of the big chiefs of Yellow Journalism.

"It was Mr Cohen the journalist who discovered and formulated the great truth expressed in the motto, No News Without Sex—a profoundly original discovery which has started journalism on a new Era and immensely increased the business of the police courts.

"Mr. Cohen has made three newspaper readers grow where only one grew before—the criminal ratio may be a little higher. Only a carping envy would seek to underrate this great service or to quarrel with the fact that Mr Cohen is deservedly the best-paid journalist in the world.

"It was Mr. Cohen the dramatist who hit upon the surprising idea that "girl" is the most popular word in the language, and therefore embodied it in the titles of all his great plays—those works of genius which have put Shakespeare on the blink Of course, this [illegible] an extension of his discovery [illegible] journalism, but it must [illegible] hardly less [illegible]

extin[illegible] of th[illegible] Shaw who had impudently represented the popular, i. e., Cohen play as given over to venery and vulgarity—is one of the most hopeful things for the drama that our day has witnessed.

"That Mr. Cohen is not less potent in the Realm of Literature admits not of the least doubt, in face of the reading returns of the public libraries and the high tone of the New York literary press. It is Mr. Cohen who makes the Big Sellers, and many an author whose book goes off by the thousands today to be completely forgotten a year hence, is unaware of his obligation toward this Great Man.

"Mr. Cohen's enlightened services to Art need no commentary—the statues of New York supply that and sufficiently chant his praises.

"On the bench we note an admirable manifestation of the Cohen genius in that the learned judge frequently congratulates the prisoner at the bar, ably assists the defence and, as opportunity offers, counters heavily on the prosecution. The spectacle of Judge Cohen studying a Yellow newspaper with absorbed attention, while ignoring the proper evidence before him and turning a stone-deaf ear to the learned prosecutor—is one that must fill the breast of every lover of our free institutions with hope and joy.

"Mr. Cohen is the honor of our Tribunals, the palladium of our Liberties, the conscience of our Press, the ornament of our Civilization, the fosterer and protector of our Arts, the inspiration of every public good, the refreshment of every private bosom.

"To attempt to sum up an inexhaustible subject, Cohen is Cohen, whom not to know is to argue yourself unknown and hopelessly out of the running.

"I repeat, Cohen is Cohen. Which is to say, pure New York."

Notes About Plays, Players and Music

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Tschaikowsky's opera, "Queen of Spades," performed in England for the first time on May 29: "Concerning the music, the composer himself, who was rarely satisfied, was for once of the opinion that he had produced a masterpiece. The opera is not quite that, but it has many moments of tense dramatic feeling, which are realized with a fine sense of both theatrical and musical requirements. It is curious to note that Tschaikowsky thought he had gone to the limits of 'gruesome thrills,' whereas, from our vantage ground, across the intervening quarter of a century, the treatment appears discreet and subdued. The tragedy is there, and Mr. Rosing brought it out with great vividness; but it is free from the transpontine element that has invaded so much modern opera. The climaxes are obtained by subtle contrasts rather than by piling up crude color, in accordance with more recent precedents. The result is that the music is more enjoyable for its own sake. The second scene, for instance apart from its relation to the story, is a beautiful musical moment in itself, and there are others such. On the other hand, the robust spontaneity which characterizes the work of Moussorgsky is obviously not to be sought in a Tschaikowsky opera, which is almost much less aggressively Russian."

Ysaye on May 30 played in the Albert Hall. "His superb tone conquers even the difficult acoustics of the place." Mme. d'Alvarez, singing in the concert, "made a deep impression."

Leon Laffitte, the French tenor, who pleased at the Boston Opera House, took the part of Pinkerton in London on May 31. "His fine resonance coupled with a sympathetic reading of the part—so far as it can be sympathetic—made his impersonation one to be remembered."

A new symphony by Donald F. Tovey (London, May 31). "It belongs to a tradition that is at last passing from English music. Uninteresting motifs carrying far more development than their contents entitle them to do; closely woven part-writing devoid of clarity, and all kinds of misapplied ingenuity combine to make a dreary work with few moments of relief. Clever the music may be, but it is neither inspired nor even spontaneous. Seldom has the odor of lamp-oil been so perceptible at Queen's Hall. It is not by such compositions that the fortunes of British music are to be raised." So said the Pall Mall Gazette.

Since the outbreak of war theatrical business, as was only to be expected, has fluctuated considerably. There can hardly be any need to recall the terribly gloomy prophecies uttered in those never-to-be-forgotten early days of August, when the least cheerful of theatrical seers foretold that within a month or two there would not be a place of entertainment left open in London. As a matter of fact, after the first shock of war, matters settled down in the theatrical world far more comfortably than even the most sanguine had ventured to hope, and in the late autumn business in not a few quarters was brisker than it had been at the corresponding period of the previous year. Since the beginning of 1915 the tide of theatrical prosperity has ebbed and flowed, but there has been no period when it could have been said with positive assurance that the war was the cause directly or indirectly, of any particular failure Yet there have been occasionally passing slumps, as, for instance, that probably caused at one time by the so-called Zeppelin "panic." And, within the last few days, it is undoubtedly true that theatres have suffered from the Lusitania disaster, the public, stunned by so appalling a tragedy, naturally not being of a mind to seek amusements. But there is no reason on this account to take a gloomy view of the immediate future of our playhouses, and obviously those managers who had nothing to complain about as regards business just prior to last week's dastardly outrage may reasonably anticipate a speedy renewal of the prosperity they were enjoying.—London Daily Telegraph.

A play by Lawrence Binyon, published by the Oxford University Press, depicts a blustering representative of German kultur arriving in the Shades, meeting Socrates and Heine, and discussing the latter-day German ideals with them. "The satire is as delicate as it is biting. The other comes from Chicago, and is written by Mr. Raymond Wyer of that City, and in this we have the Kaiser discussing the situation with his chancelior and a former German ambassador to Great Britain, both before and after the outbreak of war. The subject is handled here very much with the directness of Sir J. M. Barrie in 'Der Tag,' and at the finish an angel is pronouncing his doom upon the All-Highest."

A play in three acts called "The Laughter of Fools," the work of Mr. H. F. Maltby, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday night, May 29, and received with every sign of a rapturous acceptance. The author is an actor, and the play is of the kind actors write. There is a perfectly dear old gentleman who has an utterly horrid old wife, a repellently caddish son and daughter, a darling niece, poor, beautiful, and sweet And there is a nice young man with 15,000 a year, whom the horrid mother and son are trying to "hook" as a husband for the caddish daughter; but the dear old gentleman foils them and secures the treasure for the sweet young niece: It is all a good deal richer in "situation" than in life; but it is brightly written, with a keen sense of theatrical effect, and it is exceptionally well acted. As the dear old gentleman, Mr. Alfred Bishop has just such a part as the late Mr. Edward Terry, and his countless admirers used to revel in. He plays it delightfully, and makes perhaps the popular "hit" of his long and highly honorable career as a dramatic artist. Miss Francis Ivor as the horrid old wife, and Miss Hilda Bayley as the caddish daughter, also act exceedingly well; while Miss Violet Graham as the sweet niece is a blend of an angel, an early Christian, and one of the popular saintly feminine creations of Mr. James Sant, R. A.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Charles Cartwright, an excellent actor often applauded in this country, died on May 25. He was 60 years old. The last time we saw him in Boston was in "The Lily" at the Hollis Street Theatre in October, 1910, when he took the part of the Comte de Maigny. His Bennet, the butler, in "Fanny and the Servant Problem" will long be remembered here. The London Daily Telegraph said of him:

"Thoroughly to appreciate the value of the work done by Mr. Charles Cartwright, whose death late on Tuesday evening we have regretfully to record, one must belong to the ranks of those capable of carrying their memories of things theatrical back over 15 or 20 years. It was in the days when melodrama flourished mightily at the Adelphi that he reached the high watermark of his career; of recent times, unfortunately, he has been seen but intermittently in the West end, and that all too rarely, in parts affording him scope for the exercise of his talent as an actor possessed of a particularly forcible and virile style. Few, indeed, have played the villain in their time with such consummate ease an dincisiveness as he. There were occasions, of course, when he broke away from the thraldom of an endeavor to accomplish the downfall of hero and heroine; as a matter of fact, several of his greatest successes were achieved in roles, such as Peggotty in "David Copperfield," of a genial and sympathetic character. But, undoubtedly, it is as "the villain of the piece" that he is chiefly remembered today by those who had, many a time and oft, good reason to admire the extraordinary intensity, the wonderful strength, which he brought to bear upon every part he essayed." It was during the run of C. B. Fernald's comedy "98-9" that he suffered from a stroke and never fully recovered. "In private he was a man of very strong opinions, not always of a nature favorable to the profession he had accepted. Nevertheless, no actor ever approached his work with a deeper sense of its importance or a more earnest determination to give the public of his best."

The English vs. the Italian Attitude

One of those revelations of the sincerity of English feeling towards public favorites which are so charming was forthcoming at the Prince of Wales' on Saturday during the first performance of "The Laughter of Fools." In th[illegible] comedy Mr Alfred Bishop plays the chief part, and the prolonged and cordial character of his reception on his first entry was very marked. In the second act, however, he suffered at one point from that trying experience to which every actor is occasionally subject—a momentary loss of memory; and, owing to his difficulty in hearing the prompter, who was at the farther side of the stage from that on which he was sitting, his distress became visible. The audience sat in an intense and most sympathetic silence, until at last the necessary word reached the actor, and the play proceeded. The experience, however, had manifestly upset Mr. Bishop, and a few moments later the incident recurred in a still more acute way, and once more the actor and the audience visibly suffered and sympathized.

At last Mr. Bishop brought the scene to a close, and was able to make his exit with due effect; and then came the full revelation of that friendliness to which I have referred above. Mr. Bishop's exit was followed by one of the loudest and most prolonged bursts of applause I have ever heard in an English theatre, except at the end of an act. If the actor had returned to the stage in response to it he would have had an ovation to remember, but, of course, he is a great deal too good an artist to do anything of the kind. The whole experience, however, trying as it must have been to him, cannot have been altogether unwelcome, for it showed how London playgoers—especially in times like these, when sincerity is more than ever one of the greatest of qualities—can appreciate and regard the character and personality of an actor who throughout a long career, has never given it anything but highly finished and often very beautiful work, and has—if one may be allowed to say so—ever borne himself with the modesty and dignity of a gentleman.

The incident reminded me of what a gentleman next to whom I sat at Convent Garden Opera House told me one night some 10 or 12 years ago, when "Don Giovanni" was being performed. He was a stranger to me, but we got into conversation, and he proved to be a man of many memories. One was of an evening in the Scala Opera House in Milan, when Mario, then in his old age, was singing. He sang out of tune; his once so glorious voice was clearly out of order, and at last the audience began hissing him. When he heard this unfamiliar sound and realized that it was directed against himself, the great artist trembled and his singing became worse. The hissing increased, and at last the curtain had to be lowered. "It was one of the most painful things I have ever seen," said the gentleman who told the story. — Pall Mall Gazette, June 1.

SENTIMENT.

The name of Fanny Davenport was for years a household word. Young collegians put her photographs on the mantlepiece or in the edge of a looking glass. Born into a famous theatrical family, she brilliantly played many parts, and appearing in dramas by Sardou was popularly known as the American Sarah Bernhardt.

Personal property belonging to Miss Davenport was sold at auction in New York a few days ago. A locket containing her portrait and a lock of her mother's hair was put up. Miss Davenport had worn it constantly during the last years of her life. The locket itself was valuable. There was a bid of one dollar and seventy-five cents. The auctioneer was dumb with astonishment. Finally he gathered himself together and said that there must be some misunderstanding. "Miss Davenport loved it better than her life. She never took it from her neck while she was living and died with it clasped next to her heart, for it contained the love token of her mother. Again think of sentiment and its value. How much am I offered now?" Some one bid two dollars and thus possessed it. Sentiment brought twenty-five cents.

Some weeks before this sale, the curio collection of a Philadelphian went to the auction room. Two whiskey bottles into which was blown the name of E. C. Booz, a distiller in Philadelphia about 1840, brought $28 and $30. They were empty, but there is a tradition, wholly unfounded, that Mr. Booz's brand of whiskey was so popular that it brought the word "booze" into the vernacular. Etymologists may point to the old English "bouse," to an old Dutch word, or even to the Arabic. The Philadelphian has neither eyes nor ears for etymologi[illegible]; he forgets that Sheridan [illegible] "boozed"; he knows only E. C. Booz and remembers that the distiller, an admirer of William Henry Harrison, had his bottles made in the form of a log cabin. He should have gone farther and filled his bottles with hard cider, for Harrison's campaign was known as the hard cider one.

So sentiment, apparently dead in New York, flourishes in Philadelphia. There is a lesson here for play actors and play actresses, idols of their day. What are beauty, dramatic ability, magnetism, theatrical traditions, the affection of a celebrated actress toward her mother also distinguished in the annals of the stage, in comparison with an empty whiskey bottle and local pride?

June 21

SOVEREIGNTY OF AIR.

The German air fleet throws bombs on sea coast and unfortified towns of England and kills civilians, women and children. Air fleets of the allies retaliate. Is there any such thing as a sovereignty of air?

When airmen passed over Swiss territory to bombard the Zeppelin factory, the British government expressed regret to the Swiss federal council, but intimated that it was not prepared to recognize this sovereignty. There is a precedent concerning private ownership in the air to be found in English legal records. A man erected a sign board that projected from the roof of his premises a few feet over the field of a neighbor. The owner of this field brought an action for trespass. Lord Ellenborough, hearing the case, decided there was no trespass, "seeing that only the free air was concerned."

But when a swing-bridge was erected by the Cleveland city council across the Cuyahoga river, the bridge passed over a few square feet of land. The owner of this land claimed "a good and indefeasable title in fee simple to the air above, with the right to sell or lease the same." The city council had to pay $10,000 for the privilege of swinging its bridge through this air.

Now if the fighting airship violates the neutrality of a state by passing through air what about wireless telegraphy? If there is a sovereignty of air, must not the recognition include wireless communication by warring nations and consequent prohibition? It looks as though the treatises on international law must all be rewritten in view of what has passed during the last year. Or will the nations follow the example of the Germans and throw overboard for all time treatises on this branch of the law?

In town let me live then, in town let me die
For in truth I can't relish the country not I
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

Mr. Johnson Is Heard from.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Michael Fitzgerald suggested a few days ago that the reason why I did not attend Mr. Halliday Withers[illegible] lecture in East Brewster was because the proofs of the last volume of my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription), busied me. Alas, my first volume, now in the printer's hands, has not been delivered to the subscribers, nor have I been able to send presentation and autographed copies to the secretaries of the European scientific societies of which I have the honor of being a member. The printer has a grossly commercial soul and I have not satisfied his absurd demands. The "last" volume, to which Mr. Fitzgerald funnily alludes, is numbered "22." It will contain my masterly summing up and solution of the graver problems that have long vexed mankind. It now looks as though it may not be published until after my death.

There were two reasons why I did not attend Mr. Witherspoon's lecture: I was in Boston at the time and the journey to East Brewster was beyond my means; and in the second place, I avoid all lectures, even [illegible] ones given before the Drama League by actors or actresses fired by the wild hope that the theatres where they are playing may thus be filled.

A [illegible]

[illegible] I had [illegible] of [illegible] T[illegible] the [illegible] Chesterfields [illegible] ment [illegible] ministrations of some of the [illegible] J[illegible] [illegible] savoring [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] and the last trace of the Demon is in the [illegible] of certain inhabitants who [illegible] the [illegible] smell of fireworks.— [illegible] Champions, I say, still delight [illegible]

[illegible] Clamport a few days ago— [illegible] of the arts and the [illegible] the [illegible] touring [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] that, by [illegible] a crank, discharges an in[illegible] number of balls in a minute— [illegible] a hold-up. While in [illegible] I talked with a young fellow [illegible] was going to work for a [illegible] extensive grounds. I [illegible] a wealthy man, but [illegible] I dwelt on [illegible] the advantages that [illegible] would enjoy "Yes," [illegible] n, who is not renowned in [illegible] his restless activity, "yes, I [illegible] get along with them, they [illegible] place."

[illegible] few city cottagers, dwellers [illegible] palaces, splurging the coun[illegible] do know their place"!

His Present Address.

I [illegible] scouring for rooms. I [illegible] "studio suites," at a [illegible] little houses in the West [illegible] to [illegible], smelling of ad[illegible] with [illegible] under [illegible] only artificially, suites [illegible] that came up on [illegible] the [illegible] of Jonah's [illegible] dwelling in Chest[illegible] good air, [illegible] there is a constant [illegible] in that other[illegible] that there is a [illegible], and if Jones [illegible] to this house or [illegible] is duly entered, and [illegible] to be found also [illegible] Besides, the distance [illegible] the man [illegible] Johnny-on-the-Spot. [illegible] be far from what [illegible] as the busy haunts [illegible]

[illegible] at present is Grenville [illegible] attracted me. Not [illegible], although, like [illegible] wrote so bitterly [illegible] we all would like to be [illegible] street with a [illegible] I hesitated between [illegible] and Blossom Court. [illegible] room—a memorial [illegible] no doubt mark the [illegible] word Blossom seemed [illegible] and Grenville [illegible] impress [illegible] all countries, at least [illegible] visited Boston [illegible] and during so[illegible] were appreciated [illegible] rooms at the ex[illegible] in some house on [illegible] overlooking the Public [illegible] with re[illegible]ned [illegible] Club. But [illegible] I

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

[illegible], June 19.

June 2[illegible]

WAR AND WHISKERAGE

Siberian soldiers have refused to have their beards cut because they believe that their shagginess frightens the Germans. The French in the trenches are known as "poilus," which means, literally "the hairy." In England it is the royal wish that army officers should grow a mustache, but beards are not in favor. Early in the war the British soldier excited the wonder of the French by shaving every morning even when the enemy's shells were searching the trench. And in France a general defining the true "poilu" as a soldier that is brave, tenacious and resourceful has issued an order that the soldier's hair should be vigorously cut and his beard trimmed, especially on the cheeks. This is an urgent question of hygiene, also of feeling and discipline. In England the spectacle of a soldier in khaki and with a beard is rare, so rare that it excites attention.

Victor Emmanuel II. thought it the duty of a soldier to look ferocious. He himself, thinking he had the appearance of a milksop, dyed his hair and mustache black, and allowed his mustache to grow so that in later years he would not eat in public, for he was obliged to tie the ends of his mustache behind his head. He attained his purpose. The Duchess of Sutherland said of him, "Victor Emmanuel is the only Knight of the Garter I have ever seen who looks as if he would certainly have the best of it with the Dragon." Yet Julius Caesar, a soldier of some repute in his day, was clean shaven and a user of depilatories. Nor did Alexander the Great favor beard, side whiskers, or mustache.

Old photograph albums bound in Russia leather or plush in the years of our civil war and the portraits in the Rebellion Record "show privates and officers with terror-inspiring whiskerage. Even many just graduated from college boasted a wealth of beard that now seems preposterously precocious. A hairy face was thought indispensable to a soldierly appearance; "bearded like the pard"; as in England a mustache is forbidden to a bishop or a judge unless it be accompanied by a beard. For many years in this country a young doctor was anxious concerning facial hair; a beard was the symbol of knowledge, experience; it entered into a reassuring bedside manner. Today the physician prefers to be clean shaven for microbic reasons, and the soldier must trim his beard if he is not compelled to go without one. The art of war has indeed been revolutionized.

The Herald spoke some time ago of Theodore Botrel, whose songs have cheered the French soldiers in the trenches. Extracts from his songs have been published in The Herald. We have not seen anywhere a statement of the fact that this poet with his wife made a tour throughout Canada in 1903, singing to raise money for the erection of the Jacques Cartier monument at St. Malo. At the first concert in Montreal, April 17, at which the Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchesi, presided, there was an audience of nearly 3000. Botrel also visited Fall River, Manchester, Lewiston, Nashua, Worcester and other towns in New England, where there are many Canadians. There is an interesting account of this visit in Le Canada et la Bonne Chanson, a number of La Bonne Chanson, edited by Botrel and published monthly in Paris. Just before Botrel sailed for France from New York, the Alliance Francaise organized a concert at which Admiral Rivet, who happened to be in the harbor with the Tage, presided.

Four Birds and One Stone.

As the World Wags:

Your dissertation on the desecration through beflagged stockings and handkerchiefs reminded me of having read, somewhere, that in the Franco-Prussian war the Teutonic soldiers were each furnished with a handkerchief on which was printed a very accurate map of France. This ingenious scheme served the double purpose of teaching the Prussians the topography of the enemy's country and furnishing them with an object on which to vent their contemptuous feelings.

And crossing the Pyrenees—in mente, of course—I wish to point out to your correspondent, "S. B.," that "avocado" is not Spanish and, therefore, can not mean anything in that language. The Spanish for an advocate, a lawyer, is "abogado."

And while we are in Spain, it were well to mention—seeing that no true Castilian has done so, so far—that the "Bird's Eye View of the Vatican," in The Sunday Herald of a week ago, was neither a bird's eye view nor the Vatican. Apart from that, the picture was a fairly faithful representation of the Escorial,—la octava maravilla del mundo—which, unlike the Phoenix, did not rise from its own ashes but from a rubbish heap, hence its name. It was at the Escorial that its founder, the bigot Philip, heard the news of the defeat of the Armada and uttered the famous phrase, now parodied in a popular ditty: "I did not send my ships to fight the tempest."

If I may be allowed to kill a fourth bird with the same stone with which I have already struck three, I will say that Byron showed very poor taste in boasting that he could swear in German. That is unpoetical, to say the least, and, besides, it is far too common. It is a curious phenomenon the attraction which naughty words, in a foreign language, have for the majority of mankind. I knew a very pious minister-in-embryo in Glasgow who never used a cuss word in his native language, yet delighted in repeating the most ponderous Spanish oaths that came within his ken. And in the Pampas I have heard the gauchos who always exhibit the utmost contempt for [illegible] [illegible] word [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the wonder of C[illegible] [illegible] rous aberration of [illegible] [illegible] June 1[illegible]

Lovers of Chestnuts.

As the World Wags:

The suggestion of Mr Morse in Wednesday's Herald that [illegible] "Cairo" and other popular [illegible] be omitted from the Pops program for one year has not been welcomed by at least one group of the column's readers. Does not the hearty applause which such selections receive indicate that they are precisely what the majority of Pop's patrons wish to hear? I know of at least eight persons, all well above the average in general culture, who attended last week expressly to hear selections included in Mr Morse's "Index Expurgatorius."

During the Symphony season ample opportunity is offered to hear music not in the chestnut class; why begrudge those who love chestnuts their inning for one short month?

HERBERT L. WOOLHISER.

Boston, June 17.

War Note.

Small boys in London, with paper hats, leggings and wooden swords, are singing a song of which the chorus goes something like this:

We don't like German sausage,
We don't like sauerkraut,
We don't like German lager beer
And we don't like Germans living here;
We don't like German bands—
They make us feel so ill,
We don't like German measles and
We don't like Kaiser Bill.

Long-Distance Preachers.

Some expressed surprise that while the voices of certain actors and actresses in the Greek plays in the Stadium were not always audible, the voices of the singers in "Siegfried" were heard at the end of the Stadium farthest from the stage, when only the brass instruments reminded the hearers that an orchestra was playing. Perhaps in the performance of the dramas, it was a matter of diction, not merely one of volume or carrying power. Open-air preaching, for instance, has been heard from a great distance. Mrs. Oliphant in her life of Edward Irving says that he had been clearly heard on some occasions half a mile. Black John Russell of Kilmarnock was heard at the distance of a full mile, "though not perhaps intelligibly." Someone writing to Jameson's Journal in 1828 stated that at the west end of Dumfermline he heard part of a sermon preached by Dr. Black in a tent at Cairneyhill. He did not "miss a word, though the distance must be something about two miles." The preacher was famed for a clear voice and distinct speaking "and the wind, which was steady and moderate, came in the direction of the sound." Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly, who is a deep thinker and renowned in the neighborhood for his scientific attainments, tells us that hearing in the open air depends on the character of the speaker's voice, the conditions of the surface and the hygrometric state of the atmosphere.

The Sympathetic Watch.

Mr J. J. Shaw has communicated a paper on the variation of watches to the Royal Astronomical Society. Stating the fact that a watch worn all day may not miss or jump a second, but hung by the bedside it will be a quarter of a minute out of the way in the morning, Mr. Shaw suggests that irregularities are due to a change of angle. Another scientific man says that the whole matter may be reduced to rhythmic motion. "To put it roughly, the watch likes, or does not like, your particular skip, jump, stump or decent walk." We know a man, apparently as sane as the great majority of his fellows, who believes that his watch shows the state of his health. The watch is an excellent one, but as soon as the owner begins to run down, the watch begins to lose. As he picks up, the watch is again trustworthy. Has a watch any sympathy with the person that carries it? Does a fine one rejoice when the owner boasts that he has "the correct time to a second" and thus bores others? Is an expensive watch ashamed of its owner when, rich and vulgar, he flourishes it?

MAJESTIC THEAARE — Edmund Breese, supported by the Lonergan Players in "The Spendthrift," a play in four acts by Porter Emerson Browne.

Monty Ward	Eddie Phelan
Frances Ward	Amy Ricard
Clarice Van Zandt	Winifred Wellington
Richard Ward	Edmund Breese
Fifie, Frances's Maid	Florence Lee
Aunt Gretchen	Anna Layng
Philip Cartwright	Lester Lonergan
Suffern Thorne	John Meehan

Mr Browne's play was first seen here in 1910. The following year it was presented by the St. James Stock Company. The characters are all familiar. There is the long suffering and devoted husband, the linnet-headed wife, the trusted friend, the villain, the estimable [illegible]nt. Mrs. Ward is extravagant, [illegible] is selfish and unwilling to bear children. When her husband is on the verge of bankruptcy she borrows $20,000 to save herself and indirectly him from [illegible] change of fortunes [illegible] Mr [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] has rec[illegible] Ward is satisfied, but his wife [illegible] the house and works for several [illegible] as a governess. Mr. Cartwright, the trusted friend, is fortunate in recovering her boarding house and there is a reconciliation between Mr Ward and his Frances, now reformed and repentant.

Mr. Breese was warmly welcomed last evening by a large audience. An experienced actor, he did full justice to the part of Ward and played with dignity and commendable restraint. Miss Ricard was appropriately petulant and later tearful and penitent. Miss Layng was amusing as Aunt Gretchen, Mr Lonergan was kindly and gracious as Cartwright, while Monty and Clarice were acceptably impersonated by Mr. Phelan and Miss Wellington.

Next week Mr Breese will appear in "The Master Mind," while the production of "The Woman" will be deferred.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE "Years of Discretion," a comedy in three acts by Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton.

Michael Doyle	William P. [illegible]
Christopher Dallas	[illegible]
Farrell Howard, Jr	[illegible]
Amos Thomas	J[illegible]
John Strong	Morgan [illegible]
Mitz	[illegible]
Mrs Farrell Howard	Miss [illegible]
Mrs. Margaret Brinton	Miss [illegible]
Anna Meeker	Miss [illegible]

"Years of Discretion," first acted here by Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon, at the Tremont Theatre in January, 1914, was presented for the first time by the Craig Players at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday. It is a delightful comedy of [illegible] an exuberant satire on the [illegible] of middle age. The characters [illegible] is excellent, the dialogue crisp and well turned; the incidents of the [illegible] indescribably amusing.

Mrs. Farrell Howard, an attractive but sedate widow of Brookline [illegible] of dull and benevolent re[illegible] Visiting Mrs. Brinton in New York, she renews her youth. Mrs. Brinton [illegible] a widow, but given to cigarettes, [illegible] tails, frivolity and man baiting. [illegible] one great friend, John Strong, who has waited for her some 10 years with astonishing fidelity.

With the deft assistance of a French maid, false hair, rouge, striking costumes and other accessories, Mrs Howard appears far less than the 4[illegible] years to which she confesses. She flirts with her hostesses "tame bears," Amos Thomas, a Socialist, and amateur [illegible] anderer, an authority on the [illegible] of love, Michael Doyle, an ardent [illegible] man, who has a way with [illegible] and Christopher Dallas, a millionaire [illegible] man, all three turned 50. The [illegible] ing widow soon loses her heart to Dallas. She marries him, but the thought of a honeymoon around the world in tight shoes, tighter stays and uncomfortable clothes frightens her. She confesses her misgivings, that [illegible] longer young; that she prefers [illegible] to tempestuous love. Dallas [illegible] sympathetically. He, too, pulls [illegible] skull cap and acknowledges a rheumatic knee. They abandon the trip and settle down in contented ease at her Brookline home.

Less charming variations of Mrs Howard's type are to be found in every city, town and village. They do not reside exclusively in Brookline, but inhabit other suburbs, the Back Bay, the waterside of Beacon street. Every boarding house boasts of one or more of these grotesque [illegible] of [illegible] Demons in their treatment of the [illegible] low boarders, let a masculine visitor appear and they coo, purr or gambol [illegible] comic and desperate vivacity.

There are variations of the [illegible] There is the fat and florid variety [illegible] women at heart; the lean and [illegible] woman, heavily wrinkled, flat[illegible] rouged, with store teeth of the [illegible] make, who cackles of former [illegible] or coming marriage. Then there is the experienced man-baiter who [illegible] herself upon her collection of [illegible] languidly monopolizes the only [illegible] at a tea.

But Mrs. Howard is much more than a mere product of artifice [illegible] posite complexion. She is at heart wholesome. She is winsome, [illegible] middle age, still desirable. The part is exacting and requires a skilled actress, a brilliant comedian. Miss Olsen gave a fair performance. She was at her best in the second act when battling in rapid succession with her three suitors and her son, the "spinster-[illegible]"

Mr. Friebus played Dallas with dignity and a certain distinction. Mr. Carelton was excellent as the fiery Michael Doyle. His brogue was rich and it did not desert him in impassioned moments. Miss Barnicoat was an attractive Mrs. Brinton and Mr. Meek was photographically real in his portrayal of Farrell Howard. Mr Seeley was a persistent Amos and Mr. Erwin a natural butler.

"The Yellow Ticket" will be the play next week.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS HEADS B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Ernest R. Ball and Others Help to Make up Program.

Last night's audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre got full measure for their money—it was an evening of laughter.

Mr Stokes has provided Douglas Fairbanks with a role especially suited to him as Robert Hornblower in the uproarious sketch, "A Regular Business Man"—a congenial role for a congenial comedian. Mr. Fairbanks has added an acrobatic touch that is not out of place with the character. Mr. Fairbanks was ably supported by Patricia Collinge. Her typewritist was a picture in her despair and again in her ecstasy as she beheld the metamorphosis of Hornblower. Isabel West, Frank Munroe and Frank Williams added to the enjoyment of the sketch.

Ernest R. Ball, composer of popular songs, contributed a unique entertainment Besides melodies that have been sung the world over, he was especially at home in the Irish melodies of his own composition. His "Mother Machree" was sung in a tender vein; the sentimental line was nicely brought out. It was a decided contrast to his presentation of "McCarthy," which he shouted out as a battle song.

Farber girls—Constance and Irene—amused in a singing and dancing sketch. Their act is nicely dressed and may be said to be removed from the conventional singing and dancing act.

A number that pleased was Ralph Dunbar's Nine White Hussars—a band that added a singing act to their instrumental numbers.

Another clever act was the "Fifty-Fifty" of Harry H. Richards and Bessie Kyle.

Others on the bill were Pipfax and Panio, European novelty clowns; Prince Lai Mon Kim, Chinese tenor; the Cycling Brunettes; the Balzar Sisters, in an aerial act, and the Pathe Weekly Pictures.

Jun 23 1915

MR. WILDER'S WATCH

That Marshall P. Wilder, who left behind him property valued at over a quarter of a million dollars, carried a watch and chain worth only one dollar and a half is thought by many to be remarkable. It is stated that his remaining jewelry is valued at only two dollars—a scarfpin and a ring worth one dollar each. The precise nature of the pin is not revealed; perhaps it was a moss-agate, of the sort popular in the late Sixties, especially dear to brakemen; perhaps it was a specimen-pin, such as excited the appetite of the Emu in Bret Harte's poem. Nor is it necessary to inquire into the composition of the ring. All this is immaterial.

The wonder is that Mr. Wilder, well-to-do, a favorite on the lecture platform and in vaudeville, with a constant earning capacity, should carry a watch of trifling value. Let it be granted that the watch was a fair time-keeper; as trustworthy, for a year at least, as those of American or Swiss make sold at a high price. Was his choice whimsical, as that of a celebrated lawyer and member of Congress in Washington, who years ago, reproached for carrying an enormous silver turnip, answered: "A good watch, my dear sir, is vulgar."

The rich, and Mr. Wilder may be reckoned among them in the great averaging, often have their little affectations. This one chooses his straw hat out of a box or barrel on the sidewalk in front of the hatter's; this one smokes and sings the praises of an insufferable cigar; that one delights in slop garments and a "shocking-bad" hat. Not from the thrift that is akin to meanness; not from the fear of dying in the poor house that hangs over the head of many wealthy men; but probably from a curiously indirect wish to remind others that they could afford any luxury, rather than from any desire to appear simple, unpretentious citizens. Sometimes they go too far in this direction and are a nuisance to their families and neighbors. As for Mr. Wilder's reticence in pins, cuff buttons and rings—that is to be commended.

The watch and chain were worth only $1.50. Was the chain of steel or a leather string? It matters not. The wonderers at Mr. Wilder's insignificant watch forget one thing: he was a professional humorist. Perhaps the watch was one of his little jokes.

The gentleman that did not wish his name to be mentioned wrote to The Herald that Myron W. Whitney was a "piano-key maker" and he mentioned the factory where the singer worked. "W. H. G." now writes: "Your correspondent has undoubtedly mixed Myron Whitney up with Milo Whitney, who was a prominent piano-key maker in those days."

A correspondent dating his letter "Muddy River neere Boston, June 18," writes: "In the columns of one of your neighbors a few weeks ago a query was started to find out the source of the saying 'not worth Hannah Cook!' A discussion ensued. Various Hannah Cooks in this country and abroad were named as the true source. And yet, down on the Cape, my old grandmother used always to say: 'Not worth Hannah Cook's sauce.' It always sounded quite English to me, and does yet."

Balzac's Cypher.

As the World Wags:

My edition of "Physiologie du Mariage," which is the edition most readily attainable in Boston of Balzac's complete works, has the hodge-podge referred to by "J. B." as a cypher. The editor of this edition expresses a somewhat different view, and gives reasons for regarding the arrangement of letters as entirely haphazard. The editor thinks, if I am not mistaken, that at this point the author's views were not fully defined, and he took refuge in obscurity, as many other writers have done not so obviously. Perhaps he was "putting something over" on the puzzled reader.

I note that you write Welsh "rabbit." Have you at any time in your columns taken up the controversy between the "rabbiters" and the "rarebitters"?

Now if you can tell me the origin of Boche for German (the expression apparently dating from the present war), you will confer a favor. In my curiosity, I may be committing a breach of neutrality, for apparently the expression is used by the French in a spirit not altogether friendly. K.

Boston, June 18.

"Welsh rabbit" is right and "Welsh rarebit" is wholly and absurdly wrong. This subject has been discussed more than once in The Herald. "Boche" deserves a separate paragraph.—Ed.

"Boche."

Various explanations of the origin of the word "Boche," applied by the French to Germans in the fighting line, have been given. It has been said that the word is an abbreviation of "alboche," which was fairly common before this war. But M. L. Sainean will not have it so. In a letter to Le Temps, he says that "Boche" is a clipped form of "caboche, "a low Latin word for noddle" (caput, head). In 1863 it appeared in a slang dictionary as "mauvais sujet." It next took on the meaning of numskull or bungler. About 1870 it was applied to German workmen in French workshops. Alboche is a sort of compound of Allemand and boche. "Bosche" is not correct. The Daily Chronicle, discussing French trench slang, says that, "by one of the miraculous freaks of language, the word conveys the essential idea to almost all the nations engaged in the war, even without any knowledge whatever of French slang. In discussions upon the origin of our word 'bosh,' it has been pointed out that in German 'Bosch' is the equivalent of our 'swipes.' And the English 'bosh' appears to be pure Turkish, meaning 'empty.' It has very probably come to us through the gypsies."

In French slang "Marmite," the innocent saucepan, is now a heavy shell. The word "zigouiller," borrowed from the speech of the Apache, means to "stick a knife into," "to bayonet." "Artiflot," a gunner, is made up of "artilleur" and "fiflot" (a common soldier). "Crapouillot," a little toad, is the squat, little French mortar.

A Venerable Pun.

As the World Wags.

The annual suggestion that an effigy of Fanny Elisler might adorn the summit of Bunker Hill monument, in grateful recognition of the considerable sum added to its languishing funds from a benefit given by the dancuse, was commented on at the Association meeting on Thursday. Even though dancing is becoming a kind of religion, it is improbable that the gratitude of that distinguished body will ever take this concrete form. It was after Dr. Brown's excellent luncheon that one of the convives remarked that any memorial of a gift from Fanny might have been made—not by way of legacy—but by lega-see. O Pudor! THE OLD 'UN.

Boston, June 19.

This pun probably dates back to the first dancer on the English stage that inherited it from a brilliant member of the nobility An extract from Danicl Webster's legendary tribute to Fanny might be inscribed on the monument where all could read it. Is it true that the Bunker Hill Monument Association always sings at least one verse of "The Sword of Bunker Hill" at its solemn meetings?"—Ed.

War Notes.

Although American intervention in the war would not very materially increase the number of soldiers fighting on our side, it would mean a notable addition to the strength of the medical corps attached to the armies of the allies. In proportion to its numbers, the American is better off than any other for doctors—all first-rate men selected by means of a stiff competitive examination. Humanity is indebted to them for many valuable contributions to medical science. The sanitary triumph of the occupation of Cuba was due to the researches made by a board of American army doctors, which established the truth of the mosquito theory of the transmission of yellow fever. Later on this discovery rendered possible the digging of the Panam a canal.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Here is confidence: Henry Sotheran & Co., long established booksellers in London, publish this advertisement in Notes and Queries: "Bibliotheca Chemico-Mathematica. . . . The Illustrated Library Edition will be published soon after the victory of the Allies."

One of the most difficult puzzles to solve was Bradshaw's "Continental Guide." We say "was" for the last number appeared in August of last year when only a few copies were sold. What changes may not the next issue reveal!

CRIST PIECES PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME

"Egyptian Impressions," four short pieces by Bainbridge Crist, were played for the first time anywhere at the Pop concert at Symphony Hall last evening.

The first, "Caravans," represents the caravans coming over the sands out of the eastern twilight, exchanging uncouth greetings and passing on again. The second, "To the Mummy," suggests that the body of dream-dust and slumber" was once "aching with passion and tears." The third is "Katebet," an ancient priestess, and the fourth, "A Desert Song," "There is a feverish famine in my veins."

Mr. Crist, a young American composer, is a pupil of Paul Juon. These pieces were composed in London three years ago. There is no attempt to simulate Egyptian music. Modern in thought and feeling Mr. Crist's work shows imagination, originality and a skilful use of color.

June 24 1915

MR. MORRIS THE CRITIC

Mr. Gouverneur Morris, who in years gone by wrote entertaining short stories, frees his mind concerning novels and tales by Americans. His criticism is destructive, especially in the matter of the short story. "In the early days there was Poe—there's no writer of prose or poetry equal to him alive today. But who else was there?" "Irving? Why he couldn't write short stories." "In America we have had only one novel—'Huckleberry Finn.'"

Mr. Morris should be taken seriously. His opinions were published in the New York Times; not in a deliberately comic weekly. When he declares that Mr. Richard H. Davis "has it all over Froissart as a chronicler"; when he pats the "prolific" and "industrious" Thackeray on the head, and says "He wrote a lot and most of it was pretty good"; he is not jesting. The mature opinions of an author of "quick sellers" should be gravely considered.

Poe was the only writer of short stories before Mr. Richard H. Davis and Mr. Gouverneur Morris cultivated this field of literature. There was Hawthorne, regarded by old-fashioned judges as a pretty fellow in his day. There were Herman Melville with his "Piazza Tales," including "The Bell Tower"; Fitz James O'Brien with his remarkable "Diamond Lens" and other fantastic tales. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a graceful writer endowed with fancy and humor. Are H. C. Bunner and Frank R. Stockton so soon forgotten? Is Mr. Morris unacquainted with the short stories of Miss Alice Brown and Mrs Sarah O. Jewett? Edward Everett Hale wrote two or three tales that will not soon be forgotten

Poor old Irving!—There's his "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Morris asks "where can you find a duller story or one with worse technique? Just think of what Rudyard Kipling or Richard Harding Davis could do with such a plot as that!" To use a colloquial expression, Mr. Davis, or Mr. Kipling, would not do a thing to it.

Let there be no injustice. Mr. Morris does mention Miss Wilkins. "Think what the story of New England life was before Mary E. Wilkins taught them how to write about New England." Again there is the name of Hawthorne. Was he wholly ignorant of the New England temperament? Had he not the gift of observation and that of expression? Could Sylvester Judd's "Margaret" have been written by any other than a New Englander? Perhaps after all Mr. Morris is a humorist. His opinions, then, should have been published in the New York Times on the page with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's "Lines from a Jester's Notebook."

Again and again I request you to be merry; if anything trouble your hearts or vex your souls, neglect and contemn it, let it pass. And this I enjoin you, not as a divine alone, but as a physician; for without this mirth, which is the life and quintessence of physic, medicines and whatsoever is used and applied to prolong the life of man, is dull, dead and of no force.

Concerning Headlines.

As the World Wags:

Taking my pen in hand to write of other matters, my eye is struck by such a wonderful headline that I am diverted, and I trust you will be. (Yes, I realize that there is a defect in the grammatical construction, but it is good enough for a newspaper.)

TAFT IN BATHTUB CAUSES OVERFLOW.

What a literary artist is the writer of this headline! How pregnant the statement, how clear, and how scientifically accurate. How much more precise than one in last evening's paper (not The Herald),

LEMON FOR MUNICH BEER IS SHORT

What is a lemon for Munich beer, and why should it be short? But all the letter-press added to the first headline adds not a jot or tittle to its vividness. This is what schools of journalism should do, but don't. Mr. Taft, we all know, "bulks large" before the public. Also in the bathtub. I am trying to work in the phrase that he is "at grips" with something, but never mind now. When, five years or so ago, Hubert Latham nearly crossed the English Channel in an aeroplane, and fell in, the Paris Illustration published a two-page picture of him labelled, "A Modern Icarus." Now if I had been the headlinesman, or whatever you call him, I should have put it,

TAFT AS ARCHIMEDES.
FUN FOR THE PHYSICIST.

Surely Mr. Taft, head of his class at dear old Yale in days before the elective system, must have known that Archimedes, as celebrated in his day in Syracuse as Mr. Bryan in ours, made the same identical experiment two thousand years ago. The language used by Archimedes on that occasion is unprintable, simply because the linotype has no Greek font. Mr. Taft's for a quite other reason. Doubtless you can supply a pat quotation from Diogenes Vegetabilis Hydraulica Domestica.

I am interested in your article on the Delights of Trash. We cannot always be reading Milton or Dante, or even the newspapers. My friend Sir Ernest Rutherford, winner of the Nobel prize for his work on radium, tells me that when nervously exhausted, after a long day's work, he reads the frothiest French novels while lying in bed until 2 in the morning. Mr. Edison, we know, never goes to bed at all. Some of us, when fatigued write to the papers.

I see that Mr. Herrman Ridder remarks that we are cursed with the same language as the English. So we are. Somehow I like it. A friend of mine, a distingulshed scientist, connected with the University of Berlin, but now living in London, comments as follows. His name is Lindemann. I leave you to guess his nationality. He says, speaking of the short, expressive signs devised by the English, like the familiar one, "Pennies only," over a slot, that in Germany this would read: "Wer etwas anderes als ein Zehnfennigstueck in diesen Sshlitz hineinwirft wird polizeilich bestraft." I am afraid that I have shortened it a little, but it shows the intention. German is a good language. In my business I have to read more of it than any other. At the

end I always sing, "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks." But I like the Germans. They are a bit one-sided, however.

Under the caption "A Considerate Husband" you speak of tests for intellectual status (in a bar room) or lack of it. Perhaps you have not seen the apparatus used in psychological laboratories, consisting of a star-shaped groove in a brass plate, around which the subject steers a pen. If the pen bumps against the side of the groove an electrical contact is made, and a bell rings. This is far more accurate than walking a crack, and should be in all police stations as a means of diagnosis.

You give several nicknames for the Kaiser. How about Herod? Have you heard of the new decoration: Grand Cross of the Naval Order of the Lusitania?

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester, June 20.

A Disappearing Season.

As the World Wags:

The one thing to be demanded by one renting a summer cottage is a vigorous furnace with an adequate supply of coal. Spring in New England has long been only a poetical expression. It looks as though summer will soon be known as the arbitrary name of a season, to be classed with the terminology of the calendar in vogue during the French revolution. Or shall we not spend the warm "winter" months in the country or by the sea, and pass a delightfully comfortable "summer" in the city? Xenophon informs us that Cyrus lived seven cold months at Babylon, three at Susa, two at Ecbatana, and thus had a perpetual spring. "He, therefore, that loves his health, if his ability will give him leave, must often shift places. When I was young we lived in summer, for the most part, in town. We would go to Saratoga Springs or Newport for a fortnight when it was hot or descend on relatives in the country. The latter visit was not wholly agreeable, for the relatives in turn would visit us in the winter and expect to see all the sights.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.
Beverly, June 22.

No wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at 75 disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely "If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom, what time will he have to make use of it?"

Fancy and Fact.

We have received the 10th volume of "The Atheneum; or the Spirit of the English Magazines" (Oct. 1821 to April, 1822), published by Munroe and Francis in Boston. It is a volume of curious miscellany. There is, for instance, the "specimen of a Prospective Newspaper"—the North American Luminary, July 1. 4796. The following paragraph was supposed in 1821 to be wildly improbable: "The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. Gen. Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing 500 weight. The distance of the objects fired at was 11 miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in a space of 20 feet square." We know about the great guns of 1915.

Here is another phophecy: "According to the census just taken by the order of government, the population of New York amounts to 4,892,568 souls, that of Philadelphia, to 4,981,947 and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half."

"By means of a new invention, Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days."

We doubt whether this will ever come to pass. "The corporation of Baltimore have subscribed a sum for erecting one of the newly-invented telescopes. It is to be liberally appropriated to the use of all the citizens, so that the meanest mechanic may amuse himself in his leisure moments by viewing the different occupations of the inhabitants of the moon. The effect of this invention upon morals is beyond all calculation. The laboring classes now give up the enjoyment of spirituous liquors for the superior pleasure of contemplating the wonders which this invention exposes to the human senses."

In Answer.

To Mr. Jos. Gish: Music to "Sixteen men on a dead man's chest" was written, we believe, by Mr. Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge. Is not this the version that Mr. David Bispham sings with [illegible] glee and with a [illegible]?

To Mr. Eugene Golightly. Turtle soup was invented at Bristol, England, in the 18th century, by a mayor who was a shipowner. (We regret that we cannot give you the exact date). The captain of one of his ships brought home a live turtle for the mayor's fish pond, at the time when he was about to give a civic banquet. Thinking that a new dish [illegible] the time to be [illegible] the corporation so much that they elected him mayor nine times running.

War Notes.

A German trade newspaper the Anzeiger des Zeitungsverlag, advertising for a new editor, stated that owing to the depleted state of the staff on account of the war, the hours of duty will be from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M.

The keeper of the menagerie at Mayence has been heavily fined for feeding the bears with bread. In future he must procure bread-tickets for them as for himself.

The Scottish soldier in France is known to friend and foe as "Jock," which, like "Jack," goes back to "Jacques," one of the names given to the French soldier.

It was at Rovereto that Goethe crossed the frontier. "I am now," he wrote, "at Rovereto, where a marked distinction of language begins. How delighted I am that the language I have always most loved now becomes living—the language of common usage." That was written 130 years ago. Today Italian is not a beautiful language in German ears. A strange story is told about Austrian customs officials at Rovereto. Some time before the declaration of war two men, journeying to attend a funeral at this place, brought a wreath with a broad silk ribbon suitably inscribed. At the frontier a duty of nearly $25 was demanded. "Flowers may come in free, but there's a heavy duty on silk, and I must assess on the total weight of the wreath." The mourners protested and then decided to throw away the ribbon. "In that case you must cross the frontier again. If the ribbon is thrown away here you are still liable for the duty." The Italians went back to their own country. When they returned the train had started. They arrived in Rovereto three hours too late for the funeral.

When Sir Richard F. Burton was British consul at Trieste, there was a law there that if a man wished to leave a house, he must give notice on May 24 and move out on August 24. It was on May 24 that Italy began the present war with Austria.

A ROGUE'S END.

Gunda, the elephant at the Zoological Garden of the Bronx, has met his end. Last summer the fact that he was chained on account of his vicious nature excited the sympathy of sentimentalists, male and female. Letters, some of them passionate, hysterical, were written to the newspapers protesting against this cruelty toward the most sagacious of beasts. But Gunda was a rogue elephant. Five years of his captivity were dangerous to his keepers. The mere sight of one would throw him into a rage.

The old books of travel and natural history are full of anecdotes concerning the marvellous docility of the elephant. The narrator of a voyage to Guinea in 1554, when Mr. John Lok was captain, stated that if elephants met with a man in the wilderness who had lost his way, "gently they will go before him and bring him into the plain way." In battle they had respect for the wounded; "for they bring them that are hurt and weary into the middle of the army to be defended." Thus the elephant was praised for his mildness, his good heart, his devotion to children, until Charles Reade in "Jack-of-all-Trades" proved to his own satisfaction at least and in his own delightful sledge-hammer way that the elephant is by nature cruel, treacherous, malignant. The old writers admitted that he had an unfailing memory and never forgot an injury; but they argued that he also never forgot a kindness. Reade would not allow that he was susceptible to benefits received or always grateful toward his benefactors.

Perhaps Gunda was only a shocking example, one rogue in a great company of virtuous mates: but keepers and elephanteers are now inclined to accept Reade's statements. Gunda was incorrigible; deaf to kindness; deaf to argument. It is doubtful whether he would have smiled on any one of his sentimental defenders or caressed one with his trunk. A rifle ball was the only sure means of conversion. There was no bungling in the execution. A shot, and the huge mass tottered. Gunda fell victim to a hunter of great game, as though he had been on his native heath, trumpeting in rage at the pursuit, and valiantly at bay.

[illegible] hearken after news, which Caesar, in his Commentaries, observes of the old Gauls, they would be inquiring of every carrier and passenger, what they had heard or seen. What news abroad?

Insulted.

When over 90 years of age, Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen, was badly injured by a large folio falling on his leg as he was standing or perched on a ladder in his library. "And it was a worthless book, too, sir," he said to his physician. There is the spirit of the true bibliophile. The injury would not have been so severe, the insult not so grievous, if the folio had been the famous Venetian edition of Apuleius or a volume by Thomas Aquinas.

The Coalition Cabinet.

Remarks in London journals about the Coalition recall Burke's description of the Patchwork Cabinet, formed by the Earl of Chatham in 1776. It was a checkered and speckled administration; a piece of joinery crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed: a cabinet variously inlaid; a piece of diversified mosaic, a tesselated pavement without cement; patriots and courtiers, King's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies. "It was indeed a curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." Burke represented the members as introducing themselves as follows: "Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons." They "found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle bed."

For "M. J. L."

As the World Wags:

Your interesting correspondent from Lynn, M. J. L., is hardly correct in saying that avocado is not Spanish. Avocar and Abogar are both legal terms and avocado and abogado are their past participles, respectively. In speaking of avocado as Spanish for lawyer I had Mexican vernacular usage in mind; the v and the b being interchangeable consonants in Spanish, the transition came naturally about in Mexican usage so that in that country avocado is often incorrectly used in the place of abogado. That manifestly accounts for the adoption of the name in the West Indies and other Spanish-speaking countries for the fruit which is known in Mexico only by its Aztec name, aguacatl, or aguacate.

S. B.
Boston, June 23.

In the Open Air.

We recently spoke of preachers whose voices carried to an amazing distance in the open air. Benjamin Franklin relates in his Autobiography how, listening to Whitefield, he computed that he might well be heard by more than 30,000. "This reconcil'd me to the newspaper accounts of his having preach'd to 25,000 people in the fields, and to the antient histories of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted."

A Vain Discussion.

As the World Wags:

I overheard a discussion the other evening as to the origin of the word "Kid" meaning child. One claimed that the word was merely the name of the young of a domestic animal, applied to human young, while the other indignantly maintained that since a child that was stolen was kidnapped, in a sort of metaphysical way, child became "Kid." Did the latter have anything but volubility in his favor?

G. H. B.
Boston, June 23.

The noun "Kid" first meant the young of a goat. In slang for a long time it has meant "child." The verb "kidnap" originally meant to steal a child, afterwards to carry off any person by illegal force. The slang term was not derived from "kidnap." But why should the second disputant be indignant in the matter. As for "nap" in "kidnap," it is a variation of "nab."—Ed.

Hessians.

Now that we are speaking of words, there is a curious omission in the "Concise Oxford Dictionary." Under "Hessian," we find: "Of Hesse in Germany; Hessian boot, high boot first worn by Hessian troops; Hessian fly, fly whose larvae destroys wheat. noun, strong, coarse cloth of hemp or jute." There is no allusion to Hessian, a hireling, from the use of Hessian mercenaries by the British in the American Revolution." The "Concise Oxford Dictionaries," as well as the great one, admits many words that are used in the United States, and colloquially. We find 'Swiss Guards," the mercenaries once employed in France and elsewhere, and still at the Vatican, but not "Hessian" in the [illegible] sense. [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] against the [illegible]

Frederick II [illegible] or [illegible] hired out [illegible] troops to [illegible] Prince Charlie in 1745. Thirty years later the English sent 12,000 Hessians to fight in America and paid Frederick [illegible] 3,400,000. This led Mirabeau to write his invective, 'Avis aux Hessois.'

We are reminded of all this by reading a story in the Echo de Paris that an attempt has been made to buy recruits in Switzerland for the Kaiser's forces. There was a time when a foreign ruler could have done this [illegible] if he had the money.' Pointe d'argent, pointe de Suisse!

Question Box.

No one has yet asked Miss Jane Pick why a man is said to eat up and drink down.

Simple Tests.

In London they are [illegible] tests of common knowledge. How many spokes are there in a wheel? How many ribs has an umbrella? How many legs has a fly? One would think that there would be no silly season in England this summer. And yet we read that the conductors of newly started popular orchestral concerts will not put compositions by Germans on their programs.

SETS OF TEETH

The toothbrush drill is considered by the public school children of New York competing in parks for hygiene banners a delightful outdoor sport. They, their parents and their teachers, have evidently not read the violent attack by two London physicians and two London professors on the toothbrush as a "filthy, germ-ridden" menace. These protestants might have quoted Lord Chesterfield to whom in 1754 the brush was unknown, for, writing to his son, he urged him to clean well his mouth and teeth every morning with a sponge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebusade water in it. "I do insist upon your never using those sticks or any hard substance whatever which always rub away the gums and destroy the varnish of the teeth." Or they might advise the forefinger of the Japanese, for massaging and cleaning, with the supplementary use of Silen-floss.

Of late years the teeth have excited unusual attention in England as in this country. Dentistry is ranked among the most honorable and artistic professions, whereas there was a time when the dentist, the chiropodist, the dancing master and the barber were loosely classed together by the genteel. At the breaking out of the present war English recruits with imperfect teeth were rejected, in spite of one remarking: "We're not going to bite the Germans but fight them." Probably today the examination is not so rigid. The necessity of caring for the teeth of children is fully recognized, and nowhere more than in Boston: witness the stately and well equipped Forsyth Dental Hospital. Many men and women wish that the like care had been exercised in their youth, for they are not so philosophical as Canon Liddon who wrote to a friend that he had had five teeth taken out. "As only four remain, this particular experience cannot be repeated in this present life."

It is often said of our grandparents that they never used a toothbrush; yet had fine and serviceable teeth till they died. There is exaggeration in the saying. There were toothbrushes; there were sets of false teeth, "complete; upper and lower." But the saying is in the main true. They lived a simpler life in those days; the bread was better for the teeth; there was less worry; sound teeth were perhaps constitutional in many families. The idea of a toothbrush drill would have seemed preposterous, a game for lunatics; the use of the brush was not even an indoor sport.

Mr. Galsworthy's new play "A Bit o' Love" was described at length in The Sunday Herald a fortnight ago. The conflicting opinions of critics were then noted. The play has been published in book form. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, who did not see the drama performed but has read it, wrote: 'I think it must have been a terrible play to see. I suppose the ending is wonderful, because it is so absolutely true to life; but somehow it disappointed me. Poor creatures! One felt so sorry for all three; though naturally one's chief pity was for the husband, possibly because all his suffering is so minutely represented. I dare say the doctor"—the doctor, it will be remembered, was the wife's lover, and her husband, the clergyman, was persuaded by her not to get a divorce, for if he did her lover's practice would be ruined—"felt worse and suffered more because of his lost honor; while the wife would suffer, perhaps, a duller kind of pain all her life. It is such a paradox that we all dread death so much, seeing that life holds far more suffering than happiness for those who live."

A "distinguished dramatist" seeing Mr. Galsworthy's play was disappointed. He found it only a slice of life, not a work of dramatic art. He asked why the woman ever married the clergyman. Not for money, because he is not represented as being well off. She was apparently his social equal. Not for love, for she was in love with the other man all the time. "All we are told was that she had married him, and parted from him; and when they meet again in the play she says a number of perfectly natural things to him, but fails entirely to suggest why she even became his wife."

Mr. H. M. Walbrook admits that this is excellent criticism. He answers it by saying that these questions did not occur to some in the theatre. "We simply found ourselves swept along upon a wave of pity for a good man whom life had victimized. I saw the play twice, and was even more impressed by it on the second visit than on the first. I have, therefore, reluctantly come to the conclusion that an incomplete slice of life may sometimes suffice in a playhouse, even though it fails to be a work of perfect dramatic art. It is the dramatist's sincerity that supplies the driving power."

Shall we see "A Bit o' Love" in Boston next season? Probably not, for the ending is not "happy." Managers will say that the play is depressing. It is not probable that Mr. Galsworthy will be persuaded to change his ending to suit "American taste," as M. Bernstein changed "Samson" and his powerful Hebrew drama; as "The Lily" was changed in the English version; as Dickens at the request of his publisher altered the ending of "Great Expectations" and Gautier, for the same reason, that of "Capitaine Fracasse."

The majority of the London critics did not care for Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Mater," produced at the Playhouse June 4. The Daily Telegraph described it as a "muddlesome" sort of piece. "'I suppose,' remarked one of the characters, 'there's a joke somewhere. I wish I could see it.' And Mary Dean, as it happened, was not the only person in the house whose desire for enlightment found open expression. The author labels it comedy, but he might just as truly have called it 'The Tragedy of a Middle-Aged Woman Who Would be Funny.'" The Daily Chronicle said that Mr. Mackaye's joke was as difficult to find in the bill as Falstaff's one half-pennyworth of bread. "It is one of those jokes which have to be so minutely emphasized, explained, and hedged about with ceremony that by the time we have thoroughly grasped the point of them we are physically too exhausted to laugh. Mr. Mackaye has tried to do a difficult thing. He has tried to get fun out of a bore. Now that is almost an impossible achievement. Even Aguecheek is hardly a success; and where Shakespeare has failed it is a warning to his successors. The problem is to make your bore a bore to the people of the play without making him a bore to the audience. It must be said at once that the adaptability of Mr. Mackaye's political hero to bore his listeners is thoroughly well illustrated on both sides of the curtain." Aguecheek "hardly a success"? Sir Andrew a "bore"? This characterization leads us to doubt the sufficiency of the critic to judge Mr. Mackaye's comedy. The Times admitted that Mr. Mackaye's dialogue was largely elusive and elaborately artificial, but it enjoyed Miss Winifred Emery's acting, with delightful humor and spirit. "It was a great part for Miss Emery and she enjoyed playing it and made her audience enjoy seeing her in it."

A new play by Sir Arthur Pinero will be produced by Sir George Alexander on Sept. 1. Pinero's last long play was "The Mind the Paint Girl," but in April, 1913, "Playgoers," a one-act play, was produced at the St. James's.

Israel Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot," announced for performance at Edinburgh on June 10, was withdrawn in deference to the wishes of the Foreign Office. "It deals with the persecution of Jews in Russia, but the author contends that to regard the play as anti-Russian is to misunderstand its purpose." The play had been performed in Edinburgh a fortnight before.

The Pall Mall Gazette said little about "Marie Odile," produced at Her Majesty's Theatre June 8. It called it a "distressing" play, and added. "Such a picture in such times as the present we find hard to accept as in any way an entertainment. Last night's audience felt differently, and both the simplicity of Marie Odile and the brutishness of the foreign cavalry were followed with keen interest."

"Enterprising Helen," by Francis Coutts, was produced at the Brighton Theatre Royal about a fortnight ago. Helen Grant, an actress, loves a city man whom ruin threatens. She saves him, and traces, to its source a letter written by a noble dame to part one Sinclair and his wife. "The play's pretentions to anything like reality are of the very smallest." Cecilia Loftus as Helen was at times over-lachrymose, but on the whole fascinating and artistic.

"Gambler All" by Mrs. Martindale, a daughter of Sir Charles Young, who wrote "Jim the Penman," was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, June 9. It shows the climax of the career of a young wife who unknown to her gray-haired husband is a gambler. Found out, and apparently on the brink of ruin, she appears to be saved by the full forgiveness of her lord and master. "The denouement is not made so clear as it might be, and the manner of its revelation evoked the wrong kind of laughter." The play, especially in the first two acts, is "wittily written and well composed." Here is a specimen of the wit. Lady Longworthy describes her middle-aged and prim lord as "a man who doesn't care for society; he prefers men and women." The Pall Mall Gazette says: "It is a long time since we heard so good a line on the stage." Dear, dear! Poor Mr. Walbrook!

The Woman's Theatre opened a matinee season at the Pavilion, June 21. The entire business management is invested in women. The producers, stage managers, business managers, stage doorkeepers, call boy—all women. The performances are in aid of various war funds.

"The Hillarys," left unfinished by Stanley Houghton, was completed by Harold Brighouse. Produced at Liverpool in May, it was performed at the Criterion, London, on June 3. "The story is neither here nor there, but there is enough natural laughter in this comedy to make it worth the while of those serious playgoers who like to know that they are not losing themselves in a world of artifice. There is also some laughter of the stage, pleasant in its theatrical way." The only son of the house of Hillary wishes to marry a governess. The family appeals to Uncle Patrick Hillary, a man of the world. He makes sham love to the governess and finds it becomes real. But the governess does not marry Uncle Patrick or remain true to the son and heir. She throws the two overboard and goes home by the night train. There is pleasant dialogue. "When our interest was failing, which happened too often, there was generally a good line ready to conciliate us. No very wonderful wit, perhaps, but a pleasant ripple of fun. As for the characters, they were for the most part shadows of the stage. . . . An agreeable entertainment, but much of it is of the slightest, and it seems too long." Mr. Brighouse's "Followers, a Beautiful Sketch," preceded. "The old rose and lavender of 'Cranford' is not easily captured."

"The Laughter of Fools," by H. F. Maltby (Prince of Wales Theatre, May 29), is "a play of patches," according to one critic; to another it is a comedy "full of agreeable sentiment and fun." The substance of the plot is Cinderella over again. A respectable family tries to get more respectable. The father is bullied. He enjoys cultivating his garden, cleaning the boots and bidding at auction for things he does not want. "Altogether an alluring old gentleman. The one quarrel we have with him was his tendency to 'drop into pathos' when we could not consider him 'in the light of a friend.' Pathos does not suit such an old gentleman, or such a play." Then there is a poor relation, a young and pretty niece, who helps with the dinner. She is hardly used by every one except the father, but she finally marries the Prince Charming with £15,000 a year, and the envious daughter consoles herself with the son of a tradesman. The Times found that touches of nature were provided by "a flirtation over shelling peas, by several duets between Mr. Alfred Bishay and the prompter, wherein the prompter took by no means a subordinate part, and by a comic maid servant who tumbled down and broke the crockery."

"The Angel in the House," by Eden Philpotts and Macdonald Hastings (Savoy Theatre, June 3), is chiefly the study of a fantastic egoist, played tenderly and lovingly by H. B. Irving. "Hyacinth was many single gentlemen rolled into one. He was an amateur of little dogs and of futurist art. He was devoted to eugenics and to topiarian enterprise. There was a smack of Horace Walpole about him, and more than a smack of Harold Skimpole. He was a busybody and a general nuisance. In fine he was anything that would make you laugh for a moment, a figure of farce. He did make us laugh a good deal, if not all the time that he was trying." Hyacinth wished Lady Saree to marry Sir Rupert, but Rupert did not want her and she wanted Hyacinth. Young men contrived that at a picnic Hyacinth and Lady Saree should be marooned on an island. He could not stand cold. She wrapped him in her flannel petticoat. "Touched by this devotion, and by her admirable circulation, Hyacinth consented to marry her, and that was the end of him."

"The Call," by Gaston Gervex, was produced at the Coliseum, London, May 31. A crown prince falls in love with a widowed duchess. His duty is to wed a certain Princess Emilie, but he proposes a morganatic marriage to the duchess. While she is considering, Henri, a Parisian art student, comes in. It appears that the duchess, the daughter of a Hungarian dancer, was once a milliner in the Latin quarter. Joyous memories are revived. There is a delirious dance, and the crown prince finds the pair locked in each others' arms. Miss Ethel Irving took the part of the duchess.

"Extra Special," by Margaret Storrs Turner, was produced at the "Motherhood Matinee" at the Haymarket Theatre, June 1. The scene is the office of the Comet, famous for its sensational 6:30 P. M. edition. There is nothing doing, but Miss Bennett, who has just been dismissed for incapacity, offers to supply the deficiency. Her terms are a check for £50, and her news will thrill London. A bargain is made. She takes out a phial of poison and declares that unless the "scrap of paper" is delivered to her by the editor, the rival Gazette will announce the news of a "well known lady journalist's suicide in the office of the Comet." The editor yields. After she is gone it is observed that the phial is empty.

Stephen Phillip's War Play "Armageddon"

There is a difference of opinion about Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon," produced at the New Theatre, London, June 1. The Daily Chronicle is severe. "It is hardly a case for criticism. Mr. Phillips's admirers—those who remember his 'Herod' and his 'Paolo'—would not have believed him capable of 'Armageddon.' . . . One has a right to expect from Mr. Phillips some touch of nature, some sense of dignity, proportion and style. These are all missing in 'Armageddon.'" The prologue is in Hell, and the language of Satan and his chief spirits debating how they can justify their diabolic existence, for "indolent malice is intolerable," is in the opulent Miltonic manner. The Chronicle here heard lines that promised a mild literary sensation. "Lines like 'The pleasant humming of a prosperous lie' seemed to indicate that Mr. Phillips had lost none of his cunning as a jigsaw metrician, though the early intrusion of the Huns as a figure of speech was ominous." It turned out that "the sole sensations of the evening came directly out of Mr. Phillips's reading and misreading of the newspapers. In an English orchard a mother whose son has been killed in the war joins the girl who was to marry him in a duet of lamentation. Between the prologue and this scene is a representation of a German camp before Rheims, where Gen. Count von der Trenk exhibits the brutality of the German arms and proclaims their mission "to make havoc in the very souls of those whom we subdue." The Daily Telegraph says that this is rather ordinary melodrama, and the author's blank verse is finer stuff than his prose. In another prose scene the German Press Bureau manufactures fables. The Director is dismissed for the offense of having inadvertently published the truth. The Chronicle finds the scene "silly." The Times says his irony is of the easy and obvious order. In the last scene the Allies enter Cologne. There is a debate about reprisals and revenge. The French and Belgians clamor for revenge. The English are firm for mercy. Joan of Arc speaks through a transparency commanding them to be merciful.

The Powers of Darkness looses this war;
These hurl cathedrals down, women profane.
Fear, then, lest these shall tempt you to repay
Till you at last they whelm in their own darkness.

Nations at times, as men, may nobler stand,
And finer in refusal than in act.
Have I not seen the very stars in Heaven
Flash all together at some splendid "No"?
And what is all the injury they have wrought,
What flame of body, or what woman's cry,
To the injury they do to their own souls?

In a short epilogue, "finely conceived and executed in verse tremulous with emotion" (Daily Telegraph) the return of Attila's uneasy spirit to hell is shown. He has done his work, but he is darkly aware of a power stronger than force is mastering him. Light breaks through the shadows and Satan cries out:

I may not quail; but I begin to suffer
In this beginning of some final light,
In which I fear at last to be absorbed.
Now all my being is in deep travail,
Under a dreadful pall of gentleness,
A flower-soft influence omnipotent.
Is this our quiet end? Is this the pain
Of Dissolution, or some pang of birth?

He vainly calls on his legions to arm. He cries out: "My Power, My Power, why art thou leaving me?" and stretching out his arms in an attitude of crucifixion "his passion ends the play."

The Chronicle says the drama is "a bitter disappointment even to those who had fully accounted for the impossibility of successfully using the war for dramatic purposes. It is clearly a thing done by rote." The enterprise "should never have been undertaken." The Times calls it "a medley rather than an organism, a serious variety entertainment or revue on the theme of war, with ratiocination in lieu of songs. German brutality, so horrible in fact, becomes merely tedious in fiction, as everything becomes tedious when familiar in advance. Of art really fine you note for remembrance the Blake-ish effects in hell, the bereaved mother of Miss Rorke, and, perhaps, some of the debate at Cologne." The Daily Telegraph thinks that "Armageddon" is often a fine and noble piece of work. "A completely successful play it is not, not a bit of art well balanced and unified in which all the raw material has been transmuted by the aetherial flame into the pure gold of poetry. There are passages which, though written with grace, have not ceased to be melodrama. There are others which do not rise far above the level of well-educated journalism. . . . If Mr. Phillips came with less of passion to his material there might have been fewer faults in his play. But very certainly he would have written none of the very best things in it. For the best things in it have a dignity of thought and feeling, a depth of emotion, and a fine, sonorous expression which make them worthy to stand that test, they challenge comparison with the Miltonic magnificence. If it were all of a piece it would have been a wonderful play. Weakness in design, mistakes in choice of incidents, intrusions of the sound and fury of the mere moment must not blind us to the nobility of idea, to the solemn and grandiose force of the first and last scenes or to the fine-wrought art of many a splendid passage of verse."

Sir Charles Wyndham wrote a letter to the Daily Telegraph in which he spoke of the debt of the public to Mr. Martin Harvey. "Without thought or hope of tangible gain—taking all risks and at the cost of much time, thought, labor and money—he has offered to the public a production which uplifts our hearts and imaginations into altitudes worthy of its tremendous theme, with a rarified atmosphere in which only pure conceptions and choice spirits and great ideals can breathe and live."

And Mr. Martin Harvey, like a courteous gentleman, thanked Sir Charles in a letter addressed to the same journal.

Russian Opera Season in London

It was said of Tschaikowsky's "Queen of Spades" in London that "there is so much delightful music in it, one is almost inclined to try and forgive it for being a bad opera." Another critic wrote: "Beautiful though much of the music undoubtedly is, it is the beauty we usually associate with Italian music of the earlier and greater period, and it was precisely against this Italian influence that the 'Five' were bending all their efforts, efforts which brought into being that national spirit in Russian music which made us all rave about such of the national operas as we have hitherto been privileged to see in London. Nearly all the extracts mentioned above have more of the Italian grace and reticence than the Russian atmosphere of the music of the 'Five.'"

Mme. Tamaki Miura made a profound impression as Madama Butterfly on May 31. "That impersonation was entirely new, save only that it had to conform to the musical rubrics. On the histrionic side it was a wonderfully individual performance, for her sense alike of the whole role and of the parts that go to compose it was entirely her own, so far as Londoners are concerned. Her acting, at first piquant, naive, and full of coquetry, developed the tragic side with extraordinary subtlety and directly. Sharpless had hinted his warning of Pinkerton's unfaithfulness. It was the quintessence of subtlety, and was always 'right,' always convincing, just as in a sense was her singing. This likewise was thoroughly individual, for the voice is as characteristic as the deportment. In suave and long-drawn phrases it has quite an occidental quality, but in the short phrases so well-beloved of Puccini it became slightly nasal, and was used with a kind of staccato that was quite fascinating. Mme. Miura scored a success that was not less than triumphant, and most decidedly brought to one's notice a view of the unhappy Cio-Cio-San that was at once new and worthy." It is said that Mme. Miura, a Japanese singer, with a voice, not powerful, but of very pleasant quality, then made her first appearance in opera. Her dainty figure was a welcome change from that of the average portly prima donna. Mr. Yoshino Markino, a Japanese artist, was responsible for "exquisite decorative effect."

Mignon Nevada took the part of Lakme on June 2. The Telegraph said she sang "extremely well, very delicately, with much art." The Chronicle noticed an occasional tendency to faulty intonation, fortunately not no-

[illegible]eable in the "Bell Song," which she sang very brilliantly. Constantin Stroesco, who took small parts at the Boston Opera House, was the chief tenor. The Telegraph said he sang fairly well "but seemed not to do his pleasant voice justice, as if suffering from cold." The Chronicle said he was "as successful as it is possible to be in such a part." It also said "whether the rather tawdry and old-fashioned music of Delibes with its very conventional Orientalism was worth such trouble may be doubted." The second act was "much improved by the interpolation of some clever music, based upon Indian tunes, by a young Polish [illegible]ician, M Zelin. Apart from this the opera is somewhat wearisome by its insipidity and lack of anything really dramatic, either in the story or the music. Yet there are many charming moments in the opera and the music has always a delightful vein of melody and a piquancy which is at times very fascinating. But it all wants singing and playing rather better than it was done last night." This is what is known as "discriminative criticism. First condemn the work, and then admit that it has fine qualities." The Telegraph dilated on the wonderful Persian dances danced by Armen ter [illegible]anian. "The Indian music was of remarkably interesting type as sung by Inayat Khan and his three colleagues who accompanied themselves upon native instruments, which we make no atempt to describe. But if we knew to whom fell the amazing vocal cadenzas that were reeled off as if veritable child's play we would certainly name the highly accomplished singer. Then the dancing of the lady named was of the most voluptuous and sinuous type." The bevy of ladies were in "delightful 'early English,' at any rate Early Victorian costumes." It was said of Miss Nevada that "in the course of her researches she has discovered that the Indian Goddess was a white woman, and not bronze or chocolate, as usually represented." We remember gratefully two Lakmes—Miss Van Zandt, who created the part in Paris, singing in Mechanics building, an exotic figure, and the charming Lydia Lipkowska in the Boston Opera House. The critic of the Chronicle in his careless dismissal of Gerard evidently has never heard Ravelli or Clément in the part.

Walter van Noorden, conductor of the Carl Rosa company, purposes to bring out next season Bruneau's opera, "The Attack on the Mill," for the first time in English.

The baritone Leonid Leonidoff, now in London, is the first baritone at the Arts Opera in Petrograd. A merchant of [illegible]zon, where he was born, gave him the means to study. At the Moscow Conservatory he was awarded a scholarship by Safonoff. His first appearance was at Kazan, on the Volga. He has sung at the Imperial Opera at Tiflis. His journey from Petrograd to London took seven days, whereas in peace he should have gone in about 56 hours. Sweden, not loving Russia, was unfriendly toward him. He was subjected to a long medical examination; his baggage was inspected in a pouring rain, for was his passport sufficient. He journeyed 30 miles in a small conveyance drawn by a pony. At last he reached Stockholm, then Christiania and Bergen, where he had trouble with the consuls and the customs. From Bergen he went to Newcastle, where, with the aid of a book of phrases and a friend that spoke French, he found a dining car for London.

On June 5 Miss Bessie Tyas made her first appearance in London as Lakme. Her voice is described as agreeable, but not fully matured. "Intonation and flexibility are alike excellent, though occasionally a too open syllable gives a purely accidental wrong impression." In the evening Miss Ida Sagar, a graduate of the Marchesi school, appeared as Suzuki. She had not an easy stage manner, but sang well.

Notes About Concerts and Performers

The Herald quoted at length Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel's comments on Mr. Chadwick's new orchestral ballad, "Tam o' Shanter," performed at Norfolk, Ct. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Humoresque "Tam o' Shanter" was performed in London, May 29. All the Daily Telegraph could say of it was that it was a work "quite national in its completion." The Chronicle found the humor "a little ponderous and the themes rather undistinguished." The Times said that the work "appeals to those who like deliberate and Scotch humor and the plodding rhythms which seem exactly to belong to Burns's verse."

A new Suite de Ballet by Percy Pitt was performed at the same concert. The Times quickly dismissed it as not concert music: "It should be danced to or heard under the trees in the open." The Chronicle said the Suite was "admirably written and cleverly scored." The Daily Telegraph [illegible] visualize the stage pictures and movements the composer must have had in mind." The Suite contains "a 'Danse Guerriere,' decked out in brilliant orchestral colors; a rhythmically attractive, but somewhat conventional valse, an exceedingly graceful 'Pas de Fascination,' and, best of all perhaps, a movement based upon a broadly melodious theme which paves the way to the brief and exhilarting finale."

Joseph Holbrooke's "Annabel Lee"—not a new work—performed at the same concert, "shows imagination and a feeling for the words, as well as considerable skill in the orchestration. But the vocal part, despite a moment here and there when the composer seems to have aimed at beauty of phrase, is too deficient in variety, and one felt that, for such effect as it made, the work was very greatly indebted to the rare and compelling graces of Miss Muriel Foster's style." She also sang three songs by Rutland Boughton, of which "The Dead Christ" is described as "sincere and thoughtful," and "Green Branches" is not lacking "a certain delicate charm and sense of atmosphere." The Chronicle said Miss Foster's intonation seemed occasionally "a little faulty." Edward German's "Welsh Rhapsody," not a novelty, is "truly representative of British music in a vein wholly virile and breezy and free from any sort of affectation. And pleasant it was to note again how, while calling to his aid typical Welsh melodies, the composer contrived to impress upon his treatment of them the stamp of his own individuality."

Vladimir de Pachmann was announced for a piano recital in London on June 19.

In October next Camille Saint-Saens, the eminent French musician, will be 80 years of age. Yet, with calmest indifference to submarines and to the other manifold horrors of the sea, he has recently gone to and has already arrived in America, with a view to taking in the Panama-Pacific exposition! Since at 80 years of age so many men seem younger than the "old" men of 40, 80 really means nothing. But if you realize that Saint-Saens was a contemporary of Berlioz, Brahms, Gounod, Rossini, Verdi, Wagner, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, that Edgar A. Poe was a struggling journalist in his early days, that Abraham Lincoln was still a "rough-hewn countryman educating himself as best he could," then you have the fact brought home to you that 80 years are not but as yesterday! Even Beethoven and Schubert were only recently in their graves when Saint-Saens first saw the light! That all good fortune may attend the plucky old musician everybody will wish who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing his music.—Daily Telegraph, London.

Miss Bertha Crawford, a Canadian, now of the Warsaw Opera House, gave a concert recently in Petrograd for a hospital fund.

Scriabin, as is known, wrote five piano sonatas. The Utro Rossii of Moscow says there are two more sonatas by him. "The sixth seems to have been introduced to the Moscow public after Scriabin's death (the cutting I have is undated) by Mme. Bekman. It is there stated to be on the same high level with the seventh, which opens up Scriabin's third period, after 'Prometheus,' if this be the case, then, there must be some considerable lapse of time between Nos. 6 and 7. No. 6 is said to be characterized by an entirely new harmonic construction, with a wealth of thematic metamorphosis."

Modern chamber music played by the London String Quartet at the New Monday "Pops"—May 31. Alfred Sammons's new Phantasy Quartet, a prized composition. Joseph Speaight's "Puck" Phantasy Quartet and Percy Grainger's "wholly exhilarating work, fashioned upon 'Molly on the Shore.'"

A new quartet in A minor by Arthur Bliss was performed in London June 2. "He is inclined to spin out his ideas to an undue length, except in a very graceful, if reminiscent, intermezzo."

Apropos of Mr. Balfour's acceptance of the presidency of the Halle Concerts Society, the Daily Telegraph remarks: "Mr. Balfour is something more than an ordinary music lover. Failing a better term, one might call him a distinguished 'amateur' of the art. A pianist of no mean skill, he has, in the 'Essays and Addresses' and elsewhere, shown himself to be a writer holding uncommonly interesting views in relation to music. Bach and Handel are his musical gods, and in his profound admiration, in particular, for the composer of 'Messiah' he would yield place to nobody—not even that whole-hearted Handel worshipper, Mr. R. Streetfeild. Not without interest is it to recall in this connection that Mr. Balfour was mainly instrumental in bringing the Handel Society into existence, and the earliest meetings of that body were held at his residence in Carlton House terrace. He is also—or at any rate was—president of the Bach Society. With more than one important musical movement in comparatively recent times he has identified himself, and although his public utterances on music have not been numerous, they have always been characteristically felicitous. One recalls, notably, his graceful speech at Queen's Hall in 1904, on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of Joachim's first appearance in this country, and his ad[illegible] Music [illegible]ess [illegible] in [illegible] years ago. It was in that [illegible] that Mr. Balfour referred to the growing tokens of musical regeneration and progress in England. 'I can certainly,' he then said, 'look back over the period of my own life and see how, year by year, more men of original productive capacity have come to the front in this country, until we can now, I think, look our continental friends in the face and say that England is at last in process of taking its place among the great creative musical communities.' Those words, spoken only some three or four years since, bear a curious analogy to much that has been said and written in quite recent times with reference to the opportunities now offered to our native composers for coming into their own. Mr. Balfour's worship of Handel and Bach, to which reference has been made, has not rendered him indifferent to the claims of modern music. For the works of Wagner, for instance, he has acknowledged his admiration, and at least once he was among the visitors to the Bayreuth Festival."

"It is difficult to describe in anything like sober language the playing of Mr. Ysaye at the Royal Albert Hall yesterday afternoon (May 30). From first to last it meant sheer joy for the audience, whose attention was of that strained kind which only the supreme artist can obtain."

New music. These songs are recommended by English critics: "The Nightingale" and "Slumber Song," by Frederick Delius—"the second is a little gem, as simple as a slumber song ought to be, but with that rare note of distinction which the ordinary striver after simplicity almost invariably misses"; "La Consolation," by Gustave Ferrari, "a love song that is tender without being mawkish"; "Fair is the Rose," by J. H. Larway, "not so much for the merit of the music, though that is not inconsiderable, as for the refreshing unconventionality of the verses." Hans Koessler's "Ungarischen Weisen," for violin and piano, is dedicated to Franz von Vecsey. Koessler's "Lieder und Gesaenge" are praised by Prof. Petzet of the Signale. Fritz Crome of the Signale highly recommends "Lieder und Gesaenge" op. 3, by Emil Mattiesen. He thinks that Emil Kronke's "Suite in the Ancient Style" op. 99, for piano and violin, will be popular.

Karl Friedrich Glasenapp, the long-winded biographer and idolator of Wagner, died last month in Riga. He was born there in 1847.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that it is not unlikely that the London Symphony Orchestra can play familiar symphonies by Beethoven and Schubert without the parts. "It is certain that they could do so without a conductor. Consequently, it is better praise than appears on the surface if we note that M. Henri Verbrugghen made no attempt to divert them from their accustomed interpretation." But is M. Verbrugghen wholly pleased by such praise? The same journal (June 8) speaking of another orchestral concert says: "It seems almost inexplicable that some of the best music to be heard in London just now should not draw greater numbers."

And what did Mr. Mark Hambourg say when he read on June 7: "Though it is not possible always to agree with the outward activity of Mr. Hambourg's inner dynamo, the whirl he creates is certainly preferable to the somnolence of the more conscientious manner."

"Just as there is a style of declamation that concerns itself chiefly with scansion and rhyme, there is a style of playing that concentrates on notes." Thus did a London reviewer begin his article about Miss Kathleen Thomson's piano recital. It appears that she was dexterous in the manipulation of notes, "but where color was required she was often penny-plain, and her gait was more pedestrian than elastic. These are defects which are corrected less effectively at the keyboard than in the school of life." The reviewer said of Stcherbatcheff: "A seldom heard Russian composer who wrote in his younger days some very agreeable music, but afterwards occupied himself with potboilers."

Some may think that this announcement in a London journal is in need of explanation: "At the Palladium this week Mr. Charles Gullivar presents Max Erard, the well known organist and pianist, and his eight-ton cathedral organ."

The death of Dr. W. H. Cummings at the age of 84 was noticed at the time by the newspapers of this country. When he was 16 he obtained the post of organist at Waltham Abbey, and it was at this abbey that "Hark, the Herald Angels" was first sung to Mendelssohn's music, which Cummings adapted to the words. He took the music from a chorus in a cantata written by Mendelssohn for a festival held in Leipsic to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the invention of the art of printing. "Dr. Cummings himself was never partial to musical adaptations, in spite of this remarkable success, and Mendelssohn, in a letter to the London firm which published the Leipsic cantata, referring to the melody Dr. Cummings afterwards so cleverly adapted, said: 'This will never do for sacred words!'" One of Cummings's hobbies was the collection of old and rare books about music. Among his treasures was Handel's will. A familiar figure in auction rooms, he never bid against the British Museum.

[illegible] horse's [illegible]th [illegible] [illegible]ture in Vienna. A [illegible] quote from the Musical Courier (New York). "The orchestra conducted [illegible] Schoenberg followed. There was no sign of rhythm. The transparent architecture of the movements was wholly effaced by his monotonous, unaccentuated style of interpretation. Everything that could interest the listener was lacking. Over every measure hung the same heavy, murky, foggy, monotonous tediousness. Even the scherzo dragged its weary way, as if it were going to the hospital. That Schoenberg could be such a bore was a great surprise to us."

Not many weeks ago it was reported that Puccini had roused the ire of Paris opera-goers by expressing views in sympathy with the cause of Germany. But promptly came a denial from the composer himself, who may well have felt indignant at such an accusation. And now it is the turn of Caruso to be ranked—in Germany—among the pro-Germans. The Berlin papers, doubtless "inspired" by that staggeringly mendacious Potsdam press bureau, have been publishing a letter alleged to bear the famous tenor's signature, in which he "deeply regretted the anti-German agitation in Italy," stated that he had refused to subscribe to a protest against the Teuton atrocities in Belgium, and ascribed d'Annunzio's anti-German sentiments to "advertising necessities." Even one of the Berlin papers—the Tageblatt—cast doubt upon the authenticity of this preposterous farrago of absurdities, and if Mr. Caruso himself does not publish a disclaimer, it will simply be because he prefers to treat such palpable mendacity with silent contempt.—Daily Telegraph (London).

The Herald has already referred to Mr. Donald Francis Tovey's symphony produced in London June 1. Another critic than the one quoted wrote that if the symphony had lived up to the description of it supplied by the composer in the analytical program, it would have been very good hearing. "The program promised a fund of delight. One might well have enjoyed the 'spit fire fugues,' the 'dramatic climaxes,' and the 'glitter of violins' of which he spoke; while what could be better than to hear in the scherzo, 'the trombones tumble downwards over the kettledrums'? After which 'the confusion flutters away in a tremolo pianissimo until the rustle of the side drum grows again to a roar and the fanfares of the trio bring the movement to an abrupt end.' These things, and others like them too numerous to mention, should have been most uplifting—had one only heard them. Unfortunately it frequently happened that one did not, for only too often they were overwhelmed by a mass of heavy orchestration through which even the melodies were hard put to it to penetrate. Mr. Tovey is an ardent disciple of Brahms and he has adopted not only the merits, but also the defects of that much discussed composer. He has not merely imitated, but he has even emphasized, Brahms's predilection for ponderous orchestration, and his score is turgid in the extreme. Relieved of half its weight his symphony would probably prove a very great deal more interesting than it seemed under these conditions."

Long ago it was reported that Richard Strauss was at work on an Alpine symphony. It is now stated that he has nearly completed it. "The Symphony," says the Chronicle, "is described as a very compendious opus, full of highly colored instrumentation. Among the more harmonious passages German folk songs associated with the mountains are introduced, also melodies from the countries with which Germany is at war. The orchestration is so arranged that the German melodies gradually overtrumpet and overdrum all others, until in one wild and whirling blast of musical noise they merge into 'Deutschland, Deutschland, uber Alles!'"

A Few Notes About the Drama

Emile Verhaeren's drama, "The Cloister," translated by Osman Edwards, is published by Constable & Co., London. The translation was made in collaboration with the author about 14 years ago. It is said to follow the form of the original in lyric and prose. The drama has been played in London—The Herald spoke of the performance at the time—and it was played three years ago in Manchester. "Its cynical, yet tragic, story of the sinstained monk whom the cloister authorities try to keep silent within their order, so as to avoid a scandal, is of the intensest spiritual drama; and Mr. Edwards's version conveys it with surprising ease and power."

Two modern plays have the titles of well known books: "The Green Flag," which has nothing to do with Conan Doyle's prize-ring story; and "The Angel in the House," which is not based on Coventry Patmore's poem.

"The Green Flag" is by Keble Howard. The title is symbolical. Mr. Butchier, taking the part of a [illegible] a speech [illegible] whi[illegible] he [illegible]

Character [illegible] from his box and waves a seven flag. Mr. Howard said to a London reporter: "Although this play has nothing to do with war, yet I hope it has a kind of useful mission in war time, as it opens with gathering clouds and an atmosphere of trouble looming up; and then, by the application of hard sense and a certain amount of humor and courage, this cloud is dispelled, showing that there is no trouble, however great it may be, that cannot be mitigated if people will face it and live it through."

Miss Gaby Deslys's first appearance at the Alhambra, London, June 3, "attired after the fashion of an Iroquois squaw costumed by a West end milliner, brought forth a volley of applause."

Duckworth & Co., London, have published a new edition of Emile Verhaeren's "The Dawn" ("Les Aubes") translated into English by Arthur Symons. The play was published about 17 years ago. The present sympathy toward Belgium should renew interest in this drama. "It shows the soul of the poet burning in furious indignation against an established order of things, which, to the generous spirit, renders inevitable many wrongs. Its fault from the moral standpoint is that it is destructive without being constructive. At the same time, it is hard for any man or woman capable of thought or feeling to read it unmoved."

The same London firm publishes Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "A Woman Alone," which was produced at the Little Theatre last July. The text was first printed in the 19th century in the spring of 1914, when there were certain omissions. The text is now complete. The play deals with "urgent and vital issues in the moral and physical nature of women."

Sir Herbert Tree, producing "Marie Odile," thinks it should be called "a play for young girls." "It deals with the theme, not only of the beauty of motherhood, but of the right of every woman to enjoy its privileges. I fully recognize that there are many persons who consider the discussion of such a subject hardly fitted for the ears of young girls. To their way of thinking, ignorance is the best, if not the only, preservative of innocence. * * * The subject of the story is of a kind which, if reduced to the limits of a paragrapher, is almost certain to produce a wrong impression, for it is only when judged as a whole, with all the explanatory little details filled in, that its true meaning can be rightly understood. That it will appeal to everybody I scarcely dare to hope. It certainly was never intended for those critics who do not love the theatre or who have no taste for the portrayal of simple existence on the stage—critics whose wont is to quote the dead languages in order to hide their ignorance of life. Do not think I speak in any spirit of bitterness, but had these gentlemen any real influence upon the public there would be no art at all. For their criticism, launched from the heights of a complacent superiority, is purely destructive, and, therefore, worthless. In art the superior person is more deadly than the Anarchist."

June 28 1915

The "Brides' Bath" murder trial in London with one Smith charged with slaying for the sake of insurance and legacies three of his six wives—who were found drowned in the bathtubs of lodging houses—recalls the singular case of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, journalist, art critic, forger, poisoner, a member of the circle to which Lamb, Hazlitt, Hood and others belonged. Among those whom he poisoned for insurance money was young Helen Abercrombie. When he was asked how he had the heart to kill such a fair and innocent creature, he answered after mature reflection: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick ankles."

It is said that Wainewright was the original of Bulwer Lytton's Varney, and the husband of that author's Lucretia Clavering; that Dickens's "Hunted Down" was suggested by Wainewright's career. Oscar Wilde wrote a whimsical if not wholly sympathetic essay about Wainewright, and there is an account of him by W. Carew Hazlitt prefixed to a collection of the poisoner's essays and criticisms published 35 years ago. Wainewright had a son who entered the British navy. Anxious to escape the dishonor attached to his name, he came to America, and, it is said, married a woman of means. If he is living he would now be about 80 years old. Has his history in this country ever been traced?

Lemberg, Galicia, Woman.

As the World Wags:

Dr. Johnson—no, not Herkimer the eminent anthropologist and author—but old Dr. Johnson, lexicographer of London, says nothing, so far as I have been able to discern, as to woman's ineptitude in matters political. I live in a Brookline house with 11 ladies, and this despite the Hindu saying: "The man that lives in a house with three women is like a bark on a tempestuous sea." This morning, stirred by a newspaper's heading, I announced, experimenting, as each angel of light several school teachers in [illegible] entered the dining room: "Lemberg has fallen." Some pretended not to hear; some heard and answered: "Has it?" Another said. "What of it?" Another, "Well, let it get up again"; another, "What's the joke?" Still another: "Lemberg? Lemberg? Where's Lemberg?" Not one, save a Danish nurse, showed the least interest in Lemberg or in any part of the war news. Six of 'em looked out the window and observed: "It's going to rain." So I have given up war talk at the table and shall return to such topics as Thaw, President Wilson's grandchild, the Frank case, straightfronts and the new style poke bonnets. Incidentally I shall withdraw my precious name from the rolls of the eminent at the headquarters of the Brookline Suffrage Association. Are such pangs suffered occasionally, I wonder, by other mere men?

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

June 23.

"In the Dictionary."

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I inquired of the World Waggers why we should use two words for the stuff with which we propel motor cars, and somebody replied that the wrong word was "in the dictionary." But what is a dictionary, anyway? It is a book of words, to be sure, but on what authority is it based? Name the man or the set of men who have any authority to impose upon people words that are actually right and belong to the English language. I say that a dictionary is only a lot of words picked up from all sources and mingled together pell-mell for those to choose who want to use them. Every publisher strives to outdo the other by inserting: "Five thousand more words than in any other dictionary."

Just for fun, I have been looking into a dictionary today, and in a few minutes I picked these words which I found "in the dictionary": Gallatory, apoiausticism, thaler, modiliche, homo, Homoeomeral, Lapethal, Lant, Kor, Joch, Hoggcrell, Maskells, Lingua, Peau de Sole, Peavey, Peccavi, and Morver. So too I found Betterment, but if Betterment is a proper word, what of "Good"ment and "Best"ment? They too, ought to be "in the dictionary."

Another word which disgusts me is "Re-patriate," which is based on the supposition that you can "Patriate" anybody. People are born in a certain country; it is their native land, but they are not "Patriated" there. You can drive them out, and "Ex-patriate" them or you can use such a word as "Re-Patriate" in the sense of people themselves "Going" or "Returning" home, but you cannot "send" them home in a proper sense of the word. As to "Patriate" as a word for compounds, it has no linguistic foundation, so far as I can see. But there; I don't own a dictionary at all, for I have no use for it. And when I want to write a paper like this, I just step into the Public Library where I find a dozen different sorts—but not one of them an authority.

J. A. S.

Portland, Me., June 25.

Some years ago the New York Sun shrewdly remarked that the English language is what it is, not what it should be.

Spare us "betterment." It is a good word, like "grace," a charming sound, harmonious to the ear. You surely do not object to the verb "to better"; and "betterment" is logically derived. We should advise you to purchase a dictionary. It's good reading and of assistance in the expression of ideas. You might begin with "The Concise Oxford Dictionary," an admirable work. As to the matter of price, this dictionary is within reach of the humblest.—Ed.

June 29 1915

WAR AND THE TABLE

Englishmen and Englishwomen are now publicly urged to be economical in housekeeping. Some have already felt the pinch of war, for since Turkey joined Germany and Austria these Englishmen have been deprived of Jaffa oranges. As soon as Belgium was invaded, London newspapers were filled with letters preaching economy. There were reassuring statements of rigid, heroic retrenchment. The King's household was reduced to plain living; clubs had forbidden extravagance; noble dames were doing their own housework; five o'clock tea was no longer rich in crumpets and jam. A month went by and talk about economy dwindled and finally died away as far as the press was concerned. But now a general alarm has been sounded.

Great Britain knew a bread famine during the Napoleonic wars. A royal grant of £500 was made to Thomas Toden to enable him to perfect a discovery made by him of a paste as a substitute for wheat flour. Today in Germany potatoes enter largely into the army loaves. Germany and England may yet use the powder of fir and birch bark. Scotch pine bark mixed with oatmeal is said to be wholesome, and some like it. When potatoes failed the Belgians for a time, they lived on beet root. The English might prefer the maslin bread eaten by Georgian ancestors when wheat went to 90 shillings a quarter.

If meat becomes scarce, there are the perch, the pike, the gudgeon. Salmon is cheaper than it was. Salt fish was once so common an article of food in England that it was thought to cause a plague of leprosy. Fish pies were also relished. Why should not Dr. Nichols's book published forty years ago, "How to Live on Sixpence a Day," be put into the hands of everyone? He was the first to open a vegetarian restaurant in London. When milk is dear, the soja bean, known to the Japanese, when it is treated after their manner, is very like milk fresh from the cow. The theorists who advocate only one meal a day are now furiously insistent. There may be a general falling back on the English army emergency ration, a basis of chocolate with an admixture of plasmon or some other milk proteid. England may thus be benefited by the war stomachically as in other physical, mental and moral ways.

Rafael Joseffy in his youth was irresponsible and reckless. Amusing stories were told of his escapades when he was a brilliant pupil in Leipsic and in the first years of his virtuoso career. As with the pianist, so with the man; the years passed; his art and his life clarified and were more beautiful. At first he astonished audiences by agility and speed; he dazzled; he was denied the nobler and more poetic qualities before he came to this country. How the man changed! How he added to his stature! Not simply because he played music of Johannes Brahms, although some fondly think that a pianist devoted to Johannes must necessarily be intensely musical, rarely intellectual and the possessor of a pure soul.

For beauty of tone, exquisite sense of proportion, unfailing clarity, delicately poetic feeling, the playing of Joseffy has been seldom equalled. It might be said of him, as of Vladimir de Pachmann, as of Mr. George Copeland, the Debussyite, that he was lonely and incomparable. In a general way he might be loosely classed with Mr. Siloti and the Gabrilowitsch of the last season as lyric rather than epic pianists, but when he was in the vein his flight was higher, his charm was more entrancing.

His mind was alert and receptive. He had a pretty wit. He was interested in all that pertains to man, from cookery to astronomy, from the latest school of painting to the problems of the spirit. Even a vain pedant would leave him discoursing about music a wiser and a better man. He had his whims, caprices, prejudices, which he could logically defend, although he was not unduly disputatious. Not for a moment finical, admitting the value, the necessity of the coarseness that is strength, he anxiously sought refinement in art; not the refinement that is effeminacy or like unto a meaningless hard polish, but the flawless expression of the inherently lovely.

Local Manners.

As the World Wags:

Your interest in public manners prompts me to tell of a recent mild adventure on the electric cars. Hesitating at the rear end of a crowded car to make my way to the front, I suddenly felt an angular object thrust sharply into my back, and then saw an energetic youth with a handful of pasteboard boxes making his way forward like a battering ram, and without apology to any of whatsoever age or sex. I commented unfavorably upon the youth to a respectable looking but unsympathetic fellow-passenger, who probably has the same kind of public manners. Then I made my way forward and told the youth how wrong he had been. He replied without bitterness or impoliteness that not he but one of his boxes had invaded my person, and said he was a United States man, that he came from Chicago, where everybody knew enough not to crowd the rear end of a car, and, besides, ever since he arrived here, we Bostonians have been punching him in the back without apology. I denied the soft impeachment of being a Bostonian, and that mollified the youth; in fact, we grew confidential in a common grievance against local public manners. As we parted I could not but wonder whether Boston does, by example, teach barbaric manners to resident Chicagoans. I suppose one could hardly convince Boston of the fact; as well attempt to persuade Germany that the supposed Slavic barbarism of Russia has leaked through from the German frontier.

Brookline. STRAP HANGER.

What is a Friend?

As the World Wags:

Might I ask if some friend of the As the World Wags column can tell me who was the author of the following poem in three verses which I recollect seeing in a Boston newspaper some seven or eight years ago? Also whether the words as they have remained in my memory are literally correct? They may vary a little from the original, but I think the sense is the same.

Noddle Island, June 24. ORION.

Call him a friend, who seeks me in my den
For pleasant converse at the close of day;
Call him real friend who knows exactly when
To go away.

Call him a friend, who boldly stands for me
And champions me when critics's words are rough;
Call him twice friend who's silent just when he
Has said enough.

Call him a friend, who comes in smiling faith
For my assistance when the clouds are black;
Call him thrice friend, though he be but a wraith,
Who pays me back.

Froissart's Opinion.

Froissart in his chronicles speaking of the treatment of prisoners in the 14th century by English, French and Germans said: "For English and Gascons are of such condition that they put a knight or a squire courteously to ransom; but the custom of Germans and their courtesy is of no such sort hitherto. I know not how they will do henceforth—for hitherto they have had neither pity nor mercy on Christian gentlemen, who fall into their hands as prisoners, but lay on them ransoms to the full of their estate and even beyond, and put them in chains, in irons, and in close prison like thieves and murderers."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Edmund Breese, supported by the Loncrgan Players in "The Master Mind," a play in four acts by Daniel D. Carter.

Walter Blount	John Meehan
Andrew Watkins	Edmund Breese
Mrs. Blount	Anna Layng
John Blount	Tom Whyte
Cortland Wainwright	Lester Lonergan
Prof. Forbes	George Graham
Lucene Blount	Amy Ricard
Mr. Marshall	George B. Connor
Jim Creegan	Jack Taylor

Mr. Breese began a second week with the Loncrgan Players last evening in the title role of "The Master Mind," a play with which he has become inseparably associated.

The story is familiar. Andrew Watkins, "The Master Mind," plots the doom of the district-attorney, Mr. Wainwright, who had been the means of sentencing his younger brother to death. After years of scheming his object is realized and Mr. Wainwright trapped. At the crucial moment, however, the master criminal weakens. His heart is touched by the appeal of Lucene Blount, once known as Maggie Flint and rescued by him from the underworld. Used as Watkins's decoy, Lucene, now Wainwright's wife, loves her husband and pleads for his safety. The crook's affection for the little waif he had once befriended wins and he goes out of her life forever.

Mr. Breese's part is congenial and effective. He is obsequious as the trusted servant, a stern task master with his fellaw crooks, shrewd in his conversation with the detective, almost tender in his paternal solicitude for Lucene, bitter in his relentless hatred of Wainwright. There is opportunity for ominous facial play and differentiation of character.

Mr. Lonergan was a delightful Wainwright, dignified, gracious, astute and resourceful in the hour of danger. The three crooks were efficiently played while Mr. Graham, seen here earlier in the season as the secretary in "The Law of the Land," was an obliging Dr. Forbes. Miss Ricard's Lucene was intelligent and sincere.

Next week "Tess of the Storm Country" with Miss Ernestine Morley will be presented for the first time in Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Yellow Ticket," a play in three acts by Michael Morton.

Julian Rolfe	William P. Carleton
Baron Stepan Andrey	Theodore Friebus
Count Nikolai Rostov	Donald Meek
Monsieur Zoubatoff	Al Roberts
John Seaton	James Seeley
Petrov Paviac, Bogiosky, A Walter (of the "Okrana" (secret police))	Robt. Capron, John Leslie, George Ernst
Corporal	Robert Long
Peter, a Polish servant	Monte Crane
Marya Varenka	Miss Doris Olsson
Margery Seaton	Miss Betty Barnicoat

The first act of this melodrama is by far the best constructed and the most interesting of the three. It is in itself a play. There is effective action, amusing delineation of character.

Marya Varenka, engaged to teach Russian to Miss Margery Seaton, is suspected by the police. She is discovered to be the possessor of the yellow ticket and promptly loses her situation.

in the second act for whom Mr. Mc[illegible] ton was born [illegible] heavily from Saclon [illegible] a [illegible] promised protection from [illegible] Ion Andre[illegible], head of the secret police. She finds however, that he, too, [illegible] to compel her to ply her trade as [illegible] filed in the ticket, and she is forced to prick him with a hatpin in order that she may leave the house unmolested. The third act, in the bureau of secret police, introduces Zoubatoff, ponderous and crocodilian, who conducts the inquest over the baron's death. [illegible] Julian Rolfe, an American journalist, rescues Miss Varenka from imminent destruction. The stern officials pronounce the baron's fatal illness appendicitis, while the lovers leave for America.

Miss Olsson was often pathetic, always sincere, but the part of a woman constantly under the greatest emotional strain is extraordinarily exacting, and Miss Olsson is seen to better advantage in roles of a less strenuous nature.

Mr. Friebus's impersonation of the [illegible]red baron was well sustained, and [illegible] Carleton was a gallant Julian Rolfe. Next week Miss Eleanor Gordon will make her first appearance at this theatre and in "Shenandoah."

SEVERAL GOOD ACTS ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Frederick V. Bowers, Elizabeth Brice and Others Appear.

A half-dozen acts vie with each other in their right to the head-line position on the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. Frederick V. Bowers has one of the best acts of its sort in vaudeville. He carries a company, has his own conductor and a number of strikingly handsome curtains and drops. He was encored [illegible] and again, as was also Miss Ade[illegible]. The Seven Colonial Belles, a musical team attired in ye olden style, sang old time tunes, and made a big hit. [illegible] from the engagement in "Watch Your Step," Elizabeth Brice and Charles King bring a bit of musical comedy presented in a vaudeville way. Each is a capable singer, and each has songs that are new and good. Solly Ward and [illegible] Fitzgerald, here for the first time, gave "Sonsbuilder and Mlle Fiorette," a comedy specialty that was full of brightness. Miss Fitzgerald's impersonations were good, and Ward's travesties upon the modern dances, one of the best things in the net. Billy McDermott, announced as the soe survivor of Coxey's army, was a funny fellow and kept the audience in roars.

Miss Jane Connolly and players have an excellent act entitled "A Strong Cup of Tea." Miss Connolly was assisted by [illegible] Connolly, author of the sketch, and by Donald Foster. The Olivians, [illegible] jugglers, opened the bill.

The motion pictures shew the Harvard-Yale 'varsity race at New London last week, and they [illegible]e an excellent [illegible] of the contest. [illegible]ceptionally good [illegible] the pictures show[illegible] of the finish, of the Yale crew rowing up to the finish, [illegible] of the buck-and-wing dance by little Coxswain McLane in the shell as soon as the race had been won, and last [illegible] of the Harvard crew coming along lengths behind rowing their phlegmatic [illegible]. As the Harvard shell crossed the line Stroke Lund is seen to fall [illegible]wards, completely out. So was Cabot at No. 7, while Harwood, at No. 4, momentarily faltered.

June 30 1915

"M. J. L." spoke in The Herald a week ago about the attraction that [illegible] words in a foreign language [illegible] for the majority of mankind. He [illegible] an explanation. Dr. Edmund [illegible] writes concerning this matter. His letter is published below; but [illegible] not answer specifically "M. J. L.'s" question. Brantome wondered at Spanish oaths and wrote a little treatise about them. "It seems good to me to recount some oaths peculiar to the Spaniards that I have heard. I find them more varied than those of other nations with which I am acquainted, [illegible], and the Spaniards are always [illegible] new ones." Years afterward Richard Ford was also impressed by the profanity of the Spaniards. He wrote lovingly about it in his "Greetings from Spain." So Sir Richard F. Burton marvelled at the picturesqueness of oriental oaths and curses.

It might also be asked why boys at school and college in the seventies learned limericks of a Rabelaisian nature, hearing them only once, end are [illegible] letter perfect in recitation, while they have never been able to memorize [illegible] lines of decent English or American poetry. And why is it thet young women who have led sheltered lives and are [illegible] in mind, delirious in a fever [illegible] use language thet by obscenity and blasphemy shocks even hardened nurses?

Unexpected Profanity.

As the World Wags.

"M. J. L.," who asked the Sage of [illegible] to explain why a person [illegible] "swear words," would find an answer in psychology. The common [illegible] of a foreign language being those [illegible] frequently heard, simply because [illegible] to [illegible] interests [illegible] listeners, [illegible] would serve to bring the [illegible] words earnest to one's listening [illegible]. Again, the words in an [illegible] person's vocabulary are few. [illegible] ideas may be abundant. Words [illegible] the expression of ideas cannot be found to express the latter, and in the mental effort to do this "swear words" or cant phrases are used to fill the gaps.

To show this is a true explanation, it is only necessary to listen for a few minutes to ordinary street talk. For proof one must turn to pathology. Cases are to be found recorded in medical annals where injuries to the head have temporarily deprived the patient of the function of speech. There are at least four centers for speech, all of which are essential to its proper performance. In these cases of temporary loss there may be perfect hearing and understanding of spoken words but inability to utter them. Cases of gradual restoration of speech have occurred when patients used only "swear words" for several days, but upon complete recovery never used any such words. Some readers may remember the story of Prof. Behtinger, a zealous German physician who devoted his life to the study of leprosy, but, unfortunately, always travelled without a manager. While he was in Panama he had a fever which deprived him of the use of eight of his eighteen spoken languages. It is interesting to note that those lost were tongues which he had acquired by ear alone and not those which he could easily read.

The opposite condition obtains with those whose parents were never accustomed to the use of profane speech. Children are naturally shocked at hearing persons outside of the family using words taboo at home. When used at home by accident these phrases seem tenfold more shocking. It is for this reason that many children never acquire this evil habit. Taught to express themselves in proper and fitting language at home and at school, they deteriorate only when they begin other evil habits in late years. There are a few exceptions to these general observations, with several notable examples in history. "The army swore terribly in Flanders."

EDMUND D. SPEAR, M. D.

Boston, June 26.

In Flanders.

"Our army swore terribly in Flanders," Sir Victor Horsley, protesting against the issuing of rum rations to the British army, says that the habit of drinking fire water was first contracted by English troops during Marlborough's campaign in Flanders. Someone goes farther back and says the habit was acquired when English soldiers went into the Netherlands against the Spaniards. Camden is quoted: "The English who, of all the northern nations, had been till now the moderetest drinkers and most commended for their sobriety, learned in these Netherland wars first to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking others' healths to impair their own. And ever since the vice of drunkenness hath so diffused itself over the whole nation that in our days first it was fain to be restrained by severe laws." Camden wrote this in 1615.

Shut Your Mouth.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of an editorial in The Herald last Sundey about the toothbrush. Mr. William Vaughan in 1602 published "Fifteen Directions to Preserve Heelth." He therein tells those who wish to keep their teeth "white and uncorrupt" that they should wash the mouth after every meal, sleep with the mouth somewhat open, and in the morning take a linen cloth and rub the teeth within and without. Tooth powders were known to Vaughan. The recipe of one is as follows: "Burne a piece of corke till it looks like a Coale, then take it out of the Fyre and it will fall to ashes, wherewith rub your teeth." The advice to sleep with the mouth "somewhat open" sounds strange in these days, for an open mouth is now thought to be injurious to the teeth as in other ways. Years ago I read a curious book, "Shut Your Mouth," with extraordinary illustrations. It was written by George Catlin, who, having lived intimately with Indians, came to the conclusion that their sound health was due largely to the keeping of the mouth shut when they were asleep. I believe this book was reprinted some years ago.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, June 28.

July 1 1915

Or when three or four good companions meet, tell old stories by the fireside, or in the sun, as old folks usually do, remembering afresh and with pleasure ancient matters, and such like accidents, which happened in their younger years.

His Comencement.

As the World Wags:

Commencement wes a great blow to me. I stood idly watching the procession of graduates walking gloomily to the dinner and "exercises" with a quasi-gladiatorial aspect of "morituri salutamus," faintly cheered by the pleasant consciousness thet the ordeal was not me, and hed seen go by a few of [illegible] seemed a frightful [illegible] my own [illegible]-mates [illegible] and lined, but still [illegible] steady on their pins. Like a pile-driver fell upon me all at once the conclusion that I was already an "old graduate" and I fled the scene leaving all the fictitious joy of the day behind me. I shall not again tempt the oracle.

JONATHAN POOL.

Siloam, June 29.

What He Missed.

Mr. Pool should have been at the class dinner. He told us at the Porphyry—he is a non-resident member of that excellent club—excellent but not "exclusive" in the newspaper meaning of the word, for the newspapers apply the term to clubs thet exclude the men with whom you like to sit, talk, or be silent—Mr. Pool told us that he had not attended a class dinner since he was graduated, back in the seventies. He has mede a mistake; he has missed much. If he should go even next year, he would find his youthful indiscretions and follies all remembered. Some one would remind him of his low stand; how he was always conditioned in examinations, whether the subject were calculus, Tacitus, chemistry, physics or metaphysics. He would suspect his classmates of wondering at his apparent prosperity; at his being clothed respectably. He in turn would find Billington, the butt of the class, a corporation lawyer with a most lucrative practice; Smithers, once known as a scrub, married into a Knickerbocker family, and his portrait appears at regular intervals in "illustrated sections" of Sunday newspapers, as one of a coaching-party or prominent at a wedding or public dinner. He would not see the valedictorian, for Bulstrop is a country minister at a salary of $600, paid partly in pork and vegetables raised by his parishioners. Lightfoot's absence would be grateful. Last winter he called on Mr. Pool and after pleasant conversation about the class—how Hooley, who never drank a drop in college is now a gutter drunkard; how the Greek tutor left college and was recently charged with blackmail—after a delightful interchange of reminiscences dear old Lightfoot tried to touch Mr. Pool for twenty-five dollars but gracefully accepted five and with a display of emotion swore to repay Mr. Pool within a month.

The Art of Arts.

We fear that Mr. Pool has never read the essays, letters and thoughts of Madame de Tracy. Sainte-Beuve said of her that she had acquired the art of knowing how to grow old. He likened her to the Duchess of Broglie, beautiful and virtuous, who on the day that she was forty expressed her joy to a friend at being freed at last from wrecking shoals and reefs, at having at last the privileges of reason's years. He contrasted her with Chateaubriand, who passed his fortieth birthday, alone and melancholy, under the shade of Champlatreux and mede this pitiable answer to one inquiring the cause of his grief. "I am forty years old." Did not Horace Walpole write to Madame Du Deffand, then nearly seventy: "Ah, my dear, what is there left after one is twenty-five!" Madame de Trecy did not take to Cicero's essay on old age for consolation, or to cards; she set herself at the translation of St. Ambrose's "offices." We commend to Mr. Pool the remerks of Sainte-Beuve in which he analyzes this art of growing old.

Class Dinner Requisites.

Only the graduate with sound stomach, liver, kidneys and heart should attend a class dinner after he is 50. or say 55. It is all very well to pretend thet you are a "boy" again, to quote with approval the various and reassuring dinner peoms of Dr. Holmes, to eat recklessly and drink as though you were a sophomore, to sing with a cracked or wheezing voice "Gaudeamus" or old specific songs of your college, if the physician for a life insurance company has pronounced you sound from head to foot, with arteries as soft as those of a child. To the great majority the semblance of youth passes with the smoke of the tobacco and the fumes of the champagne. Why shorten the few remaining years? Why prove to yourself beyond doubt and peradventure that you are an "old graduate?" Early to bed and a basin of gruel! You can still be as loyal to Alma Mater as anyono of your classmates unmindful of made dishes, strong cigars and alcohol. And you may, thus, have at the end the inestimable privilege of being the last survivor, fitly hearing the cheers in your honor, and seeing a rude portrait of yourself in the local newspapers.

July 2 1915

WITHOUT OPERA

Early in this month a Russian French opera season opened in London. Capable singers were engaged; the repertory was composed of operas familiar and well liked and of unknown operas that promised to be interesting. To insure the success [illegible] conflict of [illegible] in the [illegible] system. There were [illegible] nces. The critics were [illegible] and encouraging. Suddenly the [illegible]on Opera House was closed. [illegible] Rosing, the director, appealed to the public. "After the first week [illegible] effort did not come up to our expectations, with the result that the receipts were not sufficient to meet the expenses." Saying it was a pity that London could not have an opera season while Petrograd, Paris, Berlin and Vienna have one, he called for subscriptions, to continue the season and give work to nearly [illegible] persons.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the failure, remarked that grand opera has a small chance in London at the present time. "More than any other art form, grand opera in England depends on the support of the aristocracy and the leisured classes. At present we have no 'leisured' classes; and the aristocracy are nearly all mourning for gallant men."

New York will, of course, have opera next season; opera on a grander scale than in any European city with the possible exception of Petrograd and Moscow. Grand opera in Chicago is assured with the excellent Campanini as director. The citizens have subscribed liberally. But Boston, like Philadelphia, will be dependent on the Metropolitan Opera Company. Performances will be crowded into two or three weeks. There will be a gorge, a surfeit, as in small towns a "festival" of three or four days supplies the music of the year.

Has the taste for opera in this city wholly died out? From hundreds to whom the performances at the Boston Opera House were one of the chief joys in living come expressions of disappointment and regret. They took pride in the fact that Boston had its own opera house and its own opera company. They did not sit in the display boxes; [illegible] did not go merely to look at [illegible] in these boxes; they supported [illegible] undertaking to the best of [illegible]y, and fully appreciated the [illegible] enthusiasm and liberality of M[illegible] Jordan.

No one demands or expects that any one person should again assume the heavy burden. Hundreds are willing to subscribe again to the extent of their ability. Among them hundreds the names of those who could give largely and not feel a sense of loss are unfortunately missing. Was their enjoyment of opera merely a passing fashion, a caprice like unto the plaything of which a child soon tires? Our untitled aristocracy and our "leisured" classes have not the excuse that is accepted at once in London.

MOUNTAIN EXCURSIONS

The Italians report brave fighting on mountain peaks and in rough passes; great cannon dragged to heights called inaccessible; huge snow banks reddened with blood; accurate hurling of shells from towering heights at the unseen enemy. Thus there is a reminder of Hannibal crossing the Alps; of Napoleon dragging cannon in hollowed trunks of trees over the still famous pass. These exploits of Hannibal and Napoleon will always be romantic. Those of Hannibal excite curiosity today. A short time ago a European officer, pondering the story that the Carthaginian demolished impeding rocks by fire and vinegar, questioned whether the word "acetum" used by the Latin historians and translated into English "vinegar" was not really a substance resembling dynamite in its properties. Two ancient historians mentioned two kinds of "acetum," ono of which possessed greater energy than the other.

Every schoolboy, to use Macaulay's pet phrase, knows about Hannibal and Napoleon, and the schoolboy of another generation ma[illegible]

[illegible] Carranza to them; [illegible] can tell of Simon [illegible] over the Andes [illegible] than once and thinking little [illegible] or of Gen. San Martin starting [illegible] Mendoza with his 6000 odd and [illegible]ing the Andes to drive the Span[illegible] out of Chili, nearly a hundred [illegible]s ago? His cannon were on the [illegible] of mules; his ammunition was [illegible]dges of dried bull's hide; for [illegible]ion the soldier's knapsack con[illegible]d dried beef as snuff-powder, [illegible], biscuit or maize meal, onions, [illegible] and Paraguay tea. For three [illegible] out of the eight they went hun[illegible] greedy during the first half of [illegible] march. Thus they rushed the q[illegible]ker and fought the more savage[illegible] Conquering the astonished Span[illegible]ards in two pitched battles, no won[illegible] San Martin hung his portrait [illegible] his home at Mendoza, between [illegible] of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.

The complaint is made that war [illegible] lost its brilliance, its glamour; [illegible] it now is only a matter of trenches, heavy artillery, applied science, unseen foes. Surely campaigning high up among the Dolomites is [illegible]cturesque, romantic, affording sub[illegible] for "thrilling" descriptions, in[illegible]ing poets and painters. Turner [illegible]inted Hannibal crossing the Alps. Na[illegible]oleon and his men in the same [illegible]perate undertaking have been o[illegible]en pictured. Scenes in the Nota Vi[illegible] passes and on the Carone moun[illegible]ain portrayed on canvas may yet ex[illegible] enthusiasm in galleries of Italian cities.

Mr Robert Hilliard is indeed a remarkable man. Some would call him eccentric, if not insane. Instead of serving as president of a brewery, he prefers to go on acting.

The age of romance is not dead. Prof. Furlong and Dr. Erving have sailed in search of the lost Atlantis. They will also endeavor to find the Seven Cities, visit the city of Ys, touch at the island of St. Brandon, call on Prester John and spend the winter months in El Dorado. They sailed on the schooner Kitty A. They should have embarked on the Flying Dutchman.

Mr. Wright's Logic.

As the World Wags:

Mr. William B. Wright, I observe with grief, threatens to erase his "precious" name from the tablets of the Brookline Suffrage Association. And this is because 11 women in the house where he lives were not interested in the fall of Lemberg!

The morning following the sinking of the Lusitania, when all the papers were filled with new details, headlines and speculations as to what Germany's action would ultimately mean to this country, I rode to the office in my usual car and heard the following conversation contributed by four or five men on the seat behind me:

"Well, they got her, all right."

"Who got who?"

"I mean the Lusitania—the Germans sunk her, you know?"

"Oh, did they? Who's got a match? I've been trying not to smoke till 11 o'clock, but I can't hold out, I guess."

"Is the Lusitania a German or an English boat?"

"Why should you worry? You weren't on her." (This was considered the brightest bon mot of the ride.)

"Have one of mine. They're a new kind. You get double coupons to advertise them."

And so forth, ad nauseam. I should start a protest based on this conversation against male suffrage, if I made use of Mr. Wright's logic.

SALITA SOLANO.

Boston, June 29.

Subconscious Profanity.

We spoke about the army swearing in Flanders. Prof. J. H. Morgan said last month at University College that when men go into action they do not go singing hymns, as some relate, but swearing most horribly—"not all, but the majority do, and without the right of impiety." The learned professor gave this explanation: "When men go into a hot fight the nerves become highly excited, and the subconscious self gains the upperhand and causes men to use language that ordinarily they would not use.' This explanation is a relief to the Pall Mall Gazette. "We need not count it a black mark against the most wonderful army that ever took the field, if its tongue is occasionally betrayed to a momentary lack of decorum."

"The most wonderful army." The Pall Mall Gazette refers to the British army, but from unbiased reports we should apply the superlative to the French un[illegible]r Gen. Joffre.

The Perrys.

As the World Wags:

Relative to your assumption that many of the British people are not eager to learn much about the Hessian mercenaries who were employed in the colonies during the war of independence it may be interesting to note that Chambers's Encyclopaedia—an English publication—avoids any reference to certain American patriots. For instance, the name Perry occurs only once, the definition given being "an agreeable beverage made from fermenting the juice of pears."

W. A. F.

Boston, June 29.

—

According to old Burton, perry was a windy drink. We do not care for it any more than we do for the cheap Barsac. But there have been good men named Perry in England as in the United States. Above all of them we should cherish the memory of James Perry, who practically created the profession of journalism. A proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, he had on the staff Mackintosh, Coleridge, Porson, Hazlitt, Thomas Campbell and John Campbell, afterward lord high chancellor. He was characterized as independent, frank, cordial, generous. "Walter of the Times was a better man of business; Daniel Stuart of the Post and Courier knew better how to make money; but Perry was a thorough gentleman, who attracted every man to him with whom he was connected."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Wouldn't the sign "Keep off from the grass" satisfy everybody? When it reads "Keep off the grass" it may be misconstrued, especially by self-conscious hayseeds, who will at once examine themselves to remove forbidden wisps of grass from their coats. By the way, the sign on the rubbish tubs on the Common—"Throw your waste in here"—could never have been composed by any but a Bostonian. I have a friend whose Irish domestic landed in Boston about two years ago. He tells me that one day when she was still very green she chanced to cross the Common, and beholding this sign stopped dead in her tracks. She looked about her, hesitated, saw a police officer not far away, and at once began to haul off her shirt waist over her head. She was greatly surprised when the blushing cop interfered with a reproof instead of commendation for her alacrity in obeying the order. The story sounds fishy to me. Still it might be true. Few Irish domestics would bother to spell "waste" in two ways.

W. E. K.

June 29.

July 3 1915

Carlyle in his essay on Sir Walter Scott written before he became a common scold insisted that ill-health is defeat; that if a man sinks into pain and disease he has arrived at evil; health alone is victory. We were reminded of this by reading in the newly published letters of Mrs. Carlyle about the pains taken with the meals at Cheyne-row, the care bestowed on Carlyle's diet. His own peculiar taste nullified this domestic devotion. Sir Richard Quain wrote shortly after his patient's death: "The wretched dyspepsia to which he was subject was fully accounted for by the fact that he was particularly fond of very nasty gingerbread. Many times I have seen him sitting in the chimney corner smoking his pipe and eating this gingerbread." To which Carlyle, as any healthy schoolboy, would have answered, "There is no nasty gingerbread."

Once an Idol.

No doubt some in Boston remember the Rev. Joseph Cook, who once a week proved mathematically and to his own immense enjoyment the existence of the Deity. He talked much about Carlyle, and introduced his acquaintanceship with him in a memorable sermon preached in the old chapel of Yale College some time in the seventies. Mr. Joseph Pacificus Ord, who once lived in Boston, used to spout an amusing parody of this sermon. President Porter was in the pulpit. On each side of the desk was an old-fashioned hideous gaslight. Mr. Cook spoke with shrieks and with a snort at the end of every sentence somewhat as follows:

"Standing as I do between the two golden candlesticks that have lighted the altar of New England theology for the last 200 years; having in my rear the greatest metaphysician of the age (President Porter Smiling), I feel it a privilege as well as a duty to address you, young men. Yes, gentlemen, we have tamed the Bedouin of the Saharas; let us now see what we can do with the Bedouin of the streets. What did Thomas Carlyle say to me in Chelsea? Looking at me out of the depths of his cavernous eyes, he said to me: 'Look at Paris, Mr. Cook, oblige me by looking at Paris. What are they doing in Paris? Nothing but lying.' Stand in the rice fields of Canton or on the topmost peak of the Himalayas and you hear the roaring and the rumbling of the London Times. Stand on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, look north, east, south, west, and you see the spire of the New York Tri-BUNE."

Mr. Cook was greatly admired by many in his day.

For "S. B." Again.

As the World Wags:

In so far as the word "avocado" is the past participle of the verb "avocar," I accept S. B.'s correction. But as he was dealing with nouns, I still hold that, as a noun, "avocado" is not Spanish. It may be Mexican vernacular, for all I know, and S. B. ought to have made that clear in his first communication. There is a strong tendency in this country to dauh Spanish everything pertaining to South America, with even less right than anyone would have in calling English everything American. For the difference between Spain—her people and her language—and her daughter republics, is vastly greater than that between England and America.

The v and the b are not interchangeable in Spanish. They both have the same sound of b, but they alter the meaning of words. So, "avocar" and "abocar" are two entirely different words, and so are "acervo" and "acerbo." Would S. B. say that ph and f are interchangeable in English because they have the same sound? He may, but I imagine our host would rather have his name spelt with Ph than with F, though it would sound the same either way.

The question as to whether the bass Mr. Whitney was a blacksmith or not brought to my mind a famous, though short-lived, tenor, who undoubtedly wielded the hammer over the anvil—not in "Il Trovatore," but in real life. Such a man was Julian Gayarre, a native of Roncal in Navarra, Spain. In his "Cantanti Celebre del Secolo XIX," Gino Monaldi relates an amusing anecdote about that famous singer. Gayarre was fond of exhibiting his supernatural lung-power by sustaining phrases and notes beyond measure even, as Monaldi says, to the detriment of good taste. One evening, at Covent Garden, Gayarre was singing "La Favorita," an opera, in which he was unexcelled by any of his rivals. Naturally, the most interesting "number" was the famous "Spirto Gentil," which Gayarre used to sing with great deliberation. Among those present was a lord who, through one of those "bizzarie non-infrequenti fra gl'inglesi" (oh! la bella lingua!) was in the habit of timing all the operas and especially the solo parts. According to his carefully registered records, the "Spirto Gentil" lasted from 4 minutes 20 seconds to 5 minutes 10 seconds. Now, as sung by Gayarre, "Spirto Gentil" lasted 6 minutes 50 seconds; that is to say 1 minute 40 seconds more than the maximum registered by the eccentric nobleman. This was too much for the aristocratic timekeeper. Watch in hand he listened religiously to the romanza, but as soon as the limit of 5 minutes 10 seconds was reached, left his seat in a rage, caring little for the protests of his neighbors, who were being so rudely disturbed just as Gayarre was beginning the exquisite cadenza.

Lynn, June 28. M. J. L.

The great tenor Italo Campanini was a blacksmith; Wachtel and Boetel drove cabs; Kraus was a waiter in a restaurant—the early life of many famous singers, male and female—was thus romantic. If Gayarre sang a cadenza at the end of Donizetti's air, he introduced it.—Ed.

July 4, 1915

INJURIOUS SURNAMES

There's something in a name, Juliet to the contrary. Parents often handicap their children for life by giving them an incongruous or absurd name at baptism. There is the jump from the sublime to the ridiculous; a high-sounding name or that of some heroic or otherwise famous person precedes Wragg or Boggs, outrivalling the pseudonym adopted by Thackeray, "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." Or the surname itself has come to have a ludicrous significance, or is associated with unpleasant or injurious things. Foreigners, for example, settling in this country, find that their surnames, respectable in their native land, excite laughter, even ridicule. Then there is application to court or legislative body.

Thus recently in Waterbury (Conn.) Messrs. George Dammit, Orlando Hell and Frank Huggup received legal permission to assume other surnames. The justification of their wish is obvious. More singular was the reason given in the same town by Mr. Louis Perlmutter. His happiness was ruined by the play "Potash and Perlmutter," which has had a long run in this country and in London, and is announced for performance in Petrograd. Mr. Perlmutter did not object to the characterization of his namesake. He did not demand the interdiction of this play any more than of "The Merchant of Venice," for the dramatist's Perlmutter is a good fellow, amusing, lovable; but Mr. Perlmutter of Waterbury was tired of inquiries about the health of Potash and unwilling to serve as a billboard, a sandwich-man for a show. Mr. Perlmutter is now Mr. Perry.

A few days ago in a town of this commonwealth a woman asked to have her name changed because it had a German sound; the neighborhood was for the allies and she herself was shocked by the doings in Louvain and the torpedoing of the Lusitania. Mr. Perlmutter's reason was sounder. His neighbors joked at his expense. The woman applicant was unduly sensitive. There are many Germans in this commonwealth that deplore odious acts committed by order of Junkerdom and are thus faithful to the better Germany and at the same time loyal Americans.

Neither of the two applicants demanded a new name on account of snobbish reasons, nor did they ask for a hyphen to distinguish and set them apart from others of the name, the common herd. Nor did they for this reason add or change a letter in the surname.

Mr. Thomas Beecham, conductor of opera and orchestral concerts, delivered a lecture at Bedford College for Women in England. His subject was "The Burning Question in Music: Fine Art, or Public Nuisance." He emphasized the peculiar conditions of musical art as distinguished from other artistic and intellectual activities; showed why musicians are apt to isolate themselves from the rest of the community and why the rest of the community would sometimes be glad if they were more isolated. He dwelt on the fact that the education, particularly the free education, of musicians in ever increasing numbers and out of all proportion to the demand for their services, is producing disaster in the ranks of the musical profession and degradation of music as a fine art. "Music," he said, "forces itself into every entertainment from the drama to the cinema show." Persons cannot be allowed to meet for conversation or a meal without having their ears assaulted with music, generally of the worst type, and all because those trained to practical music as a fine art cannot earn a living without becoming a public nuisance. The perpetual din renders the mass of people insensitive to the finer aspects of music. This insensitiveness raises a barrier against revolt. If one constantly lives in a noise one ceases to long for silence.

As a remedy Mr. Beecham proposed the raising of the standards of entrance examinations at musical colleges, the temporary suspension of scholarships, and he would give more to the teacher and less to the pupil. He quoted Victor Maurel, who, when he was told of thousands of pupils who had passed through a certain English college, answered: "Wonderful! But how many artists have you?" Quality should be placed before quantity. There must be an aristocracy of art. "A hundred years ago the majority of people in England made their own music and enjoyed it. Young ladies played the piano in drawing rooms, sang ducts and called in their male friends for vocal quartets; folksongs were heard in cottages and ballads were posted upon the walls of country inns. Then came the superstition of education, the Marianne Dashwoods of the drawing room hurried off to win scholarships at musical colleges and become 'professionals,' and the songs of the countryside were smothered. But that was only for a time." Mr. Beecham's aim is to seize the pause brought by the war as an opportunity for reflection.

The lecture naturally aroused discussion. Mr. Evans of the Pall Mall Gazette believes that some of the nuisances named by Mr. Beecham are capable of defence. Thus, it would be a loss if there were no music for cinemas. Humble players of instruments would lose their employment. Young composers would be deprived of a valuable object-lesson in the "reductio ad absurdum" of program music. They would hesitate to use music for the illustration of anecdotes. "There occurs to my mind a symphonic poem of Dvorak in which some gruesome monster of folklore throws the head of a murdered

[illegible] at the door of [illegible] [illegible] the incident [illegible] illustrated [illegible] that narrowly [illegible] the [illegible]. In that expressive third Dvorak [illegible] forestalled the 'noises off' [illegible] cinema. Had there been picture [illegible] 's day, and had he frequented them, he might have been preserved from the obvious bathos."

[illegible] Evans does not defend forcibly [illegible] convenience of music at one's [illegible] "On Debussy's first visit to London [illegible] complained very bitterly that it [illegible] even more difficult than in Paris [illegible] food in peace, and with characteristic obstinacy he insisted upon [illegible] why. The indelicate suggestion [illegible] the band was intended to render [illegible] the diners who have since become hostile aliens was put aside as [illegible]quate. There is, in fact, no plausible reason save that the progress of the [illegible]ance has coincided with a decay in [illegible] gentle art of conversation. Even [illegible] explanation is unconvincing. In [illegible] Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris there [illegible] collection of musique pour les soupers du roi—the said King being Louis [illegible]—which suggests that even at that [illegible]est of courts some musical stimulant was considered necessary to set [illegible] wagging."

But Mr. Evans might have gone still [illegible] back. He might have quoted [illegible] from the Apocrypha showing [illegible] a banquet without music was regarded as a tedious ceremony. He [illegible] have instanced the Greeks, Romans, oriental nations. It is true that [illegible] singular Ance Goudar, writing at [illegible] in the latter half of the 18th [illegible] complained that the music in [illegible] public garden was injurious toward [illegible] on account of the rapid tempo [illegible] many pieces played. Let Michael [illegible] in Thomas Hardy's "Under the [illegible]wood Tree" bear testimony: "Truly now there is a friendly tie of [illegible] sort between music and eating. I [illegible] once sitting in the little kitchen [illegible] the Three Choughs at Casterbridge, [illegible] a bit of a dinner, and a brass [illegible] struck up in the street, such a [illegible]autiful hand as that were! I was [illegible] eating fried liver and lights—I [illegible] can mind. Ah, I was! And to save [illegible] life I couldn't help chewing to the [illegible] Band played six-eight time; six-[illegible] chews I willy-nilly! Band plays [illegible]; common time went my teeth [illegible] the fried liver and lights as true [illegible] a hair. Beautiful 'twere. Ah! I [illegible] never forget that there band!"

Three months ago the Daily Telegraph [illegible]lished a long article on restaurant [illegible], explaining how the orchestral [illegible] in a restaurant must have as [illegible] a touch, as infallible an instinct [illegible] the taste of his clients as the cook [illegible] the kitchen; he must be as versatile [illegible] skilful, able to serve musical souf-[illegible] musical pastry that melts in the [illegible] He must suit all tastes, offend none. [illegible] orchestra must not play too loudly [illegible] those seated near it; not so softly [illegible] it will be inaudible at the end of [illegible] room.

The conductor at Prince's restaurant [illegible] a repertory of at least 4000 compositions. At the majority of the London [illegible]taurants there is no fixed program; [illegible] guests ask for what they please. [illegible]atic selections are most in demand, [illegible]cially "Tannhaeuser," "Mignon," [illegible]rmen," "Madama Butterfly," "Rigoletto," "La Boheme," "Faust," "Pag-[illegible]" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," but [illegible] not unusual for a guest to ask for [illegible]ething by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, [illegible]elius, Grieg or Elgar. "By the common consent of experienced diners, [illegible]sic, properly to aid the digestion, [illegible] should be light in quality and airy in [illegible]ture."

Mr. Beecham did not speak of one [illegible]ance that is indeed intolerable: the [illegible]duction of music at dinners in private houses. The meal itself is hurried [illegible]gh. No longer do the men, smoking over their coffee and liqueurs, chat [illegible] about business, politics, sports [illegible] interchange more or less improvised notes. No longer do the women in the drawing-room discuss dress [illegible] votes for women, and whisper the [illegible]st scandal. The hostess rising from [illegible] table says: "Now we'll listen to a little music." A singer is armed with [illegible] groups of songs chiefly in foreign languages. A pianist has arranged a program from Bach to Liszt, or plays only [illegible] music by Chopin or Debussy. Sometimes the guests are forced to listen to [illegible] harpist—there is no opportunity for general conversation. The man who was seated unfortunately at table cannot talk confidentially with the woman he had hoped to take in. The sad occasion [illegible]ver, the folks go home to bed. Is it that the hostess distrusts her own powers of entertainment, or fears that her guests will bore one the other? Or does she labor under the delusion that by providing music she will shine the more brilliantly and give a double pleasure to those invited? A good cook is more to the purpose. Even the dullest is [illegible] to mental activity by an excellent dinner of not too many courses and sound wine. Let the musicians enter and he soon nods in his chair.

Plays New and Old in London

"Eyvind of the Mountains," by Johann Sigurjonsson, translated by [illegible] Olivier, was produced at the [illegible] Theatre, London, on June 13. Halla, a widow with a good farm, fell in love with her bailiff, an escaped thief. Her brother-in-law, who wanted her and the farm, denounced the bailiff. Halla ran away with her Eyvind, and they lived as outlaws in the mountains. She exposed one baby to save it from capture or starvation and flung another into a waterfall. Finally, without food and in a blizzard, the two quarrelled and found fault with the Almighty. They "ultimately found peace in a return to the mood of their old love before going out into the snow to die." The Times said that if George Sand had lived in Iceland and studied the rustics, she might have written the play. "In drama, human action must have at least a rational basis, but in the agony or the lethargy of starvation human beings cease to be rational and, indeed, to be human. Of course the spectators were appalled by the horror of the scene—powerfully portrayed by Miss Helen Haye and Mr. Leon Quartermaine—but it is not the business of art to appal." The Daily Telegraph, admitting that exotic horrors have a certain interest and exotic customs, costumes, scenery may give flavor to empty talk, could not patiently listen to long debates about love and tragic murder and the mystery of God for Sir Sydney's version is pedestrian, and the play, apart from its local color, "seems nothing but a tedious tale expressing a feeble and gloomy fatalism. There was one of the characters who confided to us that the only joy he hoped for was the sound of the nails being driven into his coffin. His temperament seemed dominant in the play."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn applied for an injunction to restrain a film company in England from producing a film, "Pimple's Three Weeks Without the Option (with Apologies to 'Elinor Glyn')," on the ground that it was an infringement of her copyright in her novel "Three Weeks."

"Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby," by Walter Hackett, was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, June 15. "The ordinary brain positively reels before any attempt to reproduce in detail the complications, divagations, or involutions of a plot possessing as many pitfalls set to trap the unwary chronicler as the Maze at Hampton Court." Echegaray wrote "El Gran Galeoto," a tragedy, to show that if society persevered in accusing a young man and woman of guilty affection, the couple would eventually believe in the truth of the charge. "Mr. Hackett chooses the same subject for exposition, but he treats it in a spirit of extravagant farce. That is one point. Then, again, you have an up-to-date Othello, endeavoring to cover his own peccadilloes by a pretended outbreak of jealousy against his wife and finishing by becoming the abject slave of his own imaginary suspicions. There you have point No. 2. Next you have a dear old fatherly roue—'Papa' Brigard all over again—ready to believe the worst of his own daughter on the ground that she is the descendant of himself and a long line of devil-may-care ancestors. . . . Occasionally the fun strikes one as a little too pronouncedly drawn out and apt to hover on the brink of tediousness. A little more sanity in the behavior of the characters would certainly serve as a welcome leaven to their outrageous conduct. The chief fault to be laid to the charge of Mr. Hackett is that he has given us rather too much of a good thing. The strain occasioned by two hours of unbroken domestic warfare is more than most of us can hear with perfect equanimity." The Pall Mall Gazette described the play as one in which "laborious and artificial complications, unseasoned with much wit or humor, provide all the fun."

The London Times said of "The Green Flag," by Keble Howard (Vaudeville Theatre, London, June 11): "There is an underlying assumption in this apparently innocuous trifle which is not a little disquieting. It is the assumption that when any lady has reason to suspect that any other lady is hidden in a gentleman's bedroom she has the right divine, or by virtue of what Mr. Thomas Hardy would call the Immanent Will, anyhow, some unquestionable right, to force the door and to bid the other woman to come forth." A blameless woman catches a malicious woman in her own trap. "It is idle to complain of an artificial stage anecdote that it is artificial, so long as the audience is in the mood to condone the artifice, as it evidently was last night. Probably it felt as audiences will, that it might indulge in a chuckle over supposed bedroom iniquities so long as the ultimate moral of the play was a 'proper' one; and there could be no doubt about 'propriety' when you knew that the bedroom of Sir Hugh Brandeth, K. C., was in reality an impeccable apartment and that he designed the trouble between the two ladies merely as a means of saving a nice woman like Janet from running away with the husband (unseen) of a horrid woman like Lady Mildred. To chuckle over a supposed intrigue and to feel moral all the time—what an irresistible combination!" The Daily Telegraph found that the serious flavor was not very rare or very fine. "But the farce, after we were half way through, was always more potent, and the farce was quite titillating. It was good, simple stuff, without a grain of indigestion in the whole of it. So we [illegible] sweet [illegible] but a [illegible] [illegible] entertainment."

[illegible] Gabriel [illegible], who had [illegible] [illegible] Miss [illegible] to Beeren [illegible] in "The Hawk," made a hit at the Coliseum, London, June 14, in Edward Knoblauch's new patriotic sketch, "The Way to Win." An English sculptor falls in love with a French actress, who inspires him with an idea for a statue of Victory. The actress leaves him for a few weeks. He completes his work, but there is something undefinable lacking. Marianne returns. She tells him he must go into the world and learn to live. His country calls, and he is only a "slacker." A regiment passes to the music of the "Marseillaise." Marianne seizes the tricolor and declaims the national anthem with such effect that Gerald rushes off to enlist, knowing that if he returns safely Marianne will be his bride. Miss Dorziat said that the play was inspired by her narrating her experiences in her native Rheims to Mr. Knoblauch.

The Grand Guignol Company of Paris played at the Coronet Theatre, London, June 14. "Le Baiser dans la Nuit" was the shocker chosen. Le Vitriole has been blinded by vitriol thrown by his mistress about to be discarded. He pretended to be merciful, securing her acquittal to have her in his power. He makes her feel his wounds and then pours vitriol over her. "There was one very creepy effect. The 'vitriole' is sitting in a chair with his back to you. So while the doctor talks about the wounds you cannot see them, and you remain on tenter-hooks till at last the man turns round."

We have spoken of the Persian dancer, Armen ter Ohanian. She has been reciting in Paris her poem, "L'Hommage de Shahrazade," which was published in the Temps. It is supposed to be the utterance of a girl from the East visiting France. The following is a condensed translation, published in the Pall Mall Gazette:

> An exile, I came to this land of long spring and long autumn, with laughing people working among the vines. And I said "What land is this?" And they answered "France the Joyous."
>
> And I saw its towns and cities, its monuments and triumphal arches, and its cathedral spires stretching to Heaven, and I asked "What land is this?" And they answered "France the Glorious."
>
> Then I came to a great red river of warm blood, and masses of men fighting and dying with a smile on their faces, while others, singing, took their places, and I asked "What land is this?" And they answered, "France the Brave."
>
> Then I came into a great city of marble, where thousands upon thousands were singing Te Deum; and I asked "What land is this?" And they answered "France, the Victorious."

The Daily Telegraph thought "Marie Odile" a delight for sentimental hearts. "The play is full of prettiness—pretty gentleness, pretty meekness, pretty ritual, pretty terror, a pretty soldier, pretty love's young dreaming, pretty motherhood and pretty distress. Let us say heartily that there was charm in all this. But we could not free ourselves from the uncomfortable fact that the pretty things were rather small and slight, and that the whole affair seemed a trifle insignificant." The Times asserted that a story of this kind should be told by a poet. "Mr. Knoblauch, though he handles his theme with delicacy and reverence, is a prosaist and a theatrical prosaist, whose phrases were found not like Marie Odile on a doorstep, but on the boards. Prose for this particular theme simply won't do. It cries aloud for the poetic sanctification, for the rhythmic fervor, for the noble harmony of verse. * * * You came away unsatisfied, thinking not so much of what had been done with the theme as of what might have been done. You longed for the magic spell to be cast over it, for the transport of poetry, its mystery, its transfiguration."

Lewis Waller has been acting unofficially in London as a recruiting sergeant. Here is his speech: "I want to say a few words to you. I want to remind you that this terrible war has already lasted nearly 11 months. And where are we now? British soldiers are still fighting in France and Belgium, as they were last September. Why aren't we fighting on German soil? I'll tell you why. Because hundreds of thousands of Englishmen of military age haven't yet realized that we're up against the mightiest army the world has ever seen; an army so mighty and so prepared, so well equipped, so schooled to war, that even the invasion of your beloved country is not impossible to it. Do you know why our hospitals are full of wounded men—why our casualty lists are so appalling? Because our generals at the front have to send a thousand men to do a job that requires 10,000. Now, how long will you hesitate? Shakespeare has said:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

"Subsequently Mr. Waller recited with electrical effect Mr. Edgar Wallace's forcible verses, 'The Hun and the Slacker,' following them up with 'Snarleyow' and the famous address, 'Once More Unto the Breach,' from 'Henry V.'"

Mr. Louis Zangwill speaks thus of his brother's play, "The Melting Pot," which was withdrawn at Edinburgh. His letter is addressed to the Daily Chronicle: "In the account in Saturday's Daily Chronicle of my conversation with your representative on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] an [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] I was [illegible] [illegible] representative [illegible] [illegible] have been the [illegible] [illegible] is from its own standpoint [illegible] [illegible], as cutting [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]. I suggested that, although the dramatic action of the play was [illegible] on a Russian pogrom against the Jews, it yet raises the question 'Could Jew and Russian, though separated by the widest gap conceivable, nevertheless come together spiritually through the healing power of a higher ideal of humanity?' And the play answers distinctly, emphatically, 'Yes.' I pointed out to your representative, the play is thus symbolic, and foreshadows the future rapprochement between the Russian and the Jewish peoples. The contrast between the narrow fanaticism of the bureaucratic old Russia and the idealistic aspirations of the new young Russia is clearly and sharply drawn, but it is obviously impossible to draw such a contrast without dwelling equally on the two factors to it. Though [illegible] of these, never meant to be [illegible] alone, may have displeased the foreign office. It is therefore open to question whether the foreign office (whose [illegible] it appears, took the form of a polite 'request' for the play's discontinuance) has really exercised a wise judgment in the matter—if indeed it was judged at all and has not been hurried into action by some casual and not too discerning correspondent. Personally, if I may, after all express an opinion of my own, I am certain that the whole Jewish people, especially in view of the Russian alliance with England, would gladly wipe the past out of their minds in their appreciation of the significance of a new, free and regenerated Russia."

That excellent actor, Mr. Milton Rosmer, bringing out new comedies in London, hoped to revive 'She Stoops to Conquer.' 'But it is as difficult to play Sheridan in a theatre as it is to play Mozart in an opera house, [illegible] very special art being required, as well as a great deal of rehearsing, and the times are scarcely propitious. This is the more to be regretted as Mr. Rosmer's Young Marlow is one of the few practically perfect things on the English stage today. We would also give something to see Miss Irene Rooke as Mrs. Hardcastle."

Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon," which The Herald described at length last Sunday, had a run of only 11 [illegible]. On June 14 Mr. Martin Harvey began a revival of popular repertory plays with "The Corsican Brothers."

Notes About Music and Musicians

Mr. H. O. Anderton has written the life of Granville Bantock, Richard Peyton professor of music at the University of Birmingham. Mr. Bantock succeeded Sir Edward Elgar in this position in 1908. The author has been a personal friend of Bantock for many years. "This point is worth noting because it is often said that a personal friend is quite the least person who should write a critical biography, for the obvious reason that he is likely to be biased in favor of his subject. But the point has not been [illegible] by Mr. Anderton, who certainly has not spared the rod, even if he has administered it in a somewhat mild form. The reader is led through the [illegible] walks of the composer's everyday life, as well as through both the [illegible] and the dark places of his numerous important compositions. All the methods of workmanship are laid bare, not for vulgar curiosity, but in order that the reader and music lover may know the procedure of a man whose fame in the North is second to none." We are [illegible]pressed that Bantock has a horror of the conventional in dress and in manner, he loves animals and once bought tortoises for his garden, etc., etc. "All these things are mentioned," says the reviewer for the London Daily Telegraph, "not to glorify the man as such, but to give the outside reader a glimpse of the heart of the real man." The volume is in the series, "Living Masters of Music," published by the Bodley Head.

The Clarendon Press (London) publishes "The Consort of Music," by Fuller Maitland. "Consort" is a good old English word, more or less the English equivalent of the abused French word "ensemble." With the Miltonic term "consent" (or the simultaneous playing of the notes of a chord, and so the reverse of arpeggio) might well be revived. The author analyzes different points of musical ensemble in compositions ranging from Bach in his fugues and the B minor Mass to Stanford, Ernest Walker and others of today. These all [illegible] are kept within the confines of music [illegible] called by him the classical period, roughly speaking from 1600 to 1900. "Every kind of ensemble is dealt with: the orchestra, concerted chamber music, pianoforte ensemble, vocal and choral ensemble and operatic ensemble, while there is an admirable chapter on the gentle art of the pianoforte accompanist in the solo song. But the whole book is a mine of erudition."

"In the playing of an instrument there is great [illegible] [illegible] grace that is aristocratic [illegible] [illegible] always [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] ...d himself on the b[illegible] ...athed by Gui[illegible] ...ti... His reading of the [illegible] Lalo, and especially of its slow movement proved that. As with most Latin music, it was perilously easy to accentuate its feminine side, whilst a too robust interpretation would have m[illegible]d its essential character."

A London critic thinks that Jongen's piano quartet is a remarkable work, containing some very beautiful music. "The romantic sentiment is cunningly expressed throughout. M. Jongen's doctrinaire training in the matter of musical form is the cause that he seldom says in three pages what may be said in five, with the result that his quartet lasts 50 minutes; but so well is the work welded together that it would be difficult to indicate which of the 50 were superfluous."

The Daily Telegraph finds that after César Franck's music, even his "Wild Huntsman," the symphony on a Mountain Air of Vincent d'Indy, his ardent disciple, seems singularly unimpaired.

At a concert for the benefit of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund to take place in London on July 6, Sir Edward Elgar's new "Polonia" will be performed, also part of Mlynarski's Symphony, Paderewski's Polish Fantasy and smaller pieces by Noskowski, Karlowicz, Stojowski, Moniuszko and Chopin. Leonard Borwich, who played here last season, will take part in the concert. "Mr. Paderewski has issued a passionate appeal to music lovers in the prospectus."

The Royal Philharmonic Society came through last season financially better than was expected. The directors state that they are indebted to the orchestra for "loyally promising to give their services if necessary at a considerably reduced rate." The society boasts that "it has not failed in its duty to native art, the number of British works played during the season having been larger than ever before, and the result has justified their inclusion."

The Andante Religioso by Edward German, which appears in "King Albert's Book," has been converted into an Intercessory Hymn, words by W. Herbert Scott. Novello publishes this arrangement.

"Le Sonneur" for voice, piano and string quartet by Defauw, a Belgian composer, produced in London last month is described as impressive.

A poor wretch of a fiddler was reproached recently in London for playing Godard's Concerto Romantique: "The first two movements are very poor music, and one wondered that a violinist who so thoroughly knows what music is should care to place them in his program. The Canzonetta is dainty, but it might have been placed among the little pieces which came at the end."

Mme. Melba cabled from Australia to Mme. Ada Crossley in London that she would take the first box at the entertainment to be given by the Australian war contingent association in aid of their funds at £100.

The Rome correspondent of the Echo de Paris says several Italian theatres have decided to surpress their repertory Viennese operas. At Genoa a popular manifestation compelled the director of the theatre to cease the representation of an operetta written by a Viennese.

The little 12-year-old Pole, Solomon, now on tour, has appeared in Torquay. The boy is veritably a wonder-child. His hands, large and square, possess extraordinary power for so youthful a pianist; his mind, judging by the sympathy and understanding manifested in his interpretation of the compositions he performs, is the mind of a man, and yet his soul is the soul of a little child, who, after thrilling a great audience, returns in all simplicity to the companionship of his nurse, and indulges in the pastimes of other children of his own age. At the Torquay Pavilion he played Grieg's pianoforte concerto in A minor, with orchestral accompaniment; Liebestraum by Liszt; an Hungarian dance by Brahms; and an encore piece. His reception was enthusiastic.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 18.

"Biscay," a new chamber work by J. B. McEwen, contains three movements, "Le Phare," "Les Dunes" and "La Racleuse." "The last is a humoresque and is obviously a subject suitable for treatment by stringed instruments, as the word is commonly used to describe one who scrapes the fiddle." The quartet was to have been produced in London June 19 by the London String Quartet.

Ravel's new piano trio was played by Miss Astruc, Mr. Charron and Mr. Casella in London June 11. "The importance of this work," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "goes beyond the scope of a concert report. The style, especially in the finale, recalls moments of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' but the ingenuity is rather that which belongs to legitimate chamber music. The fugal parts of the Passacaille reveal extraordinary contrapuntal skill, and the Scherzo, entitled 'Pantoum,' has an irresistible verve. In short, each movement has its own particular quality, and the whole constitutes one of the most elaborate conceptions Ravel has so far given us." The Daily Telegraph was enthusiastic. "The entire trio is in Ravel's happiest vein. There is always more in Ravel's music that is [illegible] ...ntatio[illegible] than in that of any other modern writer. Modern he undoubtedly is in his outlook and his methods, yet it is impossible to imagine that, save possibly in 'Le Gibet' and in one or two pieces of similar type, there is anything in his work that could offend the most academic ear. It is natural, easy, unaffected music, music which is completely sincere in every phrase, but which one can enjoy without undue effort, for it is crystalline in its clearness. Of such a type is his new trio." Pantoum is an elaborate and difficult verse form in old French verse, but what is the Pantoum as a musical form?

A violin sonata by Guy Weitz was played at the same concert June 11 by Miss Yvonne Astruc and the composer. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "The music grew in interest as it left behind the prescribed incidents of sonata form. These were presented in the hard and fast manner of the current Franckist school, but, the task set going, the composer was able to prove that the shackles had not compressed his individuality." But the Daily Telegraph said the sonata was sound, straightforward music without any real trace of inspiration. Mme. Bathori introduced a new song cycle, "Le Jardin Clos," by Gabriel Faure. Again the doctors disagreed. The Pall Mall Gazette said that Faure, displaying an unfamiliar facet of his talent, has not often been so independent; while the Daily Telegraph said the cycle bears a very strong family likeness to many other songs by Faure.

Mr. Edward Evans said of Edouard Deru, violinist to the court of Belgium, who played in London June 15: He is a first class violinist, "but he leaves the impression that he is accustomed to play in the presence of majesty, where he must mind his 'p's' and 'q's.' It is a fault in his playing that there is so little fault to find with it. It is a perpetual lesson. From his Trtaini sonata to his Wieniawski show pieces, all was so unutterably perfect that one longed to hear him say 'ain't' to show he was human. Beautiful it was, beyond doubt, but the excursions toward the pretty would have been more effective in the opposite direction." Mr. Deru played a new work by Saint-Saens, a triptyque, three pieces dedicated to the Queen of the Begians.

Position wanted—A young person having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, history, mathematics, music and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing.—Saline County (Mo.) News.

The publishers Schott & Co. of Mayence and London have been deprived of advertising themselves as "Publishers to his Majesty the King." It appears that no English firm enjoys the privilege, "A British Composer" writes to the Pall Mall Gazette about the Schotts: "Their wares are still being displayed and sold at the London establishment with this imprint upon them. Their stock of music for sale throughout the length and breadth of the land is probably an extensive one, and sufficient to last until the end of the war. Are the English firms of publishers going to allow such an unfair trading advantage to be taken of them now, or are they going to wait until we have the full blast of German business recuperation in our midst after the war?" Tut-tut! Likewise pish!

The Bourse Gazette, a Russian newspaper, published this paragraph: "The entry into the European fray of Italy has seriously increased the labors of Glazounov, the eminent Russian musician. This composer wrote some time ago a paraphrase on the national hymns of the allied nations, into which he wove the hymns of Russia, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Serbia, Japan and the black races. This paraphrase he at first wrote for piano, but subsequently he scored it for full orchestra. Now Glazounov will have to insert into it the hymn of our new ally, Italy. Yesterday (May 24) he played his composition with Alexandre Siloti on 'two pianofortes. It and 'The Royal Italian March' (by Glazounov) sounded powerfully under the fingers of these great players."

Stanford's piano concerto, brought out last month at the Norfolk, Ct., festival, with Mr. Bauer, pianist, will be played in London next fall at a Promenade concert, when the composer will conduct.

The report that Italian and French music is not allowed in Germany is not wholly true, for in Berlin recently "Madama Butterfly" was performed and old French operas have been performed there.

Failure of the Russian Opera Season

There appears at the moment very little prospect that the ill-fated venture at the London Opera House will rise from its ashes. Despite some errors of judgment, it is impossible to withhold sympathy from Mr. Vladimir Rosing. It is said that he is young and inexperienced for such a task as he undertook, but an older man would have attempted nothing, and, after all, a very moderate support would have sufficed to keep things going on "war terms." How desirable that would have been may be judged from the fact that close upon 400 people were employed in one capacity or another. It is deplorable that so much honest effort should have resulted in no more than 10 performances.

On the other hand, it would be idle to blame the public for its lack of support. Apart from a somewhat inscrutable choice of repertoire the venture was severely handicapped from the first. The concerted support which society may be counted upon to give under normal conditions was out of the question. People are, very wisely, not avoiding the relief afforded by the ordinary sources of entertainment, but from these to the social brilliance of evenings at the opera is a wide step to take just now. The more popular kind of support was needed, such as Mr. Phillips sought—and obtained—at the Shaftesbury Theatre, but the prospectus as announced contained little to attract the wider public with whom opera is not a habit.

There is the chief difficulty. We have not the opera habit, and this is not a propitious moment to attempt to inculcate it. After the war it may very possibly develop, for the signs have lately been far from unfavorable. The wave of interest in things British might even carry us one step further towards finding a constant field of utility for our numerous young singers, who need only stage experience to make them first-class operatic artists. The composers are, of course, in a vicious circle. They do not provide successful operas because there is no field in which they can serve their apprenticeship, and there is no such field because the operas they have hitherto provided have proved unsuccessful. The ability is there, but latent. One does not acquire operatic technique by supplying the market with anthems or royalty ballads, or by teaching.

Yet I am no pessimist. Sixty years ago the conditions in Russia were not merely as bad, but in many respects far worse. There, as here, home-grown opera was unfashionable. Singers of the front rank sang in any language but Russian, and in the "best circles" music was cultivated as an exotic form of art. In less than half a century Russia became one of the leading musical countries. For a time Petrograd itself held back. Even now there are still some characteristic examples of modern Russian music that have been heard everywhere in Europe except there. But, in the broad sense, the movement gathered momentum as it progressed, and its history is full, not merely of object lessons, but of encouragement for British music.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 17.

Still Harping on Denmark's Prince

I lighted the other day, in a book seller's penny box, upon a pamphlet on "Hamlet," in which was something which I, at any rate, have never before seen in print; namely, the suggestion that the reason why the prince did not kill the king in the scene toward the end of the third act was the author's consciousness that there were still two acts to be written! Here is the whole passage in which this diverting theory is placidly set down:

"A number of medical writers maintain that Hamlet's irresolution is to be accounted for only on the theory that he was mad, not in pretence, but in reality. If these and other writers confined themselves simply to the facts they would see that Hamlet did not at once kill Claudius, or rather, that Shakespeare did not make Hamlet at once kill Claudius, because the poet's object was not to relate a single deed but to compose five acts."

I have called this a diverting theory, but, of course, it is only so in its application to such a work as "Hamlet." On the lower dramaturgic level it is common enough. How often have we seen a play in which some utterly artificial action or hesitation at the end of the second or first act is only to be accounted for by the fact that there are one or two acts to follow? Hamlet's hesitation to kill Claudius at his prayers is not at all artificial or arbitrary. It and the speech in which he justifies it are vital parts of the composition of a character.

The pamphlet in question dates back to 1878, and is the text of a paper which was read on Feb. 11 of that year by the Rev. W. Anderson O'Connor, B. A., before the Manchester Literary Club. It is a very interesting paper indeed. Here, for instance, is a rather pretty passage:

"In the first scene, on the platform before the castle, the 'honest soldier,' Francisco, when relieved by Bernardo, speaks: 'For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.' And he departs never to appear again. But the memory of his words does not leave us. Like an obscure unlocalized pain, like a mournful echo, like a secret foreboding, they are felt amid every sound and heard in every pause; and as the play advances towards the end we unknowingly crave for their solution."

This, perhaps, makes rather too much of what may be a quite casual remark on Francisco's part. Yet could not a pleasant exercise be written on the question, "Why was Francisco sick at heart?"—Mr. H. M. Walbrook in the Pall Mall Gazette.

An Organist and His Congregation

The archdeacon of the Yukon, the Ven. Hudson Stuck, D. D., F. R., G. S., wrote to the Churchman some time ago complaining of two loud things that distress missionaries when they leave the scenes of their labor to travel in the "civilized" districts of the church. The first is the blue stained glass window; the second is the church organ

"On the Sunday before Christmas I found myself in New York without any preaching engagement at night. I think some one at the Missions House must have blundered. Promising myself the unwonted pleasure of going to church. I walked up Fifth avenue to St. Thomas's, only to find the church closed. The walk was not lost labor—the pleasure of gazing upon the most beautiful building in New York had often drawn my steps that way when it was out of my way. But I wanted to go to church, and presently found myself in a Presbyterian church, not—well, certainly not a hundred miles off. The service was a carol service, and here also the organist was as completely the lord and master of all the music as the Czar is the Autocrat of all the Russias. Occasionally a few vocal notes escaped his vigilance, but not for long. I recalled the story of the verger at Westminister, of whom the new dean inquired if people ever came there to say their private prayers. 'I cotched one of 'em at it once, sir,' he replied. The organ was increased in the usual provoking way whenever the voices threatened to become plainly audible, and was reduced always a little behind the reduction of the singing. At last the program reached 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!' and I promised myself the pleasure of hearing that stirring Christmas hymn. But I heard it only in spots, and in those spots only, I think, because the organist was not quite quick enough with his combinations. When the full volume of the well-trained choir poured forth, he poured forth organ accordingly. When the people began to join in, he coupled the great to the swell. When they grew louder at each repetition of the refrain, he coupled up great and swell and choir and solo organs and everything else he had in his box of whistles and threw them all wide open. Even then I thought we might down him, for the people by this time were singing lustily and with good courage. But the resources of civilization were not yet exhausted; he had reserves hidden behind those gilded pipes I knew not of. In the last refrain, when the voices rose clear and jubilant above all the whistles in the kit, he pulled out a tuba mirabilis, or whatever the blatant, strident thing is called that boasts a wind-chest of its own with a pressure of thousands of pounds to the square inch, and was easily victorious and triumphant over everybody.

"So the offence and the opprobrium of the tyranny of the organ are not confined to the Episcopal church, and I suspect are as common among the other religious bodies as among ourselves."

May 5 - 9. 1

This is a holiday. Let, therefore, our correspondents set off firecrackers—witness the letter of "One of the Eleven," which we were obliged to expurgate, for Mr. Wright has already trouble enough—and pass the day in improving conversation.

A Night with Pepys.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary on Nov. 21, 1662: "To supper and to bed: this night having first put up a spitting-sheet, which I find very convenient." What is, or was, a "spitting-sheet"?

Boston, June 28. W. E. S.

The oracular dictionaries are dumb. The most important of them includes the word, but gives no explanation, classing it with other compounds, receptacles for saliva, as spitting-box, etc. You might find an explanation by consulting the indices to Notes and Queries. Perhaps Mr. Pepys had at the time a hacking cough, and in the fury of expectoration wished to spare the floor. The Americans are not the only race of spitters, though their accuracy at long range has excited the wonder of visiting foreigners, Dickens among them.—Ed.

"A Woman Scorned."

As the World Wags:

Being one of the "Eleven Ladies" in the Brookline boarding house, I am interested in the letter headed "Lemberg, Galicia, Woman." I consider it a typical letter illustrating masculine conceit of the British type.

In this particular boarding-house, there are four women who subscribe to a morning paper. On the table in the hall there is at least one paper at which I presume every one had glanced

on the morning to which reference was made. To speak for myself I had read The Herald, according to custom. In spite of the fact that every one had just as good a means of knowing the morning news as he . . . he must needs "announce" what every one knows, and expects intelligent women to throw up their hands in wonder and amazement, and, I presume, gratitude for the favor bestowed by the oracle. What is the answer when some one tells you that Boston is the capital of Massachusetts? And why should the gentleman be "stirred" by news for which we had been so well prepared the previous days? In my own case, as I was eating my bacon and eggs in haste to catch the car for school, Mr. Wright, in giving me the valuable news . . . spoke so low that I thought he said "Hamburg." Just what does a perfect lady do under the circumstances?

I am myself a member of the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women, but I cannot say that the "precious name" will be a great ornament to our rolls, in case the gentleman wishes to join another women's society.

ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

June 28.

A Leaden Bullet.

Thomas Fuller had this to say in his "Good Thoughts": "When I look on a leaden bullet, therein I can read both God's mercy and man's malice: God's mercy, whose providence foreseeing that men of lead would make instruments of cruelty, did give that metal a medicinal virtue; as it hurts, so it also heals, and a bullet sent in by man's hatred into a fleshly and no vital part, will with ordinary care and curing, out of a natural charity work its own way out. But oh! how devilish were those men who to frustrate and defeat his goodness, and to countermand the healing power of lead, first found the champing and impoisoning of bullets! Fools who account themselves honored with the shameful title of being the inventors of evil things, endeavoring to out-infinite God's kindness with their cruelty." And what would Fuller say today of warfare as practised by the Germans?

Jul 6 - 15

How vain and idle are many of those things that make us stark mad! A resty horse, the shattering of a glass, the falling of a key, the dragging of a chair a jealousy, a misconstruction. A wise man should treat all mankind as a physician does his patient; and, looking upon them only as sick and extravagant, let their words and actions, whether good or bad, go equally for nothing; attending in his duty even in the coarsest offices that may conduce to their recovery.

Their Safety-Valve.

As The World Wags:

As non-participants we read with glee of the eminent Baconian (his habitat, of course, Cambridge), who, the other day, spanked a too-speedy, naughty automobile in the University city, "just as I would strike a dog; I was so disgusted" when the angry literary gent's rights as a pedestrian had been flagrantly violated.

At that he had nothing on an eminent Shakespearian. So genial a soul as the late Horace Howard Furness early in [illegible] smashed a street car window with his umbrella under circumstances of great provocation. It was on a winter's day of steep impending snowheaps at corners. The car had not waited for the doctor to get aboard. Instead, the conductor, cognizant though he was of the doctor's signal and his struggle with the snow, had rung the bell. Thereupon the doctor, as the car passed, smashed the only window he could reach. When, a year or so later, the conductor recognized and promptly accused the doctor, this time seated in the street car, Doctor Furness with equal promptitude, presented his card and said: "Tell 'em I'll pay 'em for it; and I'll do it again if you do it again."

Many of us would harken with satisfaction to a psychological treatment by [illegible] Muensterberg of this primary [illegible] or simple, instinctive impulse [illegible] vent itself on something, and, by [illegible], on the cause of irritation.

If the bounds of safety be not passed in going to Austria for a reference to this matter, Prof. Gros gives a personal experience in his essay on the psychology of crime. When he was a student he owned a very old, thick Latin lexicon—a [illegible] cornu copia—bound in wood, covered with pigskin. It was an inheritance from his great-grandfather. As often as the student became vexed, "Gug" went the good old book upon the floor and just so often came the relief from the vexation, without damage whatever to the Kirschl's.

I leave the matter now in the charge of the Modern Admirable Crichton!

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

Boston, July 3.

We remember a household in the country 50 years ago where a "kicking-[illegible]" was kept [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] boys followed and [illegible], [illegible] a tantrum, he was ordered to get up [illegible] and kick till he was in better [illegible]. The book was some government publication, possibly a report of the department of agriculture; at any rate, one of those books that, according to Charles Lamb, are not books.—Ed.

The Ruling Passion.

As the World Wags:

You may be interested in another story of Dr. Routh of Magdalen, which was printed in the Christian a few weeks ago. A student had called upon the doctor, then 90 years old, for advice. "He looked so kindly at me that I thought I might go on. 'Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?' He bade me explain, evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance. He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up and said: 'I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice' (here he looked me in the face) 'always to verify your references, sir.'"

I have often wished that this bit of advice might be universally adopted.

June 30. H. B. H.

A Pious Poetess.

The subject of "sub-conscious profanity" was discussed in London newspapers a few days before "M J L." and Dr. Edmund D. Spear contributed their letters to this column. An issue of the Daily Chronicle just received contains this paragraph: "That curious dig into the sub-consciousness which will make a saint swear as he charges and a criminal shout a hymn is found in innumerable cases of nervous tension or breaking. I remember as a child one of the most popular and pious of Victorian poetesses living in retirement and the odor of sanctity. But in her last years we youngsters were never allowed to approach that gentle old maiden lady. At the sight of a visitor she would pour forth streams of blasphemous obscenities—such as must have welled up from some forgotten ancestry; they certainly had no part in the sheltered, pious life of her reasonable years. As with the swearing soldier at the charge—some sort of lid was taken off."

Rabbit, Rabbit, Rabbit.

Every now and then some one writes asking whether Welsh rabbit should not be spelled "Welsh rarebit." Welsh rabbit is like Cape Cod turkey or Bombay duck. "Rare-bit": O unmeaning genteel, wholly erroneous, hideous emendation. Mr. James Huneker in his entertaining "New Cosmopolis" recalling old chop houses in New York, remarks that no doubt some of the new ones are as good. 'But I'm not as good, and that is the pith of all rambling memories by old blades with a grudge against present conditions. (Grouch is a more fashionable word.) You would if you could, but you can't' Anyhow, in my prime—and I'm not yet precisely tottering—they didn't call a Welsh rabbit a 'rarebit.' (That's a knockout for pothouse aesthetics!)"

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Shenandoah," a military play in four acts, by Bronson Howard. The principals of the cast:

General Haverhill	Frederick Ormonde
Col. Kerchival West	William P. Carleton
Capt. Heartsease	Robert Capron
Lieut. Frank Bedloe	Donald Meek
Maj. Gen. Buckthorn	James Seeley
Sergt. Barker, U. S. A.	Al Roberts
Col. Robert Ellingham, 10th Virginia	David Smith
Capt. Thornton, Secret Service, C. S. A.	Theodore Friebus
Gertrude Ellingham	Eleanor Gordon
Jenny Buckthorn	Betty Barnicoat

This play has outlived many of the military dramas of the civil war by its powerful picture of the secession period. Then there is the delightful love story and the author skilfully uses a southern girl and a union army officer. Their happiness, of course, eventually is realized at the conclusion of hostilities, though not without each in turn declaring in unmistakable terms of their affiliation with the "cause."

But the story is old to the ears of Boston theatregoers. Last night there was an added interest in the first appearance at this theatre of Miss Eleanor Gordon, already familiar to Bostonians at another stock theatre; nor should it be left unsaid that Miss Gordon has to her credit a most interesting gallery of roles.

Her Gertrude Ellingham of last evening never left the picture. She was the southern girl—the girl of temperament—to a nicety of detail, nor did she mistake hysteria for temperament. Her dialect, too, was of the soil. She was a southerner to the core; her love for horseflesh and her "Dear Ja-ack" was cleverly used to arouse the jealously of Col. West, and her mask was thrown aside as she revealed the real woman when she thought West was wounded seriously.

The Col. West of William P. Carleton was a clever study of the Union officer. Mr. Seeley has to his credit a splendid stage picture of Maj.-Gen. Buckthorn, with his unmistakable authority, his icy demeanor that cloaked a warm heart.

Mr. Ormonde, too, was a pleasure in diction and manner as Gen. Haverhill. [illegible] as well and [illegible] [illegible] as [illegible] [illegible] Thornton, [illegible] [illegible] to his [illegible] [illegible] at the gallery. With the [illegible] [illegible] as a barometer, what more could be [illegible]?

SUPPLEMENTARY SEASON OF THE POPS BEGINS TONIGHT

Clement Lenom to Be Conductor This Week, Ernest Schmidt Next.

The Pops resume the concerts in Symphony Hall tonight for a supplementary season which will end Saturday evening, July 17. During this week the conductor will be Clement Lenom, who had charge of the concerts last week. Ernst Schmidt will be the conductor next week.

MAJESTIC THEATRE. Miss Ernestine Morley supported by the Lonergan Players in "Tess of the Storm Country," a play in four acts dramatized from Grace Miller White's novel by Rupert Hughes. First performance in Boston.

Ezra Longman	Eddie Phelan
"Satisfied" Longman	Tom Whyte
Ben Letts	John Meehan
Orn Skinner	Jack Taylor
Dan Jordan	George B. Connor
Teola Graves	Anna Layng
Elias Graves	George Graham
Frederick Graves	Lester Lonergan
Tessibel Skinner	Ernestine Morley
Myra Longman	Frances Brandt
Tom Hecker	Joseph Guthrie
Jake Brewer	Albert Berg
Molly, "The Witch"	Emma De Weale
Martha	Ethel Ryder

Tess lives with her father, a squatter fisherman. One day Dan Jordan, a game warden, is shot. Tess's father, Orn Skinner, is accused of the crime and sent to jail. Frederick Graves, a young theological student interested in the squatters in general and pretty Tess in particular, provides money for a lawyer and thus furthers his budding romance. The late Mr. Jordan, however, was unfortunately the father of Miss Graves's illegitimate child, sheltered by Tess. Young Graves is shocked to find a baby in Tess's shanty and imagines his sweetheart ruined, as she refuses to answer questions.

Ezra Longman, also a squatter and brother of Myra, another unmarried mother, opportunely recovers his memory. He had been struck by Ben Letts, the villain and his unsuspected brother-in-law on the same day the ruffian murdered Mr. Jordan. Ezra knew the culprit and Ben feared unpleasant disclosures.

Orn Skinner can now be released and the murderer convicted. Overcome by emotion at her child's christening Teola confesses her maternity and the amiable Frederick embraces his Tess, now known to be above reproach.

A photo-play version of the book has been seen here with Mary Pickford in the title role, but the drama was played for the first time in Boston yesterday. Whatever the possibilities of the book as realized in the film version they are not conspicuous in the present form.

The piece is an old-fashioned melodrama of the crudest type. The mingling of license and piety is often grotesque. The villany of Ben is not made more picturesque by the fact that he is the father of Myra Longman's child. A mere cad, he disappears in the second act after he has made a conventional attempt to seduce the rebellious and struggling Tess.

It is said that Miss Morley made her first appearance here. She is personally attractive, and an actress of no mean ability. Her Tess was truly ingenuous, sympathetic, appealing, and Miss Morley showed resourcefulness, imagination in the portrayal of character and a certain sense of humor.

Mr. Lonergan, as Frederick, was suave, sincere, ingratiating. He played with his accustomed dignity and thus often saved scenes that otherwise might have excited laughter.

Mr. Meehan's Ben was appropriately gruff and unpleasant. Mr. Phelan's portrayal of Ezra Longman was in the picture.

Next week "The Woman" will be the play.

MEISTERSINGERS OPEN SEASON AT B. F. KEITH'S

Popular Singing Organization Gets Great Welcome.

"The Meistersingers," composed of the Harvard, Schubert and Weber Male quartettes of Boston, yesterday opened their fifth consecutive summer engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre. They received an enthusiastic welcome. They appear in a new elaborate scenic production, "The Flag Station," the scene being laid in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The act introduces an original and spectacular train effect. It depicts a mile-a-minute flight of the White Mountain Express. The express thunders by the Meistersingers, who as rubes and traveling salesmen, had entertained the audience.

That the patrons of the theatre were appreciative of the quality of singing of the Meistersingers was evinced by the applause that greeted them. They gave a new program of solos, quartet numbers and choruses. The soloists for this week are A. Cameron Steele and Harold S. Tripp.

[illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with her troupe of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pretty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by more than [illegible] [illegible] a "dressing [illegible]" [illegible] [illegible] appearance in [illegible] Charles McGoode Company [illegible] for the first time appeared in "[illegible] in a Billiard Parlor." This [illegible] athletes, two male and two female, performed some remarkable acrobatic novelties. Harry Holman & Company in the comedy, "Adam Killjoy," are a continuous laugh. He is a [illegible] "Killjoy" and "his wife's son," [illegible] Burnett, and his stenographer, [illegible] Navarro, maintain their high standard. Lilian Herlein, the prima donna of "The Rose of Algeria" and "The [illegible] Homes," has charming songs and [illegible] magnificent "Made in America" [illegible] Sam H. White and Lou Clayton [illegible] eccentric dances. James H[illegible] and Jack Boyle, comedians, appear in "The New Chauffeur." They obviously enjoy performing and Hussey is very funny in his Hebrew impersonations. Leon Thurber and Harry Madison, [illegible] ing "On a Shopping Tour," have a humorous act of high merit. The Pathe Weekly, presenting the very latest news in motion pictures, completes the bill.

July [illegible]

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT

Did not Gen. Miles act without due reflection when he refused to preside at a Prohibition congress if Mr. John L. Sullivan were allowed to address the meeting? The two are famous warriors. Mr. Sullivan, as well as Gen. Miles, has drunk "delight of battle with his peers." Furthermore Mr. Sullivan has conquered himself. By his will power he has knocked out the Demon Rum, a more dangerous antagonist than any principality or power. Mr. Sullivan would appear on the platform not as a shocking but a glorious example. A man of reading and meditation, he knows that many of his illustrious predecessors in the ring, opening public houses in England and "wine rooms" in America, were their own best customers and perished miserably. He would not speak as a mere theorist, this man of heroic mould, now farming peacefully, enamored of vegetables, cattle, fruits, hens, flowers, yet in mind alert and receptive. And what man would speak with greater authority in simple, convincing, sledge hammer words? Does Gen. Miles forget that here in Boston Mr. Sullivan was awarded, with pomp and ceremony, the civic belt as a token of regard and esteem, that his name is a household word from the Golden Gate to Eastport, Me.? May the two warriors meet on the platform to battle against the common foe!

The medium must needs be good [illegible] the air is temperate, serene, quiet, from bogs, fens, mists, all miasma [illegible] putrefaction, contagious and filthy noisome smells. The best building for health [illegible] in high places and in an excellent prospect [illegible] P. Crescentius in his lib. 1. de Agri. [illegible] 5, is very copious on this subject, how a house should be wholesomely sited, in a good coast, good air, wind, etc.

Lost Opportunities.

As the World Wags:

When hind-sight discloses what might have been effected in constructing the town of Boston with its suggestive natural conditions there seems a discouragingly small opportunity for foresight in our city planning. Of course the general considerations are obvious in regard to preliminary measures of a practical kind, such as having all the streets of a city built two storied, either both above ground or one a basement, the upper thoroughfare for the ordinary uses of vehicles and passengers and the lower for all sorts of service uses, avoiding the enormously costly digging and re-digging and the construction of tunnels and elevated fabrics. But just for the matter of sites for dwelling houses, consider the folly of allowing all the beautiful natural ones to be given up to trade and work-a-day living, while the well-to-do construct their palaces upon piles. The memory of a not unreasonably long life recalls a handsome circle of brick mansions with fine Georgian iron work on Fort Hill, taken up and "carried into the midst of the sea" with a lack of faith as well as of good works. At the North end there were cheerful streets of quiet dignity and about Copp's Hill. East Boston was a summer resort, capable of admirable development. Jeffries Point commemorates the holiday residence there of the Jeffries family. They are now putting down the Perkins Institution in South Boston, which in the middle of the last century was a fine hotel (Mt. Washington?) surrounded by broad [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a magnificent [illegible] [illegible]

w... well-to-do folk spoil their village ... What an opportunity in the three hilled city proper, of which only one has been fitly utilized, and in the "improper" peninsulas, for fine streets with agreeable slopes and pleasant vistas, adapted to the very best residences; all surrendered to those who hardly appreciate the situation while the "rich and great" have settled on land redeemed from the river or constructed on sewage mud flats with tomato cans, old hoop skirts and all kinds of garbage, coated with gravel.

THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

And see how the Fens have been ignored. There was a place for handsome private dwelling houses, for spacious, princely apartment houses such as are on Riverside Drive, New York. Real estate dealers and builders were too timid; and now what is the result?—Ed.

Ironical Jane.

As the World Wags:

How thankful I am that the newspapers have given us so much about the wedding of Champ Clark's daughter! For the last month they have been filled with telegraphic dispatches and other articles about it, and I am pleased to see that they are not yet done with the subject, but that their reporters are "sleuthing" the newly-wedded couple and serving up their doings for our delectation. I do so delight in reading about weddings! It seems as if I could never get enough of such reading. I see that Capt. Gardner's daughter is to wed, and I do hope that the newspapers will give us as much about her marriage as they have given us about that of Champ Clark's daughter.

Boston, July 3. OLD MAID.

As She Is Spoke.

As the World Wags:

The condensation of the English language goes on apace. Our town paper remarks: "The local committee, chairmaned by Mr. —— ——, has sent out circulars asking for contributions to the 'Serbian Distress Fund.' "

"Chairmaned" is certainly good.

Arlington, July 3. E. S.

One Souvarov.

As the World Wags:

I was rather disappointed to note the omission in today's Herald editorial on "Mountain Excursions" of certainly one of the greatest mountain campaigns in history. I refer to that of Souvarov in 1799.

Why is this so little known? Surely it is as romantic reading as it is important in the light of historical study. Is it because of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt in the same year? Or rather is it not because we Anglo-Saxons contemptuously neglect anything in the line of history that has not directly affected our own development? Are the names of Peter the Great and Catherine II. the only Russian names at all familiar to the average American?

MORGAN J. DAY.

Springfield, July 2.

Oh, no. The average American has heard of Miss Anna Pavlova, Tolstoi, Turgenef, Dostoievsky and the Grand Duke Nicholas.—Ed.

Villon's Curse.

Lissauer's song of hate is sufficiently ferocious, but Villon in the 15th century had something to say against the enemy of France. Here is only an extract from his ballad of curses:

"Let him be met by the fire-breathing beasts that Jason met when he sought the Golden Fleece; let him, like Nebuchadnezzar, be changed from man to beast for seven years; let him have loss and fortune of war as cursed as had the Trojans through the rape of Helen; let him be buried with Tantalus and Proserpine in the marshes of the underworld, let him have heavier suffering than Job, and lie confined in the maze of Daedalus; * * * let him be robbed of peace and hope, for no man deserves to enjoy happiness who could wish ill to the realm of France, Qui mal vouldroit au royaulme de France!"

For rascal as Villon was, he would have said that Joachim du Bellay in Rome, remembering his little village, "France, mother of arts, arms and laws."

FOR ALL SEASONS

Someone wrote wisely about summer reading, vacation reading, not long ago. He urged a man going into the country to take with him books that he liked in all seasons, and not books that he thought he ought to read lest he might otherwise be called poorly informed or even uneducated. There is sound sense in this advice.

A man argues with himself that, having leisure for a fortnight or a month, he should improve his mind. For at least ten months in the year he is hard at work. Tired at night, if he reads at all the book is some novel talked about for a week, quickly forgotten, but one that diverts, takes his mind from business. The novel is thus like the musical comedy. "The rude man requires only to see something going on; the man of more refinement must be made to feel; the man of complete refinement must be made to reflect," said some critic quoted by Carlyle; perhaps the critic was Carlyle himself, who complained of the Waverly novels that the reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down at his ease and be ministered to. But this languid person says to himself: "When I shall have time, when I can give my mind to it, I will read something worth while." During the business months he does not wish to feel; to reflect is irksome, if it is within his power. Mr. Cohan is then more to his mind than Ibsen, Brieux or Galsworthy.

The intention is seldom carried out. A history, a volume of meaty essays, the biography of some important person in three or four imposing volumes may accompany the cottager or the sojourner. He may make a brave attack the first rainy day, but the task is soon abandoned. There are men that purpose to brush up their Latin, unwholesome companions for normal beings. They open their school book—Horace or Virgil—they have kept them from sentiment—they recognize the word Soracte or Maecenas, but they cannot continue five lines of an ode, nor are they at all interested in the adventures of the pious but shabby Aeneas or in the atiphonal strains of the rustics in the eclogue.

It is better to re-read an old novel, one that is practically fresh, not too tragic, to be opened at any page and put down without undue curiosity concerning the next chapter. There's "Pelham," ridiculed by Carlyle and Thackeray. It is surprising how it was misunderstood by the two and others; for its satire was overlooked, its many shrewd comments on life unappreciated. The prattle of Trollope is entertaining, and the English social life of his day can be reconstructed from his photographic pages. Having the modern destructive criticism in mind, the summer reader will be surprised to find that Dickens is something more than a caricaturist, that even Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip" is not merely a repetition of his preceding novels. How many have read Marryatt's stories since they were young, or the ingenious romances of Fielding and Smollett? If a man enjoys Montaigne, Le Sage, Herman Melville in winter, why should he deny himself the pleasure in July and August.

Dancing, singing, masking, mumming, stage-plays, howsoever they be heavily censured by some severe Catos, yet if opportunely and soberly used, may justly be approved. I know these sports have manly oppugners, whole volumes writ against them; when as all they say (if only considered) is but ignoratio elenchi; and some again, because they are now cold and wayward, past themselves, cavil at all such youthful sports in others, as he did in the comedy.

A Possible Revival?

As the World Wags:

There are two species of dramatic entertainment whose revival might well be made experimental by some theatre managers with sufficient imagination to venture upon producing that which, though old to a few venerable play-goers, would be wholly and delightfully new to the present generation. The learned critics might cry out, "How thin and how old-fashioned!" but that need not matter. The pure diversion of the Morton farces and the Planche burlesques would fill the bill in these strenuous, sorrowful days when crowds throng to the cinematograph merely because it is superficial and unexacting. Mere fun of the most delightful kind was furnished by William Warren in "Poor Pillicoddy," "The Two Buzzards," et id genus omne. The great actor's benefits were often made up of three or four of them from which audiences went away with bubbling spirits and aching sides. There is no William Warren today, but these plays were not written for him and found other excellent interpreters both in England and the United States. The Planche burlesques sparkled with witty rhymes and were based upon plots which had the delightful familiarity of a kind of foklore and had the attraction of dazzling scenic effects, pretty women in dainty clothes, a gay chorus and a delightful ensemble.

Boston. THE OLD 'UN.

Happy Nights.

Yes, we and many others remember with delight the old farces and burlesques. Mr. James Huneker has written that if a man of the "lonesome latter years" sits before a fire he straightway falls to musing about "the girls of yesteryear or that particular night when the wine cup was not red, but champagne colored," although he may have written at least one sonnet or story, or painted a row of brilliant portraits or landscapes. But the musing man often sees again the plays by which he was thrilled or moved to laughter. There are men in the Porphyry Club, for example, that boast of having seen "The Cataract of the Ganges" and "The Ravels" in "Jocko." They are called old fogies by the thoughtless and irreverent but some of us envy them. With "The Old 'Un" we saw in our youth the farces at the Boston Museum and Warren in them. Would we laugh now if they were revived, or would we be disillusionized? We saw the last revival of "Evangeline" in this city and were sorry, yet the company was a fair one. Planche we know only by his libretto for "Oberon" and his entertaining volumes of reminiscences. We never saw Brougham's "Pocahontas." But there was George L. Fox in "Hamlet"—who made the melancholy Edwin Booth smile and applaud—"Macbeth" and "Richelieu," and we shall not soon forget Lydia Thompson and her company in "Kenilworth." Not for the world would we see these burlesques again. Why destroy delightful memories. "If you're going to Kenilworth Castle." We thought it a good tune at the time. We like to think now that it was good. As for the old burlesques they were stuffed with abominable puns. Let any one read in cold blood the once admired "Pocahontas" with which John Brougham excited roars of laughter, and he will find it dreary work.

In the Theatre of Utopia performances of plays going back to "The Duchess of Malfi," and including "Dunducketty's Picnic" would take place, if only to show the taste of preceding generations. We should like to see in one week Congreve's "Way of the World," unexpurgated and unrevised, Middleton's "Changeling," "The Tower of Nesle," E. L. Davenport in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "The Black Crook" (original version). No doubt we would then rub eyes and ears and curse our curiosity.

Those Boston Manners.

As the World Wags:

May I be allowed with "Strap Hanger" to think aloud regarding local public manners. I am not wondering like "S. H.," but I am convinced with the Chicagoan that Boston manners need remodelling. It cannot be wholly inattention or deafness that keeps persons from obeying the bellowing of the conductors, repeatedly admonishing those in the aisles to "move up into the middle of the car"! When both men and women, at such times, simply take a firmer grip on their straps and turn a deaf ear to the well-nigh distracted conductor, what is it but bad manners? When eight able-bodied men (four of them to all appearances under 25) occupy the end (not the smokers') seats while four women stand, is that not worse manners? When a man in ordinary garments, but with extraordinary courtesy, gives up his seat to a well-dressed woman, who accepts it without even a glance in his direction, is not this indicative of the worst, as well as the best manners? When the end and the near-end-seat hogs force one to climb over their suit-cases, umbrellas and feet, twice in less than five minutes, shall we call them well bred or ill bred or plain stupid?

Somerville, July 3. FEMINA.

Self-Cleaning.

As the World Wags:

Let me add to the remarks about the toothbrush published recently in The Herald a saying of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends" and "Spare Hours."

He said to an audience of working men in 1862: "The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. I am for beards out and out. Look at the misery of shaving, its expense, its consumption of time—a very corporation existing for no other purpose than to shave mankind. It is a process that never gets pleasanter by practice; and then the waste of temper—the ugliness of being ill or unshaven. . . . . I hazard a theory that no hair of the beard or head should ever be cut, or needs to be, any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes."

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Dover, June 30.

The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel for me!

Witherspoon in Rure.

As the World Wags:

This is a plea for sympathy and, I beseech you, if you have tears prepare to shed them now. We've moved. For a number of years the Witherspoon dynasty held it down in a populous suburban section of Boston out Franklin Park way. As befitting the family of a flat-pursed scrivener we occupied a modest priced apartment on the main thoroughfare. There was a constant clangor of square wheel cars, the street was always full of childen and a couple of million dollars worth of automobiles went by every day.

Well, last month during the dry weather the flat got frightfully dusty and the youngster was learning to swear and almost got run over by a Ford, so the missus said we'd got to go. And we did.

We got a place sort of out on the edge of things that looked good. There's only houses on one side of the street and an open lot in front with bushes and things and a little swamp for the mosquitoes to breed in. Behind there's more emptiness, with old apple trees, elms and pines, daisies and buttercups, butter-and-eggs and poison ivy and such truck; and then a hay field and yonder top of the hill some houses so far away you can't tell what the people on the verandas look like. The other side of the hill I reckon is the jumping-off place, but we haven't been there yet on account of the rain.

We moved in the rain, but that didn't matter much. I never did go into a new camp without getting wet; and there was a bottle of rum for the moving men, so everything went off all right; and after we got partly settled things seemed kind of quiet and nice, with the trolleys a quarter of a mile away and no traffic to speak of in front.

Quietness is a bully good thing—within reason. We turned in early the first night, being more or less tuckered out. By and by the rain stopped for a little and the crickets begun to sing, and the kid cried because she said it sounded as if mother were away. After we got her to sleep I lay by the window and listened to the stillness. The crickets kept at it and every little while a church bell ding-donged way off somewhere and a dog howled once. About 11 I heard a man next door trying to get his key in the lock upside down and swearing. And that was all. I dropped off just after 12 and awakened 15 seconds later to look out on broad daylight.

It was 4 o'clock. A meadow lark had just crawled out from some place and was yawping up in the hay field. I don't know if this lark is the same breed that Shelley or whoever it was wrote the "Hark, hark," stuff about, but if it is I've lost my respect for the poet. This pestiferous bird does an ornithological reveille every morning and he gets them all up. Next to the lark comes a young crow in the top of a pine tree. I know he's young because his voice is changing and he croaks like one of those European ravens that hang around Belgian battle fields. After the crow come two or three of these big yellow hammer woodpeckers that knock holes in the sides of trees. They wing around letting off a xylophonic clatter that is a cross between the sound of a machine gun and a watchman's rattle. Then some blue jays show up to scold the crow and the yellow hammers and the quail joins in with a syncopated reiteration of "Bob White." Ever hear a quail? He whistles his idiotic two notes at intervals of 14 seconds until you can count 20 exactly between whistles. Then he doesn't and you wait and wait like listening for the man in the next room to drop the other shoe and just as you give him up he lets off another, but away off in the wrong direction.

Then they are all at it except the peewee, and he's the absolute limit. He gets up late—about nine minutes late. If there is a more disconsolate feathered vocalizer of misery than a peewee in general, and this one in particular, I don't know him. An Ojibway Indian once told me that peewees are the souls of lost children. I believe it. And I'll bet that this thrice accursed bird that pipes at 4:09 in our back yard was lost in the big blizzard of '86 and that he was an orphan and hungry before the snow began to fall.

Seems to me you used to tell a story about some hardened city dweller saying to a friend who was going to the country, "kick a tree for me." If you have a reader who owns a shotgun I'll be glad if you'll ask him to go out and shoot a crow, a lark, a jay, a yellow hammer and all the pewees in the country.

Adv. To let. Sub-lease. One attractive apartment of seven rooms in a quiet locality.

In the mean time, I am in the market for a cosy four-room suite on Washington street, where if I stick my feet out the window the Elevated will run over my toes.

As my friend Bat Sweeny said after a six weeks' sojourn in Paris, "Jamais encore toujours."

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

July 4.

War Note.

[illegible] in the [illegible] Fremdenblatt the discovery [illegible] there is no such thing as humanity. [illegible] weapon, he argues, is not [illegible] than another: "there is no [illegible] humanity in dropping a bomb [illegible] with poisonous gas from an airship than in blowing somewhat similar [illegible] into your enemies' faces." On the [illegible] hand, there are certain decencies [illegible] observed. If a foe promises, over [illegible] signature, not to blow gas into your [illegible] and does so, it is a promise-[illegible] and a menace to civilization. [illegible] must write another article [illegible] that there is no such thing as [illegible]—Pall Mall Gazette.

July 10 1915

Nature's astringent message to egoists and all the sedentary, introspective tribe, that bids us note our own infinite insignificance, our utter microscopical unimportance in her great scheme of things, and her sublime indifference to our individual lives; to say nothing of our respectable hopes, fears, imaginings, despairs, joys, and other forms of mental and emotional travail.

The War in Brookline.

As the World Wags:

The subscriber, torpedoed on both port and starboard bows—what little remains of him now—and having received Salita's "slam," so to speak, ventures to observe that male suffrage isn't always a boon even to the male, as we newspaper folks well know, for, unhappily, not all males are abreast of events. But I believe all men hereabouts know something of the fearful swirl around Lemberg; and the weather, rainy or fair, doesn't befog or overwhelm them as to the consideration of vital contemporaneous history. They see, or think they see, what is going on, and are generally alive to the meaning, I think, of the present great international convulsion.

That some cigarette-smoking youths in a street car spoke lightly of the Lusitania horror is regrettable, but not important. They at least knew of the event.

May one ask in this connection whether the women themselves do not think it would help them and their causes in every way if they, the young and the mature, whether tart or tactful, gave more time to the reading of the [illegible] of the times in these history-making days, as do English and French women? It was one of the greatest of the British philosophers who said:

> Ignorance is the curse of God;
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

As to the letter of "One of the Eleven," I must forego replying, it being vituperative, anonymous and expurgated as it comes to me.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston, July 5.

Edited.

As the World Wags:

I have had a row with three editors over the word "houghed." Sidney Dobell in his "Dead Maid's Pool" thus uses the word:

> Thy skin
> * * *
> It is houghed
> And ploughed
> Like a murderer's skin.

He is referring to the bark of an ash tree when he makes these far-from-cheerful remarks, so I wrote into my tale of a man who'd been flogged (cheerful like Dobell was I), "his back all bleeding and houghed." They called me down and called "houghed" out of the manuscript, with just an ordinary, untinted-blue pencil at that. As they were handing me $100 for 3500 words—I submitted with a mad grace.

Now the Century gives it, according to pronunciation, as either a verb of hard-breathing or of ham-stringing. Dobell was a twister of words, after the manner of George Meredith; but as fussy as Meredith about giving always a possible meaning.

Will you have the gentilezza to expound this difficulty and tell me what Dobell meant? The Century says that when the word rhymes with "plough" it means just "how?" and is not a verb at all.

J. C. A.

Littleton, June 29.

The verb "hough" means first, to disable by cutting the sinews or tendons of the hough; to hamstring. Secondly, to clear the throat.

In English dialect the verb has these meanings: 1, To hamstring; 2, to throw a stone or missile under the thigh or hough; 3, to hough an oar, to place the handle of an oar under the thigh in order to rest oneself after rowing; 4, to tramp, trudge, use the legs; 5, to breathe hard, to breathe over anything.

The common meaning is to hamstring. Thus the Lord said unto Joshua: "Thou shalt hough their horses and burn their chariots with fire" (Josh. xi., 6); see also II Samuel, viii., 4: "And David houghed all the chariot horses, but reserved of them for a hundred chariots."

The exclamation "hough" is a word by onomatopoeia to express the forcible expulsion of breath occasioned by exertion in giving a blow. It is like "han," the groan with which wood-cleavers keep time to their strokes. See William Prynne's lines:

> [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible]
> [illegible] a bottle they [illegible]
> Or han, which Joseph (Christ's reputed father)
> [illegible] when he cleft wood, or when he squar'd
> it rather.

Dobell evidently employed poetic license. The editors are hardly to be blamed for objecting to your use of "hough."—Ed.

Spare Suits.

The wardrobe of the late Baron de Reuter comprised 100 dress suits, 150 pairs of spats and other articles in proportion. What, pray, did he do with all the dress suits? Did he wear them in rotation, as a man uses his case of **seven razors? Was there sentiment attached** to this one or that one, so he could not bear to hand them over to the old-clo' man; a soup-stain recalling a dinner where he sat next the adorable one, a rip or a tear of anecdotical interest? One dress suit a year has been considered indispensable to an Oxford undergraduate. On the other hand Sir George Alexander, who has the reputation of being well-dressed off and on the stage, admitted publicly that he had bought only one dress suit for private use in 10 years. If a dress suit is decently made and is well cared for it has a long life. A man that is sure of himself and not self-conscious pays no attention to trifling details of cut, braid, buttons, material of collar, facings. That the coat is a swallow-tail, that the trousers are not at half-mast, this is enough.

In a Club.

There are several books about London clubs beginning with the scandalous Ned Ward's disappointing little book. To the list of clubs must now be added the Victoria League for soldiers of the oversea forces. The house is the old home of the Raleigh Club in Regent street, once the home of John Nash. This Raleigh Club was an "exclusive" one. It was said of it that election to membership was impossible unless the candidate was an intimate friend of the hall porter. Late hours were kept, and a new member who asked for something to eat at 8:30 A. M. by way of breakfast was sternly told: "No sir, no suppers served after 7:30." Alas, the memorable history of the Porphyry Club is yet to be written. Mr. Herkimer Johnson is the man for the task. Indeed, at least two volumes of his colossal sociological work (elephant folio) might well be devoted to **manners and customs in [illegible]rphyry.**

July 11 [illegible]

Not long ago the Musical Courier of New York published a letter from some one in merry mood who drew up an examination paper for musical critics. He offered to deposit with the Musical Courier a certified check for $100 as a prize to the critic who gained the most points in the examination. "The contest or examination should consist of some sort of test, or series of tests, that would establish beyond question the right of a critic to criticize music and musicians." The Musical Courier added $50 to the $100 and issued an examination paper of 12 questions. No. 9 called on the candidate to designate the orchestration of three standard symphonic works in the classical literature to be named by the examiners without looking at the scores. No. 5 was as follows: "Two standard instrumental selections and one standard vocal number are to be performed in the hearing of the candidates, with the customary phrasing, harmonies, time divisions, and rhythms altered in a manner to be indicated to the performers previously and privately by the examiners. The candidates are to be provided with paper and pencil, and to indicate the nature of the 'mistakes' made by the performers." No. 12 read: "Of 12 standard vocal arias, songs, and instrumental selections performed, six shall be transposed a half-tone lower or higher than their original key. The candidates are to name those done in the original and those done in the transposed keys."

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph (London) took this examination paper seriously and discussed the various questions. He was moved to conclude as follows:

"'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' Not that I would suggest, for the world, that the examiners in this egregious folly be put similarly to the question. Not at all. The whole idea is a mere recrudescence of the old, old notion that only he is justified in criticising who himself is a technical master in the art criticised. Can any suggestion be more foolish? Is it really necessary that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat? Is it likely that if you set a thief to criticise a thief or a composer to criticise a composer, a singer a singer, and so on, that you are either bound or even likely to achieve any result worth having? Of course not. Wagner wrote some interesting criticism of several of his contemporaries. So did Schumann. So did Beethoven. So did many of the masters. But why do we read this criticism? Certainly not in order to base our own opinion upon it or to prove our right to an opinion. We read it because it is interesting as literature and as an individual expression of a strong personality. It helps, perhaps, not one whit in the formation of one's own opinion. [illegible] possession of the foregoing [illegible] demanded by several of the questions quoted? Surely, surely we have arrived at a point of criticism in this period of the world's history that lies far beyond that suggested by the American paper. Years ago, in the Victorian era, there were critics in England who throve upon their meticulous 'knowledge' of the standard works, and it was this meticulous knowledge that caused them to be the terrible reactionaries they undoubtedly were. The whole idea is ridiculous that to be a campetent music critic one must possess all the attributes of a great pianist, a great singer, operatic as well as concert, a great violinist, and so on, down to the rank of the music seller's office boy, who probably knows better than anybody else, save only the composer himself, in what keys his million and a half of songs were first written. If I were an editor in search of a music critic for my paper, and the suggestion were made to me that before I made the appointment my nominee should submit to a series of ridiculous questions, such as those given, I would feel very much more inclined to appoint the man at the bottom of the list the 'wooden spoon' rather than the one who happened to be, as it were, senior wrangler.

"In America, if this matter is really serious, the profession or art of music criticism must be in a parlous state. Of all things the Americans do not strike one as being reactionary. But what is the base of this suggestion but plain, unadulterated reaction? Of course a critic worthy the name must possess wide knowledge. But it is not an ocean of knowledge that makes the good critic good, any more than the beautiful voice makes the great singer great. It is the combination of a multitude of attributes. Of these, not the least of his possessions must be a Tarnhelm, by means of which he may get out of his own mental skin into that of the person to be criticised. In other words, he must be primarily of a most sympathetic disposition, or he will not be capable of receiving into his mind the points aimed at by those whose individuality leads them to paths of knowledge the critics themselves had not previously trodden. If merely technical knowledge and that of a comparatively infantile type is America's first and only demand from a music critic, then I would recommend the model of a friend of mine, long ago dead, I believe, who, when we were students abroad 30 years ago, used to spoil all my enjoyment of a chamber concert by digging me in the ribs at every change of key in the music. He had an abnormal sense of absolute pitch, but he had no more musical sense than the extinct dodo."

Mr. Legge might have added that certain famous composers have as critics made astounding statements. Mark, for instance, Weber's articles about symphonies by Beethoven. Many of Schumann's swans turned out to be poor noisy geese. Tschaikowsky, though not posing as a critic, wrote curiously concerning contemporaries and predecessors in his letters. Saint-Saens has more than once asserted that Gounod's oratorios would outlive "Faust." Opinions expressed by Bizet in his letters have persuaded M. Jean Marnold and others that Bizet was not a born musician of fine taste and high aims. Debussy has written querly about his brethren in art. Wagner was notoriously unfair toward Schumann, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. And so on through the catalogue.

On the other hand Sainte-Beuve's critical articles far outweigh in value his own romance and poems and many of the volumes by others that he discussed. The critic may be more of a creator than the man he criticizes. Too many works, literary and musical, are only an excuse for an article. Oscar Wilde treated this subject admirably.

Concerning the Theatre in London

Mr. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette (June 22) noted signs that the dramatic season was drawing to an end. Only 15 of 32 West end theatres were then open, and the number would soon be smaller. "It has been a largely unprofitable season, and, as usual, the cause of the failure is the indifferent quality of many of the plays produced. Quite a long list of works could be named which ran no more than a fortnight; a good many ran less than a week. There is a rumor, too, that there is going to be no autumn drama at Drury lane this year, though I have not seen an official statement to that effect. The playgoing habit is by no means dropped by the general public. In spite of the war and of the increasing prevalence of private mourning there are still thousands of Londoners who are eager for the artistic and emotional relaxation the playhouse can so uniquely provide. Several productions have, indeed, continued to **draw crowded houses for months past.** 'Quinneys,' 'Peg o' My Heart,' 'Potash and Perlmutter,' and 'The Man Who Stayed at Home,' for instance, have all been entirely successful. None of them is a great play in any sense of the term, but the sentiment in each is pleasant, and in each there is consummate acting."

"Two things were certain when the war broke out," says Mr. Walbrook. "One was that if the theatre was to prosper, the war must be left alone by [illegible] tists. The other [illegible] what is called [illegible] was over. People were very [illegible] to go to the theatre to have a [illegible]ulacrum of the realities in France and Belgium set before them, neither were they in the mood for the 'risky' type of play of which a great deal too much had been seen in the time of peace. The majority of managers took the latter of these friendly hints, and 'naughty farce' practically disappeared. Here and there a piece of the kind was revived, generally with more or less disastrous results. The other hint, however, was not taken, and theatre after theatre sought to attract the public with serious war dramas. The result of the policy will probably cause its abandonment. The success of 'The Man Who Stayed at Home' does not affect the argument, as this play is almost entirely farce, and is played as such. The probability is that as the war goes on the playgoing tendency will diminish rather than increase, and it therefore becomes more than ever incumbent upon managers to consider the situation with the utmost care. The enthusiasm with which the Notting Hill public received the admirable performances of comedies by Shakspeare and Sheridan, during the recent season of Mr. Henry Herbert and his company, suggested that there is a great chance now for intelligent, modest, and spectacularly adequate revivals of such glories of our dramatic literature as 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The School for Scandal,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

Two new plays were produced by Mr. Rosmer at the Criterion Theatre June 18. We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette: "Like the good host in the Scriptures Mr. Milton Rosmer at the Criterion Theatre last night kept his best wine to the last. The little play called 'The Devil Among the Skins,' by Mr. Ernest Goodwin, with which the programme concluded, proved a thoroughly diverting dramatization of the well-known fairy tale of the tanner who traveled the roads with a little devil stowed away in his pack of skins, and used him for the comforting of an honest cottager, the moral chastisement of a dishonest wife, and the sound cudgelling of an amorous friar. Mr. Goodwin calls his play Boccaccian, and of course there is the Boccaccian touch in the purposes of the friar; but the story is a good deal more Early English than Italian. Admirably acted by Mr. Rosmer as the tanner, Miss Irene Rooke as the wife, Mr. Randle Ayrton as the cottager, and Mr. William Staveley as the friar, it kept the audience highly entertained, and had a most hearty reception.

"The three-act comedy, 'The Road to Raebury,' by Mr. Harold Brighouse, which preceded it, proved to be a curiously unequal work. Those who recall Mr. Brighouse's 'Odd Man Out' at the Royalty some two or three years back know he can write first rate farce. Here, for two acts, he seems to be aiming at high comedy, with the sufferings of an aristocratic dame at seeing her son married to the daughter of a wealthy pleblan, as its chief 'interest.' Nothing can be more unreal than Mr. Brighouse's supposedly well bred folk. They are, indeed, as ill bred and uncomfortable as it is possible to be. In the third act, however, he reverts to farce and at once becomes highly diverting, with the result that the play ended in a succession of hearty laughs and a great deal of applause. The author should, for the present, at any rate, keep to farce. Miss Rooke as the aristocratic dame bore herself through two acts with a perfectly monumental composure, and came nearer to being an instrument of intellectual devastation than we should have thought her ever capable of reaching. In the third she was amusing, and, of course, in all she was beautiful to the eye. Mr. Rosmer as the wealthy pleb, and Miss Dorothy Ripley, as his daughter, also distinguished themselves by the valor and consistency of their efforts to make unreasonable figures seem reasonable. But it must have been collar work."

A sequel to "Odds and Ends," a review at the Ambassadors, entitled "More," by Harry Grattan, pleased the audience on June 18. "Strenuous seaside girls and the comic husband are in the English, 'Wash me'; a lighter humor, with daintiness and charm, are found in the French scene, whilst the American, with its 'view of the United States,' is full, of course, of thrilling noise, with vastly amusing work from the two principal comedians." There is a command performance, in which famous actors enter a darkened stage and are heard without being seen.

In "reviews" brought to Boston from New York parodies of many plays are unintelligible because the plays themselves have not been heard here. Imitations by this or that young and sprightly woman are often ineffective for a like reason. Now the Liverpool Commonwealth Company appeared at the Coliseum June 21, in a review "Hullo Repertory," written by Ronald Jeans, and filled with wheezes at the expense of reviews in general and the Liverpool Theatre in particular. The following review of the review by Mr. Walbrook is of general application. "It cannot truthfully be said that all the allusions 'went down.' After all, it was hardly to be expected that they would. What does the average London music-hall audience [illegible]

...s Hornblower,' who claims to have founded the first repertory theatre? [A]mong playgoers there are many wh[o] know all about the career of Miss Julia Neilson, for instance, yet have never heard of Miss Horniman of Manchester. And what does the average music-hall audience know of a certain play called 'Lonely Lives'? What significance does it attach to jokes upon the names of Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Iden Payne and Mr. Basil Dean? What does it know of Miss Estelle Winwood? And has it ever heard of this Liverpool company and its brilliant little season at the Kingsway Theatre only a month or two ago? Did it know that, in one deliciously funny scene last night, 'The Blindness of Virtue' was being caricatured, and that in another 'A Woman of No Importance' was being as humorously turned upside down? We fear that every one of these questions must be answered in the negative. In other words, a review which would have been a complete success with the very special audience at the Kingsway Theatre last month was 'caviare' to the Coliseum public last night." Mr. Walbrook added that a comic soldier should be eliminated. "These are not the times for the comic stage soldier." It was suggested that an Irish song, "A Broth of a Boy," could be spared; "and perhaps one verse of Mr Dazzle Bean's ditty would suffice for human nature's daily food." Yet there were good things in the review—a burlesque list of dramatic masterpieces—among them "Legs and the Woman," and there was a funny travesty of the Irish Players.

"Ma'amselle Tralala" has been revived at the Garrick under the title "Oh, Be Careful." Much of the original Viennese music has been cut out and replaced by airs from the "lively pen" of Melville J. Gideon. "Perhaps the pleasantest feature of all is the disappearance of the male chorus."

The jubilee of "Maskelyne and Devants" is a reminder that Mr. J. N. Maskelyne claims to have introduced the matinee in London. Observing how few afternoon entertainments there were at that time he arranged a series of matinees, frequently being able to advertise "The only entertainment in London this afternoon." Sir Henry Irving, who went to some of these performances, remarked on the good attendance, and shortly afterwards tried matinees himself, with such success that the practice was quickly copied by other managers.—Daily Chronicle.

A Note on Modern Published Plays

British dramatists often regret that the sales of published modern plays should be so much smaller in England than they are in France. There are two reasons. One is that in French plays long speeches are popular, and long speeches make, as a rule, good reading. Here the convention is that everything should be short—"broken up" is the correct theatrical term. The other reason is that in France plays, as a rule, are published without all the stage directions which are so useful to the stage manager and actor, but so tedious to the general reader. Here they are, as a rule, included in the book. Let me given an instance. Mr. Vachell's play, "Searchlights," has just been published by Mr. Murray. Here is the love scene from its third act:

HARRY.

Whatever the future holds for me, Phoebe, it must hold you, or it will be no future at all.

(She stares at him. He smiles reassuringly and nods his head. Her face gradually lights up.)

PHOEBE.

(Ecstatically.) Say it again!

HARRY.

I love you!

(She gives a little gasp of satisfaction.)

You don't believe? If you will do exactly what I tell you, I'll make you believe. Will you?

(She nods shyly.)

Put both you little arms round me.

(She does so with an adorable modesty.)

Put your lips on mine. *(Kiss.)* No shirking!

(Bus—ad lib.)

(Triumphantly.) There! Do you believe me now?

That horrible phrase *"bus—ad lib."* will, naturally, puzzle a good many people. Some will wonder if *bus* means the old English word "buss": a kiss. It doesn't. It is an abbreviation of the word "business," which is a term used on the stage to indicate action without speech. And here is another extract from the same act:—

MRS. BLAINE.

(Rises R. C.) You don't—you can't mean to tell him? And—and you ask me—! *(Sinks, collapsed, into sofa.)*

(Blaine *walks to door C.)*

BLAINE.

(Opening door.) Harry!

HARRY.

(Off.) Yes, sir!

(Phoebe *helps* Harry *in.)*

(Blaine *C.,* Harry *to chair, Phoebe to head of settee.)*

Here "R. C." does not mean Roman Catholic: it means that the actress rises in a position towards the centre [o]f the stage, but rather nearer t[o] right than the left, and the "door C" means the door at the centre. Is not this sort of thing rather fatiguing? Really, a dramatist should turn a play into a book of recognizable literature before it is published. Compare with all this "Bus—ad lib," "R. C.," "C.," and the rest of it, the stage directions in the printed edition of "An Ideal Husband." The difference is rather interesting.—Mr. Walbrook in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Comic Opera and Choir Lofts

We read in the New Music Review for July a remarkable instance of "securalization of worship music." Mr. G. Edward Stubbs, who has charge of the pages pertaining to ecclesiastical music in this magazine and contributes articles conspicuous for their sound knowledge and good sense, says that the Heidelberg Stein Song from the "Prince of Pilsen" is "hardly the music that a minister should select for anthem use in the house of God"; but the Rev. Dr. —— of Baltimore, Md., has decided opinions about music. "He is not an admirer of the Palestrina school, and when he recently ordered the famous beer song to be sung by his choir and encountered a protest from his organist, Mr. ——, he promptly cut off that gentleman's official head, and told him to find a more congenial musical climate. According to the Baltimore papers, the Rev. Dr. —— sees no reason why the 'Prince of Pilsen' music is not spiritually nourishing and conducive to the religious life. He says:

"'The only real function of going to church is to worship. I consider it my duty to stimulate people to do good, to call them to worship and to present such music as will make them want to be good.

"'Most musicians believe it their mission to educate and refine the musical taste of their audience in church and elsewhere. Now, I take the diametrically opposite view in regard to church music. They have no more call to educate the musical tastes of the members of the congregation than I have to educate their tastes in fine arts or porcelain.

"'The real object of church music is for worship and to aid to better living. Of course, it should educate the audience, but only incidentally, not as its primary purpose.

"'I have been a pastor for 20 years. I have visited in the homes of my people and have come into intimate relationship with them, and I believe I know their views on the matter of church music.

"'It is just as fitting for me to preach to the congregation in French as for the choir to sing in words they cannot understand and in music they cannot enjoy, so we want the simpler and more melodious songs, the songs with rhythm in them. The choir sang the Heidelberg song with religious words substituted, and the congregation enjoyed it. But we want the choir to sing for the congregation, and not for its own ambitions. We are determined to make the church services popular.'"

Notes About Music and Musicians

The Daily Telegraph hearing Rachmaninoff's violoncello sonata, said that the players gave a "convincing account," which in itself was a feat, for, "in spite of a great deal of remarkably strenuous writing, one does not feel that there is much profound conviction at the back of it all. Rachmaninoff never seems at a loss for an appropriate phrase. He resembles in fact the practised rhetorician who can convince one against one's will, even though at the end he leaves one with a lurking suspicion that nothing of much moment has been said after all."

A Russian violinist, Leo Strockhoff, played at the Albert Hall in London on June 20 and displayed a beautiful tone and great delicacy. On his program was a sonata by Senaille and an ingenious etude of his own for violin alone on the prelude to which Rachmaninoff owes his name. "Such arrangements are scarcely desirable on artistic grounds."

J. B. McEwen's "Biscay" quartet performed on June 19 by the London String quartet—Mr. McEwen's eighth work in this form, "is in every sense successful."

Mr. de Pachmann gave a recital in London on June 19, when there were few vacant seats. "The famous virtuoso was in his most extravagant mood. The merry mannerisms for which he is as well known as for his playing have a twofold aspect. He is visibly delighted with his surroundings, his audience, the music he is to play, and, most justifiably, with his manner of playing it. So far they are natural enough, and rather lovable. But the cordiality with which they have invariably been received has encouraged him to give them more free play than is compatible with the occasion. Each titter from the audience prompts a new antic and each antic a titter, and the process threatens to become indefinte. Yet when M. de Pachmann, satisfied with the piano desk, the stool, the weather, and his nearest neighbors, at last begins to play, one readily forgets the distractions. Time has not robbed his touch of its magic. His extraordinary expressiveness makes his playing a genuine delight. He is one of the very few who can afford to coquet with great music without failing in respect to it, and even when he is least conscientious criticism is disarmed."

... [m]ay have made known the fact that Eugen d'Albert, the famous pianist, has become an Austrian citizen. The problem of D'Albert's nationality has long been a subject of controversy. For while it is an unquestionable fact that he was actually born at Glasgow and received the first part of his musical training in London, it is a matter of common knowledge that he long ago repudiated the notion that he could be ranked on this account as a Briton. Unlike Gilbert's patriotic sailor, in spite of all temptations to remain an Englishman, ho has persistently and passionately professed his allegiance to another nation. He once wrote: "My youth amid foreign surroundings where I was neither understood nor esteemed was not happy. I was a German through and through; my father, in spite of his name, was a born German, and so were my grandparents." D'Albert forgot to add, however, that his mother was an English woman, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, while his father—the well-known dancing master and writer of dance music—though born at Altona, was none the less the son of a captain of French artillery and of a German mother whose ancestors were Russian. His ancestry must be accounted, therefore, distinctly mixed.—Westminster Gazette.

At the beginning of the war a certain march was written by a certain composer. To avoid any actual mention of name or title, I will for the moment call it "The Call of the King," by Mr. X. It is a fine march, and, without being anything epoch-making, it is by far the best this war has produced. One may hear it on the Horse Guards' Parade or Trafalgar square, and I personally came across it at the Guild-Hall, being played by an orchestra of 80 instruments, the composer conducting. I was introduced, and learned the following facts, which I have since verified: As soon as the march was played it was liked, and one by one military and other bands asked for copies of the music. This means some 30 to 40 pieces to be written out in manuscript for each band. When the number of applicants grew to nearly 100 the composer despaired of ever writing out 3000 to 4000 pieces, and went to one of our chief (I suppose he would call himself the chief) publishers of band music. Would he publish it? (the composer asked nothing for himself). No; there was no money in band music. The next publisher was approached, and not only said the same, but added that he would not print the part at the composer's expense. Now hear the sequel. A manuscript copy was sent to the front. It was heard by the Germans, who picked it up at once. It went from trench to trench, from village to village, until it reached the big towns, and that march today, written by an English hand and dedicated to an English King, and refused publication by two English firms of repute, is now on sale in Berlin as the "Kaiser Wilhelm" March! Could anything be funnier (to the public), could anything be sadder (to the composer)? Surely such a state of affairs need not exist. I was a personal friend of the late Mr. Palmer, the well known Quaker of Reading, who left £27,000 for the encouragement of English music. It is interesting to note that not a single English composer of repute has ever benefited to the extent of a penny from that fund. It is practically frittered away in teaching indifferent amateurs to play German music (or at best to imitate it remotely). Were it properly administered there are dozens of musicians whose works would see the light and live who now are "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."—Daily Chronicle.

The Danger of Specializing in Any Branch

It is a dangerous thing to specialize in any branch of one's subject. One is always assumed to be ignorant of all else. I have been a propagandist of Russian and of modern French music, and associated with various pro-British movements that collapsed for want of a European war. In each case my special interest was contemporary music, and especially that which stood for the contemporary idea and not a rechauffe of tradition. In those days it was commonly assumed that because I knew more than was quite respectable about the moderns, I might be challenged with impunity on the classics. This led to some amusing experiences from which I have retained an unholy joy over the mistakes of my classical friends that would be more becoming in a younger man.

A mistake of that kind has occurred in the past week. In the fourth scene of Tchaikowsky's "Queen of Spades" the sinister old countess, discontented with modernity, mumbles a reminiscence of the music of her youth, for which purpose the composer has interpolated bodily the air "Je crains de lui parler la nuit." It occurs in one of Gretry's operas, and is included in most editions of the standard French operatic airs. It was delightful to find an accepted authority on the classics describing this particular episode of the opera as containing "true Tchaikowsky music." It is admitted that Gretry, who wrote during the French revolution, was sufficiently ahead of his day to foreshadow the Wagnerian Leit-motiv, but it has never been even suggested that he forestalled Tchaikowsky's methods.

The fact is, when one speaks of an authority on the classics, one has hitherto meant only the German classics. How many of these eulogists of tradition are familiar with the great French classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? The works of Rameau, to mention only one composer, are an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment. That charming soprano, Mme Rollet, whom Mr. Beecham introduced at the Albert Hall, recently gave me an opportunity of hearing Rameau's "Le Berger Fidele," a solo cantata in three connected movements. The work was new to me, and I welcomed the acquaintance with enthusiasm, combined with wonderment that our singers of classical bent should insist upon giving us music much of which is intolerably dull, whilst such music as this in available without infringement of their classical prejudices.

Some years ago Mr. Thomas Beecham, then making his first bows to British audiences, endeavored to inculcate a taste for this music. Lully, Rameau, Campra, Monsigny, Dalayrac, and this Tchaikovskyish fellow Gretr were among his favorites. Had he then had the Diaghileff Ballet at his beck and call I feel sure he would have raided that delightful ballet "Les Elements" of Destouches, in which King Louis XV. himself once pointed a royal and elegant toe. I was haunted at the time by an absurd jingle of the "Punch, brothers, punch" type, known to occulists, I believe, as a mantra. It ran something like this: "Oh, Thomas, Thomas Beecham, your mission is to teach 'em, that there's music just as fine grown on both banks of the Rhine."—Edward Evans, in the Pall Mall Gazette.

To the editor of the Daily Telegraph;

Sir: I, like my friend Dr. Ethel Smyth, am one of those unfortunates whose works have been hitherto principally published in Germany, and who there obtained that recognition in musical circles that I would fain have won at the hands of my fellow-countrymen. When the outbreak of war threw me back to England in August last, practically ruined and homeless, my old friends systematically and deliberately "turned me down" for wishing to work on to win the same recognition here that I enjoyed abroad; at such a moment. A prominent woman composer, and Suffragette to boot, wrote: "How can one think of orchestrating with one's country at such a crisis?" Others coldly advised me not to mention my wish to continue work that could "only be classed as a luxury" at such a time. From relief funds I went to wealthy friends and back again, but clearly I was a case for no one. Then, like Dr. Smyth, I hailed with joy the news that plans were afloat for the furthering of the interests of British composers. I wrote to singers great and small, including many of those whom in my old prosperous days I had helped to their place in the sun, both here, in Paris, and in Berlin. In vain. No one responded to my request to be given a hearing among others.

A promoter of concerts for British music once asked me if I would like anything of mine put on his programs; but here his patronage ceased. Perhaps he may have heard that I could not agree to Wagner being considered a nonentity because the Germans were today acting like the blackest barbarians that the world has known.

Then I gave a recital of my vocal compositions, with Frederic Austin and Jean Waterston to champion valiantly my cause before public and press. I was classed in consequence "in the front ranks of women composers"; as "full of lofty aims and ideas"; "musicianly and modern," etc.; and I felt, "At last! Now I shall get a footing in England"—just as Dr. Smyth felt in fact. This redletter day is now three weeks behind me—and still no sign comes that any singer or any concert-giver wishes to give a "leg-up" to a struggling Britisher who has surely some claim to be considered. I quite feel with Dr. Smyth that it would be more gratifying to be allowed to choose one's work for performance at a festival. But a harder case still is when at these times, with all the cry about the "patriotic" in music, any English composer who has won, indisputably, laurels abroad should be completely passed over by concert promoters and artists, perhaps only because he or she is not financially able to push himself or herself.

Hoping you will allow my letter a place in your columns, I am, sir, yours faithfully, ADELA MADDISON,

Officier d'Academie de France.

D'Abernon Chase, Leatherhead.

A LOST LAND

It was questioned the other day whether Bohemia, the land popularly supposed to be inhabited by painters, musicians, students, young professional men, born wanderers, is now on the map; whether even the Bohemia that has been described

...e ... [illegible] exists in th... [illegible] whether the only Bohemia ... the public is in the opera ... [illegible], and as remote or fabulous an oriental country with ... laws and customs invented ... for the purposes of comic ... Some remember Thackeray's description of the land; some ... quote a verse of John Boyle O'Reilly's poem and wish they could have dwelt there in their ..., but the scenes pictured by ... were not easily duplicated ... this country.

In the late Fifties and early Sixties there was an attempt to found a Parisian Bohemia in New York. The meeting place, a beer saloon, ... for a time famous. Men of ... table gifts sat at the tables. Henry Clapp, Jr., of Nantucket, George Arnold, Fitz James O'Brien, Stanley, Walt Whitman, Ned Wilkins, were only a few of them. Mr. Howells viewed them curiously and wrote about them in a not wholly ... manner. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was not unknown at Pfaff's. His verses about a meeting there are not to be found in the definite edition of his poems. One or two of the Bohemians were killed in the civil war. The most prominent of those now living is Mr. William Winter, whose sketches of co... fill several pages of his admirable preface to Fitz James O'Brien's tales and poems.

But the youthful recklessness soon ...; the glory soon departed. The brilliant woman that was called the Queen of Bohemia died of hydrophobia and Robert H. Newell's "Avery Glibun," in which she figured, was long ago forgotten. The Parisian Bohemia itself became legendary. The painter and musician are no longer proudly long-haired; the journalist lazy and a roisterer, no longer "dashes off" brilliant articles on the sloppy table of a tavern; even the medical student is ... minded.

When "Murgerism" flourished in its birthplace, there were Frenchmen that looked on it sourly, nor ... they strait-laced. Gautier ... the frequenters of cafes as ...; Balzac had no time to ...; Hugo was already a god in ... temple; the elder Dumas was too ... a personage to be confined within a room. The feuilletonists and other wits that met at Tortoni's were too superior. In later years ... was as one born belated. In Paris, as now in Boston or New York, the man whose instincts are conventional is as an artist outwardly smug. A sojourn in Bohemia would be a shabby adventure, ... the country could be found.

It may be remembered that a few months ago there was a discussion in this column about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Seven Seas. One correspondent ... that Mr. Kipling drew his title from the Persian.

Notes and Queries of June 26 contains this note: "According to T. P.'s Weekly for Nov. 21, 1914, Mr. Kipling himself stated that the Seven Seas are: 'North Atlantic, South Atlantic, North Pacific, South Pacific, Arctic ocean, Antarctic ocean, Indian ocean. Which Seven Seas include all the lesser ones.'"

His Confession.

As the World Wags:

Your discussion of profane swearing prompts me to confession. I swore my first oath profanely when I was about ... years old and under great provocation. The horse I was driving had a ... on a hot day three miles from home, with the result that the shafts were dislocated from the carriage. For some reason I picked up those shafts, placed ... on my shoulder, and undertook to drive the beast a mile or more to a place of refuge, walking behind as I drove. A great many uncomfortable things happened between the heat, the horse and the awkward burden of the shafts, and I suddenly found myself swearing like the army in Flanders, and, shame to me, I've never ceased, though I am now the grizzled father of grown girls, and, according to my ... and faculties, a respectable citizen. I don't swear when angry. I ... of Louvain, I can ... speak of the protective tariff without ... words, but when my collar button goes ... I burst out into the most dreadful imprecations, and I have a varied and picturesque vocabulary for like trivial occasions. My vile language is, of course, meaningless, but I seem unable to stop using it. The words rise to my lips apparently without my volition, and counting ten does no good. What can I do? By the way, let me pay tribute to the local speech. I think what we call gentlemen are far less apt in Boston to use profane words than men of corresponding position south of Mason and Dixon's line. Is this an inheritance from Puritanism, or a mark of superior civilization? Was there a time when Bostonians swore in their homes and at their clubs?

Boston, July 10. PENITENS.

There are one or two families in Boston, families of high position and commanding influence, whose members for many years have been noted for the freedom and violence of their "cussin' and damning." They are conscious of this family trait, but it is not easy to determine whether they are proud or secretly ashamed of it. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that he seldom hears oaths in the clubs which he frequents. By oaths he means the profane use of sacred names. The hardest and most offensive swearing he ever heard was not among roustabouts on a Mississippi steamboat, not in an East side barroom of New York, not near a Virginian postoffice as the villagers were waiting for the mail, but in a New England tavern where the sons and grandsons of pious farmers and storekeepers were playing pool with the butcher and the landlord.—Ed.

Araphorostic.

As the World Wags:

Moved by the editorial article "For All Seasons" published in The Herald I picked up "Pelham," which I had not read for 30 years. I came across this sentence: "Do you think, because you are as impervious as an araphorostic shoe, that I, Joan Russelton, am equally impenetrable?" What in the world was an araphorostic shoe? Pelham for the first time seeing the beautiful Ellen and following her as she entered a perfumer's shop wondered whether she would purchase "the gentle bouquet du roi, the cooling esprit de Portugal, the mingled treasures des mille fleurs, the less distinct but agreeably adulterated miel." Are these perfumes now in use? I confess I enjoyed Bulwer's novel in spite of the hifalutin that was admirably parodied by Thackeray, and the tiresome quotations with which Vincent, Pelham and others interlarded indiscriminately shrewd remarks and dreary platitudes. LEONIDAS SWETT.

Corn Hill, July 9.

An araphorostic shoe was an unsewed or seamless shoe. "Pelham" was published, we believe, in 1828. Three or four years later araphorostic sandals were the fashion in England. By the way, a London journalist noted a fortnight or so ago that few English people now wear "rubber goloshes." "The prominent part played by the Rev. Robert Spalding's goloshes in 'The Private Secretary' helped to bring them into discredit." As for the perfumes, we do not know. Our views concerning women and perfumes are in sympathy with those of Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick and Henry of Navarre. Unlike Mr. Mulligan of the Mulligan Guards, we do not revel in scented soap.—ED.

July 13 · 1915

A London journalist asks: "Where are those 'elastic side boots' beloved by the men and women of the sixties?" He probably refers to the boots known in this country as "Congress gaiters." Why "Congress"? Countrymen visiting Washington, D. C., thought that members of Congress always drank Congress water. Perhaps they did; undoubtedly they needed it. But did they necessarily wear Congress gaiters? The true western statesman was proud of his leg boots. The popularity of the Congress gaiter in this country was due to the ease with which it was put on. It was the shoe for fat men, for indolent persons, for those that were mentally down at the heel, discouraged and depressed.

Where are these shoes now? But what has become of all the herdics and where is Peter Herdic? Where are all the old fashioned carpet-bags, the moss agate rings and sleeve buttons, the hair jewelry, the mustache cups and napkin bands? Where are the revolving casters that were once the centre ornament of the dining room table. "What will you have from the caster?" Where are the clinking silver plated ice water pitchers with gold lined goblets that stood on the sideboard or on the table in the directors' room of a bank or office of some corporation? What an amazing amount of junk there must be in this world, including ... that were ... a time prodigiously popular, serious books that were once called, definite final, epoch-making!

Uplifted.

As the World Wags:

It is interesting to note the uplifting effect of the Drama League and similar educational processes upon a debased popular taste and a regrettable illiteracy in the matter of plays. A young man entered a publisher's shop the other day and asked for a play which he briefly, but not very luminously described. "What is the title," said the shopkeeper? "You can search me," responded the student of dramatic culture, "but it's all about a priest." The play turned out to be "Richelieu."

BABBLINGTON BROOK, D. D.

Sharon, July 10.

"Hey, Rube!"

As the World Wags:

It must have been a good while ago —perhaps too long for the strictly present purposes of journalism—that I read in your column an inquiry regarding the cry—"Hey Rube"—and its origin. I find in a volume entitled "Ins and Outs of Circus Life," written by the late John H Glenroy, the once-famous bare-back rider, and privately printed in Boston, in 1885, the following passage bearing upon this matter:

"It was during our stay in New Orleans in the summer of 1848, that I first heard the cry of 'Hey Rube.' I came about this way. Thomas Osborne was a member of our troupe, and one evening during our stay he went with some of the rest of the company to a dance house, and there got into trouble and was knocked to the ground with a slug shot. On being knocked down he shouted out 'Hey Rube' to one of the other members of the company, and every member of the circus who was in the hall immediately went to his assistance, and from that time forth the cry of 'Hey Rube' has been known as a rallying signal among circus men in trouble."

Glenroy was clerk at the Merrimac House, Boston, up to the time of his death. ABEL SEAMAN.

"The Spigot," Hull, July 11.

Personal.

One of the wealthiest men in England, the head of a great industrial concern, was walking yesterday in the West End. He gave a sovereign to a lady collecting for a charity; and the lining of his own frock-coat was in rags.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Only a rich man can afford to be poorly dressed. He is then praised by snobs for his simplicity, his democratic manners. "You would never know he was rich." He often smokes cigars that recall a burning rag, a whiff from the passing garbage wagon. His watch chain is a leather string. His hat is not contemporaneous. Once in London a waiter questioned the ability of a Duke of Norfolk to pay for a cucumber out of season, absurdly costly, and was only persuaded to serve it when the landlord said: "Give him three." Outrageously wealthy men have their little affectations fearing lest the poor but more fortunate may resent their prosperity.

Eugenics in Trieste.

My information concerning Trieste should interest those whom the war excites to geographical and sociological research. During the last few years there has been a slight decline of population. A city official devised a scheme of compulsory matrimony. On a given date in each year all spinsters who had reached 25 and bachelors 30 should be required to present themselves before the syndic in whose jurisdiction they resided. Physicians should determine whether they were sound. The names of those accepted would be sorted according to sex, placed in separate urns and then drawn two at a time. The couples whose names were drawn together were to be joined in matrimony. The municipal council ridiculed the scheme so that it was abandoned. The members evidently had no sense of humor. They should have tried the plan at least once.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Eleanor Gordon and the Craig Players in "The Blue Mouse," a farcical comedy in three acts by Alexander Engel and Julius Horst. American version by Clyde Fitch.

Augustus Rollett	William P. Carleton
Philip Scarsdale	Theodore Friebus
Mr. Wallus	Donald Meek
Matterson	George Ernst
Mr. Llewellyn	Al Roberts
Perkins	Robert Capron
Moss	Robert Long
Paulette Divine	Miss Eleanor Gordon
Mrs. Rollett	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Mrs. Llewellyn	Miss Kate Ryan
Lizzie	Mrs. George Hibbard
Annie	Miss Beatrice Loring

A brisk performance of the breezy play was given at the Castle Square yesterday. The story is familiar. Mr. Llewellyn, the elderly and dapper president of a railroad, has an eye for feminine charms. He has had numerous secretaries and their promotions have always occurred because of his interest in their pretty wives. Augustus Rollett, the present secretary, is aware of his chief's amiable weakness. ... in ... to ... captivate ... promotion.

The absurd complications which ensue are as amusing as the characters themselves are humorous and ... There is Mrs Llewellyn ... and tearful; Lizzie, Paulette's ... mother, given to sentiment and a German accent; Mr. Wallus, the ... farmer from Cohoes, father of the ... Mrs. Rollett.

Yesterday was notable, besides Miss Gordon's impersonation, for the appearance of Miss Kate Ryan as Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. George Hibbard as Lizzie. Both were warmly welcomed.

Miss Gordon found in Paulette a congenial role. She was vivacious, irresponsible and exuberantly temperamental. The humor of the part did not escape her. Mr. Carleton, Miss Barnicoat and others in the cast were effective, while Mr. Roberts gave a capital portrayal of the amorous and fidgety Llewellyn and Mr. Meek was realistically rural.

Next week Miss Mary Young will appear in "Baby Mine."

MEISTERSINGERS AGAIN HEAD B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Several Other Excellent Items on Program.

The Meistersingers continue as the leading attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, presenting their new scenic spectacle, "The Flag Station." Ten selections are given by chorus and soloists. A. Cameron Steele, in "Roll on, Deep and Dark Blue Ocean," made a big hit last night, as did Arthur ... Cole of the Weber quartet in "Sitting in the Twilight."

Belle Blanche comes to B. F. Keith's from George M. Cohan's "Hello Broadway" and introduces an array of impersonations. Irene Franklin, Nora Bayes, Calve, Jack Norworth, Eddie Leonard and Julia Sanderson were ... a few of those whom she portrayed. They were all good, her work as Nora Bayes and Eddie Leonard being perhaps the best.

Ben Welch, the Hebrew comedian, brings one of the best monologues, Yiddish or otherwise, ever put over the footlights. He touches on business, love, finance, baseball and everything else in his half-hour chatter, and before leaving the stage indulges in a running comment upon the acts that preceded his own.

A novel sketch is presented by Julie Ring and company entitled "Twice a Week." The scene is laid at the gateway of the village cemetery, where a widow of three years and a widower of two meet, each carrying a bouquet. While waiting for the keeper to open the gate widow and widower discover that husband and wife, now resting upon the other side of the gate, were accustomed to meet clandestinely. The flowers brought for the graves are thrown away and Mrs. Moreland (Julie Ring) and James Benton (James Norval) leave the stage in a realistic thunder shower headed for dinner and a cabaret.

Joe Ratliff and Jack Anthony in "The College Man and the Wop" are good. The Horelik Gypsy Troupe comprises 14 forest wanderers in song and dance. The Lelands as paint-o-graphists present an artistic oddity, and Ed Morton passes muster as a singing comedian on his own successes.

June 5 '15

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Edith Taliaferro, visiting star, and the Lonergan Players in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a play in four acts, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. The principals of the cast:

Abijah Flagg	Eddie Plesner
Miss Simpson	Amy Ricard
Miranda Sawyer	Ann[illegible]
Abner Simpson	Jack B[illegible]
Jane Sawyer	Jeanne Post
Adam Ladd, "Mr. Aladdin"	John Me[illegible]
Mrs. Perkins	Emma De W[illegible]
Jeremiah Cobb	Tom White
Rebecca Rowena Randall	Edith Taliaferro

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The Craig Players in "All the Comforts of Home," a farce comedy in four acts by William Gillette.

Alfred Hastings	William P. Carleton
Tom McDow	Donald Meek
[illegible] Langbarn	Theodore Friebus
[illegible] Pettibone	[illegible]
Theodore Bender	Al Roberts
Christopher Dabney	George [illegible]
[illegible]	Glen[illegible]
Augustus McSnath	Morrill Morrison
[illegible]	P. [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	John Lesley
Evangeline Bender	Miss Doris [illegible]
Josephine Bender	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
Rebecca Pettibone	Miss Angela [illegible]
[illegible] Pettibone	Miss Sylvia [illegible]

ELEANOR GORDON APPEARS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Fiske O'Hara Another Prominent Entertainer on Bill.

Fiske O'Hara, the tenor, in a ... of Irish ballads, and Eleanor Gordon in her own company ...

... Head-Hunters ... week at B. F. ... Theatre. Both had enthusiastic ... tions at last night's performance. Mr. O'Hara sang an admirable selection of ballads, introducing one or two compositions written especially for him. But the old favorites, as "Killarney's Lakes" ... the greatest hits.

Miss Gordon's sketch is rather improbable. It is the story of the loss of a jewel each night, the suspicion of the son by the detective, and the ultimate discovery that the owner of the jewels has been stealing them in her sleep. Miss Gordon has the part of Mrs. Betty Pasternot, whose jewels have been disappearing, while Richard Pasternot, her son, is played by Guy Milham. Felix Krembs has the role of Angus McTavish, the detective, and the girl in the play—Richard's sweetheart whom he brings home to marry—is taken by Jean Barret. Miss Gordon makes the most of her part, but "The Discovery" is far from being tremendously effective.

A novelty is Charles Ahearn's big company of cycling comedians, terminating with the great race between the 300 Horsepower Red Devil and Percy Whirlwind, the world's champion. Probably no act in vaudeville carries so vast a lay-out of parapher-nalia as this specialty. There are all kinds of cycles, all sorts of machines propelled on the cycle theory, that race around the stage and add to the amusement.

Hans Kronold, 'cellist, played several of the more popular selections, including the Traumerel, The Rosary and Humoresque.

Others on the bill were the black-face team of LaFrance and Bruce; Stewart and Donohue, dancers; the Misses Campbell in a musical specialty; Samoyna, an acrobat, and Kluting's animal entertainers, in which dogs, cats and pigeons appear.

Douglas Fairbanks is announced as the star for next week.

July 14 1915

PUNCH AND THE WAR

The Koelnische Zeitung has come to the conclusion that Punch is not the paper that it was. There is no longer the "gentle sprightliness" that characterized it. It is "personal" and "abusive." It has grossly violated good taste by picturing Kaiser Wilhelm as a perjurer and a murderer, even introducing his sacred personality close to a gibbet. The Koelnische Zeitung has nothing to say about the brutal cartoons against the allies published in Jugend and other German periodicals; nothing to say about the abominably unjust attack on this country that recently appeared in Fliegende Blaetter.

Punch for over seventy years has waged war against national enemies. The cartoons against Napoleon III. and against the Russians of the Crimean war are now of peculiar interest. The savage cartoons against the North during our civil war, and especially those against Lincoln, were hardly atoned for by the verses on Lincoln's death attributed to Tom Taylor. In view of the present temper of the English people, remembering Louvain, Rheims, the atrocities culminating in the torpedoing of the Lusitania, should the motto of Punch be "gentle sprightliness"? Nor are leading members of the staff content with pen and pencil as weapons. The editor, Sir Owen Seaman, is a platoon commander of volunteers; Bernard Partridge is a member of a volunteer rifle corps, and Raven Hill is a musketry instructor to the National Guard.

Emerson said that Punch published a good joke once a month. Artemus Ward, writing to Vanity Fair, explaining that something he had said was a "goak," claimed that a comic paper should occasionally publish a joke. Punch has succeeded during the first year of the war in being satirical, amusing and flaming by patriotic in every number. Believing that Kaiser Wilhelm is responsible for the war, it has portrayed him as responsible, and with righteously savage indignation. Thus it has expressed the feelings and convictions of thousands outside the British empire. And in lighter vein the picture of a German family cultivating at breakfast hatred of England for the day was a more efficacious answer to Lissauer's poem of hate than serious attempts to outrival the poem in the expression of malignity.

... the ..., the father;
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar;
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining table.
He would hold a scroll of something.
Hold it firmly in his left hand;
He would keep his right-hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Mr. Johnson on Art.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps you remember how other members of this interesting family insisted on posing before Hiawatha's camera; how each one wished to be effective. In tho earlier years of American portraiture the public official, statesman, Governor, what not, was painted with a purple or red curtain behind him, or he was apparently in the open air with a thunder storm in the distance. One hand pointed to a manuscript on a table, or he grasped a roll of statutes, resolutions, a printed volume. Later, a man of property was painted in the act of signing a check with a quill pen.

Then there were the formal engravings that once decorated New England homes: "Walter Scott and His Friends," "Washington Irving and His Friends." They were on the walls with "The Death Bed of Daniel Webster" and "The Court of Death"; nor should that picture of the regicide appearing with drawn sword in the village of Hadley be forgotten, or the series entitled "The Voyage of Life."

Today I am interested in the portraits published in the illustrated sections of our newspapers—groups of men and women—a coaching party, a wedding party on the lawn, members of our untitled aristocracy looking at a game of tennis, at a race course—"prominent guests" at a dinner in honor of a still more prominent person. How vacuous in photography is the appearance of many, respectable or even illustrious! If the women are seated, they are advertising certain brands of hose. Nearly all of the noble dames and desirable maidens, sitting or standing, show their teeth, arrogantly, aggressively, in an exasperating manner, like the women who, in pictorial advertisements, trumpet forth the efficacy of this tooth powder and that tooth paste. O the groups of fashionable idlers, carefully identified that hoi polloi may be enlightened! "From left to right, seated, Mr. Sokerton, Mrs. Flybynight, Miss Mazuma, Mr. Simoleons, Mrs. Doolittle." And so on, and so on. No wonder that Life and Puck have made mock of these groups. This mockery no doubt flatters the vanity of men and women thus portrayed on a page that includes fleshly showgirls and the latest phenomenal baseball pitcher.

It is not a question of whether the likenesses are faithful. I read not long ago in a London newspaper that few photographs of the present English statesmen would be recognized by the average reader. "Photographs of politicians usually appear only in snapshots, when the Minister for Something appears with a front leg stuck out, walking at an absurd angle, an alien smile on his under-jaw and the rest—top hat or shadow."

The iteration is tiresome. Why can I not take up a newspaper without seeing a photograph of, say, President Wilson's grand-child. I admire Mr. Wilson and wish him well, but why should the privacy of his rapture over a baby be molested? To me, and probably to thousands, all babies look alike. Looking at the grand-child just mentioned I can say what the man in Mark Twain's best story said about the jumping frog. If there are superior points, the photographer does not reveal them.

I also read that the trustees of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery have added to the collection portraits of Thomas Carlyle, author; Henry Prince of Wales, son of James VI. and I.; and Burke the murderer. Truly a catholic selection. But although William Burke and William Hare murdered at least sixteen in Edinburgh to sell the corpses as subjects for anatomical uses, was not Burke an Irishman by birth? Is he strictly eligible for membership in this gallery? It is a pity that Carlyle is not living to comment on the additions. In his letter to David Laing concerning the project of a national exhibition of Scottish portraits, he advised that no living Scotchman's portrait should be admitted; that modern pictures representing historical events should be barred; that whoever lives in the memory of Scotchmen is a historical character, whether conspicuous worker, speaker, singer or sufferer, "and we shall be glad to see the veritable likeness of him." Carlyle named at random Buchanan, Rizzio, Halles, Kames, Monboddy, Boswell, Burns, Janie Thomson and one or two others. If Carlyle admitted Rizzio as a Scotchman he would certainly approve the entrance of Burke. For Burke did memorable things. At the dinner immortalized by De Quincey, the toast, "The sublime epoch of Burkeism and Hareism," was drunk with enthusiasm. Burke was hanged in 1829. Hare escaped by acting as king's evidence. Some say that, very old, he used to beg in London; others, that he was comfortably settled in Ireland, where he did a little business now and then, but, as he observed with a sigh, only as a retailer. Carlyle as a worshipper of strong, active men would approve the trustees' choice of Burke, but would vote against Hare.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Boston, July 12.

For the Anti-Fly Committee.

Dr. A. Mearnes Fraser, the medical officer of health at Portsmouth (Eng.), has published an article of two pages showing how the dangers caused by the house fly may be prevented. He says in the last paragraph: "It has been stated that in a certain lunatic asylum one of the tests applied to find out if a patient is sufficiently recovered to be discharged, is to give him a broom and put him in a room with a water-tap turned full on. If he proceeds placidly to sweep up the water without turning off the tap, his standard of intelligence is not deemed to be high enough. The individual who endeavors to get rid of the fly danger by killing individual flies, and at the same time allows their breeding places to remain unheeded, is intellectually not far removed."

War Note.

The order for "10,000 lbs of dubbing for boots" might well perplex an American reader of English newspapers. "Dubbin" (the correct form), it appears, is a prepared grease for leather invented and manufactured by one Dubbin, who in the 70's lived in Canonbury. He used to advertise: "Rub in Dubbin!"

July 15 1915

"ONLY WAR NEWS"

Some complain of the newspapers because they contain "hardly anything except war news." They say that the news of any interest could be printed in a column. These complainers are not necessarily of a philosophic mind like unto that of Sir Thomas Browne, meditating at Norwich the quincunx in nature or examining into vulgar errors while England was torn by domestic strife. They are not always painful preachers of peace, for they gladly read the articles suggested by the centenary of Waterloo and wondered why Napoleon was defeated. They would welcome the true explanation of Hannibal's crossing the Alps. They will even discuss battles in our civil war. But to them the amazing, incredible conflict now raging excites too much attention. They note that in certain newspapers published the other side of the Mississippi other matters receive equal if not more extended consideration.

The persons thus complaining are undoubtedly in a great minority. Future generations will envy those now living in this country if only because their life was contemporaneous with the gigantic struggle. Who now of the older generation would forget his impression of the firing on Sumter, the news from Gettysburg, the mourning for Lincoln? The pages of the "Rebellion Record," which preserve the public spirit and feeling as expressed then in the newspapers of the North and South, are now pale while they were once hectic. The generations to come will not understand the indifference, real or feigned, of those who wished to read of other matters. Here was a war, they will say, that was to determine the future of many nations; a war between the absolutism based on military force and enlightened democracy; between the higher civilization and barbarism; a war in which the resources of science were used in a manner hitherto not imaginable; and yet we read in volumes of memoirs and anecdotage that some then living were not "interested" in it. They will also say: Was there ever a war in which from day to day fuller and more impartial accounts were published, not only the record of military, naval and aerial movements, but also of what might be called the sociological features of the contest?

A letter from "B." with reference to "The Old Un's" remarks about a revival of the old-time drama, is too long for this column. It will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

Needed Memoirs.

We have often wished that the head waiter at the Porphyry would write his memoirs. "No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's." At the Porphyry the head waiter might easily be mistaken by a stranger for a prominent member; not a charter member, for he is not caught asleep in a corner of the reading room; but a member of long and honorable standing, of whom fledglings, in their pride of belonging to the Porphyry, say to outsiders: "You know Thackins, of course; well, he's one of us." This head waiter has the gift of observation, especially when he is not observed. He has a retentive memory, also a sense of humor. What has he not seen, what has he not heard, in the Porphyry? If he should write his memoirs with the frankness of any famous autobiographer from Benvenuto Cellini to Lady Cardigan how many humble members would be exalted, how many "distinguished" members put down from their seats! Mrs. Golightly would learn that her husband, who at home is always growling about the cook, never complains at the Porphyry, although the melon may be bitter and the chops broiled to a crisp. The publication of the memoirs would flutter dovecots, while the general public would enjoy the peep show.

Lost Opportunities.

Men in these confidential relations with the great have written out their recollections. There is the book by the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette and other noble dames. There is the book of Maupassant's valet. There is the volume about Edward VII, as he was favorably known to his chauffeur. Some may call these books rubbishy backstairs gossip, impertinent and prying, not to be compared with the Yellow-plush Papers, yet they are human and inhuman documents. Would that there were more of them! The Daily Chronicle regrets that "Red Lion Mary," who cared for Burne-Jones and William Morris when they shared a studio in Red Lion square, did not write her reminiscences. We do know that one morning after breakfast Morris roared downstairs: "Mary, those six eggs were bad. I've eaten them, but don't let it occur again." We also know that Morris lunched daily on roast beef and plum pudding without regard to the season of the year. How greatly could Mary have added to our store of information!

Sometimes these domestic treasures are autobiographical in court—when a will is disputed, or there is question of a divorce—and then what delightful revelations! But the court room will not hold all of us and the reports in the newspapers are not always accurate; they are seldom full; sometimes they are necessarily expurgated. James or Mary Ann might better have dodged the subpoena and consulted an enterprising publisher who had Octave Mirbeau's "Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" in mind.

What would one not give for "Impressions of Mr. Richard Harding Davis" by his valet. As for Mr. Robert W. Chambers, he surely has two valets. It would be interesting to see whether their views coincided; whether there would be any discrepancy in their accounts of Mr. Chambers's method of composition. There are books by innkeepers with pleasant stories about their guests. We would welcome "Recollections of a Barkeeper"; "Famous Men I Have Driven," by any alert-minded Jehu; or the biography of a writer on cookery by her cook, preferably the one latest discharged. Our summer reading is not so lively or instructive as it might be.

Swearing Soldiers.

As the World Wags.

Various remarks about profanity published in your column remind me that Lord Wolseley became president of a society for the suppression of improper language. An Irish garrison was commanded by an officer famous for his oaths. Wolseley was inspecting it when the trumpeter, ordered to sound the "Charge," sounded the "Retreat." The officer was about to let fly when he saw Wolseley looking at him coldly. Then he gasped, stared, and finally shouted: "Oh, you naughty, naughty trumpeter!" GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, July 12.

Insured.

We read that in London eyeglasses are insured; that if they are knocked off and splintered, the possessor gets a new pair for nothing. "His policy costs him is 6d a year." Is this story true? Is there a similar insurance in Boston? We also read that a popular novelist in England has signed a contract for three new books, of which not a word has been written, and already received a substantial payment. Nor does the publisher have sleepless nights planning lest the novelist die be-

... the manuscripts are ... That's all right," said the publisher, "the risk's fully insured."

To Warneford.

Certain enthusiastic souls in England propose to introduce "Warneford" into the language as a verb meaning to destroy a Zeppelin with an aeroplane. They point to "boycott," to "bessemerize," etc. But no word is thus deliberately thrust into any language. The act that gives birth to the word must be repeated and more than once. Few "national anthems" have ever become national by law, proclamation, or even by the set purpose of poet and musician.

DANGEROUSLY FICTITIOUS

The Badminton Magazine published a story in which the villain was "Captain Stewart of the Supply and Transport." It turned out that there was a Captain Stewart of the Supply and Transport (India) very much alive and far from being villainous. The Badminton, therefore, was obliged to apologize and pay costs. This is only one of many instances in England of late years showing the risks novelists and playwrights run in choosing any name for a character that is not beyond reproach, a model for imitation, a bright and shining light. Among dramatists Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was perhaps the most recent sufferer. In France, too, authors have had these unpleasant experiences. The original name of Daudet's hero of Tarascon was "Barbarian," not "Tartarian." The story first appeared in Figaro and when Barbarin figured there, an old family of Tarascon by that name, wholly unknown to Daudet, naturally protested and threatened legal proceedings if the name was not immediately changed.

It was once the fashion for novelists and dramatists to choose names that would at once indicate the characters of their men and women. Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Malaprop, Squire Allworthy are a few names out of many. Fortunately this trick has been abandoned. No one would guess from the names given by Stevenson to his upright physician and monstrous villain the true nature of the dual character; indeed, Jekyll might be suspected rather than Hyde. Dickens and Balzac found names on street signs. The former had a rare gift. Could Mr. Quilp possibly bear another name? Mr Guppy could not possibly be Jones, Robinson, Thorne, or even Smallweed.

No matter how ingenious an author may be in coining names, somewhere, sometime, to his consternation a man bearing that name may be found. The list of names proposed from year to year for the New York Sun's Hall of Fame shows that there are surnames with Christian names which out-rival the wildest fancy. In England the law of libel is particularly wide-sweeping and absurd. It would seem that the only safety is in introducing no characters save those that are blameless as Homer's Ethiopians.

To no man does Fortune throw open all the kingdoms of this World, and say: It is thine, choose where thou wilt dwell! To the most she opens hardly the smallest cranny or doghutch, and says, not without asperity: There, that is thine while thou canst keep it, nestle thyself there, and bless Heaven! Alas, men must fit themselves into many things.

Our Public Manners.

As the World Wags:

The public conveyance manners of Bostonians are probably as good as those of other Americans; better, I should say, than those of Europeans. Courtesy has no part in them anywhere. One Boston experience, however, may be recorded as unique. The car in which I was riding stopped to take on a crowd from a public meeting. The seats were quickly taken and the standing room filled. Thereupon, I rose to give my seat to a prepossessing female. She dropped into the vacant place and at once entered into conversation with a man sitting next her. The calm intimacy of their remarks led me to infer that they were husband and wife, or perhaps brothers and sisters. ... never give up my seat to a woman now ... the delicate sensibilities of some "gentleman friend," already seated, would be wounded by the unconscious reproof implied in my action. W. E. K.

Boston, July 15.

Whenever manners are discussed here as "Strap Hanger," "Femina," or another, we remember the dear old lady in Chelsea, Vt., whose cookies, seed-cakes and gingerbread were incomparable. She never could bring herself to speak unkindly of any one. A village scapegrace was mentioned one afternoon, a wholly worthless fellow, a tavern loafer, a rake in his vulgar way, more than suspected of dishonest dealings. No one spoke a word in his defence when the fact that he had been jailed was mentioned until the old lady said: "Well, Jonas's manners was always easy."

City Birds.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is always witty; more than entertaining in your column this morning. Anent the "square wheel" or wheeled electrics—they are not confined to the district where Mr. Witherspoon formerly lived, but are indigenous and flourish nearer the downtown districts.

As to birds. Within four to six minutes from Park square we often hear Mr. Cock Robin at daylight and occasionally see him perched on top branch or bough of a tree nearby, just making his season's note. About the pewee—or Phoebe—I am not quite sure. Regarding the crows, that's an anchor clinch; that many are young, the caws show. Mr. Witherspoon's yellowhammers—alluding to woodpeckers—while not common back of the house they are not rare.

HARRY CLINTON HOLMES, M. D.

Boston, July 9.

Docking Tails.

It is all very well to fine a stableman for docking a horse's tail, but what is to be said of the genteel person that orders the tail to be docked, the horse to be mutilated and tortured? The curb bit, the tight rein, the spur, the tail-docking! There is a curious passage in John Wesley's Journal. It was his habit to read on horseback. One day he asked himself: "How is it that no horse ever stumbles while I am reading?" he answered his own question: "Because then I throw the reins on his neck." "I then," wrote Wesley, "set myself to observe; and I aver that in riding above a hundred thousand miles I scarce ever remember any horse, except two (that would fall head over heels anyway), to fall, or make a considerable stumble, while I rode with a slack rein. To fancy, therefore, that a tight rein prevents stumbling is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently than most men in the kingdom can do. A slack rein will prevent stumbling, if anything will; but in some horses nothing can."

To go back to docking of tails. M. Francis Jammes wrote a pathetic little sketch, "The Paradise of Animals." There is a description of animals after death enjoying themselves. The horse could not believe that he was in heaven until he was assured that there was no man there.

That Old Tune.

Notes and Queries is still discussing the tune the old cow died of, a question that has interested some of our readers and prompted them to various explanations. Unfortunately, the contributors to Notes and Queries are exercised chiefly about Neil Gow, the fiddler (see the issue of June 26). "C. W. G." of Worcester writes here: "Here is an old one as sung in Ohio in the good old times. The tune is as doleful as the words. The author is doubtless 'snug neath the maple tree.'"

And this is the tune;
Ry, fol, dol, day, do.
Sung 'neath the maple tree,
Ry, fol, dol, day,
Ry, fol, dol, day,
'Tis the tune the old cow died on.

Tommy Atkins.

As the Herald stated editorially, various attempts have been made to identify Tommy Atkins. Is the story told by Col. Mackenzie in The Cornhill Magazine "authentic" and final? Mr. Arthur Mercer tells a different story in The London Times:

"Many will remember why our soldiers received this name in the first instance. How, in 1857, when the rebellion broke out in Lucknow, all the Europeans fled to the Residency. On their way they came upon a private of the 32nd Regiment (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) on sentry at an outpost. They urged him to make his escape with them, but he would not do so, and was killed. His name happened to be Thomas Atkins, and so, throughout the Mutiny Campaign, when a daring deed was done the doer was said to be a regular Tommy Atkins."

After all, one story is probably as good as another. "Tommy Atkins" is doing his duty in spite of the blundering at home, and that is more important than the origin of his name.

MERELY NUMBERED.

It is stated that the "Lz-37" destroyed by Lieut Warneford had on board several of Count Zeppelin's chief engineers; that the "Lz-38," blown up in its shed, was the most famous of all the Zeppelins. The story of the submarine "U-51" getting by the Gibraltar patrol is told at length. Machines of war known only by uninspiring numbers!

In the good old days locomotives were named after some public man or railway official; after a state, mountain, river, town; or a name was given symbolical of strength or speed. Vermont, Gen. Scott, Gov. Smith, Connecticut, Atlas, Vulcan, Mercury, Samson — engines thus named had a personal character. The tenders were often brilliantly decorated. A portrait or a landscape would be painted on the sides. Passengers and the loungers in the railway stations—they were then known as depots—were impressed. The arrival of a new locomotive made a sensation. There were boys that collected names of engines and bragged of a long list.

Warships, merchant vessels, tugs, even canal boats, have borne names in all countries. Names were given to warships to commemorate victories, to honor great men of the nation, or to strike terror to the foe. Sometimes these names, especially in the British navy, were grotesque, incongruous, ironical, a mockery in case of defeat. Our navy is more fortunate. It is a glorious thought, that of the states through powerful vessels bearing their names defending the national honor. The greater the ignominy if one of these leviathans of battle should be mortally wounded by some submarine known only by Arabic numerals, as a convict serving his term, as some poor day laborer under the padrone system.

Invention should not fail in finding names for these things submarine and aerial. The constantly increasing host of parlor and sleeping cars is in no instance nameless. Better to rest in the "Insomnia" than in car 56,895. The day may come, however, when names will wholly disappear. In the modern hotel the guest, prominent though he may be in his own city, a man of property, known possibly throughout the state, is only No. So-and-So. Mr. Henry James foresaw the day when a New Yorker would be entered in the directory as 185, No. 52 West Seventy-eighth street. Individuality in life is passing. The romance of war is gone. It is an age of mechanism. After all, why should not the parts of the machine, inanimate and animate, the destroyer and the destroyed, be numbered, not named?

The Bottles they drank out of are all broken, the Chairs they sat on all rotten and burnt, the very Knives and Forks they ate with have rusted to the heart, and become brown oxide of iron, and mingled with the indiscriminate clay. All, all has vanished; in every deed and truth, like that baseless fabric of Prospero's airvision.

Stomachic Recollections.

As the World Wags:

So the land of Bohemia and its fascinating coast have disappeared from the map of Paris as of New York! Bohemia, the real thing I never knew in New York, though I recall some offensive imitations. The best substitute was the old French Quarter, as it existed up to something like 25 years ago. It centred then about the corner of South Fifth avenue and Bleecker street, and the latter was its busiest highway. The French Quarter was a cheap and pleasant place to dine 25 years ago. Artists, waiters and everyday folk liked the Grand Vatel at the northwest corner of Bleecker and Wooster streets. Henri, his wife and his daughter administered the place. The guests dined in a rather large room with a sanded floor, a high ceiling and a grate in which on winter nights a cheerful glow accentuated the charm of the apartment. The napery ... have I seen ... Henri served ... generously settled down ... plate with the low and ... soup or what ... it might be. The cooking was delicious, and Henri would serve nought that was not in perfect condition. His wines were good and of moderate price, though nothing, whether food or drink, was cheap. It was an event to take Sunday morning breakfast at the Grand Vatel with the sunshine streaming into the room, its brilliancy doubled by the reflection of the dazzling tablecloth. Fruit, cafe au lait and eggs sur le plat cost 40 cents, and made a perfect breakfast. Such coffee I have never found elsewhere. It was served in a tallish mug, and the hot milk likewise. You poured the two together into a big bowl, and stirred your sugar with a long-handled tablespoon. The result was a drink fit for the gods. And how delicious was the bread, nearly all holes and crust!

What can have become of the suave bald-headed Henri? He went up to West Twenty-eighth street, where his prices went up too; but his cooking remained unimpaired. Thence widowed he found refuge in West Thirty-... street, and there I lost him. The French Quarter slowly scattered, and has ... together after a fashion in Seventh avenue above Twenty-third street ... it is not what it was.

JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

Boston, July 15.

Past Joys.

Bostonians like to read about old restaurants in New York. Do New Yorkers return the compliment? We doubt it; yet Mr. Ralph Edmunds, who has known the cookery of many cities here and in Europe, for many years, once told us that he always looked forward to a visit here on account of the ... fish and other sea food. But were there any better oysters than those ... served at Dorian's in Fulton street? It is a pity that Bacon's in ... Essex street no longer exists. The boxes with the curtains put one in mind of Dickens and countless pleasant tales, nor was the low laugh of the nymph in the adjoining box disagreeable to romantic consumers of ... and ale. There have been "Bohemian" resorts in Boston during the last ... years, but they were never the real thing. There were one or two ... houses that approached it, but the majority of places where food and ... were sold were restaurants in the ... noxious meaning of the word, ... with the obnoxious associations, ... the waiter ostentatiously filling a ... with iced water the moment ... sat down at table. A native Bostonian attempting to be Bohemian ... his city is like the small boy that writes a naughty word on a neighbor's front door and then runs away.

Sad Pilgrimages.

One of the saddest experiences ... is to visit a tavern, beer-house, ... house years after the student days. The place itself may be unchanged, the landlord may be alive, or the ... that smiled on the boys' frolics may ... be the landlord; the beer is the same, they say, to you it has not the same taste. But where is the crowd that ... night after night at the tables? The last time we were in London two ... famous taverns had changed in ... ter—we were older. What would ... not give to remember dropping into the Cock, Temple Bar, and seeing Tennyson dining with Lord Houghton. "We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one bottle of port ... three cigars." And what chops they were! Yet we have eaten Helderberg mutton in Albany, N. Y., that was as good as any we have tasted in England.

"Juvabit Meminisse" speaks of the "sanded floor" at the Grand Vatel. The sanded floor is far more important than a "dazzling tablecloth." The former is indispensable in the ideal tavern ... the latter is an annoyance. Let the victuals and drink be served on a substantial ... and polished table. Let the pewter clink on wood as the ale is drawn from the wood. A tablecloth goes well with bottled beer that has not been nicely cooled. In winter the fire in the grate should be of cannel coal or crackling wood. A fire of anthracite is little better than the odious humbug of gas logs.

Miss Mary Young, in "Baby Mine," will close the long season of the Castle Square Theatre next week. This season has been one of the longest and the most successful ever directed by John Craig, having run 47 weeks.

Margaret Mayo's farce is guaranteed to remove the blues from a person's system in one act. Miss Young will play the part of Zoie in which she made a hit last year. It is an odd coincidence that this play closed the season of 1913-14 also. William P. Carleton, Theodore Friebus, Betty Barnicoat, Al Roberts, Donald Meek, Robert Capron and George Ernst will appear next week.

The theatre opened Aug ... "O...rn...h." Then followed ... of the Golden West," ...

"...Ari... ...Prox...," "...Graustark," "The ... Do Well," "Madame X," "R...dy ...," "The Thief," "Paid In Full," "T... Much Johnson," "The Midnight ...," "In the Bishop's Carriage," "S...t Service," and "Snow White." The latter ran for two weeks.

The week of Jun. 4 was notable for ...enting three plays in that time. "Snow White" was given the first three matinees of the week. "Kindling" was ...sented the first three evenings. On Thursday night came the opening of the Harvard prize play, "Common ...lay." This play made a success at the outset and ran for 17 consecutive weeks thereafter.

"Maggie Pepper" followed "Common Clay." Then "Nearly Married," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "A Celebrated Case," "Within the Law," "All the Comforts of Home," "Years of Discretion," "The Yellow Ticket," "Shenandoah," "The Blue Mouse," and "Baby Mine."

The season will open early in the fall with a New York production of this season, John Craig announces. Almost all the favorites of the company will return next year to the Craig Players.

July 18 1915

The Herald published on July 8 a letter signed "The Old 'Un" in which the writer called for a revival of old farces and comedies that once delighted audiences at the Boston Museum, also burlesque of the J. R. Planche order. The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

In this morning's Herald you published a letter from "The Old 'Un," regarding a revival of the old-time drama, also appending some further remarks on the probable outcome of so doing.

Let me venture to remark that "The Old 'Un" is one of a considerate minority of present day theatre-goers who have the same desire in mind and strong recollections of what they saw in the good old days, so to speak. The great balance of theatre attenders are really ignorant of what these old plays are, most that is known by the average man or woman of today being based on published tragedies which, as near as I can figure out, have not been popular with the masses these last three hundred years at least.

But that there are some very fine plays, both comedies and farces, from the time, say, of Gay down, it can hardly be disputed.

Many of these lived in pretty active service for a hundred years or more and therefore must have appealed rather strongly to human nature.

This is more than can probably ever be said of most of the plays of our present generation.

That there is something wrong with the present offerings of the theatres can hardly be disputed, as the number of failures and very petty successes of the last season easily prove. Critics may approve or not, but the receipts tell the plain story.

The public are about tired of plays on the sex question and regarding real or alleged criminals, so some change must come.

It may be that adaptations or revisions instead of direct revivals may be in order, and it would not be surprising to see the movies set the pace at the start.

During all periods certain plays have been hugely successful because they appealed to existing conditions. When these conditions ceased the value of the piece was gone, therefore success at the time of presentation is no guarantee of a later success. Many plays which have been revived have probably been of this order but this sets no standard of failure for properly selected offerings.

The work of writing or selecting for presentation must be done by a master student of human nature as regarding plays as well as other things that are to appeal to the public taste.

I have not singled out any authors or plays to base opinions on, but in closing I would quote as a pretty good text on selecting of plays a few lines from a most admirable epilogue by George Colman annexed to his "Man of Business":

Modes oft may change, and old give way to new,
Or vary betwixt London and Peru;
Yet here, and everywhere, the general frame
Of nature and of man is still the same;
Huge ruffs, and farthingales are out of fashion,
But still the human heart's the seat of passion;
And he may boast his genius stands the test,
Who paints our passions and our humors best.

Cambridge, July 8. B.

That the public is tired of plays dealing with "real or alleged criminals" is by no means clear. On the contrary, nearly every play of the detective order has been successful in this city, when it was not preposterously incoherent, when it was fairly well played.

Does "B." believe that "The Beggar's Opera"—since he mentions Gay—would meet with any success today or interest any one except a student of the playhouse? Then there would be the danger of some sniffer after garbage calling on the censors to stop the performances.

As The Herald has often said, managers in this city should not be blamed for giving the public what it wants. Time and again within the last six years ... ...acted. The audiences were then discouragingly small. The average theatregoer would not have them. He shared the taste of Polonius, at least the taste attributed by Hamlet to the old chamberlain of wise saws. The Barrie of the later plays, Synge and other modern Irish dramatists, Masefield, Galsworthy, Besier and other dramatists have been neglected. "Fanny's First Play" was a stumbling block to many.

We do not believe that it is necessary for the "elevation of the theatre" to go back to old comedies and farces. The "elevation" of the public is more to be desired. There are admirable modern plays, serious, satirical and frankly written only to amuse.

Nor do we believe that audiences will be tired of plays "on the sex question" until playgoers themselves become sexless.

Notes About Plays and Players, Chiefly English

There is an interesting description in Prof. Weiner's "Interpretation of the Russian People" of a reading of "King Lear" to peasant children in a Russian Sunday school. The girls were daughters of cooks, laundresses, chambermaids, seamstresses. Few of them had had any experience of reading. Here is an extract:

"It seems to me they are both false," somebody whispers, the flattering speeches of Goneril and Regan are read. And, "Oh, Lord, how can they drive such a faithful servant away from the kingdom?" is the comment on the Earl of Kent. "He refuses because she has no dowry," a girl explains in a subdued voice to her neighbor when Cordelia's worthless fiance, the Duke of Burgundy, declines her hand. "She can't flatter," they say, sympathetically of Cordelia, whose part they take. The Fool amuses them, and his acrid speeches are generally understood perfectly well. "He means the King and his daughter," they remark, as they hear the Fool's song:

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.

When unfortunate Lear, having been insulted by his elder daughter, intends to go to the second daughter, somebody sadly whispers, "It seems to me she will do the same." The tragic situation of the unhappy old man takes more and more possession of the souls of the audience, and finally the scene in the heath moves them to tears. Through the repressed sobs which, by degrees, move the whole audience, you hear, at Lear's words,

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

a girl says in a trembling voice, "That's when he thinks of the poor. Want has made a different man of him."

The tragedy is read by a young woman, the teacher. She makes an effort calmly to end the reading of the drama, but during the scene when Lear awakens her voice trembles; and at Lear's voice over Cordelia's body—

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

Sobs compress her throat, and she quietly weeps over the book. For several minutes after the reading there is a profound silence. At last, one of the young girls says, as though recalling something: "I read something like it. The father was offended by his daughters—only he was a common peasant, and his name was Nikita. It was good, too."

"What a comparison!" retorted a more developed girl. "The other story was written for peasants, while this is for gentlemen."

"This is much better," added her companion. "There there is a happy ending, whereas such a story could never end well."

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, commenting on this scene—Prof. Weiner's book has recently been published in London—says: "That is surely a remarkable picture of a great tragedy taking possession of the souls of simple hearers, and being perfectly understod by them. And how excellent a criticism was that of the peasant girl, 'such a story could never end well.' There could hardly be a better instance of the spiritual insight which seems inborn in the Russian. One feels disposed to wonder how many English girls of the same class and age would be capable of such a comment? Not many, it is to be feared. And how many English dramatists—quite popular ladies and gentlemen too—have lacked the courage to be faithful to just such an artistic perception as that of the simple Russian girl!"

"Duty," a comedy by Seumas O'Brien, was performed by the Irish Players for the first time in London on June 28 at the Coliseum. The Irish Players played it in Chicago and Boston. The author was living in Lynn last season. His comedy is described by a London critic as a saucy little satire. "For a one-act play 'Duty' is long, the development of the situation and character being highly elaborate; but there is not a dull moment in it, and there are many richly humorous ones." "They say," observes the Head Constable, solemnly, sitting at the table and drinking himself blind, "they say that the royal Irish constabulary are the finest police force in the world. I often wonder what the others can ... ...each Mr. Walbrook says: "And of course every Irishman in the theatre knows that the compliment is richly deserved, and that, were it otherwise, the fun of the skit would lose all its charm."

The London Times said of "The Road to Raebury," by Harold Brighouse (the Criterion, June 18): "His people are married and given in marriage in about as little time as people in real life take to say, 'Good morning' or 'When will the war end?' They say things that fit the theatrical situation rather than things any one ever does say. In a word, Mr. Brighouse's personages are rather personified ideas (and remarkably familiar ideas at this time of day) than men and women as we meet them every day, outside the playhouse; and his play has thus the air of a game, of something done for a whim or a wager, rather than of life itself."

James T. Tanner, actor and librettist, died June 18 in a London nursing home. He passed cheerfully and with a plucky spirit through the final stages of cancer. Shortly before his death he handed to a Daily Telegraph reporter some notes of his career, saying: "These, old friend, may perhaps come useful when you come to write my obituary," and when the physicians found it difficult to diagnose his malady he remarked, "After all, what matter how it's named if they are unable to discover a cure." Born in London in 1858, he began, after a private school, in a shipping office, but he was bound to be an actor, so he went about in a humble capacity with a travelling stock company. He was afterward with Alice Lingard in repertoire, and as assistant stage manager. General manager for Van Biene, he wrote with Herbert Keene "The Broken Melody" for the 'cellist-actor. As a "producer" at the Old Gaiety, he wrote with Adrian Ross the libretto of "In Town" (Prince of Wales's Theatre, 1892). As librettist to the Gaiety he wrote, alone or in collaboration, "My Girl," "Don Juan," "The Messenger Boy," "The Toreador," "The Orchid," "The New Aladdin," "Our Miss Gibbs," "The Girl on the Film." He also wrote "A Country Girl," "The Cingalee," "The Quaker Girl," "The Girl from Utah," "The Dancing Mistress." "If none of these revealed any great sense of literary quality on the writer's part they at any rate showed a ready knack for quaint characterization and amusing situation." He is described as singularly modest and unpretentious, a man that preferred the country to city life, a genial, kindly soul.

Miss Wish Wynne went into "The Passing Show" at the Palace, London, June 21. She brought "to the bustling stage of revue the quiet, shy, half-pathetic manner which we know is her own highly individual work. By contrast it seems quieter than ever." Another critic wrote: "A timid, wishful little woman, with a 'lost, strayed, or stolen' air about her."

Martin Harvey revived at the New Theatre "The Only Way," the best dramatization of Dickens yet accomplished, and also the most effective play with which he has so far been indentified.

So far as amusements go Paris and London seem curiously contrasted. Paris—the gay city—has abandoned the theatre, unless for aid of soldiers, and nothing lightsome has a chance. In London nothing in the theatrical line seems to have a chance but the most frivolous. Have we turned history upside down? Whereas a French author once accused us of taking our pleasures sadly, we seem now to be doing our best to take our sorrows gayly.—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. J. T. Grein has this to say about theatrical conditions in London: "The aim of the war matinees and other theatrical performances that I am organizing is to bring solace and enjoyment to those of our own people and those of our allies who are suffering. Besides, I love the theatre, and it makes my heart ache to see so many thrown out of work, breadless, penniless, through no fault of my own, simply through the war. The profession has responded admirably to the nation's call, and yet it has suffered more, perhaps, than any other. If the theatre worthily plays her part in the great struggle, will she not be entitled to her reward? Are we then going to spend money on useless monuments—or will the National Theatre at last come into her own? His Majesty's Theatre should, to my mind, be the National Theatre, and Sir Herbert Tree, as the chief of the profession its director. . . . London is the field for the National Theatre. She is not insular; she is cosmopolitan. She is the refuge, the safeguard, the home of all workers and artists. Not only numerically, but by the constitution of her populace, she is the hub of the world. She must come first; she must have her national theatre. She must have her repertory theatre, and not halt like this behind the provinces! That is what we should be working for; that is my ideal! At the moment this is war time. We are learning to look on many things with different eyes. We are realizing the part the stage plays in cheering and heartening those who have to struggle and endure."

"Au Coin Joli" is a play performed by the Grand Guignol at the Coronet Theatre, London. Pomet is an innkeeper whose father was murdered over 20 years before the action of the play. Pomet, by hard work and geniality, has gained customers in spite of the murder. A morose stranger one day asks for absinthe, and in conversation reveals the fact that he is the murderer. Pomet is about to kill him when he remembers that another crime in the inn would ruin the business. So the murderer is shown the door and Pomet, smiling, welcomes new guests.

Miss Ellen Terry made her first appearance on the London stage after her lecturing tours in Australia and the United States on July 2, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, appearing in a new ballet pantomime, "The Princess and the Pea," playing the part of a fairy queen to Mme. Adeline Genee's princess. The Pall Mall Gazette (June 28) said:

"The two grandchildren of Miss Terry who are making their debut at a Haymarket charity performance this week, belong to the sixth successive generation of stage performers furnished by the famous actress's family. This must surely constitute a record. In several other families—such as the Comptons, the Farrens, the Emerys, and the Grossmiths—three successive generations have shown as public entertainers. Heredity seems to count for more among acting folk than among writers or painters. Thackeray left a daughter who has won fame in literature, Mr. Marcus Stone has succeeded his father in the Royal Academy, and there are other cases of both father and son being distinguished artists or authors. But it seems impossible to recall any where the talent was transmitted to the grandson as well."

What is the value of a stolen manuscript of an unproduced play? The author had to set a value in a law suit last week. In such a case the bias is naturally in favor of the play. But I once (in search for a lost umbrella at New Scotland Yard) encountered a friend who had lost the only copy of his play in a cab, and had come in search of it. It was produced, for the cabman was honest. What was the value by which to fix the cabman's remuneration? My friend's bias swung to modesty. He fixed the worth of his play at the cost of typewriting. The cabman got a shilling—more than my friend ever got from his play.—Daily Chronicle.

Another Grand Guignol play new to London was "La Revenante," by Jean d'Aguzay (Coronet Theatre, June 28). An old man who has lost his reason awaits the return of his young wife murdered 10 years before. In "Gardiens de Phare," by Paul Autier and Paul Cloquemin, a father and son are alone on a lighthouse during a storm. The younger, bitten by a dog, develops hydrophobia, and the father, in self-defence, is obliged to kill him.

Notes About Music, Players and Singers

Of Percy Grainger's Scandinavian Suite for 'cello and piano (June 24) the Pall Mall Gazette said it might have been written on the composer's return from one of his visits to Grieg. "Though the personal note is present, it is somewhat overshadowed by reminiscences, not actually thematic, but of treatment." Hurlstone's posthumous piano quartet was played at this concert with an All-British program. "Although in no sense strikingly novel, it is so clear and so skilfully laid out that, like most of his chamber music, it is sure of a welcome. It is in any case better than many similar products from across the water that have had their undeserved vogue. Mr. De Lara related that a violinist had come to him that very day for an audition, with a composition by Brahms for her exhibition piece. As Brahms is useless for these concerts, he asked her to play something by an English composer, but her repertoire did not include anything of the kind. The experience is not new. Most of us could relate similar episodes; but we quite agree with Mr. De Lara that they are no credit to the institutions at which these budding artists are trained."

It appears that the 12-year-old pianist, Solomon, is the victim of success which has "undermined the unsophisticated outlook that was the principal charm of his playing, and substituted the beginnings of a more mannered style. As yet the harm is not great, but it contains the germ of future trouble for which probably the boy is less to blame than his admirers. It was the sophisticated attempt to be consciously expressive that caused some pieces in his first group to sound a little smudgy."

Jules Ecorcheville, known as an excellent writer on musical subjects and a leader of modern musical thought in France, especially in sympathy with the impressionist movement, has been killed in battle fighting as an officer in the French army.

As most of us know, the late Dr Cummings was a recognized authority on Handel and all that concerned him and his works, and it is not without interest to recall that only a few months before his death he wrote an interesting brochure called "Handel, the Duke of Chandos, and the Harmonious Blacksmith," in which he dealt with the great composer's association with Canons (where James Brydges, afterward Duke of Chandos, built himself a palace) and [illegible] of some of the [illegible] that have grown up in connection with Handel's appointment as chapel-master to his wealthy patron. Dr. Cummings pointed out how improbable it was that Handel, in accepting that nomination, contemplated residing at Canons, or that he ever made a lengthened stay in that neighborhood. His masque, "Acis and Galatea," was, however, composed at the instance of the Duke, and performed at Canons on or before Christmas, 1719. Nobody, of course, now attaches the smallest credence to the ridiculous story of the alleged origin of the famous air and variations to which the title of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" came to be attached. In Dr. Cummings's interesting little book precise particulars are given of the authentic history of that piece, and a thoroughly plausible explanation furnished of how the composition came to be called by the romantic name which still clings to it. "At the beginning of the 19th century there was in the city of Bath a firm of music-sellers, J. and W. Lintern. The son William, had in his youth been apprenticed to a blacksmith, but, possessed of natural musical gifts, he assiduously cultivated them, and attained to considerable facility as a pianist. He frequently played for the delectation of his father and friends, and was nicknamed by them 'the harmonious blacksmith.' The favorite piece of the Lintern circle was the Air with Variations from Handel's Fifth Suite, copies of which were frequently asked for. Lintern, with an eye to business, therefore determined to publish it, and very judiciously gave the piece the title which would identify it with his own personality." It would be interesting to know who was the imaginative genius who invented the fable about Handel taking shelter from a storm in a blacksmith's shop, and deriving musical inspiration from the singing and hammering of the blacksmith as he worked at his anvil.—Daily Telegraph (London) June 19.

A Red Cross unit "somewhere in France" has improvised a band with cardboard trombones, a comb and a petrol tin for a drum. "One of the minor surprises of the great war has been the discovery that the British soldier has a genuine love for good music. The Three Arts Club Employment Bureau has quite recently sent out a seventh concert party to the front, and each party on its return after a fortnight or three weeks' tour of the different Y. M. C. A. centres, hospitals, and military bases has the same story to tell—three concerts a day given to crowded audiences of soldiers, with an overflow audience standing nine or 10 [illegible] deep outside the tent or hall to listen to the music through the open windows. It is the best music that is given, and the best that is most rapturously received. It is a usual item of the program for a classical violin solo to be encored four times."

There is an excellent criticism of Liszt's [illegible]. "This is a work which puts a severe strain on the power of its interpreter to hold the attention, for it is of interminable length, and in the very [illegible] of it are stretches of strained [illegible] that create a dreary void for the present-day listener. Neither this nor any other player could completely [illegible] these pages, but M. Moiseivitsch not only held the attention during the [illegible] he conveyed something of his high-strung temperament to the audience and induced them to take the work seriously as he intended. In an instrumentalist that indicates something more than mere talent." As for the "Sonata Virginianesque" by the Virginian John Powell played at the same concert, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked, "it needs to be a somewhat finer work [illegible] for so hideous an adjective."

[illegible] Cui's "Mademoiselle Fifi" was [illegible] been performed in London by the [illegible] Opera Company. Mr. Montagu-[illegible] lectured on the opera just the [illegible]. He said Cui preached strenuously that Russian music should be national in character, that composers should resort to native writers as far as possible, and that [illegible] songs should be employed as thematic material whenever opportunity offered; but in "Mademoiselle Fifi" he went to Maupassant for the text, and the opera contains German and French, but no Russian folksongs. The lecturer might have added that Cui [illegible] other librettos went to Heine, Victor Hugo and Jean Richepin. By the way, [illegible] as professor of fortifications, taught the present Tsar. Among the technical [illegible] he has published is "Belgium, Antwerp and Brialmont."

The general commanding the 11th [illegible] army corps has taken to [illegible] the programs of [illegible] band [illegible] which he finds deplorable [illegible] "weakly et voriee" [illegible]

[illegible] or picture ditches [illegible] Schoenberg and the [illegible] Hale. It is a provision [illegible] that Germany [illegible] a large [illegible] supply of music dull and [illegible] enough oven for the situation in which Germany finds herself.—Pall Mall Gazette.

There is something peculiarly sad in the card that has reached me announcing the death on June 13 of Leon Rinskopf, who for 2[illegible] years had been conductor-in-chief of the "Grands Concerts du Kursaal" at Ostend. The card states (I have taken the liberty of translating it) that "in the absence of the family, who are held up in Belgium by the German occupation, a group of devoted friends assisted, with grief at the final moments, and at the funeral of M. Rinskopf, who died at Deauville-sur-Mer in the 53d year of his age. The body has been provisionally deposited in the cemetery at Deauville, but will be exhumed when circumstances permit of its transference to the family vault of the Rinskopfs, at Ghent." Mr. Rinskopf had conducted more than once at the Queen's Hall, at least once, moreover, if memory serves, since the war began. All frequenters of Ostend will read this touching little notice with sorrow, for Mr. Rinskopf was an integral part of Ostend in the summer months.—Daily Telegraph, June 22.

Miss Ethel Grow, "a contralto who comes from Chicago," singing in London for the first time June 21, showed "a taste for the sombre and the serious, and so persistently did her choice fall on songs of sorrow and of death that a certain sense of depression was almost inevitably bred, a depression that was only deepened by the fact that she sang throughout with great feeling and sincerity. Miss Grow has a voice of very fine quality."

The Daily Chronicle, hearing J. B. McEwen's new string quartet, "Biscay" (June 20), was moved to say: "The work is one of the most distinctive of its kind written by any native composer recently, and a proof that our own men can turn out chamber music just as attractive as that of any other modern school."

"Though the recent 'Proms.' failed to attract large audiences, their programs have attracted much comment. The real point of them has, however, scarcely been mentioned. Up to a few years ago the conservatism of our audiences was such that scarcely any contemporary music, German or other, obtained a hearing. Then an awakening took place, and there was a feverish haste to become acquainted with the music of today. But yesterday, too, had had its masters, whose works had passed unheard. That is how 'Thamar' and 'Sheherazade,' works long since established in the international repertory, were hailed as novelties when the Russian Ballet brought them here. And that is how Mr. Beecham, who knows the repertory at least as well as any man in England, can compile program after program without either giving dull music or falling back on the three B's." The Pall Mall Gazette added editorially: "The series has been a valiant demonstration of the resources of non-German music—a demonstration which was much needed in this country. But we hope that the boycott of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven will not be carried to absurd lengths. We have no quarrel with them, or with any representative of the older and saner Germany. The music of Schumann, for example, seems to many of us to epitomise all that was beautiful and desirable in the old German culture."

Miss May Keon, soprano, of Boston, gave a concert, with Leo Schulz, 'cellist, and Henri Barron, tenor, in Kingston, on June 29, and was warmly applauded by the audience and the local press.

The Pall Mall Gazette remarked, apropos of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn's piano recital (June 28), that there was always something "exceptionally robust" about her playing. "There is danger that it may cease to be an advantage. Logically, if you diminish your resources at the pianissimo end, you must eventually take to thumping in order to secure sufficient dynamic variety. In the two Beethoven minuets Miss Peppercorn thumped." We once heard this pianist in Boston, and then wondered at the consideration shown her by London critics.

Saint-Saens's new symphonic episode "Hail California" was performed for the first time at San Francisco June 17. A critic wrote "'Hail California' is not a great composition, except for the place, time and occasion. 'Written for the occasion,' in fact, is heard all through it. A native composer of anything like the ability of Saint-Saens must have found something distinctively Californian, something rugged and elemental, perhaps, for such a composition. This was not to have been expected of a man who had never visited the West, however; and Saint-Saens has written just what was expected. 'The Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers' is well pictured from the viewpoint of the imaginative stranger who looks upon California as a sort of Edenic and overly-horticultural region with the warm and lazy breezes gently wafting the fragrance of orange blossoms and roses through the wondrous gardens where the mockingbirds sing."

Frank Bridge's [illegible] founded on the [illegible] "Londonderry Air," played by the London String Quartet June 28, led the [illegible] wrote [illegible] on [illegible] It was the [illegible] It was a lyrical utterance [illegible] praise of a fine old melody." Eugene Goossens's "Phantasy" was also [illegible]. "Unlike some other works to which the same title has been affixed, it is full of fantasy. It is, in fact, so highly imaginative that one instinctively suspects a poetic program, probably of a most fantastic kind. Yet no program is necessary. The music has humor and poetry of its own that needs no literary concordance. It is full of quaint contours that recall a little Stravinsky of the 'Fireworks' and 'Fire-Bird' period—and even at times the more recent Stravinsky. Maye one call it the 'Fire-Fly'? But it would be unjust to say that Goossens is influenced. He has merely done as other composers before him, very sensibly profited by the experiments of his elders. Of actual imitation, however artful, he stands acquitted, and he has produced a charming work, the difficulties of which provided the severest test yet applied to the admirable ensemble of the London String Quartet."

Ysaye, de Pachmann and Mme Elsa Stralia, soprano, were together in the Albert Hall, London, June 27. Mr. Ysaye was in "magnificent form." Mr de Pachmann was "in no wise disconcerted at the difficulty of getting his merriment across the footlights into so large a space," and in Chopin's Nocturne in G minor he obtained gradations of tone "within the reach of few living pianists." Mme. Stralia's voice, "a musical combination of brilliance and freshness, produces a splendid quality."

The story which an officer of the Irish Rifles tells in the Morning Post today of his men going into attack on the 18th inst. singing "There is a Green Hill Far Away" is only one of many similar records. Needless to say, the fighting that followed was on the highest plane of British courage, on this occasion, too, it had the deadliest of consequences for the enemy. The point, however, of the story lies in its offering one further proof of the fact that the comic-song-singing conception of our soldiers at the front becomes less and less a complete one as the days go by.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 1.

A new trio by John Ireland was played in London June 29. "The composer has for some time showed signs of being in the throes of a musical rebirth. He has considerably remodelled his style and with the experience gained in the process he may be said to have found himself. The new trio is in many ways a fine work. The weak point is that a kind of anachronism exists between the idiom he now employs and the ideas it expresses. He has made himself master of a modern mode of expression without at the same time modernizing himself, so that he gives one the curious impression of listening to the music of yesterday translated into the vernacular of today. But the ideas are in themselves musically good and attractive. A brief moment in the introduction to the finale even gave an impression of greatness. The composer is obviously on a path that leads somewhere, but he needs to shake himself free from some lingering phrases if he is to prove himself a knight of the newer chivalry."

Gottfried Keller's romance, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," on which Frederick Delius based an opera has been published with an introduction by Edith Wharton.

Mr Edward Evans, Jr, having heard Florent Schmitt's 46th Psalm in London, declares that it is "one of the big things in recent French music." Would that it could be performed here by the full Symphony Orchestra and the reorganized Cecilia Society under a competent conductor!

Henry Arthur Jones on Burlesque Plays

In the preface to "The Theatre of Ideas," a burlesque allegory, published by the George H. Doran Company, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones tells why he has never written a burlesque for the English stage.

"Of the productions of the late Victorian stage, Gilbert's burlesques were, if not the greatest, yet certainly the most charming, the nearest to perfection, on the whole perhaps the most satisfying. But Gilbert never dared to smite the great vices and insincerities of his time. Perhaps he was not aware that they existed. He would not have been successful in the theatre if he had attacked them. So he merely scratched at small social and political foibles and infirmities, and he remains a delightful dilettant in satire. A measure of Gilbert's views and aims is given in the fact that he never allowed a word or an idea to stray into Savoy opera that could give his young lady of 15 a hint that she was not a large wax doll. It is not a complete view of human life which proclaims that we are all large wax dolls. If we wish to take Gilbert for a great satirist, a great burlesque writer, we must not mention Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Butler of Hudibras, Butler of Erewhon, or Lord Byron.

"I have long cherished three hopes for myself which I fear will never be realized—to stop a night at Dijon on my way southward and drink a bottle of old Burgundy at the Cloche Hotel—to [illegible] while it [illegible] to the [illegible] and then [illegible] with bludgeons and clubs and [illegible] while it [illegible] shoots [illegible]. Comedy can best deal with knaveries and follies and vices and shams as they are shown in individuals. Burlesque can best deal with knaveries and follies and vices and shams as they are shown in communities.

"How many falsities and solemn fooleries and hypocrisies [illegible] flourish in English and American life, [illegible] call loudly for the [illegible] boisterous whacks and thumps that only burlesque can administer!

"[illegible] Americans who visited England in [illegible] have [illegible] been struck with [illegible] that English life offered to the [illegible] writer. [illegible] we had the [illegible] national enterprise in [illegible] comedy, supported as it was by all that was powerful and fashionable in the press and [illegible] war will change away many of our English [illegible] and hypocrisies. But [illegible] have been [illegible] cleaner and more [illegible]—though perhaps not so [illegible] or permanent.

"If I had followed my natural bent I should have turned 'The Theatre of Ideas' [illegible] into [illegible]. But what dramatist today, with any knowledge of what burlesque is, would be so foolish as to produce a burlesque of national and municipal follies and knaveries and shams, with the certainty of thereby damaging his reputation with playgoers and ruining his manager? I have therefore thrown 'The Theatre of Ideas' into narrative form."

A NATIONAL ANTHEM

Mr. Alfred Ehrhardt, a German-American member of the Passaic (N. J.) board of education, suggests a new tune for the national hymn "America," and advises its introduction in the public schools. The tune has been composed by one James J. McCabe, a Brooklyn school superintendent. There is objection to the old familiar tune because it is the same as that of "God Save the King." But do not Mr. Ehrhardt and other German-Americans know that this same tune is the Saxon national hymn—introduced by Weber in his "Jubilee" overture—and is the tune to which a universally German national song is sung?

The origin of several national hymn tunes has been disputed. Who wrote "God Save the King"? It is generally attributed to Henry Carey, but other composers are named and it is claimed by some, though absurdly, that it was composed by the Florentine Lulli, who, settling in Paris, became a glory of the French operatic stage. Rouget de Lisle was honored in Paris on the national festal day, and yet musical antiquarians have endeavored to prove that the melody of the "Marseillaise" was taken from a composition by a German composer of ecclesiastical music. There has been dispute concerning the authorship of the drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," the almost unsingable tune long known in this country as "The Star Spangled Banner."

There have been many attempts to provide a substitute for "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," or "America," as a national anthem. There was talk for a time of Mathias Keller's "American Hymn," made here in Boston, but who now remembers the words or the tune? Later attempts have not been more successful. In 1861 a committee in New York offered a prize of $500 for the best "National Hymn." It was said that 1200 "anthems" were sent in. No one of them was found worthy, but the competition led Richard Grant White to write an excellent monograph on the subject, and "Orpheus C. Kerr" burlesqued the [illegible] of Longfellow, Everett, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Bryant [illegible]

Aldrich and Stoddard in articles that are among the best in American literature.

It is too late in the day to invent another tune for "My Country 'tis of Thee." The old tune has been common property. In this country it is inseparably connected with sacred associations. The people know it, they love it, they sing it. Germans in Germany have not disdained to use it. Why should German-Americans in the land of their adoption be more sensitive? Why should they dictate to native Americans in the matter of their national anthems?

The most foolish man in the earth is not indubitably living and breathing, and did this morning or lately eat breakfast, and is even now digesting the same; and looks out on the world with his dim horn-eyes, and inwardly forms some unspeakable theory thereof, yet where shall the authentically Existing be personally met with? Can one of us, otherwise than by guess, know that we have got sight of him, have orally communed with him?

A Diplomatist's Fate.

As the World Wags:

These "diplomatic negotiations" remind me of certain lines:

The Consul quoted Wickefort,
And Puffendorf, and Grotius,
And proved from Vattell Exceedingly well
Such a deed must be quite atrocious.

But what became of the learned consul? The barbarous Dey "strangled him in his prating." By the way, can any one tell me the name of the author quoted above? Was it Southey? I wish to use those lines in the elaborate chapter "Diplomacy" in my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (as yet unfinished).

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Boston, July 17.

"Civilation."

Mr Johnson's letter leads us to meditation on civilization. The word has been worked overtime of late. Countless pages have been written concerning civilization, culture, "Kultur." Why not for the purpose of convenience use hereafter the word "civilation." De Quincey informs us that we owe it to Dr William Maginn. One of his peculiar opinions was this: that no man, however much he might tend towards civilization, was to be regarded as having absolutely reached its apex until he was drunk. "Previously to which consummation, a man might be a promising subject for civilization, but otherwise than in posse it must be premature, so he must be considered as more or less of a savage. This doctrine he naturally published more loudly than ever as he was himself more and more removed from all suspicion of barbaric sobriety. He then became anxious, with tears in his eyes, to proclaim the deep sincerity of his conversion to civilization. But, as such an odiously long word must ever be distressing to a gentleman taking his case of an evening, unconsciously, perhaps, he abridged it always after 10 P. M. into 'civilation.' Such was the genesis of the word.. And I therefore, upon entering it in my neological dictionary of English, matriculated it thus: 'Civilation, by ellipsis, or more properly by syncope, or, rigorously speaking, by hiccup, from civilization.' "

One Jowett.

As the World Wags:

Will some one kindly give me the exact words of the following poem? I do not swear that the lines are letter perfect:

My name is Benjamin Jowett,
I'm master of Balliol college;
If there's aught to be known, I know it,
And what I don't know isn't knowledge.

Does this refer to the renowned Dr. Jowett whose classical translations have found a resting place on making a library shelf? If so, how did this unfortunate claim to omniscience arise? I already suspect some roguery of the Tom Brown variety. SNYDERIUS.

Boston, July 16.

Yes, these lines refer to the eminent Dr. Jowett. Some say that while he exerted a remarkable influence he was not a Greek scholar of the first rank in spite of his excellent translation of Plato. You will find amusing caricatures of Jowett and Pater in Mallock's "New Republic." Only a few days ago we read a story about Jowett. It was published in the Pall Mall Gazette apropos of St. Alban's Day, the day of England's first martyr, "a lorde's sone, which was a well-dysposed and semely yonge man." He was killed by the Romans for personating a British priest whose life he wished to save. Is it right to tell a lie in a good cause? Jowett was asked to solve this ethical problem. He answered: "Well, I suppose I should do it, but I would not attempt to justify it, and I would try not to think about it afterwards." Kant, by the way, who said that the main characteristic of the English as a nation was their severe reverence for truth, went so far as to rule that if a murderer, pursuing a person with an avowed purpose of killing him, were to ask of a third person by what road the fugitive had fled, that person is bound to give him true information. It is said that Kant once nearly illustrated his own imaginary case "A murderer pursued him for nearly three miles on the high road with the ... of ... very religious man, on second thoughts and in deference to a point of casuistry, he preferred murdering a little girl."—Ed.

IN "ESS" OR "TRIX"

In countries now at war women are doing work usually thought peculiar to man: drivers and conductors of street cars and busses, ticket takers in places of amusement, and so on. A London girl was applauded for freeing a bootblack for the fighting line, although women bootblacks have been seen by travellers near the railway station at Zurich. The question is raised in England why women should not shave customers as well as cut and dress the hair. Some years ago there was a movement in London to establish "lady barbers."

How shall working women be distinguished from men in the same calling? By the suffix "ess" or "trix"? "Poetess" and "authoress" are going out of fashion; why should there be "upholsteresses," "embroideresses," and similar guides to sex? When Mrs. Rosa Leland took upon herself the management of the Leland Opera House in Albany, N. Y., there was a lively discussion, not confined to the town, whether she should there be a "collectress?" A manageress. She herself insisted that she was a manager. Mary Mitford was guilty of coining unnecessary words. She wrote of a young creature living like a "hermitess;" of an "elegant young woman, a negotiatrix;" she even described herself as a "metaphysicianess," but had the grace to ask her correspondent whether the word existed. Why should there be "collectress?" A youg woman advertises herself as a "pianiste," not knowing that this word in French is applied indiscriminately to males and females.

Too many women, however, who would prefer to be called a "manageress" are remiss in indicating their sex, or their condition as spinster, wife or widow in their correspondence. A letter is signed: "J. B. Lister, M. D." The writer may be a woman. An appeal for charity is signed "Dorcas Jones." How is she to be addressed by one that has not the honor of personal acquaintance? Is Dorcas a "Miss" or a "Mrs."? In times past there was confusion. In England married and unmarried were often called "Mistress." In old France "Madamoiselle" was the name given to a married woman whose husband was not noble. Today one answering "Dorcas Jones" runs the risk of offending, whether he address her as "Mrs" or "Miss." The prudent man makes an imposing but illegible flourish with a large "M" before "Dorcas" on the envelope. If he is under the impression that she is a wife, he may not know the husband's Christian name. The uxorious spouse, if Dorcas is a woman of advanced ideas, may even be proud to be known as Mr. Dorcas Jones.

It is reported that German factories are producing cakes with "Gott strafe England" on them. This leads a mad wag of an Englishman to remark that the Germans are now eating their own words. A German pastor, Heinrich Dallmeyer, asks in Auf der Warte what manner of Christianity prevails in Germany. Others, laymen, in other countries have been tempted to ask this question, in view of the German jubilation over the sinking of the Lusitania and the performances in Belgium. Pastor Dallmeyer calls on his government to prohibit the manufacture.

And now we are told that the motto "Gott strafe England," which took the place of "made in Germany," is gradually going out of fashion and is being replaced by "Hidekk," spoken when two persons meet or drink healths. "It is a coined word composed of the initial letters of the following phrase: 'Hauptsache ist dass England Keile kriegt,' which can be translated thus: 'The main thing is that England gets a good hiding.' "

... if the bouillon was ... to cheer ... surgeons ... with interest that children ... call their father "Daddy," and the ... wondering how long it will be before ... they will call their mother "Maddy." Why not? One is as dignified as the other.

I next observe with regret that some parents call their children kids or kiddies, and I am now wondering how long it will be before the children turn about and call their parents "He goat" and "She goat." Why not? One is no more vulgar than the other. As for me, I cannot imagine how anybody can call a child (with a mind, too) by any such animal title as that of the offspring of goats. Just think of it the next time you are tempted to use this dreadful expression: Kid!

Our ancestors never committed a more grievous offence against language than when they translated Malachi i., 11: "From the rising of the sun until its setting" into "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," for in that way they deposited, so long as the Bible lasts, a grievous blunder into our language. Look at what we have to endure owing to this ignorance of theirs. "He bought a hat and came home with same on: "He had a large practice and was devoted to same." "Your order received. Same shall have our immediate attention and if same is not soon delivered, inform us of same, and same shall have same attention as it should have had it first."

Why not say: "He bought a hat and came home with it on?" "He had a large practice and was devoted to it?" And so on.

People simplify spelling, and then use longer words. "It" has two letters. "The same" has seven. Then there is "eliminate," which I call a sheep word, as if avoid, escape, get rid of, and so forth, might not be used occasionally as a change. Do not forget that you cannot "eliminate" anything unless it is inside of somebody or something. As to sheep words, wait a while. J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

Dad, Kid and "The Same."

It seems to us that "J. A. S." is unreasonable, wholly unreasonable. "Dad" is a good old word, so is "daddy." It by no means denotes disrespect. One definition is "a term of respect for the aged." We like to hear a boy call his father, whom he loves, "dad" to his face. Did "J. A. S." ever see the comedy, "My Awful Dad"? Would he prefer to have a youngster call his father "The old man"? Why not "middy"? In the first place, because that word is not widely recognized, if it exists at all. (We are far from large dictionaries.) "Dad" and "daddy" for "father" are nearly the same in a variety of northern languages. Shakespeare knew the former word:

I was never so bethrumpt with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad.

And again, "was wont to cheer his dad in mutinees." In Clare's "Village Minstrel" we find: "Begging his daddy's pretty song the while." We read in Ann Elizabeth Baker's "Northamptonshire Glossary" the following genteel remark: "The names of parents, as distinguished in the three different classes of society, are shown in the following rude lines, which also give the various names used for the same kind of food, in the progressive stages of society:

Dad, mam and porridge;
Father, mother and broth;
Pa, ma and soup.

"Kid" for child is slang, we admit, but because a "fond paternal ass" likes to characterize his hopeful boy as a kid, it is not necessary for the child to call his mother "Nanny."

"J. A. S." would improve upon the King James version. We would not have "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same" changed for all that the sun looks on. Does "J. A. S." seriously maintain that they who use "the same" or "same" in a slovenly manner, were thus influenced by Malachi i., 11. He does not quote the line correctly or in its full splendor. "For, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles." Would he have it "From sunrise to sunset"?

"Eliminate. Remove, get rid of; expel, as waste matters from tissues; ignore (part of a question); in algebra get rid of quantities from an equation. It is a good word.

Why does not "J. A. S." expend time and energy in protesting against hideous abbreviations, as "phone"; "to wire"; "I received a wire"; or words as "to wireless," "pretentious" with the meaning sumptuous, elaborate, costly; "vehicle" regarded by the press agent as synonymous with stage-play.—[Ed.

Specified Economies.

As the World Wags:

The discussion of economical measures in England reminds me of a saying recorded by Walter Bagehot. A famous financier said to him: "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a general panegyric on economy; if you want to invite a sure defeat, propose a particular saving."

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, July 17.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Baby Mine," a farce in three acts, by Margaret Mayo. The cast

Alfred Hardy	William P. Carleton
Jimmy Jinks	Donald Meek
Officer Flanigan	Theodore Friebus
Officer Donovan	Robert Capron
O'Flarety	Al Roberts
Aggie	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Rosa	Miss Beatrice Loring
Maggie	Miss Marcia Williams
Zoie	Miss Mary Young

Yesterday's performances marked the beginning of the final week of the season at this theatre. Miss Mayo's farce also concluded the season of 1914. The final week was marked with the re-entry of Miss Mary Young.

The piece is now more or less familiar. As a farce it must be played with a rush, the complexities are a delight in the consternation they produce and the dialogue is of the day as well as being genuinely funny. Last night the company played with the requisite snap; they enjoyed the farce themselves as well as the audience.

But Miss Mayo's farce is an entertainment for many reasons, and again we enjoyed the misunderstandings of the newlyweds; we enjoyed the manner in which Zoie prompted the return of her immature husband and we applauded the unwilling Jimmy Jinks, who would and did steal two babies to please Zoie and his wife; how Alfred returned and found himself the father "of three, of three," and threw out his chest, and how he was completely disillusioned as O'Flarety claimed his twins and Rosa her boy—these are to be seen to be appreciated.

Miss Young was again seen as Zoie. She was the girl wife to a nicety, petulant, pretty in repose, hysterical at a moment's notice to fool her husband.

Mr. Carleton proved himself an admirable farceur in the exacting role of Alfred. His ecstacy on his return as he found himself the father of a boy had a real human touch; nor did he handle the youngster as a bit of merchandise.

Miss Betty Barnicoat and Donald Meek made much of their respective parts. And last of all Theodore Friebus, whom we have in turn admired as the exquisite and the villain with the staccato laugh, appears this week in the role of "one of the finest," a part with about a dozen lines, yet treated with the skill of a well versed actor.

CHARLEY CASE WINS FAVOR AT B. F. KEITH'S

Comedian Renews His Successes—Excellent All Around Bill.

Charley Case is the hit of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Everybody knows Charley and everybody forgets the hot weather when he begins to talk about his father and the rest of the family.

Cecil Cunningham, direct from the New York Winter Garden, is another favorite and her series of original songs are an entertaining feature of the program. She is good to look upon and does all kinds of clever things with her voice, which is not the least of her attractions.

This is the third and final week of the Meistersingers, who repeat their latest production, "At the Flag Station," with a change of songs this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde from the London Coliseum give an excellent exhibition of the old art of shadowgraphing. Among the animate shadows which Mr. Wilde produces are the faces of President Wilson and many other men in the public eye.

George Howell and company in "The Red Fox Trot," an entertaining comedy, are one of the leading attractions. The scene is laid in the living room of John Walker's home, which is in danger of being broken up by his pretty wife's craze for the fox trot and other syncopated dances, but it all ends happily with an old-fashioned waltz to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." George Howell is John Walker and Hazel Lawry, Betty Walker, the wife.

Mae Bronte and Ernest Aldwell are entertaining in "A Board Walk Flirtation" and Ota Gygi, court violinist to the King of Spain, is another hit. Felix Ward, Adelaide Bell and Albert Ward, a troupe of dancing gymnasts, have an excellent repertoire of whirlwind tricks that never fail to bring the house down.

July 21 '15

WOMEN IN THE PULPIT

The Rev. Olympia Brown, president of the Federal Suffrage Association of the United States, is quoted as saying in convention at San Francisco that women must take the place of men in the pulpit "if the Protestant churches are to be saved." It appears that male ministers have been "lured away from their duties" by ping-pong, tennis and pink teas; they spend too much time in writing "pretty essays"; they are unduly influenced by rich men in their churches and are "afraid to attack child labor, white slavery and other evils." Man, the poor wretch,

will soon be ousted from all callings that he once thought he adorned. He may not be allowed to serve even in smallware shops or in the children's nursery.

A few days before the Rev. Olympia Brown made this declaration in San Francisco, the fact that a woman in England, Mrs. Kendall of Windsor, has taken the place of her enlisted husband as superintendent of a Wesleyan circuit, and must preach her sermon and make up her accounts, aroused discussion as to whether women are fitted to perform the duties of ministers of the gospel. The answers in the negative, of course, go back to Paul and quote his saying about the silence of women in church. They also quote Dr. Johnson's rude remark when Boswell told him that he had heard a woman preach at a Quaker's meeting: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." But Paul said several things hardly suited to the 20th century, and the remark of Ursus Major was only a characteristic growl.

For a woman to preach is nothing new. There were women among the early Quakers, as Margaret Fell or Fell, who married George Fox. There were curious circumstances about the marriage, but she was a powerful exhorter. Among the Primitive Methodists for about a century women have held every post including that of the regular ministry. There is the Salvation Army, in which there is no distinction between the sexes, even in the highest ranks, witness the inspiring sermons of Evangeline Booth. In London not long ago a woman was installed with ceremony as minister of a Unitarian chapel. In America many women have held pastoral charges among the Unitarians and other Congregationalists. Phebe Hanaford was heard gladly even by men. The Christian Science Church was founded by a woman, and does not that church stand for sex equality?

There is this to be said, however. If there is the petted male clergyman, idolized by the women of his congregation, the Rev. Cream Cheese of George William Curtis, the Rev. Charles Honeyman of Thackeray, is there not danger of spoiled woman clergymen, especially if they be fair to look upon? They may win souls by their arguments and persuasions, but may they not also unconsciously stir up unseemly rivalries in the congregation? The answer of Charles Lamb to Coleridge, when the latter asked him if he had ever heard him preach, is here applicable: "I never heard you do anything else."

Many families in New England had implicit faith 40 or 50 years ago in an imposing volume, entitled "The Family Physician," "The Household Book of Medicine" or "The Doctor in the House." Curious boys searched its pages for that which they did not find; but when they were sick they were dosed according to prescriptions in the book. It was an article, next in importance to the family Bible with its ruled leaves for the recording of marriages, births and deaths. In those days a newspaper did not have a physician on its staff to administer daily advice, give warning, recommend this cure or that drug. Did any of these households, then or later, swear by Dr. Joseph Shorthouse's "Common Sense of Medicine"? For some diseases the excellent Shorthouse prescribed liberal quantities of champagne. "I can take several bottles of it without being conscious of its influence. It is not only a stimulant, but a refrigerant as well. It clears the tongue better than anything else with which I am acquainted." On the other hand Dr. Shorthouse disapproved dry sherry. "I would not drink a bottle a day of such rubbish if its purveyors supplied it gratis and gave me a hundred pounds a bottle to drink it. I have known too many instances in which it has hurried its victims into an untimely grave." Yes Dr. Shorthouse says nothing about ... standard remedy for severe colds, ... coughs and general disability ... England ... to the appearance of ... recommended ... of hampers ... of the ... praise of a certain patent medicine with each verse describing a remarkable cure "He (she) took, he took, he took three bottles of compound." Dr. Shorthouse, by the way, was once the proprietor of the Sporting Times.

The Twelve Winds.

As the World Wags.

Now that we are assured of the definite emergence from obscurity of the Seven Seas, it would seem to be the appointed time to offer another riddle to the palpitating and expectant world. This one comes from A. E. Housman's lovely "Shropshire Lad." Whether its solution should be mathematical or metaphysical, I have never been able to decide.

> From far, from eve and morning
> And yon twelve-winded sky,
> The stuff of life to knit me
> Blew hither; here am I.
>
> * * * *
>
> Speak now and I will answer,
> How shall I help you, say
> Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
> I take my endless way.

Surely "the wind's twelve quarters" did not blow from Housman's inkstand.

Braintree, July 19. L. L.

Is not the starting point the cardinal winds, north, east, south, west? We are not very strong in the matter of the winds that blow. Perhaps you might find a clue in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," part I., sec. 3, mem. 2, subs. 2. "Symptoms of Windy Hypochondriacal Melancholy." Poets often have these symptoms.—Ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

Several "spite wills" have been recently discussed in the newspapers. Let us record a pleasing instance of gratitude in a last will and testament. Henry Greville recorded in his diary the case of a man who was a passionate angler. "He left a direction in his will that, having derived much nourishment as well as pleasure from the fish he had caught at Chertsey, it was only fair to the descendants of those fish that he in return should become their food, and therefore his body was to be consigned to the Thames near that village."

Germans and Eggs.

The controversy in the New York Times about the table manners of Germans apropos of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's inability to find a German "gentleman" should include a statement recently published in the Daily Chronicle of London: "Bad table manners generally have the excuse that they are, at any rate, convenient, but one German trick, seen by a correspondent on holiday, had not even that to recommend it. It was a small cafe in a Rhine town, and eggs, lightly boiled, were on the table. The top of the egg was removed in the usual way by one of the guests, who then, however, proceeded to eat it by dipping his knife into the yolk and sucking it."

The Germans might retort that Englishmen find fault with our manner of eating soft-boiled eggs, for the Daily Chronicle adds: "Propriety in the eating of a boiled egg is a test of international manners. Our American friends have still a somewhat obstrusive and messy way of chopping up the boiled egg into a tumbler. But our English farmers are no more delicate. I have often sat opposite my host in a Kentish farmhouse and tried to imitate his acrobatic play with a boiled egg and a dinner knife!"

Gen. James Grant Wilson tells a story about Thackeray at breakfast in Boston. He ordered boiled eggs. "Among the array of things placed before him was a goblet filled with something that he failed to recognize, and he also missed the eggs. In answer to his inquiry for them, the servant said, 'That's them in the glass.' 'Well, but where are the shells?' asked Thackeray. Promptly came the reply from Pat, 'You didn't ask for shells, sir.'"

Much, however, can be said in favor of the "American plan," but not this morning.

The Cares of Office.

The Herald has already spoken of Charles Lever, Sir Richard F. Burton and Alexander W. Thayer, the American biographer of Beethoven, doomed to serve as consuls at Trieste, so coveted by the Italians. Capt. Chamier, the naval novelist, tells how lightly Lever took his duties. "You have, of course, to send in reports to the foreign office?" said Chamier. "Oh, bless you," replied Lever, "they'll get no reports from me, and be damned to them." Bret Harte, United States consul at Glasgow, but living in London, or sojourning at a country house or at a seaside resort, entertained a similar view of his official position.

July 22

KANT AND MODERN PRUSSIA

Prof. John Dewey in his volume "German Philosophy and Politics" argues that Immanuel Kant, not Nietzsche, is responsible for the spirit of Germany in this century; ... and the ... has ... any ... not the ... that it is "The Critique of Pure Reason" that inspired Treitschke, Bernhardi and the Emperor William. "The more the Germans accomplish in the way of material conquest, the more they are conscious of fulfilling an ideal mission." Kant's division of the universe into two realms, one of science and one of morals; his putting all mechanism in its proper place; with recognition of the law of cause and effect: "Obedience, definite subjection and control, detailed organization"; these explain the support of Austria, the invasion of Belgium, Louvain, Rheims, submarine warfare, the Lusitania.

Yet Kant was not during his old age in favor with Frederick William of Prussia. That monarch in 1794 rebuked him sternly in a private letter for "disfiguring and disparaging many capital and fundamental doctrines of Holy Writ and Christianity as particularly in your book entitled 'Religion Within the Limits of Pure Reason.'" He accused him of offending against his own duty as a teacher of youth; against the spirit of his monarch and his country; and he warned him of "unpleasant consequences" if he persisted in his cause. Kant's answer was equivocal, shuffling, evasive, worthy of a diplomatic note written by von Jagow.

But it was this same Kant that wrote an essay toward realizing the idea of a perpetual peace. He drew up six articles and commented upon them. "No treaty of peace shall stand for such which is made with a secret reservation of matter for a future war," was one of them. "Standing armies shall gradually be altogether abolished"; for they threaten other states incessantly with war, chiefly by means of the front of defiance and eternal face of equipment which they present; they irritate other states to perpetual and unlimited competition with each other in the number of their armed troops; men as agents for killing or being killed are used as mere machines or things which cannot well be reconciled with the rights of humanity involved in personality. This article is especially to be noted: "No state during a period of war with another state, shall allow itself in hostilities of such a quality as may preclude all future return to reciprocal confidence: for example, the employment of assassins or poisoners, the infraction of capitulations, or the organization in the hostile country of domestic treason, etc." One of three "definite" articles framed by Kant reads: "A cosmopolitical right shall be recognized in mankind to passive hospitality" (meaning by that, as has been explained by De Quincey, "the right of free intercourse to the extent of access, though not of ingress.")

Surely these articles are in direct variance with the theories of Bernhard, Treitschke, and the war lord, with the conduct of the Germans in this war; with the conclusions of Prof. Dewey.

Nothing pesters the body and mind sooner than to be still fed, to eat and ingurgitate beyond all measure as many do. By overmuch eating and continued feasts they stifle nature, and choke up themselves, which, had they lived coarsely, or like galley slaves been tied to an oar might have happily prolonged many fair years.

The Coming Restaurant.

We have read about the restaurant of the Bureau of Public Health Education of the Department of Health in New York and do not wish to eat there. The bill of fare shows the number of calories or units of heat in each dish served. It also informs the guest about the amount of protein. It is more important that the plate should be hot, if the food be hot. Even hotel French is better reading on a bill of fare. What matters it if macaroni baked with cheese for every two heaping tablespoonsful shows a value of 350 calories and 16 grammes protein? The question is whether one likes macaroni baked with cheese. We have learned one valuable lesson: not to eat ginger bread: a small piece has 220 calories and 16 grammes—after roast beef, ham and eggs, or mac- ... ... to ... ... the paper it ... hear of ... in ... gallery, restaurants.

In the German Quarter.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the German Quarter of New York would not be popular these days even had its old time glory not departed. For more than 25 years I knew that quarter, roughly speaking, bounded by Fourteenth street, the Bowery and avenue A. Here for at least half a century the Germans of New York lived and toiled and amused themselves. Their drink was better than their food but Seighortner's was one of the most famous of restaurants. There were humbler places worth knowing, among them my old friend Ballogh's in Second avenue, a famous Hungarian resort where one had a dinner with a monstrous goblet of white wine and seltzer for 25 cents. A few years ago I confidently seated myself at one of Ballogh's tables in his cheerful, shallow basement, and inquired for the proprietor. "Dead," said the waiter heavily. "Dead!" I echoed, greatly shocked. "What did he die of?" "A gas pipe," answered the waiter. A falling trade and threatening creditors, my poor friend had taken his own life. Less tragically John Pitts's delightful wein stube came to an end after a career of 50 years. How delicious was the May wine as served at John's. As to John himself, he was a truculently ferocious looking person who did nobody harm. He let as it were, and go for more than 15 years was hardly a nod or a word. His barkeeper, a grave person in a skull cap, looking like a professor emeritus, brought the and sold each day as his particular ... quintete, a Suabian onion-pie made ... cooked by his wife. Pitts died and his son-in-law inherited, but the old crowd of cronies for whom Pitts had maintained the place, no longer found it attractive, so the young heir sold out and the basement fell into the hands of an undertaker. I bought several cases of delicious wine from the heir but that, too, alas, is gone, and I have as memento of the place only a Bohemian wine glass. When I last went over to the German Quarter it was gloomy and forbidding, and I had not the heart to seek out my old haunts. But I have heard the chimes at midnight in the German Quarter, and no one can rob me of that sweet memory.

JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

Boston, July 20.

Revisited.

As the World Wags:

To revisit a student restaurant is not always an ungrateful experience. Now Harvard square used to be a Holly Tree Inn, so conducted by the proprietor as to fulfil an ideal mentioned by Charles Eliot Norton, that of making a traveller in Central Africa grateful that he (the proprietor) had existed. Many a Harvard man will bear witness to the superlative excellence of "John's" egg-on-toast.

After some years in the West, I visited Cambridge one commencement day and discovered that I had not with me the price of the alumni dinner, which I had come especially to attend. The college yard seemed suddenly emptied of all my friends—those, at any rate, from whom I felt free to borrow. I bethought me of "John." I went to him and asked a loan that I might dine elsewhere! He had never known my name, but he remembered me, and he made me feel it was a pleasure to supply my need. John's place was swept away by the improvements around Harvard square. O quae mutatio rerum! We may not look upon its like again.

Twenty-five years ago David Christie Murray said in The Boston Herald that at a certain hotel named by him in Boston he had found "English" mutton chops better than they ever were in England. On the strength of that recommendation I have since had many at that hotel. I believe no New York restaurant can surpass them.

Boston, July 19. O. J. J. JERUM

No Flies on Paris.

As the World Wags:

An article in The Herald referring to "Flyless Havana" leads me to ask if any of your readers ever saw a fly in Paris. I have been there many times at all seasons, and I never did. I have dined and lunched out of doors for a month at a time, too, and I never saw a fly-screen on a window.

There are no flies on Paris and none in her, so far as I have observed, nor any mosquitoes. Is it a natural condition, or the work of science?

LINN BOYD PORTER.

Brookline, July 17.

Beautiful Cazenovia in New York state has no flies. And yet a magnate of the Standard Oil Company has there his summer palace.—Ed.

MR. JAMES OF LONDON

The report that Mr. Henry James purposes to forswear allegiance to his native country and become a subject of King George V. ... the United States ... ... what ...

[illegible] has provoked editorial comment in many newspapers. This comment has been couched in the language of indignation, sarcasm, or contempt. As a matter of fact Mr. James has not announced his purpose to become a British subject. The comment is premature. He may have said to a friend that the inaction of the United States government made him feel like renouncing his allegiance. He has not the reputation of being impetuous or a man of violent thoughts and deeds. He has on several occasions since the breaking out of this war expressed his opinions concerning Germany's policy in unmistakable terms. By becoming a British subject he would not materially advance the cause he has maintained as an American citizen living in London.

Mr. James was born in New York. His father, Henry James, was born in Albany, N. Y. His grandfather William James, a successful merchant, settled in Albany, having left his native County Cavan in Ireland. The elder Henry James in his autobiography recorded that his mother (the grandmother of Mr. James of London) was the most democratic person by temperament he ever knew. She was the daughter of a farmer who with two of his brothers had borne arms in the revolutionary war. Mr. James of London may thus claim that he comes of fighting stock. The earliest event of his father's biographic consciousness was his being carried by his negro nurse to see an illumination in honor of the treaty of peace signed with Great Britain after the war of 1812.

The descendant of Irish and Revolutionary families, Mr. James of London has been for many years practically an Englishman. He preferred to live in London rather than in New York, Boston, or even Philadelphia. A man may live for reasons good and sufficient at least to his own mind in a foreign city, and yet be a loyal American, honoring his country by his deeds. Painters, sculptors, writers, business men have thus spread the fame of the United States. Mr. James, however, has preferred to view his native land as a cool and critical observer through a long-distance glass.

For today, it is well to know it, we also are very ridiculous when we eulogize, but we ourselves do not perceive it. It is true that we no longer praise kings and princes, but we praise comedians and men of letters; that is to say, we praise ourselves. We speak of the reigning actress in terms that would cause the great Condé to blush, and of the novelist in fashion as one would not speak of M. de Turenne. This is a monomania with us, and some day others will remark upon it.

A Thumb-Nail Sketch.

Mr. Henry James, who has for many years been disgusted with the country in which he was born, has, nevertheless, found an oasis here and there, chiefly here in Boston. In the current number of the Cornhill magazine he writes entertainingly and with comparative clearness about Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, and their "Salon" in Charles street. Among the descriptions of the guests is one of Mrs. Howe.

"There supervenes force, with force, as the very last word * * * a haunted little feast as of ghosts, if not of skeletons, at the banquet, with the image of that immemorial and inextinguishable lady, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the most evidential and most eminent presence of them all, as she rises in her place, under the extremity of appeal, to declaim a little quaveringly, but ever so gallantly, that 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' which she had caused to be chanted half a century before, and could still accompany with a real breadth of gesture, her great clap of hands and indication of the complementary step, on the triumphant line, 'Be swift my hands to welcome him, be jubilant my feet!'"

Horrors of War.

As the World Wags:

If I knew Gov. Walsh's address at the Golden Gate, I would tell him what I think of the tragedy at New Bedford yesterday. As commander-in-chief of our militia he ought to put his foot down and stop such practices. "Special Dispatch to The Herald: The first accident of the encampment occurred yesterday when Priv. Woodford of Springfield was thrown from his horse, striking on his head against a stone wall. He was picked up [illegible] and his head was severely lacerated." I wouldn't have believed Massachusetts citizens capable of such barbarity.

What is the explanation? Is it true, as some say, that the mere having a rifle in his hands automatically transforms a man into a beast? Or was a sham battle in progress, and did the unfortunate Woodford belong to the blues and his lacerators to the reds? In either case it would appear that Kultur has crossed the sea.

HAZELTON SPENCER.
Forest Hills, July 16.

Catching a Colt.

The city man, captain of industry, promoter, corporation or trust lawyer, returning to his "farm," his birthplace transformed into a palace with pleasure grounds, garage, stables, gardens, that a king of Persia might have envied; in summer, sometimes, if he is sentimentally inclined, would be a boy again, drive the cows home from pasture, carry switchel to the mowers, or catch a colt. If he is inclined to be a boy in a practical manner, the advice sent to us by "C. W. G." of Worcester may be of value:

"This requires time and skill. Going to the pasture early, select, fix your eye upon, a filly that shows signs of intelligence; if high-spirited, all the better; and if well favored, no harm. She will fix an eye upon you—then trot off around the pasture, as much as to say: 'My heart's my own, my will is free,' then come and take another look. This is the time to keep a level head, and make no move, not even a mental suggestion to the effect, 'Young fellow I will hitch you up yet.' At any such thing the colt is likely to jump the fence on the far side of the pasture. Just pass out an apple or two to show you are friendly. After a period, longer or shorter, according to the nature of the 'critter,' she will follow you, not for the apples, but in a friendly, social way. Let this go on for some time. Like Nature, 'she means well, but you can't hurry her.' Here endeth the first lesson. This one is free, but for further instruction there is a fee."

Fashion Note.

Mr. George Moore, we know, dislikes dogs as town pets; but what of parrots? In the West end on Saturday a gentleman was to be seen out walking with a beautiful white parrot—or was it a cockatoo?—with a sulphur-colored crest, happily perched upon his wrist.—Pall Mall Gazette.

July 24, 1915

COURTESY IN WAR

It has frequently been said that the horrors of the present war are "mediaeval," "worthy of the middle ages," "reminding one of former centuries." Yet the General Orders of King Henry V. during the Agincourt campaign would seem buttery and sentimental to the German leaders. Death was the punishment for destruction of property, unnecessary bloodshed, outrages on women. The taking of horses or cattle or implements of labor, the robbery of food or forage, the disturbing of women in childbed were punished by death or by a bestowal of the offender's goods on the person injured. There was special care lest any woman and her child should be "in disease or despere" through any act of an English soldier.

There was a chivalric courtesy in the wars of France against foreign nations, unhappily not observed in the domestic wars, that should cause the shouters for "kultur" to blush. Take, for instance, the siege of Mons in 1691. The story is told by the Marquis de Dangeau in his Journal. A siege as conducted by Louis XIV. was a solemn, classic affair, regularly conducted, to quote Sainte-Beuve, "rather short as viewed by us, with the result assured, abounding in brilliant and noble actions, dangers and fine deaths." The grand monarch would tell his courtiers and noble dames at Versailles that it was necessary to strike a blow. What city would be besieged? Mons was named. Vauban, "the soul of sieges," was sent in advance. The officers drew up their plans. Trenches were dug. The King, in spite of his gout, would go so near the enemy that his face could be distinguished. Racine was with the court taking notes. In one of the charges nearly all the French officers were wounded or killed. Louis went along the lines, visited the hospitals [illegible] if the bouillon was good to cheer the sick, to be sure that the surgeons were doing their duty toward the wounded. After 16 days Mons capitulated. The garrison marched out, and the commander, not dismounting, saluted with his sword and regretted that he did not hold out longer that he might have contributed more to the glory of Louis. "Thus everything passed off on both sides in perfect honor and courtesy."

Or view the famous siege of Sienna, defended by Montluc in the 16th century. Montluc was no sentimentalist. Later, in the civil wars of France, he showed himself inexorably cruel. But the Marquis de Marignan, commanding the besiegers, sent to him the half of a stag, six capons, six partridges, six flags of excellent wine for his Christmas dinner. Three or four months before, hearing that Montluc was sick, he had sent him game and wine of Greece. Montluc write in his memoirs of his foe: "He served his master, I served mine; he attacked me for his own honor, and I maintained mine." And when, after six months, Sienna fell, Montluc and the garrison marched out and were received by Marignan and his army not as vanquished but as heroes and most noble companions. Conquerors embraced the conquered, talked over the details of the siege, recounted the brave deeds. Marignan thanked Montluc for having taught him many ruses of war.

And this was in the 16th century that has been characterized as magnificent and terrible!

"A sick man (saith he) sits upon a green bank, and when the dog-star parcheth the plains, and dries up rivers, he lies in a shady bower," Froude sub arborea ferventia temperat astra, "and feeds his eyes with variety of objects, herbs, trees, to comfort his misery, he receives many delightsome smells, and fills his ears with that sweet and various harmony of birds; good God (saith he), what a company of pleasures hast Thou made for man!"

Mr. Calumet's Afternoon.

As the World Wags:

My friend, Mr. Calumet, who is in Boston again this week, told me that Mrs. Calumet (born Hecla) had given him some commissions which brought him to town from North East Harbor last Saturday. After executing them he had an idle hour in the afternoon. His house on the Avenue was boarded up and there was no one at the club. Looking out of the windows, upon the Common, the gleam of the water in the Frog pond (clarum et venerable nomen), a dear resort of his own childhood, caught his eye, and he went across the street and strolled thither. All round the margin of the pond, on the benches and on the turf were groups of contented looking people resting after the hot day. There was a sprinkling of the bland-faced, clear-eyed sailor boys, looking quite comfortable in this weather with their "low necks" (although it is rumored that motherly Mr. Daniels is proposing to order the wearing of chemisettes), usually chumming in pairs, but some, looking rather conscious and uncomfortable, in companionship with a young woman friend; circles sitting on the grass swapping stories or playing simple games; a few recruits in khaki with their good legs tightly breeched; bare-headed Jewish matrons with their abundant families, their 4-year-old "little mothers," reeling with a burden of a baby brother in their arms instead of a doll; bunches of girls with their heads together and children, children—everywhere, sailing pathetic, home-made boats, feeding the sparrows with peanuts while fighting off the bullying pigeons and chasing the squirrels who enjoy the game as much as the pursuers, conscious of the trees at hand up which they escape, with laughing tails.

A word or two with a chance neighbor which Mr. Calumet ventured, to his own surprise influenced by the environment, was answered with pleasant readiness. He even ventured with his yachtsmen's skill to set the rudder and trim the sail for a grubby little chap's boat and his success was rewarded by that smile with its gleaming teeth which only a dirty face reveals. He picked up and restored a paper which had fallen from an old man's hand with the sympathy of age for age and actually snapped a match from his own silver box to light the pipe of another decrepit person who was obviously and vainly feeling for one.

The scene was very different from that when Mr. Calumet used to play with his boyish companions about the pond in primitive times more than three score years ago, but it gave him an agreeably democratic consciousness, a sense of human interest in his kind that he had not felt for many a day and he almost resolved to bring his grandchildren away some day from their tennis courts, their yachts and their lawn parties to get a glimpse into the lives of less worldly fortunate folks, their brothers and sisters, if our religion, our morals and our institutions are not mere humbug, and certain some day to be their fellow-voters, as fellow-citizens of the Republic.

Boston, July 22. THE OLD 'UN.

Literary Note.

It appears that Miss Braddon by the sale of her early "Shockers" and her later entertaining though quieter novels left $340,000. Dickens left $400,000 and Trollope $350,000. This Trollope was, of course, Anthony, the photographic observer of English clerical and parliamentary life. Say Trollope, and no one thinks of T. Adolphus Trollope, who lived many years in Italy and wrote excellent novels and works of a graver nature, or of Anthony's mother, whose bitter recollections of the United States irritated our people for a time. So when Kingsley's name is mentioned the first thought of the majority is of Charles, the advocate of muscular Christianity, not Henry; yet to some Henry was the better novelist. When there is talk of Hardy, it is of Thomas, the tragic ironist, but the American Hardy should not be ignored. To some Mortimer Collins with his inexhaustible fancy, his humor, his extravagances, enthusiasms and prejudices, is more delightful than Wilkie with his elaborately constructed plots and his tales of intrigue and mystery.

Songs of Strife.

As the World Wags:

Listening to a phonograph in a canoe on the Charles, playing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," brought to mind a song that stirred England in the 17th century. Laurence Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," says of it: "A song with the refrain 'Lillibullero bullen-a-la' was written by Lord Wharton which had a more powerful effect than the philippics of either Demosthenes or Cicero and contributed not a little to the revolution of 1688. The whole army and the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually." Here is the refrain:

Lillibullero, lillibullero, bullen-a-la,
Lero lero, lillibullero, lero lero, bullen a la.

Boston, July 22. J. D. K.

It has been said of late that "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" is no longer in fashion among the British soldiers in the trenches or out of them. We read of the Irish Rifles going into the attack singing "There is a Green Hill Far Away."—Ed.

Society Note.

Wandsworth County Court had yesterday to consider the interesting question of how long it would take a lady's hair to grow the twelve inches which a too strenuous hairdresser had cut off beyond the allotted measure. Expert estimates varied from eight months to three years; and the shorn lady was awarded ten guineas as compensation. As the hair was described in court as "wonderful" and as "reaching almost to her feet," the error of the scissors was not serious; one might even say that, except in the privacy of her bedroom, it would be hardly noticeable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

July 25, 1915

Mr. Vincent d'Indy wrote for the album expressing the gratitude of France to the United States as follows: "The day that the United States rids its orchestras and schools of German musicians, I am firmly convinced that then will arrive for liberated musical America the dawn of a new art, which will spread itself over the world in works truly beautiful and original."

We have the highest respect for Mr. d'Indy as a composer and a man. We recognize and appreciate his uncommon talent, the sincerity and the nobility of his artistic purposes, the fineness of his personal character. But is not the opinion quoted above wildly chauvinistic?

This country owes a great debt to Germans for its musical development. Theodore Thomas did missionary work of incalculable value; he taught the country what an orchestra should be; he acquainted it with the best compositions of all schools and all countries, for his taste was catholic; he was the great educator. In a more limited field Carl Zerrahn did valiant work. Neither one of these men was "pro-German" where music was concerned. It is not easy to think of either one sympathizing today with the policy and methods of Germany in war. In fact, Mr. Zerrahn came to this country in 1848 to escape tyranny. In New York Dr. Leopold Damrosch fought for Liszt and Wagner. Nor should Carl Bergmann be forgotten, who here and in New York introduced important music.

These men were the forerunners. What is to be said of the line of conductors in Boston alone? Did Gericke, Nikisch, Paur delay the dawn of a new art"? Is Dr. Muck attempting to postpone this dawning? Let us be reasonable, even in time of war.

Would symphony orchestras worthy the name have been possible in this country without Germans? When Mr. d'Indy visited Boston and other cities as a guest-conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was he sorely vexed because music of his own composition and that of his fellow-countrymen was superbly played by an orchestra largely made up of Germans?

Are American composers hampered by the thought that their works will be [illegible] by Germans? Is their fancy thereby chilled, their imagination stifled?

Is it injurious for an American school of music if an excellent teacher happens by birth to be a German?

Let us dissociate politics and music. The great republic of art knows no boundaries. Let French and Germans, Belgians and Russians, Scandinavians and Roumanians, Turks and Bulgarians and English and Americans dwell together there in peace.

Yet an American student or an American audience should not be influenced unduly by any foreign school, whether it be French or German, simply because the music admired and applauded is of this or that nation. It should be influenced by the best music of any nation because it is good music irrespective of the composer's nationality.

There possibly are Germans in American schools and in our orchestras who [illegible] leave without causing regret to [illegible] well again in their dear Fatherland; Germans who, living here, owing their prosperity to the people and institutions of this country, nevertheless lose no opportunity of railing against the country and the people that feed and clothe them, and at the present time [illegible] violently with Germany in its wanton attacks on the property and lives of Americans.

Mr. Rahinoff, the director of the Pavlowa Ballet-Opera Company, announces that he has obtained from the Boston Opera House the "complete productions" of "Otello," "L'Amore dei tre Re," "Carmen," "La Giaconda," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci", also that he has engaged "the entire Boston Opera House orchestra and chorus." Mr. Rahinoff's activity is to be praised; yet it is a sad thought that scenery, costumes, chorus, once the pride of Bostonians, have passed from them: that they no longer have their own opera company in their own opera house: that the glory is departed. The appearance of Mr. Bakianoff as one of Mr. Rabinoff's singers will be welcome, although it will bring back memories of a popular interest and an enthusiasm that were not long maintained. The withdrawal of Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Bakianoff was the beginning of the end.

So Mr. Alfred Hertz will be the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in place of Mr. Henry K. Hadley. Mr. Hertz is well known as a conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House. Has he had large experience as a conductor of symphony concerts? It was said some months ago that the position in San Francisco might be offered to Mr. Fiedler or retained by Mr. Hadley. Mr. Hertz is a genial soul. He and his attractive wife should enjoy life in San Francisco, whose inhabitants will surely not be able to say that they cannot hear the orchestra under his direction. The next season bids fair to be at least robust, and there will probably be much music by Richard Wagner.

The Berlin correspondent of the New York World cabled that Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew" would be performed this season by the Metropolitan Opera House Company for the first time in America, also that Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" would be produced. Goetz's [illegible] was produced in this country many years ago. "Der Rosenkavalier" has been performed at the Metropolitan Opera House many times.

The Daily Telegraph of London (June 2) pokes fun at the performance of "Siegfried" in the Harvard Stadium, having read accounts of the performance in the Musical Currier and in Musical America. The article begins in the old-fashioned way, "In the land of the dollar, etc." Moved by a view of the Stadium, the writer exclaims: "Beyond it you see the lights of the distant town and a blur of unpicturesque buildings, dominated by two sky-soaring factory shafts. Just imagine it, and then try to feel receptive in those surroundings of the wonders of the 'Forest Murmurs.' Should not Mime have been played by an artist of Brobdingnagian proportions? And what megaphonic dragon can have been found equal to such an occasion?" Here are other extracts from the article: "To complicate the acoustic problem there was the difficulty inevitably arising from the distant sounds of motors, trolley cars and trains. (Imagine, if you can, the wood-bird's song interrupted by a nerve-shaking 'hoot' from a 50 horse-power motor!)" Could not Loge have called forth flames from the furnaces of one of those picturesque factories within sight of the Stadium? And incidentally one reflects that Bruenhilde must have slumbered very soundly on her rocky couch not to have been awakened—long before the forest hero came to release her—by the motor horns, the shrieks from the railway engines and the other melodious sounds that reached the ears of the Stadium audience. The latter, by the way, represented in box-office returns a trifle of $50,000. 'Some' receipts!" But, dear Mr. Legge, what, pray, has Loge to do with "Siegfried"?

Let us listen to Mr. Legge discussing what constitutes nationality in music: "In course of a recent private correspondence I was told that Delius, for example, could not be dealt with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in spite of the fact that he was born at Bradford, but at the same time I was assured that Balfour Gardiner, Arnold Bax, and many more besides were British composers, merely because of the fact that they were born in the British Isles of British parentage. Their 'outlook' apparently, nay clearly, was to count for nothing.

"How much has parentage to do with the matter, I wonder, for it implies heredity, and how many of the great musicians have come of a musical stock? It would be very interesting to know from statistics, which, I imagine, could easily be arrived at, how much the musical ability of the truly great composers has been derived from, or developed in virtue of, musical parentage, and how much has depended upon environment. The statement aforesaid about British composers of British parentage seems to me to suggest, at least, some mental confusion, to amount almost to a non-sequitur. I, if I may be personal for a moment, happen to know Delius very well, for we were fellow students together in Leipsic a quarter of a century ago. Now, his outlook on life in general is far more British than that of many a Briton born in these islands of parents of purely British strain (whatever that may be). Surely, then, it is this very outlook on life and the expression that count for most in computing the national value of the composer. **If the question come to be one of merely technical expression or of mode of expression, then I would undertake to find many specimens of English music that are as German in texture as anything written by Brahms, to find Russian music that is no less so, and so on through the whole gamut. And is it not a commonplace that here in England we have an immense mass of music purporting to be British, which, if reduced to its primordial elements, shows itself to be the veriest imitation of, say, Strauss and one or two other of the German composers who have been taken as models?"**

Mr. Legge is at times pleasantly anecdotical. This story was told him by Mr. Ernest Ford apropos of an article by Mr. Legge about the art of the accompanist: "I cannot refrain from telling you of an incident that happened many years ago at one of the old 'Pops' in St. James's Hall. Joseph Maas was singing, and when he arrived, just as the concert was to begin, he told me that he had been fishing the day before and had caught a cold and could not possibly sing what he was set down for in the proper key. Would I transpose it? I said, 'Yes,' and all went well. It is evident that he must have told Joachim, Piatti, and the others who were taking part in the concert, for later on Piatti asked me if I had transposed the song, and on my answering in the affirmative, he proceeded to give me a severe lecture. He said that no artist was ever justified in taking so great a risk, either on his own or another's account. He pointed out that it was a particularly senseless act on the part of the accompanist, because success brought no reclame, while failure might easily ruin reputation and position." Joachim was of a similar opinion.

The other story shows the regard in which male musicians are held in London. "A particularly well-known musician in London enjoyed a great repute as pianoforte accompanist. He was wont to take part in many musical functions in private homes. On one occasion, not long ago, he was shown up into the music room, where he found his hostess waiting. On offering his hand to the hostess, whom he knew quite well, the only sign of recognition vouchsafed was a finger raised to point to a particular part of the room and the remark, 'There is the corner'! You will remember that hostesses in the days of Spohr sometimes endeavored to make him go up to the music-room by way of the servants' staircase."

Notes About the Theatre in England

Of the performance of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre, July 5, the Pall Mall Gazette spoke as follows: "The King and Queen evidently enjoyed what they saw of 'King Henry VIII.' yesterday afternoon, and it was only the more urgent duties of the time that compelled their majesties to retire so early. On the whole, the acting was excellent, Sir Herbert Tree, in this respect, being quite at his best. Much of the speaking, on the other hand, was exceedingly bad. Sir Herbert Tree and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were repeatedly deliberate to a tedious extent, and some of the others were very indistinct, and even inaudible. Our stage, indeed, at the present moment is not rich in the art of speaking such verse as Shakespeare's. Mr. Lewis Waller's Buckingham was a virile performance, but it lacked the passion of Mr. Henry Ainley's at this theatre when the play was revived here in September, 1910; and Mr. Ainley's again made incomparably less effect than did Mr. Forbes Robertson's at the Lyceum under Irving. Indeed, the oftener one sees the part played in these days the more one marvels at the impression which Forbes Robertson's left upon the imagination. It is quite a short part, and [illegible] [illegible] Forbes Robertson's [illegible] marvel [illegible] them for the Cardinal of Irving was marvellous, and the King of William Terriss the best thing he ever did, yet there is the fact. No doubt the lovely Lyceum scene against which the tall, austere-looking, beautiful figure stood and delivered his last great speech helped to create the memorable effect, but principally the success was the actor's—voice, aspect, and bearing all combining in an impression of unsurpassable dignity and pathos. Some of us must have wondered at His Majesty's yesterday what would have been the result if 'King Henry VIII.' had been put on for a 'run'? Of course, such a cast as yesterday's would have been out of the question, but the parts of the Cardinal and the King and Queen could no doubt have been filled by their exponents of yesterday, and it should not have been difficult to get a sufficiently well-graced actor for the part of Buckingham. As to Anne Bullen, if Miss Laura Cowie was not available for a 'run,' Miss Marie Lohr perhaps was. It would have been quite interesting to see her in the part." Edward German conducted his overture and composed new incidental music.

For this production of "Henry VIII." Mr. Louis N. Parker put the Coronation ritual on the stage, although this scene does not occur in the play itself, but only the account of it. In Shakespeare's day the play was staged with much pageantry and ritual. Sir Henry Wotton thought this open to objection. He wrote that "the piece was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of Pomp and Majesty, even to the matting of the Stage; **the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garters, the Guards with their embroidered Coats, and the like, sufficient within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous."**

At the performance of His Majesty's Theatre less than two thirds of the play were spoken and the performance lasted "almost exactly," three hours and a half. In Shakespeare's time none of the text was omitted in representation, at least we have reason to suppose this, and the Prologue stated that the audience should "See away their shilling richly in two short hours." Mr. Grossmith at His Majesty's substituted "three" for "two."

That many English actors have gone to the war is shown by the fact that in order to obtain a caste for Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at Kennington, the management of the theatre was obliged to obtain permission from the military authorities to allow three of its members to perform. Out of the 12 members of last year's Kennington stock season, seven have joined the English forces.

In the course of a speech delivered July 3 from the stage of His Majesty's Theatre after the curtain had fallen for the last time on "Marie Odile," Sir Herbert Tree said: "As to future plans, ladies and gentlemen, our only plan of importance is to finish the war. But I trust that in the future I may be able to submit some suitable work. In this sad time it is only natural that at night the public should seek to forget the troubles of the day in the lighter forms of entertainment, which this theatre has not hitherto sought to provide. Ladies and gentlemen, at such a time, we of the theatre feel the infinite unimportance of ourselves; but, after all, we, too, are doing our share in the country's work of this great time; and if we ourselves are impoverished we have done our best to enrich our many great and splendid charities. Ladies and gentlemen, I hope we may meet in happier mood—and soon. God save the King, and God bless England!"

A playgoer who saw "Marie Odile" wrote as follows to Mr. Walbrook, the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette: "I rather liked 'Marie Odile.' Of course, the last act is nonsense, but I fancy they had cut it down considerably since the first night, and I got through it without serious discomfort. The two performances that made the play worth seeing were Mr. O. B. Clarence's old gardener—a beautiful and most finished impersonation—and Miss Ada King's old nun. The latter delighted me. She had nothing to do, but succeeded in being quite real. Miss King is a thorough artist. In the last act she merely had to look on; she had not the shadow of a chance, and I don't suppose three people in the house noticed her—yet she never ceased to live through the scene for a moment, and her face was worth watching all the time. Marie Loehr I liked, and thought she played very nicely; but I could not share the enthusiasm of some of the critics for Miss Hylton, who struck me as quite ordinary, and she spoke her big speech straight at the gallery." To which Mr. Walbrook adds: "This tribute to the acting of Miss Ada King is one which all good judges of acting will warmly indorse. Often on the London stage some of the best acting comes from artists who are playing quite small parts."

A dramatization of Du Maurier's novel "Peter Ibbetson" has been announced for production at a charity matinee, July 23, in London. "It will be interesting to see what the dramatist makes of Du Maurier's enchanting story, and how far the actors and actresses [illegible] [illegible] to all [illegible] distinction. Miss [illegible] [illegible] Duchess of T[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]tt, the singer, will have a [illegible] part. The dramatization is by John N[illegible] [illegible]ael.

"Trilby" is being produced on the London music hall for the first time in its history. The play has been con[illegible], but the most important scenes are included, with Sir Herbert Tree as Svengali and Miss Enid Bell as Trilby.

Miss Polaire was seen at the Coliseum, London, July 5, in a one-act play, "Le Mannequin Amoureux." The story is of a young painter and a y[illegible] modiste. She turns her lover's st[illegible] into a ballroom and, dressing up [illegible] mannequins, welcomes them as gu[illegible]. The painter, returning, unknown to Louisette, disguises himself as one of the wooden models and so d[illegible] Louisette's passion for him. [illegible] Hawtrey appeared at the Col[illegible] the same day in a new farce, "The H[illegible] Husband," by Max Pemberton.

"Quinneys," which will be played in this country next season, was performed for the 100th time in London at the Haymarket, July 7.

John Masefield's new tragedy in three acts, "The Faithful," published by Heinemann, London, is thus reviewed by the Pall Mall Gazette: "It is not very easy to see what Mr. Masefield is driving in this curious drama of tyranny in a Japanese valley and more or less finally successful revolt against it. It seems to have been written for the purpose of pointing a moral, perhaps to show how the humble [illegible] worthy of the earth can be oppressed by the arrogant and unworthy; but even then it is not easy to see why the author should have made Japan the scene of his drama. There is an occasional [illegible] of inevitability in the action wh[illegible] makes for weakness and the d[illegible] is in a quite undistinguished prose. **Of course, the play is a play, written to make its effect on the stage rather than in a book; and, for all we [illegible] say, 'The Faithful' may one day prove an exceedingly vivid drama. We [illegible] hope to see it acted soon and then [illegible] it as we have enjoyed all the author's other plays."**

"Enterprising Helen" was performed for the first time in London on July 7 at the Vaudeville Theatre. The comedy is by "Francis Coutts" (Lord Latymer). Mr. Walbrook did not like it. "In the second act a br[illegible] dramatist's adored and adorin[illegible] w[illegible] ran away from him, and in the [illegible] he was on the verge of suicide, but [illegible] active. Then a friend came, s[illegible] that she was staying with cert[illegible] ple, telephoned, and in five m[illegible] she was back in the arms of her [illegible] husband. Mr. Coutts has not w[illegible] a good play. Such was the o[illegible] expressed in this journal after the original production at Brighton three or four weeks ago; and it st[illegible]. [illegible] is crude in the extreme the w[illegible] should say, of a kindly [illegible] either does not know much of life [illegible] character or fancies that the t[illegible] audiences are not interested in [illegible] realities. As a matter of fact, [illegible] not much interested in them, b[illegible] still ask that a man who is on the verge of suicide over a run[illegible] way [illegible] shall make some sort of effort to [illegible] cover her. Mr. Herbert Warl[illegible] [illegible] Mr. Ben Webster were both i[illegible] cast, acting with their inv[illegible] [illegible] cacy of art and faithfulness to the author, and to watch them gracefully skating over patch after patch of [illegible] thinnest ice ever seen was one of the most pleasurable experiences we have had in a playhouse in the w[illegible] length of this rather sad season."

The report of the work of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre between August, 1914, and last June has just been published. It shows an effort to con[illegible] presenting plays that count, both old and new. Among the "producers" is the name of F. A. Besant Rice, a son of James Rice and a godson of Walter Besant. At the end of the report is a list of 19 members of the company who have now joined his majesty's forces, and a statement to the effect that other members are now munition making.

Notes About Music and Musicians

Sir Edward Elgar's new work, a symphonic prelude "Polonia," was performed on July 6 at a concert in London for the benefit of the Polish Victims Relief Fund. "The work incorporates three Polish themes, besides some extraneous quotations, yet the thread on which they are strung, as well as the principal theme, is the purest Elgarian. The mood is strenuous, as becomes the occasion—for despite its qualities, it is a piece d'occasion—and is no doubt best appreciated in relation to the circumstances to which it owes its existence. The references to the two great Polish musicians, Chopin and Paderewski, to the latter of whom the work is dedicated, are appostic, but not very spontaneous. Their inclusion does not, however affect the quality of the music, which has its inspiring note." The rest of the program was wholly Polish, orchestra music by Noskowski, Mlynarski, Stojowski and others, [illegible] [illegible] by Wieniawski and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

An all-British program at a concert given in London July 8, opened with a new string quartet by Cyril Rootham. "The best section is the slow movement, which has much lyrical beauty, though somewhat drawn out. The Finale has a suggestion of the Hungarian, and is brilliantly written, but sounds more than a little superficial." Mr. Edwin Evans at this concert spoke about the role of nationalism in music. "If every nation had equal opportunity, the aggressive assertion of nationalism would be alike vulgar and superfluous, but when one nation dominates all others it became a necessary and wholesome corrective. He instanced as an illustration how German nationalism emancipated opera from Italian domination, and Russian nationalism from both."

The possibility that Mr. Beecham may transfer his musical activities to Manchester, where he thinks it will be easier to establish national grand opera than in London, is not flattering to the capacity of Londoners for operative fare of the grand order. But Mr. Beecham is not the first to find London a poor field for grand opera. The late Mr. D'Oyly Carte's fine Opera House in Shaftesbury avenue was a failure until it was transformed into a superior music-hall, and the fate of Mr. Hammerstein's ambitious venture in Kingsway is too recent to need comment.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Busoni's sonata for violin and piano was played in London July 5 by Daniel Melsa and Sydney Rosenbloom. "It is a rambling, discursive succession of loosely connected movements, variously elaborated, but mostly contrived out of trite themes. Knowledge is displayed in it, but not imagination, and the result is pretentiously dreary."

Mr. Edwin Evans heard Mark Hambourg play the piano in London, July 3: "His Chopin playing is entirely unlike that of any other pianist, and most of all unlike one's conception of Chopin's music. Hence, the public was offered a unique entertainment, which it evidently appreciated. Mr. Hambourg has two methods. One recalls the blatant but superbly efficient 'Enry Straker, the other an equally strenuous minor poet. It is a favorite device of his to exhibit the two methods in one composition. He plays, for instance, the study on the black keys first in the Straker manner, blatantly and efficiently—so efficiently that he is asked to repeat it. Then he plays it as if he desired to prove that the industrial revolution has not entirely denuded the world of poetry. This is all quite interesting in its way, and tempts one to condone certain liberties taken with the text, but when it comes to playing the A flat Ballade in a manner that was scarcely recognizable at all, it is surely time to protest. After all, Etudes are by their nature display pieces, and must, perhaps, take the consequences, but ballades are not."

The critic of the Daily Telegraph, hearing Borodin's B-minor symphony (June 25), remarked: "The oftener one listens to the music of that very remarkable Russian, the more one wonders why he should have taken himself seriously as a chemist. Yet we are told it was no affectation, but that he really made a reputation as a professor of that science after leaving the Academy of Medicine." This is patronizing and amusing. Is it possible that the critic is unfamiliar with Borodin's life? As a chemist, Borodin was distinguished by his researches and his treatises. The critic well says of the symphony, which is well known here: "It is by no means a subtle work requiring much meticulous study on the part of conductor or instrumentalist, or long-drawn-out experiments in interpretation. It is essentially a thing of primitive flesh and blood, toned down a bit with a certain academic (or chemical) self-consciousness in its phraseology. It has humor, too—as in the Scherzo—and plenty of picturesque color; picturesque, that is, in the sense of suggesting a ballet, which could hardly have been far from the composer's mind in the second and last movements. The barbaric opulence of the middle ages is written into a good many pages of the score." Evidently this critic has not read Borodin's orchestral own account of the symphony.

A new work by Arthur Le Greef, the Belgian pianist, was performed in London on June 30. It is dedicated to his compatriot, the conductor, Henri Verbrugghen, who then gave a farewell concert prior to his departure to Sydney, New South Wales, where he will be the director of the new government Conservatory of Music. The work is a version of four Flemish folk tunes. "The composer has approached his task with an honest affection that made him proof against the temptation to be 'clever' at the expense of his material. He has found variety in harmonic and orchestral color without doing violence to his melodies in the process. Incidentally, he has achieved some picturesque results, and produced a set of unpretentious but uncommonly well-made pieces, though he leaves one with a lurking suspicion that he takes more pleasure in the lively tunes of his country than in those that favor the sentimental." The Daily Telegraph said that "a curious point to note about the folk songs from which he derived his inspiration is the close affinity they bear to the character and complexion of Flemish music of similar origin." At this concert Mr. Verbrugghen re-enforced the wind-section in the "Pathetic" symphony of Tschaikowsky. Miss Marguerite Nicika, a young soprano, was told by the critics that "Deh vieni, non tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro" was a too ambitious selection. "Whilst her voice is of pleasing quality, and not lacking in volume, it cannot be said that she uses it to the best advantage, or has it under complete control." An amateur actress, she studied with Jean de Reszke. She speaks five languages and plays the violin.

A double bass solo was heard in London on July 1. Adolf Lotter played his own Fantasia. It was said that the double-bass had not been heard in London as a solo instrument since the Russian, Kousevitzky, played there.

Brahms, Schumann and Joachim were associated in the making of a sonata for violin and piano. The movement written by Brahms was played in London on July 1. The critic of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "In a fairly long experience, we cannot recall seeing the movement which Brahms contributed to the work—those of his two collaborators remained in M.S.—in a concert program. Bearing in mind the year in which tragedy came into Schumann's life, it is obvious that this three-composer sonata must date from a time when Brahms was yet on the threshold of his career, and, in any case, the fragment heard carries with it tokens of belonging to a period when the composer felt something of the hopeful spirit of youth. It is Brahms in a more or less buoyant mood."

To the Souvenir Sale of the **Three Arts Women's Fund** in London Mme. Patti contributed the satin shoes she always wore in "Carmen." Mme. Albani sent the lace bridal veil she wore in "Lohengrin." There were autograph letters written by Grisi, Mario, Mayerbee, Berlioz, Bishop, Helen Faucit, Sainton-Dolby, Charles Keene, Benedict, and a signed sheet of Mendelssohn's manuscript. H. B. Irving sent a gold pencil case used by his father. From Mary Anderson came the necklace she wore in "The Winter's Tale." Father Vaughan gave one of his favorite pipes. Mme. Clara Butt sent a German shell found by her husband in the trenches that the French lost and took again at Neuve Beecuin.

The repertoire of the Serge de Diaghileff Imperial Ballet Russe, which will appear here next season, is as follows:

"The Sylphs".....Music by Chopin-Glazounoff
"The Blue God".....Music by Halin
"The Faun's Afternoon".....Music by Debussy
"Prince Igor".....Music by Borodin
"The Pavilion of Armide"..Music by Tzehepnin
"Thamar".....Music by Bala Kireff
"Carnaval".....Music by Schumann
"Butterflies".....Music by Schumann
"The Spectre of the Rose"...Music by Berlioz
"Narcisse".....Music by Tzehepnin
"Petroushka".....Music by Stravinsky
"Scheherazade"....Music by Rimski-Korsakoff

The stage decorations and costumes by Leon Bakst include ideas from Greek, Anamese, Javanese, Caucasian, Chinese and Turkish art.

Preferences for Classical or Modern Music

One of the commonest questions which the layman asks the musician is: Who is your favorite composer? It is a question that no true musician finds easy to answer. In fact, readiness to reply often stands in inverse ratio to musicianship, for it is the man who "knows nothing about music" who usually professes to "know what he likes. That is easily explicable. To him music is not a means of expression, of communion with the artist, but simply an entertainment, and he naturally votes for the entertainment which gives him the most pleasure at the cost of the least mental collaboration. He is merely a passive listener. Active participation in the experiences of which music is the language is not within the scope of his desire and probably not of his capacity.

Yet the preferences of the passive listener are not always misplaced. Passivity is an attitude of the mind, not a deficiency. It may be simply the search for relaxation or it may be constitutional indolence, but it does not necessarily imply inability to become actively receptive. The well-proved conservatism of audiences is an example. They are not asked to make up their mind about Beethoven or Shakespeare. That was done for them in infancy. They know that both are indubitable masters, and they go to concert-hall or theatre in the confident anticipation of enjoyment. They know that if they do not enjoy themselves it is their own lookout. But if it is Stravinsky or the modern "theatre of ideas," they are called upon to make up their minds for themselves. They are not sure whether it is quite safe to enjoy themselves, and cannot ascertain without the mental effort of judging for themselves what it is all about. They find a difficulty in remaining passive and long for something they know to be beyond discussion.

The foregoing is prompted by the pathetic constancy with which certain audiences are clinging to a tradition that is crumbling about their ears. They do not understand the tradition, in reality much better than the more recent developments, but they know that they are on safe ground, and prefer to remain there. Hence each successive movement, whether it favors French impressionism, so-called futurism or the belated recognition of our own musicians, encounters the same old "vis inertiae" from which Beethoven himself was as much a sufferer as any modern.

We here in England are among the largest consumers of music in the world, but if it were possible to eliminate the consumption for entertainment alone I am not sure that much would remain. At all events, the opinion of foreign performers who collect the largest fees here points that way, and the indiscriminate applause that an English audience showers on all music, good, bad and indifferent, thereby cheapening its value, is another proof. It is disheartening sometimes at Queen's Hall, for instance, to hear a fine work received with acclamation, only to find the same enthusiasm for some trumpery sentimental ballad. It denotes two things—first, a lack of the power of discrimination, that is probably the cause why English musicians, however gifted, have so much difficulty in coming to their own. But, further, it shows that this apparent love of music, that is so great it embraces all music, is not far removed from indolent self-indulgence.

This is not pessimism. It is a protest. Our passivity in many more practical directions is finding itself out. It is being called ugly names when it takes the form of apathy in this crisis. An awakening is in progress and the turn of music is bound to come. Meanwhile the minority to whom music is a means of cummunion may console themselves with the reflection that they have the best of the entertainment as well.

As between classics and contemporaries, the preference adjusts itself readily. Among English novels, I admit the high literary quality of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but "Tono-Bungay" provides more immediate interest. I respect my ancestors, but I am more concerned in the doings of my own generation. It is not a critical preference, any more than our greater interest in King George as compared with Rameses implies any disparagement of the latter. King George is nearest and his message to the nation is more vital.

That is the logic of music as a means of expression. It transcends language as a vehicle of certain thoughts and emotions that are otherwise inexpressible. In a certain sense, it is a religion. But if it is a subtle means of expression, it is obvious that it will convey something of the subjective personality of its creator; and as no strange personality can be absolutely flawless, that something will contain sympathetic and unsympathetic elements in a certain proportion that should govern our preferences, always assuming that the task of expression has been successfully surmounted.

That is where modern music in general and English music in particular, is affected by this discussion. If modern composers have succeeded in giving expression to the age in which we live, we should be more interested in them than in the classics, without abandoning any of our respect for these. And if English composers have succeeded in voicing the Englishness that is none the less an essential part of their personality for being otherwise inarticulate, it is obvious that we should prefer them to composers of any alien races, for the same reason that most Englishmen find more pleasure in Kipling than in Turguenieff, whilst not disputing the genius of the latter. The whole point is: Have English composers expressed themselves? Or are they still producing pale reflections of alien models? The verdict of the wider public, that seeks only entertainment without effort, is no criterion. But what of the others? —Edwin Evans in the Pall Mall Gazette of July 8.

BRAINS AND MURDER

The Holt-Muenter case naturally attracted the attention of professional and amateur psychologists. Some looked upon the man as an instance of dual-personality, another Jekyll and Hyde. Or had learning made him mad? Others wondered how a man of indisputable gifts and attainments could have committed the murder attributed to him in Cambridge, made the attack on Mr. Morgan or committed the foolish act in Washington. Had he not been a "professor" at this or that college, esteemed by colleagues and students?

They forgot that at Cornell University, where Holt lectured, there was before him a German of still greater intellectual force who had criminal propensities. Goldwin Smith, his colleague, sketched him; "One Ruloff, a great philologist, and the inventor of a universal language. He committed a series of robberies and murders, the murders beginning with those of his wife and daughter. On that occasion he escaped justice through the absence of a corpus delecti, Lake Cayuga, into which he had thrown the bodies, being undredgable." This learned professor went to Virginia, where he worked at philology, endeavored to perfect his universal language, and by way of relieving mental strain committed other crimes. He went back to Ithaca, robbed and murdered, and was finally brought to trial. There was a petition against his execution, on two curiously contradictory grounds: he was insane; if he were executed, science would suffer a great loss. The state issued two commissions of inquiry. The convicted man was hanged. At the autopsy the size of his brain excited wonder; although it is now believed that great size of the brain does not necessarily argue uncommon intellectuality.

In the records of crime there are interesting cases of intellectual men committing major crimes. The case of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, forger and poisoner, is one of the most striking. As "Janus Weathercock" he was known to the readers of the London Magazine. He associated with Lamb, Hazlitt, Talfourd. His murders were peculiarly cold blooded and atrocious. In the preface to his essays and criticisms collected by W. C. Hazlitt, the editor speaks of Wainewright as a "psychological phenomenon of unsurpassed magnitude and curiosity * * * one of the most singular and deplorable cases of intellectual obliquity and deformity." Eugene Aram was a schoolteacher extensively versed in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Chaldee and Arabic, a student of Celtic and botany.

Holt was a professor. The bitter reply of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler when he was urged to show more courtesy in the cross-examination of a professor at Harvard is still remembered.

July 26 1915

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

A Perplexed Correspondent.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me what the following quotation, used by Mr. Chesterton in the New York Times last fall, is from?

"We fight for the trust and the tryst; for fixed memories and the possible meeting of men; for all that makes life anything but an uncontrollable nightmare; we fight for the long arm of honor and remembrance for all that can lift a man above the quicksands of his moods and give him the mastery of time."

If seven sisters claimed Hazel Ray, I should still believe she was Mr. Halliday Witherspoon. I suspected her from the first. Not that I guessed she was Mr. Witherspoon. I decided that Mr. Blaney was doing Hazel for a change. I judged that only a newspaper man could use "canaille" and "bourgeoisie" with the ease and freedom Hazel used these words and others like them. So I believe Halliday's confession, but I wish he hadn't made it. I have believed the World Waggers to be real folks and he has shaken my simple faith. I have become so suspicious that in glancing over the Pearmont Pickings for last week and noticing that "Harvey Witherspoon came in from Denver last week to spend the summer on the ranch," I think perhaps Halliday is fooling us in more ways than one. Can he be some Denver newspaper man who has never been to the war nor in Mexico, nor in Boston, but can draw the long bow entertainingly on anything he happens to hear about? I should like his signature certified, for though, like Dr. Holmes, I always find him interesting, I frequently find him exasperating.

I have one more request to make. If Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not what he seems; if Clamport is a mirage, the elephant folio a dream, do not let him confess it in your column.

EBENEZAR L. CARR.

Bridgewater, July 24.

1. We regret that we cannot name the author or orator quoted by Mr. Chesterton.

2. Mr. Halliday Witherspoon lives in Boston though disguised as Mr. Harvey Witherspoon he may now be sojourning on a ranch. He is a fine figure of a man and his manners are easy.

3. Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a creature of flesh and blood. We know him well, Horatio. We have seen proof sheets of the first volume of his colossal work

please' when he wished to pass, but he

(ele[illegible]ant f[illegible]lio). If you are interested in him, now is the time to subscribe for "Man as a Social and Political Beast." The price of each volume (limited edition, all copies numbered from 1 to 1000) is $25. Your check might be made to our order. N. B. There will later be a popular, but condensed, edition.

Yes, Mr. Carr, Messrs. Johnson, Witherspoon, George P. Bolivar, L. B. Henderson and Leonidas Swett, the Rev. Babbington Brooke, Mr. Pool of Siloam, Abel Seaman, M. J. L., Miss Jane Cherry, Mr Joseph Matthew Sullivan, the old 'un, Miss Katrine Grey, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, Mr. Grover Graustark, Mr. Abolino Tinkham, Mr. Justice Henry Shaw, Capt. Brassbound, H. J. L. and other valued contributors as "Juvabit Meminisse" are men and women, alive, alert, fantastical, erudite, all laboring for the public welfare. We say with Herman Melville at the end of the Town-Ho's story, told by him at Lima on the thick gilt-tiled piazza of the Golden Inn and sworn to by him on the Evangelists brought by the priest: "So help me, Heaven, and on my honor, the story I have told ye, gentlemen, is in substance and its great terms true. I know it is true; it happened on this ball; I trod the ship; I knew the crew; I have seen and talked with Steelkilt since the death of Radney."—Ed.

Society Notes.

Mr. Carr incloses an issue of the News containing "Pearmont Pickings." The following items are of more than local interest, unlike the report of fashionable doings on the North Shore.

"Earl Hassel got tangled up with a bronc one day this week and is laid up for repairs."

"Emery Brown is 'busting' broncos for Peter Zwahlen. He has one or two that can go high and wide, but Emery rides them."

"Potato planting has been in full blast at Pearmont. Some people advocate planting them in the dark of the moon, but we believe in planting them in the ground."

One Jowett.

"Snyderius" asked on July 19 the exact words of a quatrain about Dr. Jowett of Balliol College. We have received two letters. Mr. H. L. Wheeler of Boston writes: "Consider this which is possible but cannot at present be proved exact—it's as it has long been in one memory:

You ask my name; behold, it's Jowett;
I am the master of Balliol College,
All that is to be known, I know it;
What I know not is not knowledge.

Anyhow there's a stateliness to it. I should be glad to have you better it."

Jean Jacques of Boston gives this version which he heard from an old Oxonian some years ago:

I am the Rev. Benjamin Jowett,
All there is to be known, I know it;
What I don't know isn't knowledge,
And I'm the master of Balliol College.

July 27 1915

VERBAL GERMANIZATION

In their rejection of French, English, Italian words, the Germans have now cut out of their language French and English greetings. It is said that "adieu," once so common throughout Germany, and curiously pronounced according to the section of the country, is rigorously prohibited, and there is a universal return to the greeting "mahlzeit" (mealtime.)

But this rejection of foreign terms was proposed and urged by the Kaiser and others in authority long before the present war, just as the Kaiser once insisted that every loyal German should drink German champagne, if champagne were to be served, and not the wine of France. A society was formed. Little dictionaries were published containing the German words that should be used instead of foreign ones in the vocabularies of arts, trades and employments. Thus a cigar should no longer be a "cigarre," but a "glimmstengel" (a glimmer stick), or "rauchrolle" (smoke roll). "Knickerbocker" should be "sporthose" and "sweater" "sportswomms." Unfortunately, in restaurants few knew the dishes by their new names. If a loin piece of beef was prepared in the "Niederschlossberg way" the waiter was questioned; at last the bill of fare was printed in German on one side and French on the other; and so the doubtful guest was reassured, finding his particular piece of beef was the familiar "filet bearnaise."

In the vocabulary of motoring the German language may appear to disadvantage. "Throttle" is not easily pronounced by Germans, and they may prefer "drosselklappenregulie[illegible]rung," but "silencer" [illegible] than "gerauschverminderer," and "change-speed lever" than "geschwindigkeitsausschaltungshebel."

It is hard to say whether this attempt to have only German words for Germans is characterized chiefly by arrogance or foolishness. The power and expressiveness of a language gain by the introduction and adoption of foreign words when this introduction is natural and not forced. The great languages have freely borrowed one from another. What would Frederick the Great, idolized by William and the military, say to the present inconceivable narrowness? For Frederick had the highest regard for the French language—witness his intercourse with Voltaire and his admiration for everything French. He despised his own language. His library consisted of French books. Only French was spoken at his table. And it was Frederick who said of his opera house in Berlin that he would rather hear his horse neigh in Italian than the best singer sing in German.

The German war lords should consult Nicholas Leonicus "De var. hist." For that learned author tells of one Solon, who, besieging a certain city, "steeped hellebore in a spring of water, which by pipes was conveyed into the middle of the town, and so either poisoned, or else made them so feeble and weak by purging that they were not able to bear arms."

Those Twelve Quarters.

As the World Wags:

That Housman's "'wind's twelve quarters' did not blow from Housman's inkstand" is a safe guess on the part of your Braintree correspondent. Their source will be found, I believe, nearer to the island of Aeolia, where, according to the tenth book of the "Odyssey," lived Aeolus and his wife with their six sons and six daughters. Why Aeolus's children should have numbered twelve, is of course another question. If your correspondent does not take kindly to the suggestion, which the scholiast on the "Odyssey" tells us was made by certain allegorising interpreters, that the twelve children represented the twelve months, and if he is intent upon a "mathematical or metaphysical" solution, he may find some consolation in the second book of Aristotle's "Meteorology," where, though the winds are said to number only ten or eleven, they are assigned according to a scheme which involves a twelve-point division of the horizon—the unit of division, roughly speaking, being supplied by the variation in the point of sunrise (or sunset) between equinox and solstice.

Lexington, July 21. F. H. F.

A Way Out of It.

As the World Wags:

The Herald recently published an editorial which called attention to the danger that even the most resourceful of authors run when coining names for their "villyuns." It told us that "no matter how ingenious an author may be in coining names, somewhere, sometime, to his consternation a man bearing that name may be found" and may hall the poor novelist or playwright into court on a charge of libel. The only remedy which this editorial suggests, however, is the "introducing of no characters save those that are as blameless as Homer's Ethiopians."

But such a step, it seems to me, is entirely unnecessary. Imagine a yarn without a "villyun." I would suggest that authors work somewhat on the following lines:

"Przxuefg rushed panting into the room, only to be met by the impassable Tfrgxogl. 'So you love my Npygvo, do you?' hissed Tfrgxogl."

However, we do not expect that all authors would be as successful as Sienkewicz at this game.

Boston, July 25. SNYDERIUS.

A Washingtonian Song.

As the World Wags:

I thought, perhaps, in these times of "National Prohibition" movement a temperance song I used to sing when a boy might be interesting. I was a member, with hundreds of children, of a "Cold Water Army." Such armies grew all through New England during the "Washingtonian" times, in about the years of 1844 and '45. Our army was in Amesbury, the home of Whittier, who, indeed, was active in the management.

PHILIP A. BUTLER.

Auburndale, July 20.

Here are the words of the song sent by Mr. Butler:

King Alcohol has many forms
By which he catches men.
He is a Blast of many horns,
And ever thus has been.

For there is Rum and Beer,
And Wine and Gin,
And Brandy of Logwood here,
And Hoch and Port and Flip,
Combined to make a man "get blue."
And he says be merry,
For here is good Sherry,
Champagne and Perry,
And "Tom and Jerry"
And Liquors of every hue.
Now are not these a fiendish crew
As ever a mortal knew?

King [illegible]
A [illegible]
He makes [illegible] drink [illegible]
Then drink because [illegible]

For there is Rum and Beer etc

"He is a beast of many horns." John Phoenix's friend, an elderly and benevolent soul, when he was reproached for drinking at a tavern bar, answered blandly with a quotation from Scripture. "The horn of the ungodly shall be put down."—Ed.

At the Village Store.

As the World Wags:

I happened to pass through Clamport yesterday and thought I would call on Mr. Herkimer Johnson. A boy in the street laughed when I asked him if he could show me where Mr Johnson lived. He said: "The old man hasn't come down yet." I then went to the store. Capt. Nickerson, who was talking with Capt. Eldridge about the "Reoslans" and their right to the Dardanelles looked up when I asked Mr. Baxter, the storekeeper, about Mr. Johnson. Mr. Baxter said he hasn't heard from Mr. Johnson, although he had written him twice in care of The Herald about a little bill. He was afraid Mr Johnson wouldn't happen down that way this summer. Capt. Nickerson looked wise and said: "There's just as much unhappentry as uncertainty in this world." I should not like to live in Clamport. Boys and girls ride their bicycles fast on the sidewalks and the constable never arrests them.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Pocasset, July 26.

Tribal Deities.

The Daily Chronicle does well to quote from the article on "A Moratorium for Christianity," which has lately appeared in the leading German religious journal, the Christliche Welt. The German writer sees God invoked in the doing of devilish deeds, and bitterly calls on the guilty to drop their pretence of Christianity. The case of the British soldier is different. He is fighting like a gentleman, and there is abundant evidence of his Christianity being deepened by the vision of horror that is all about him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"QUAKERESS" HEADS B. F. KEITH'S PROGRAM

Hyams and Leila McIntyre Make Hit—Other Good Acts.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre are the head-liners at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. They are using "The Quakeress," a sketch by Herbert Hall Winslow. Miss McIntyre is the Quakeress, seeking an opportunity to go upon the stage. And while seeking she meets Mr. Hyams, who listens to her story, becomes interested and helps her. Miss McIntyre sings well and acts well. So does Mr. Hyams. Altogether it is a good act.

Milo, advertised as the sensation of the 20th century, fooled everybody. The fact that various French and foreign modistes and others were credited with creating the gowns, hats, shoes, etc., used in the act led the audience to believe that some daintily gowned young woman was this Milo of the program. But Milo appeared in the garb of just an ordinary tramp or "bum." But he was clever, very clever, and could imitate more things and do it better than any one who has visited B. F. Keith's in many years. An altogether different act is that of Marie Shaw, better known locally as Marguerite Gallagher. Miss Shaw sings in charming manner several selections, including "Ah Fors 'e Lui," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Last Rose of Summer."

Several good acts came earlier in the program. Bowers, Walters and Crooker, good as ever, had their usual "Fun on the Village Green" in their roles of acrobatic rubes. Laddie Cliff, entertaining young English comedian, makes his reappearance at B. F. Keith's this week with new songs and new dances, all of which were well received. Then there was James B. Donovan, long before the footlights, with Miss Marie Lee, excellent as a dancer, in "Doing Well, Thank You". Denman Thompson's Old Homestead double quartet, the Seebacks and Harry Seebacks in bag-punching, and the Dare Brothers in a sketch of athletic accuracy.

July 28 1915

NATIONAL DISLIKES.

The dislike, contempt, hatred of one nation for another has been vigorously expressed since there were rival tribes. That the phrase "good Samaritan" is now in use would surprise the Hebrews, if they were living, who once looked on all natives of Samaria sourly. The Athenians on the other hand would be delighted to learn that crass, dull persons are even now by many nations called Boeotians. In England for years one county has despised another; one town has derided the dwellers in another. Old books of proverbial sayings, as Ray's, bear witness to this statement.

[illegible] c[illegible] t[illegible]ravellers. Thus [illegible] a German traveller at the [illegible] of the fifteenth century, likened [illegible] men to Hungarians for wild cruelty; to Poles for ostentation, ill-breeding, thievish tricks; to Lombards for avarice. Opinions of various nations concerning this one's or that one's unenviable qualities may be found in Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," and Reade had diligently read Erasmus, whose father is the hero of that brilliant romance.

But one race of Germany has not been slow in expressing hatred towards another. Hedwig's poem of hate was originally directed against Prussia, and it has been adapted to England by the substitution of "England" for "Prussia." Nor should it be forgotten that "Deutschland, Deutschland, Ueber Alles" was written by Hoffmann von Fallersleben when he was expelled from Prussia in 1841 for his political opinions and was living on the island of Heligoland, then a British possession; written in the hope of uniting the German people against the military party. The arrogant Prussians, who are now said not to be Germans, delighted in the saying that the Austrians are thé connecting links between Bavarians and men. The Saxons have been long disliked by the other races of Germany. One of the bitterest books ever written is "Saxon Studies," not by a German, however, but by an American, Julian Hawthorne, who living as a young man in Dresden, had curious and unpleasant experiences. Yet the late Jules Huret, a shrewd and painstaking observer, in his exhaustive studies of modern Germany, which will now well repay reading, said that while Prussians as a rule are harsh and stiff, and Bavarians inclined to coarseness and brutality, a Slav element in the character of the Saxons tends to make them pleasant companions; their unpopularity with other Teutons is due to their shrewdness in business.

There was a time in this country when New Yorkers could find no words too violent in abuse of Connecticut "Yankees"; when the gentlest expression of a Southerner describing a Northerner was "mudsill"; but all that has passed away. The states have their nicknames; Connecticut is still the "Nutmeg State," and there may be jokes about wooden nutmegs and basswood hams, but the jesting is good-natured.

Mr. Arthur Gordon Webster of Worcester spoke in The Herald of last Sunday concerning the dangers that now beset pedestrians: of the "assumption made by many automobilists that no pedestrian has any right to cross the street except at the command of a traffic policeman." Charles Lamb would no longer be able to enjoy the sweet security of the streets. But think of the risks run by those that go in street cars! Two letters will speak of certain dangers. We publish one this morning.

A Street Car Peril.

As the World Wags:

If my memory serves, there was not so long ago a good deal of writing in this column about a familiar street-car advertisement alleged by some observer to portray a shocking example of infantile depravity. Street-car advertisements ought not to be studied by any observer while there is a row of human faces under them. But the other day, about the middle of the day, I had a car on the Elevated road entirely to myself. The scenery, consisting chiefly of hill-boards, was not interesting. Usually I glance at the advertising cards as I sit down, and forget them. That day I was in the fell clutch of circumstances.

I could not keep my furtive gaze from a proclamation of the virtues of a famous temperance beverage. The principal feature of this proclamation was a youngish woman in an apocalyptic green bathing suit, seated on an interior portion of the Great American Desert, yet half-reclining, perfectly devoid of care, against a low-browed easel on the sand behind her.

The most extraordinary details of the picture extended from the hem of her short green skirt to the tops of her bathing shoes. The stockings [illegible] were green also. Now, I [illegible] no [illegible] t[illegible]ions to being a c[illegible]

[illegible] in those [illegible] ings pains me—it jars my aesthetic sensibilities, sets my spiritual teeth on edge, and makes me generally uncomfortable all day long.

For wherever I go I see her. She haunts and fascinates me horribly. I challenge any reader to find a street or elevated car in Boston without her. Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson devoted particular study to this and similar manifestations of sociological phenomena? I should like to get his opinion, if it would not mean the premature disclosal of any of his discoveries, to be published later in the well-known form with which his name is associated. Is a generous display of leg necessary to attract public attention to the worth of ordinary merchandise? We know that with its aid the popular magazine flourisheth, and that without it, with one shining exception, it withereth like the flower of the field. Who will forget the Seven Darlings?

The principle that orders their jaunty presence is bad enough. But if we must have legs, let them be pleasing. A car-conductor, and with the coming of summer and the open cars no class of citizens has such an opportunity (so long as present styles endure) to acquire a nice discrimination, tells me that, in the particulars observed, the lady in question is far below the vulgar average. So much of life is ugly anyway, that the man who gratuitously does or makes an ugly thing is wicked. In the name of suffering humanity I protest.

"Yet a semblance of resource avails us!" I entered a car yesterday, and though I struggled against it, I had to look for the hideous creature. I found her, but not all of her. From knee to ankle a trapezoid of cardboard had been removed. Some fellow-sufferer, no doubt, goaded past endurance. I bless his unknown name.

I have not courage for the feat myself—or the knees. If only Mr. Curley were in town I would ask him to appoint a censor of street-car advertisements. But he is not. No, on thee, mysterious benefactor, I rely. As the Australian poet sings:

Clip on, O guardian of the right, clip on,
Till the last hideous green leg is gone.

HAZELTON SPENCER.
Forest Hills, July 23.

Brid-Legged.

In connection with the letter of Mr. Hazelton Spencer let us quote from "An Attempt at a Glossary of Some Words in Cheshire," by Roger Wilbraham, Esq., F. R. S. & S. A. (second edition with considerable additions), London, 1836.

"Brid-legged, adj. The Cheshire farmer, who holds that the perfect form of female beauty consists more in strength than in elegance of limbs, often uses this contemptuous appellation to any female whose limbs happen to be somewhat slenderer than he has in his own mind fixed upon as the criterion of symmetry and taste."

"Brid," in Cheshire, means bird, as in Wycliffe's New Testament.

Brewis.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if Mr. Herkimer Johnson, in his youth, ever tasted that delicious dish, brown bread bruis? How did he spell the word "bruis"?

H. P. C.
Jamaica Plain, July 23.

Mr. Johnson, in the course of his intrepid investigations, has undoubtedly tasted everything. Probably for this reason he is now, in the ripeness of years, confined to a strict diet of eggs, dry toast, ale and tobacco. From a proof-sheet of his colossal work that he has kindly submitted to us, we learn that he spells the word "brewis."

Brewis: Bread or oatmeal soaked in pot-liquor, hot milk, or the like; also thickened broth; whereas in Yorkshire "browis" is a dish of pieces of bread soaked in water and afterwards saturated with fat.

July 29 1915

THE NEW CURRICULUM

For many years and in many countries there has been a difference of opinion concerning the value of Latin and Greek as taught in the schools. Men as widely apart in chronology and character as Benjamin Franklin and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte before the coup d' etat proclaimed the uselessness of the dead languages. Franklin in an apologue, which he varied slightly from time to time, likened the teaching of Latin and Greek to young students unto the practice of carrying a hat under the arm. The Prince argued for mathematics and physical sciences. Admitting that Latin and Greek were once indispensable, he asked why a knowledge of Latin was demanded for entrance into a military or polytechnic school. "Latin in the 19th century to learn how to build a battleship or fort! Latin to learn how to shoot bullets or to apply chemistry and mechanics to the arts!" Yet when Louis Napoleon became emperor he showed impartiality in directing the curriculum of French schools. There has been dispute in colleges of England and this country: brilliant attacks on the dead languages; brilliant defences.

Now comes Sir Harry Johnston, who, writing about "The Next War: Man v. Insects," in the Nineteenth Century, insists that the whole curriculum of elementary schools, secondary schools, private schools and public schools, girls' schools, continuation schools and night schools, in England is sadly in need of revision. Half the subjects taught, if not more, should be thrown into the dustbin or left to the curious or the specialist. Algebra "only needed by mathematicians and astronomers," should be thrown overboard for elementary zoology, botany and chemistry. Entomology should take the place of worthless Euclid. Children of all classes should be soaked with knowledge of insects to be avoided or killed; they should know what arthropods are useful to man. Thus the bumble bee should be tenderly cared for; without him, there will be no clover, no peaches, no cinerarias. Insect-eating birds, now destroyed for the sake of their plumage, should be protected under penalty of fine and imprisonment for any thoughtless man with snare or gun.

It will be seen that if education were directed in this manner there would now be no terror in northern states at the approach of the army worm from Texas. The moth, gypsy, brown-tail, would no longer destroy trees; the household moth would no longer fret garments. The potato-bug, the tobacco worm, the tomato worm would be seen only and neatly classified in museums. The mosquito would pass with the dodo and the great auk. The Anti-Fly Committee in Boston would disband. A cheap reprint of "The Theatre of Insects" would be the first reading-book.

To some, Sir Harry Johnston may seem "bughouse," to use a colloquial term; but it should not be forgotten that in England "bug" is the word for the terror that creepeth at night, a word that is as abhorrent as the loathsome insect itself. Sir Harry does not deserve this insult for his enthusiasm.

The Herald published yesterday a vivid account by Mr. Hazelton Spencer of a street car peril encountered by him. This morning we publish a letter from one not yet accustomed to the elasticity of the Bostonian's street car manners.

Our Shocking Manners.

As the World Wags:

One of your correspondents justly says that public manners are not worse in Boston than elsewhere, and, indeed, it may be said that while public manners here are often bad, in New York they are sometimes brutal. Nevertheless, I have not seen in other cities, as in Boston, a peculiarly offensive form of bad public manners displayed by well-dressed and respectable looking men and even such women. I have seen men, whom I knew to be of some social or business importance, shove others aside without a word of apology on entering or leaving an electric car, or shove their way through a crowded car in order to reach the front without even recognizing the presence of those with whom they collided. I never have seen this sort of thing from well dressed, respectable looking men, rarely from men of any sort, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington. Years ago I saw the two kinds of public manners from the same man in New York. He looked a prosperous merchant and he stood on the rear of an electric car, when an errand boy with a bundle, in leaping on the car, trod hard upon his toes. His outburst at that boy was so brutal that I did all I could to indicate my disgust without actually engaging in a quarrel, and when the offender had gone in and found a seat, I did my best to comfort the boy. I had it in for that man, intending by some means to make him realize how brutal he had been, but he disarmed me. As I tried one day to help my wife on to an electric car and to manage two bags at the same time, that very man came to the rescue, got off the car, and with the utmost courtesy and a friendly smile at me helped my wife aboard. Now you'd hardly see this man's first exhibition of bad manners by a Bostonian of like quality, but I'm not sure that you'd see the exhibition of thoughtful good manners. He would not, like the Bostonian, punch his equals in the back instead of saying "If you please" when he wished to pass, but he would bully the poor errand boy who annoyed him. I admit that it is better to be rude to equals than to inferiors, if we may use those rather stupid and inexact terms, but why be rude to either, and why should Bostonians so frequently disregard in public places the ordinary recognized canons of courtesy?

STRAP HANGER.
Boston, July 27.

The Crowning Horror.

As the World Wags:

Among the untold horrors which mark the brutal march of Mars is one that, although very often overlooked, assumed enormous proportions in these days of large scale printing. I refer to the deluge of war "literature" which overflows all the book stands. It seems that every Tom, Dick and Harry who happens to have thought half an hour about the war or to have been in some pleasyune place when a body of troops marched by has undertaken to enlighten a benighted world as to the fundamental causes, proximate and secondary and other occasions, and positive, probable and possible results of the war; or as to "war conditions" within some hundreds of thousands of square miles of Europe. Indeed, the esteemed James Harvey Robinson of Columbia not long ago gave vent to his opinions upon the participation in the book-concocting game of a variety of very amiable professors of zoology, cryptogramic botany, vertebrate paleontology, etc. And I say "Amen!" to Prof. Robinson's words, for I have spent enough days over this war "literature" to know.

Just an example of the quality of some of the swash which the poor American reader has dished up to him. Happening to take up Mr. Hartt's "Understanding the French" one day, I found, before 10 minutes were up, the following models of what was supposed to be sane exposition by a sane American man:

"Whenever the cold, vile winter drizzle lets up, Frenchmen clap their hands and cry, 'Ah, Messieurs, it does beautiful time!' " (pp. 15,16).

"I have lived with French Protestants; and Protestantism in France is refreshingly English—Oh, very, very, very refreshingly English!" (p 154).

"But, oh, oh, oh, it is tyrannous!" (p. 234).

Is there to be no relief?

Boston, July 21. SNYDERIUS.

"Lillibullero."

"J. D. K." recently spoke in this column of the song "Lillibullero," which Uncle Tobey used to whistle, and was especially the delight of the English army. "J. D. K." will find a description of the song and its effect in Macaulay's "History of England." "These verses," written by Thomas Wharton, libertine and whig, as a satire on the administration of Tyreconnel, "which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641." Wharton used to boast that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms.

The tune has been used for the nursery song, "There Was an Old Woman Tossed up in a Blanket," and for the convivial chorus "A Very Good Song and Very Well Sung." It has been introduced by Mr. Percy Pitt in his "English Rhapsody" performed at the London musical festival in 1911.

There have been attempts to explain the refrain "Lillibullero bullen a la." It has been translated: "Light on the sea beyond the promontory; 'tis the dawn of day." One expert could make nothing of the first word, but translated the other words: "Strike the ball."

July 30 1915

MACAULAY'S CASE.

Not long ago Mr. William T. R. Preston, the biographer of Lord Strathcona, brought an action for damages against the Daily News of London for alleged libel contained in its review of his book. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Darling, a merry person on the bench, and a special jury. The reviewer accused Mr. Preston, late commissioner of emigration to Great Britain, of publishing in the form of a biography an attack of sustained malevolence on the memory of his subject. "There is no doubt a suitable name for this sort of thing in Canada. In England it is known as 'mud-slinging.' "

Counsel for the defendant argued that the question at issue was whether the reviewer's opinion exceeded the limits of fair comment on a matter of undoubted public interest. Mr. Preston, who conducted his own case, contended that the reviewer showed narrowness, bitterness and complete ignorance. Justice Darling said in summing up that Mr. Preston, having formed a bad opinion of Lord Strathcona, had brought forward public matters which, he said, justified his opinion. To express a bad opinion if it was right should not be attributed to malevolence. The question was whether the line of criticism had been overstepped. The jury found for the Daily News.

The counsel for the defendant in his argument cited Travelyan's Life of Macaulay as an example of an excellent biography. This led Justice Darling to say in his charge that Macaulay himself was one of the most unfair and prejudiced critics who ever lived. "If Lord Macaulay's appreciations of people about whom he wrote were brought into court nowadays, I am very much afraid that his biographer would have to recall that in this case and in that case, and in the other case, the jury gave very heavy damages against him for libel."

His lordship no doubt had in mind Macaulay's review of Robert Montgomery's poems, his contemptuous remarks about Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Lewis Goldsmith in the article on Barere's Memoirs, and a hundred and one pages that for slashing invective would have excited the envy of Mr. Bludyer, the literary critic, in "Pendennis," and were paralleled only by the assaults of Blackwood and the Edinburgh Review on the members of the Lake and Cockney schools, by certain articles of William Hazlitt, and by Thackeray's attacks on Bulwer-Lytton.

It has been said of late that the chief duty of a reviewer is to find out that which is good in any book and to ignore that which is weak, foolish, false. Criticism should be invariably amiable and encouraging. In other words, it should be log-rolling, or honey-daubing, to borrow a term from Robert Schumann, editing a musical periodical. It is not surprising then that the bewildered reader is unaided in selection. He is told that this or that book is "invaluable," "authoritative," "epoch-making"; yet if he were to follow blindly Emerson's advice and wait for a year, even the book-seller would shake his head and consult a catalogue to find out who published the forgotten work.

No doubt the criticism of earlier years in England and of Poe in this country was often savage and prejudiced, but it was at least stimulating, usually more worth while than the book that provoked it. And there is this to be said: Occasionally the reviewer was challenged, and a duel was fought; but a libel suit was seldom brought into court.

The Herald has received a letter from Mr. John Alger about the proposed revival of old plays, and a letter from Captain Brassbound about a German atrocity in the matter of teaching singing in school. These letters will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

Journalistic Note.

M. Michaud was journalist to his finger nails. These nails were very black. His wife said of him: "When he goes to the bath, he puts on gloves, for he is afraid of washing his hands."

A Matter of Spelling.

When Gen. French in a report used the word "revetting" (facing a rampart, wall, etc., with masonry), the Daily Telegraph was the only journal in London to follow copy and thus express his meaning. The other journals smartly changed "revetting" to "rivetting" or "riveting."

"Starve the Fly."

As the World Wags:

It is about time that some attention was paid to the three articles published in this column and entitled: "The Mouth Trap"; "The March of Science," and "For the Anti-Fly Committee."

In answer to the first question, "Where do flies go in the summer?" they go to the attic, if you have one, or any dark part of the closed house where some neglected corner in the housecleaning gives them a living and a breeding-place. It is the winter fly that causes the trouble. The June Bulletin of the New York state department of health publishes the following rules:

"1—Kill all winter flies. These are the egglayers and the mothers of the season's products."

"2—Clean up the entire premises within and without and keep them clean. Dirt, refuse garbage etc., attract flies and give them breeding places."

"3—Get your neighbors interested. Ask them to enter a contest with you. The results will be for your material interest."

To dispose briefly of the second article, "The March of Science." The scientist of 1891 declaring the fly to be "a scavenger," would be told by the highest authority of 1915, "the fly is of no earthly use."

Dr. Fraser of England states what has been preached here for the last five years, when he tells us to "get rid of the breeding-places," the secret of all the trouble. "Starve the fly" is the latest slogan. This can be done by the covering of all food stuffs, and above all the can of the garbage receptacle. The hall-mark of good housekeeping is the condition about the back door, not the front! L. N. B.

Pride's Crossing, July 24.

Ugo Foscolo, patriot, writer and brilliant conversationalist, lived his last years in England. The furniture and decorations of his "Digamma Cottage" near The Regent's Park were of a magnificent order. As he said of them: "They encompass me with an air of respectability and give me the illusion of not having fallen into the lowest circumstances. I must also declare that I will die like a gentleman, on a clean bed surrounded by the Venusus, Apollos and the Graces and the busts of great men, nay, even among flowers, and if possible while music is breathing around me." But in his last years, "sorely disturbed by pecuniary embarrassment," he was peevish and sometimes violent. He used to say. "I have three miseries —smoke, flies and to be asked a foolish question."—Ed.

Dash It.

We read of a woman who, contemptuously ignorant of punctuation, "just put a dash," or an exclamation mark. "My friend explained that when you write something (without any commas or so forth) something without thinking, something badly spelled, and then put the exclamation mark after it, you are free from blame. That mark will pass it as a joke."

The dash is now not looked on with favor by writers on rhetoric or by printers. yet what would Laurence Sterne have done without it? "Tristram Shandy" would not be the same book if other marks of punctuation were substituted for the dash. It is used "to mark a break in sense." Would it be ungallant to say that this definition is a peculiarly happy one when applied to many romances by female novelists?

Particulars Desired.

At the World Wags:

The editorial article in today's Herald entitled "Soldier Families," after speaking of the letter which President Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Cromwell Bixby of Boston "on the supposed sacrifice" of five sons in the civil war, says that "another letter which the President probably addressed to the Newhall family of Lynn, represented in the war also by five sons, unfortunately has been lost." Will some one please state what Newhall family it was that was represented in the civil war by five sons, and whether those five sons all lost their lives in the war and also please state what is known regarding that alleged latter from President Lincoln to the family. Before reading that editorial article in today's Herald I never heard of President Lincoln's writing a letter to such a Lynn family, or, indeed, of the furnishing of five sons to the civil war by such a family, but the correctness of what the article says thereabout I have no reason to question. INQUIRER.

Brookline, July 26.

July 3 '915

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

It is asked in London why women should not take the place of men as hairdressers and barbers and thus release them for the service of their country. Hairdressers, however, in London have chiefly been foreigners. As for the barbers, "now one blushes to ask an able-bodied Briton for a shop-shave." Nor would "lady barbers" in London be a novel sight. There was a movement some years ago to establish them. One shop was well patronized for a time. Razors there were wielded with "a slow tenderness." The operators learned their trade, according to report, by practising on market porters and costermongers in Clare Market before they could be entrusted with legal chins in Chancery lane.

The introduction of women barbers might lead to serious results in politics. In New York there is a "Lady Barber Shop" in Greenwich street run by Mrs. Flemming and two women assistants. The Evening Post states that the three are all for suffrage, "although they say they never do anything about it except to talk to the men about it once in a while." "Except to talk!" The barber for centuries has had the reputation of being too loquacious; witness the immortal one in the Arabian Nights. The reproach is not always just; the majority of customers are as talkative as the hair cutter or shaver, if not more so; but if a man resents the chatter of a male about the dryness of his hair, the weather, politics, gallantry, if not mere prudence, would compel him to treat respectfully a talkative woman armed with shears or razor. If she were comely he would show genuine interest. If she were uncommonly attractive, the interest would pass into enthusiasm and an espousal of her cause. Even a plain-faced woman might work wonders for her sex by a judicious use of flattery, remarking on the thickness and fineness of her customer's hair, the smoothness of his skin. Feeling confidence in her manipulation of the razor, he might easily say, "Why should she not be entrusted with the ballot?"

Strange to say, the leaders in the woman suffrage movement have not appreciated this opportunity for missionary work. In New York there are not half a dozen barber shops controlled by women. Yet in no other way could women have men so completely at their mercy, so recipient, so acquiescent. If only the men could be persuaded to frequent these shops: for in the Greenwich street establishment the customers are chiefly New Jersey commuters, not New Yorkers. Nevertheless good looks and flattery are powerful magnets. The experiment should at least be tried in Boston.

So magnificent a thing is Will incarnated in a creature of like fashion with ourselves, we run to witness all manifestations thereof: What man soever has marked out a peculiar path of life for himself, let it lead this way or that way, and successfully traveled the same, of him we specially inquire: How he traveled; What befell him on the journey? Though the man were a knave of the first water, this hinders not the question. How he managed his knavery? Nay, it rather encourages such question; for nothing properly is wholly despicable, at once detestable and forgetable but your half-knave.

Concerning Ruloff.

As the World Wags:

The editorial, "Brains and Murder," in your issue of yesterday is interesting and suggestive; but it also includes errors that do injustice to an educational institution and to a former distinguished member of its faculty.

1—Holt-Muenter seems to have been at Cornell for a time, although I never heard of him before his recent misdeeds; but he was only an instructor; his appointment to professorial rank would have involved a searching inquiry into his character and antecedents.

2—The murderer, Ruloff, once lived in the suburbs of Ithaca. There, it is believed, he killed his wife and child and sunk them in Cayuga lake; they were never recovered, and on that technical ground he was acquitted, as stated in your editorial. But he never was connected with Cornell University, and therefore was never the "colleague" of Prof Goldwin Smith.

3—If the paragraph (source not given) in your editorial referring to Ruloff is really quoted from anything written by Goldwin Smith the latter's characterization of the former as a "great philologist" must have been based upon gross misinformation. Ruloff was educated in some degree, but his attainments and propositions had no recognition, local or general. While in jail he sent for me—apparently because he or the sheriff confounded "entomologist" with "etymologist," but I did not respond.

He was hanged at Binghamton, N. Y., and his brain and skull were obtained by a local physician, who later presented them to the museum of Cornell University. The former is large and richly fissured, and presents no feature now recognizable as indicating criminality. The latter is the thickest I ever saw; a section is represented in figure two of my address, "The Brain of the American Negro," proceedings of the first Negro conference, 1909, also in the plate to accompany the reprints of my paper, "Some Mistakes by the Writer and Others." Science, new series, July 21, 1911. BURT G. WILDER.

Siasconset, Mass., July 26.

The writer of the editorial article in question informs us that he followed closely the trial of Ruloff at the time that the brilliant acquirements of the man were then fully recognized and the subject of comment throughout the [illegible] on account of [illegible] attainments.

He also informs us that the quotation from Goldwin Smith does not represent Smith, noted for his cold-blooded accuracy, as saying that Ruloff was his colleague. Disraeli in "Lothair" satirized Goldwin Smith in the person of an Oxford professor and Smith never forgave him. The deadly arrow stuck. All instructors at a college are known to the outside world as professors. No doubt the janitor is so addressed by the members of his immediate circle. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once confessed to us that he was called "Professor" in Clamport until he lived it down. The writer of the editorial article alluded to Ruloff as Smith's "colleague" in learned pursuits. That Ruloff was not connected in any way with Cornell University will disappoint those who believe that a university should be something more than a library of books—for so a university has been defined; that it should contain all types of man.—Ed.

Professors.

This talk about the title of "professor," worn proudly by hair-dressers, dancing-masters, church organists and corn-doctors, reminds us of a saying of Sainte-Beuve: "To have been a professor is one of the most ordinary accidents of our time. Nearly all of us have been professors. Let us see to it that the trade and the habits attached to it do not stick to us."

Sainte-Beuve goes on to say: "I knew a man who was born a professor, but it was some time before he became one. At last he had a chair and could install himself there in all his importance." Then comes a pen portrait of Charles Lenormant:

"Pancirole professes and is happy. His cheek swells more than ordinarily. His chest is thrown out, the cherry-blackness of his cheek is of a deeper color. He thoroughly enjoys himself. He strikes an attitude, begins his sentence, stops. No one interrupts him. He lolls back in his chair, turns the spoon in his glass of sugared water and sips a dozen times every 15 minutes slowly and at his ease. He lays down the principles and the divisions of his subject, he considers, he subdivides, he even sometimes doubts, he is so greatly at his ease, so sure of himself. At the gravest moment of the first Assyrian empire or the era of Nabonassar, he suddenly thickens certain words that he had just pronounced correctly * * * Pancirole is at his height, he professes * * * he is happy."

Perhaps Mr. Ruloff would have resented it if anyone had addressed him as "Professor."

Conservative.

Inspectors in the sanitary department of Liverpool no longer wear the plug hat and frock coat which have been as an official uniform for years. A peaked cap and short jacket have been substituted, to the disgust of many who say that the silker has become a tradition of office. It is solemnly argued, on the other hand, that a plug hat is unsuited to the inspection of drains. Did that singularly unpleasant individual, The Drainman, in "The Servant in the House," wear a plug hat? We have forgotten.

Aug 1 '915

The Herald has received a letter suggested by a correspondent's wish that old plays should be revived. Mr. Alger goes back to the nights at the Boston Museum, and others will now no doubt go back there with him.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Some time ago, my dear sir, you, of all men, hurt me. My tardiness in making outcry has not been due to a lack of knowledge of the customs of the country but to the intensity of my suffering. I can't quote your words, but the effect of them was that, after all, the good old plays were dull and uninteresting.

It may be so. Perhaps the palates of modern playgoers are so fed up with spices that the old plays taste too flat. But in spite of your judgment, which is always to be respected, I can but believe that something of delight would be felt, even by the audience of today, if the old Museum could be brought back, curios, waxworks and all, not forgetting the canvas of the devoted daughter at the left of the door as you entered the charmed temple.

Then in the sombre-toned old theatre let the curtain rise from before the old players—Mrs. Vincent, William Warren, Annie Clark, Charles Barron, Miriam O'Leary, George Parks, Helen Dayne, George Wilson, Jack Mason—I cannot name them all. There must have been pleasure then which even our modern youth would find attractive. Booth supported by the Museum stock might be too heavy, but surely John Gilbert with the same support would please.

It seems to me sometimes that if I could see these old people once more upon the old stage, with, maybe, Sadie Martinot radiant in a box on the left—something to look at between the acts, you know—I would be willing that all your modern plays go hang.

But really, if you press me, I may have to admit that the cast was as great a part in the potency of my delightful recollection as the play. [illegible] Warren [illegible] as Jack Mason, [illegible] the walls of Princeton [illegible]? Handsome Jack was [illegible] part of my heart ever since—and I was then no Clarissa, but a lanky undergraduate. Not long ago he [illegible] sweet and strong, conjured back the old joys for me; and looking through and beyond the Witching Hour I seemed to see the forms and faces of his old time companions, moving shadow-wise in a more delectable drama.

But, as he sang when safely landed in Ida's garden:

"There are bulldogs without throttles,
And are sometimes broken bottles,
On a wall,"

and I am afraid my fogy contemporaries and I are on the outer side of the wall now, anyway the same people are inside, so never mind. Go to your pig and plunder plays, if you want to go.

JOHN ALGER.

Cobbosseecontee, July 20.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Apparently, still another atrocity must be laid to the door of the Prussians. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, in a recently-published book, "When Blood Is Their Argument," has the following observation to make:

"And it is characteristic of the thing that is known as German Kultur that since Prussia has had a hand in the education of German children, the voices of the German nation have been completely ruined. This comes about because German elementary school teachers are instructed to make the children roar as lustily as possible when they are having singing lessons. [illegible] is to make the German child manly.

"In 1892 it was pointed out to the [illegible] minister of Prussian instruction that this factor was ruining the chances of the country in the vocal-operatic world, since shouting in youth destroys the subsequent elasticity of the vocal chords. And, indeed, there have been singularly few great German singers since [illegible] or thereabouts."

To quote further: "The minister of education replied that the art of singing was of small value in comparison with the manliness of the population. To have a loud voice and to shout from the chest is, according to this gentleman, to be a better soldier. And of course the little girls must make as much noise as possible, too, in order [illegible] to be out-shouted. Thus in such a [illegible] tall as this does Prussia attend to the warlike character of its people and the inculcation of a national spirit of [illegible]ligerence."

I am passing this statement along for what it may be worth. Writing as an Englishman with confessedly strong south German sympathies and [illegible]tions, Mr Ford Madox Hueffer may be unduly prejudiced. Certainly he shows no great love for what he slightingly terms the "squashed crow" of the "accursed Brandenburger robbers"—in other words, the kaiserly-kingly eagle of the Hohenzollerns. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Roxbury, July 22.

An Inquiry Into the "Alcestis" of Euripides

The publication of Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation of "Alcestis" has [illegible]ed a discussion of Euripides's play which has for a long time been a stumbling block to many. They were compelled to look upon it as a tragedy. Mr W. L. Courtney in a review [illegible] by the Daily Telegraph discusses the problem at length and inquires into the introduction of a comic Hercules and of a happy ending.

Mr. Courtney thinks the play is a "study of selfishness in the case of a man who is quite a good creature, affectionate, slightly sentimental, praiseworthy in most external respects, and doubtless a very good king." This Admetus must die unless some one can be found to take his place. His parents cling to life and refuse. His wife Alcestis steps forward. "A very shocking piece of egotism, one would say, but Euripides manages to make it very human. Here is a king, blameless in most of the relations of life, who does his kingly job very well, and whose life is decidedly of importance to his state. One can understand the kind of argument he would use to justify himself. 'I am of importance in my kingdom; I am wanted to guide it. I should have thought that under the circumstances my old father would have consented to die for me. He has not got many years to live, and to disappear sooner or later can make no difference to him, but he is selfish enough to refuse. Well, there is my wife. We can't both of us die, one is needed, and that one is I.'"

Then Admetus finds out little by little what a poor thing he really is. Some of his fellow-townsmen and servants have made up their mind about him. His father berates him. He himself is a phrase-monger in his farewell with his wife. "Eternal sorrow and no more sounds of joy in the palace, only an image to remain to remind the bereaved man of his loss—such are the feeble utterances of this artistic and sentimental poseur." Alcestis is simple and direct. "If I die," she says, "you must [illegible] after the two children, and [illegible] not marry again. I cannot [illegible] idea of a stepmother for [illegible] girl." After Admetus [illegible] hurt[illegible] he admits that [illegible]

he has lost everything worth while.

But Hercules, only half-divine, comes in. The law of hospitality heeds Admetus to give his guest good cheer. The demi-god grows merry, tells the servant not to wear such a lugubrious face. When told of what had happened, he is sobered. He throws down the wreath that he had put on at the feast, goes out to wrestle with Death for the prize Alcestis, and returns with her to the great joy of Admetus and his household.

The play is not a tragedy, because it ends happily, and, perhaps, because the figure of Hercules is really comic, and, therefore, is not especially suitable to a tragic theme.

"The truth seems to be," says Mr. Courtney, "that Euripides was here trying his hand at a new version of the Satyric drama. Plays, we know, were represented in Athens, two or three at a time, ending with what was called a Satyric drama, a sort of farce, in which the chorus was represented by satyrs. We have a very good instance in the 'Cyclops' of Euripides, in which the wiles of Ulysses form a comic plot. It would seem that Euripides's 'Alcestis' took the place of the usual satyric drama, and thus we can understand how Hercules, who was especially a hero adapted to this kind of play, represents the hilarious element, though in a very modified shape. As usual Euripides humanizes all his characters and Hercules himself, despite his touch of drunkenness and his blustering ways, is a decidedly lovable figure. When the god discovers the deplorable mistake he has made, throws away his wreath and girds himself for the contest with death, we reach a great moment in the play, something genuine and noble and manly, as compared with the miserable cynicism of the father and the maudlin regrets of Admetus. From this point the happy ending is assured. We feel certain that such a careless hero as Hercules—careless, cheerful, debonair—who was always slaving for unworthy masters and doing as part of his daily task acts of superhuman courage, would manage to put everything right in this disordered home, not only banishing sorrow and its cause, but inculcating, in his easy, bantering fashion, lessons which King Admetus would be wise to remember for the future. When Browning wrote 'Balaustion's Adventure,' containing his transcript of the Alcestis, he was not aware probably that the play itself took the place of a satyric epilogue. But that conception of its purpose undoubtedly makes the whole plot easier to understand, while once more it proves that the dramatist, of whom Aristophanes thought so lightly, was an acute and penetrating student of human nature."

Notes About Music and the Theatre

Mr. Thornfield's "Tongue and Lip Training" has been published in London. His argument is that speech is the foundation of singing; not beauty of tone, which to the great majority is the first and chief essential. "Vocal music," he says, "will not appeal to the educated middle classes until it is sung in the language of the country; but all efforts to make it popular will fail until singers can be found who have the talent and the energy to study the English language from a new point of view." This new point of view is described as "word-precaution." The author compares the slovenly diction of the concert stage with that of the singers in reviews and musical comedies who make every word tell across the footlights. The concert singer fails because he will not study the complicated vowel and consonant sounds of his own language. These vowel sounds, according to Mr. Thornfield, are 18 as against five of the Italian. Exercises on the consonants take up a good part of his book. They are combined with others in difficult intervals. "If Mr. Thornfield had done nothing but this, he would deserve the gratitude of every serious student for not imagining that an ability to sing scales connoted also a power of overcoming the difficulties of augmented fourths and major sevenths."

Miss Lena Kontorovitch, a Russian violinist, playing at Torquay on July 7, was hailed as a fiddler of great promise, conspicuous for a "liquid evenness" of tone, and firmness of stopping.

Milton's "Comus" was performed out of doors on July 15 at J. Pierpont Morgan's place in London, 15 Prince's Gate, S. W., for a war relief fund. The program also included songs and dances.

Puccini's opera "La Rondine" was written for production in Vienna. It was intended that dialogue should be interspersed with vocal numbers, but the dialogue has been cut out and recitative substituted. The opera is in three acts. La Rondine, the heroine, a sort of Manon, lives at the expense of a rich, middle-aged banker. Her thoughts, however, are on her first love, a poor student in Paris. She resolves to return to him. After a few days of happiness, his father insists on their separation. She returns to her life of "guilty splendor." There are comic characters—a soubrette, her cavalier students. In the second act is a quartet, which the composer hopes will rival the one in the Snow scene of "La Boheme." "I have let my pen run as it would," says Puccini, "and no other method is satisfactory to get good results, in my opinion; and no matter what marvellous technical effects may be got by lengthy meditation, I believe in heart in preference to head." Two acts are completed and the third is nearly ready. It is said that Puccini will set music to a librett based on Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes." ("I Due Zoccoletti"). Mr. Trevor says in the Monthly Musical Record (London): "Yet another opera was to have been undertaken with a librettist no less a celebrity than the famous Italian Poet Gabriele d'Annunzio, entitled "The Massacre of the Innocents,' in which would nave appeared the figures of Christ and St. Francis; but circumstances have prevented the accomplishment of such a work and one cannot help feeling regret that it is destined to be heard and seen instead on the cinematograph."

In a corps of privates in a Territorial regiment there are two doctors of music and six bachelors of music in a single platoon.

Mascagni early in the summer, or late in the spring, went about Italy with a company for the purpose of giving Rossini's "Moses." The work met with great success in Rome and Florence.

A Jew's harp—or jaw's harp—depends entirely for its modulations on individual jaw. And many schoolboys have discovered and practised the art of tapping the front teeth with a pencil, and thinking of a tune. Get very close and you may agree with the player as to the tune he is thinking. But I have known a schoolfellow who, with a capacious mouth, 10 finger nails and a good set of teeth, could play tunes to set the whole class at foot-tap. He did it thoughtfuly, elbows on desk and head bent over book. The rattle from the boy's soul that came from the impact of finger nails upon front teeth was irresistible. The mouth-organ, it would seem, has quite superseded another once popular instrument—the Jew's harp, which, by the way, has nothing to do with the Jews, being a playful corruption of "jaw's harp." The first to attain any notable degree of skill as a performer on the Jew's harp was, it is said, a soldier of Frederick the Great's army. And although a simpler instrument than the mouth-organ, it has attained higher musical honors, for a German named Eulenstein gave a Jew's harp concert in London in 1828, performing successively on 16 instruments tuned to different keys.—Daily Chronicle.

The life of Eulenstein has been published. It is ourious reading.

Music, Religion, War and Life

Every year the ceremonies of the Holy Week provide the musical critic with an opportunity for an article on one aspect or another of music as an adjunct to religion. One will extol the grand old Gregorian monody. Another will discourse learnedly on the respective qualities of Vittoria's or Bach's Passion music. But they mostly agree in discussing this music as a thing apart from the purpose to which it is put. It is seldom regarded as an integral portion of the act of public worship. Yet in a certain sense music is more truly religious than religion itself. To some it becomes in time a religion, a faith free from anthromorphism, a devotion with an indefinite object—something, in short, that is more nearly related than one would suppose to the oriental mysticism from which most religions have sprung. Eastern poets and dreamers constantly refer to music as the celestial art to distinguish it from those that concern themselves with the visible world, and so far as music enters into the inner life they are right.

We are, however, far removed from the condition of Eastern mystics, and music among us is largely relegated to the outer life. To those who make it, it is sometimes an accomplishment, sometimes a pastime. To many who listen, it is either a form of intellectual snobbery, a recreation, or an appetite that can be indulged without much exertion. All these may, and do, derive considerable enjoyment from music, but none of them really feels musically. They are in music, but not of it. They do not live music. As with religion, it is an adjunct, not an integral element, in their lives.

This gradual conversion of music into a kind of side show to life is an accompanying feature of its sophistication. So long as it retained its naive simplicity it suffered little. Experts might strive towards virtuosity, but that did not prevent people with musical souls from making their own music. We have it on good authority that in the great days of English madrigals one was fairly certain, in good company, to hear a part-song or two rendered con amore, and in good style. This was not considered so much an accomplishment as a form of sociability—perhaps not a very mystical aspect of music, but how far removed from an insipid ballad followed by ragtime on a pianola!

The cult of chamber music in private was specially conducive to genuine musical feeling. Its public performance, even by zealots, is exposed to the same danger of virtuosity as other forms of public, vicarious music, but four string players, with an audience exclusively composed of intimates, could and did make music their religion and an integral feature of their lives. But since we only pay to hear works performed, we miss this more and more, just as those who only pay to see games played lose all the exhilaration of concerted activity. Though they may cheer themselves hoarse, they do not live the game.

This process, of which the last stages are within living memory, has occupied centuries, and has stamped its influence deeply upon western music. With all our wonderful progress we have grown almost incapable of expressing a scale of simple emotions without complicated means. To bring out the sum total of latent expressiveness contained in a musical idea we have recourse to more and more amplified harmonies, to metamorphosis of theme, to thermatic development, and other forms of sophistication. I have recently heard a Persian singer give one plaintive little air an infinite variety of expression without adding or altering a note. It was not expression derived from the words, or that could be recorded in words. It was the purest musical expression. She actually lived the music. Not only have we all but lost this power of expression, but most of us have even lost all sensitiveness to it. How often does one not hear such performances described as monotonous? For all our unmeasured superiority in the mechanical means of producing music and the technical method of writing it, the east has still a great lesson to teach us.

All this is of more topical interest than appears on the surface. Many times in the last few months I have been asked whether the crisis through which our national life is passing would inspire great music. If music were an intimate part of our national life undoubtedly it would. But music in England has less to do with national life than in any of the leading musical countries. Perhaps that is why we lag behind. The utmost I can see arising from the war is that the enhanced national consciousness may lead to greater independence of method and idiom. The field will thus be more propitious to inspiration if it comes. But does not one of our leading teachers of composition say there is no such thing as inspiration—there is only the knowledge how to write fine music?

The fact is, music is not a natural form of expression to the modern Englishman. Here and there one may be found who either evokes for himself or responds to the evocation by others of that vague world of the emotions, of feeling liberated from the tyranny of cause and consequence; but he is a very rare exception, and if discovered would probably be considered at least eccentric, if not effeminate. All that the Greeks sought and found in music is still there, but not for those who dismiss it with a "Not bad," or, worse still, a "Perfectly charming." For the present, however, the national ideal is safe in the care of the healthy Englishman who sings in his bath. —Edwin Evans in the Pall Mall Gazette.

May 2 1915

ECONOMIES AND COURTESIES

There is a cry in England that small economies may mean a more speedy victory, but few of these economies are specified. Walter Bagehot recorded the saying of a famous financier: "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a general panegyric on economy; if you want to invite a sure defeat, propose a particular saving."

England, like the United States, has had its "Watchdog of the Treasury." Joseph Hume was probably the first member of Parliament to insist on economy in the public spending departments. It was he that put a stop to ministers presenting their reports on gilt-edged paper. Nor did jeers and caricatures—see the early volumes of Punch—shake his purpose. Gladstone was also thrifty as public officer and man. He said that a chancellor of the exchequer "is not worth his salt if he is not ready to save candle-ends and cheese-parings in the cause of his country." He called for retrenchment in fly-leaves; in thick folio sheets used for docketing or covering dispatches; and, when he was sent to Corfu he insisted that the address on parchment label of a dispatch bag should be scratched out and the same label used in returning the bag.

It has been seriously suggested that hyphens should be done away. As probably 200,000,000 people that write English write "to-day," "to-morrow," or "to-night" thrice a day, and as half an ounce of force is used in making a hyphen, this mark "entails a total waste of 2,190,000 pounds daily, or enough to draw a passenger train around the world." In the United States the hyphen has been thrown overboard by many newspaper composing rooms, in spite of the remonstrances of purists.

The English insisting on petty economies point to the United States war department, which some time ago adopted a system of correspondence for the purpose of eliminating "superfluous phrases of a complimentary character." "Sir," "I would respectfully," "I have the honor," and other good old formal courtesies are taboo. The English think that "Your obedient servant," the traditional letter ending in their government offices, should be abolished. In Germany there is a movement to suppress "all unnecessary terms of politeness" in business correspondence. Was it not Goethe who said in effect that when the German was polite he was lying?

The abandonment of hyphens and courteous formulas of address may save a little time, and a little ink, while elsewhere enormous waste in public money may go unrebuked; yet there are a few conservative persons, respecters of tradition, who will continue to be polite in correspondence. They may even still write with a quill pen and use sand instead of blotting paper, nor would they for the world dictate to a stenographer a letter to a friend.

Over a week ago "J. A. S." of Portland, Me., protested in this column against the word "Dad." We publish this morning two letters about the etymology of the word. "Maddy" goes back to the Egyptians and makes statements that are important if true. The Egyptians were, indeed, a wonderful people. Mr. O'Daly refers the word to the Gaelic.

Let us here say that the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives this note concerning the derivation of "Dad": "From the 16th century; infantile sound." The Student's Standard Dictionary refers to the Irish "daid," meaning father.

"Maddy" says that the word "totem" is to be traced back to the Egyptians. But is not "totem" a word of the North American Indians? Some give the form among Massachusetts Indians: "Wuhtohtimoin." Nevertheless, the Egyptians were a great people.

Back to the Egyptians.

As the World Wags:

Though a stranger to you and to your world may I wag a little about "d-a-d"? Most certainly Shakespeare knew of the word, since it comes to us from ancient Egypt, meaning then exactly as it does with us today—a reverential term for the father principle. It is a simplification of the name of the Father-King (or god) Thothenes, Thoth, Tatmes, Tat. "Th" and "T" are, as you know, progenitors or deviations of our "d," as it is in effect or pronunciation the same in many languages, as you say "in a variety of northern languages," notably the Gaelic, e. g., the ancient Irish festival, Theutha-de-deneen (I am not sure of this spelling) is Irish for this same god Thoth—revered in the masculine form, or attribute of Deity. In many tongues the "d" and "th" have the same sound.

The etymology of our own t-o-t-e-m poles (erected in honor of the father of the tribe or household) is traced back to the same radical from the land of the Pharaohs, when "gods" and "kings" of the divine dynasty were but the deification of a principle in divinity and not examples of the "awful idolatry" we are taught to believe was the religion of old Egypt.

As I wrote the word "t-a-u-g-h-t" it became clear that this word also is a derivative from "the god of wisdom, knowledge, learning," Thothmes of Egypt, Hermes of Greece, Mercury of Rome. Likewise our creative word, "thought"

So all hail to "D-a-d," the father god. Mayhap the little "tot" comes to us from the same source; it certainly has a sweeter appeal than "kid."

I am no philologist, but this line of desultory research is most interesting; and I jot down roughly these recollections of "lang syne" reading, as merely suggestive and an incentive for your studious and critical readers, though I'm just a plain MADDY.

Boston.

Totem: "A natural object, especially an animal, assumed among North American Indians as emblem of clan or individual on ground of relationship; the image of this."

Totem post: "A post on which totems are carved or hung."

Teach: "From the old English, taecan.

Tot: "A small child or dram of liquor, from the old Norse 'tottr'; compare Danish 'tot.'"

Yes, etymology is a delightful study. Noah, for example, comes from the Chinese Fohl. You change "Fo" to "No," and 'ah" is a corruption of "hi." "Hi-hi" will in time to come probably be regarded as a baptismal name, and Mr. Hihi Dixwell will be cited as an example.—Ed.

From the Gaelic.

As the World Wags:

In your department of July 20 "J. A. S." refers to children who nowadays call their father "Daddy," which in his opinion is not dignified enough, and he wonders "how long it will be before they will call their mother 'maddy'." He says that one is as dignified as the other. Evidently "J. A. S." does not know that "Daddy" is an Anglicized form of an ancient and dignified name for father in a language that has been mainly instrumental in building up the Anglo-Saxon tongue and its superstructure, the English language, from the fifth century A. D. until the renewal of letters in Europe; and that "mother" has also a dignified name in that same language, without going to the bother of coining another for it, and has also an Anglicized form. The language referred to is the Gaelic, now generally known as the Irish language. "Daid" in that language is the name for father, and with the termination "in," which means a diminutive particle, the term "Daidin" has become a term of endearment for father, and that is the term that has been Anglicized "Daddy."

"Mam" is a name for mother and a dignified one, in that same old language, and "Maimin" is the term of endearment, and its Anglicized form is "Maimmy." Why, therefore, should "J. A. S." expect to see it become "Maddy"?

Boston. P. J. O'DALY.

Omniscent Jowett.

As the World Wags:

I have always heard the quatrain about Jowett as follows. I like it better than either of the others which you have printed, because—like President Wilson's third note to Germany—the pith of the matter lies in the last two words. Yours truly,

D. O. S. LOWELL.

Dorchester, July 26.

Here I am! My name is Jowett.
What there is to know—I know it.
I'm the master of Balliol College,
What I don't know isn't knowledge.

When was the phrase "Captains of Industry" in its present sense first used? It occurs in Carlyle's "Count Cagliostro" (1833): "Nay more, and perversely enough, even as population augments ... Captains of Industry can and do dwindle more and more into Captains of Idleness." He had already spoken of ... "overflowing population, that is a population which, under the old Captains of Industry (named Higher Classes, Ricos Hombres, Aristocracies and the like) can no longer find work and wages, increases the number of unprofessionals, lackalls, social nondescripts."

Old Ways; Old Plays.

As the World Wags:

Some time ago your entertaining correspondent, "J. W." asked me if I remembered a music school in Franklin street where a brother and sister of Charlotte Cushman were taught to sing. That is beyond my recollection, but I recall the fact that my mother and some of her girl companions were wont to sit on the steps of Charlotte Cushman's home on Milk street, or thereabouts, and listen to her singing. This was possibly before her debut as a vocalist in the little hall and before her first appearance in opera at the old Tremont Theatre near the corner of School street. The mother of our most distinctive native American actress had at the time moved from the North End where Charlotte was born and was keeping a genteel boarding house after the fashion of many women whose husbands were unfortunate in business. How her daughter lost her singing voice through the ill-considered efforts of James Maeder, who married the celebrated Clara Fisher of our great grandfathers' days, is now more than a twice-told tale. She forsook the lyric for the dramatic stage to be the greatest Queen Katherine of the mimic scene within my time.

Franklin street, however, was a familiar playground of my boyhood years. I went to the primary school at the corner of Theatre alley and Franklin street. Not far from Washington street, on the northerly side, was Mrs. Howland's, where we used to buy sweets, broken candy and broken cake, at reduced rates. This was long before Patrick Donahoe moved his Pilot office and household appointments to the street where he was burned out in the great fire of 1872. Below Hawley street and extending to the old Boston Theatre on one side and the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on the other, was the residential section of Franklin street, and a very pleasant one it was indeed. There was a little park in its centre containing a memorial urn to Benjamin Franklin. About midway at the south side was an arch, over which was the Boston Library, an entirely different institution from our present Boston Public Library. It disappeared from this section when ...ton place was extended from Milk street to Arch street. Emily Marshall, who preceded Fannie Carter, afterward Mrs Ronalds, as the belle of Boston, a distinction that seems to have passed out with the gigantic enlargement of the city lived on Franklin street; so did the family of Samuel Tuckerman, who, after his conversion to Catholicism, sang for 30 or 40 years in the Cathedral choir. Col. Amory was another notable resident. On the corner of Federal street Bishop Benedict Fenwick and Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick resided, at one time together, in the quaint, rambling mansion that was for a time the Ursuline Convent.

On the opposite corner, going north, was the old Boston Theatre. "J. W." says he has no recollection of this playhouse. I have many after it was changed back from a lecture hall, called the Odeon, into a theatre by Oliver C. Wyman. I made many stolen visits there when I was a little lad not 10 years of age. I had the run of my home, a public house, until 9 o'cock at night, and I spent my tips, and I got many in those days, in buying admission to the pit, which was not transformed into a parquet until long after. I do not think I ever saw an entire performance, but the curtain rose earlier than it does now, and I enjoyed portions of "The Fair One with Golden Locks" and "Beauty and the Beast." There, for the first time, I heard Edwin Forrest thunder as Spartacus and listened to John Brougham's Irish brogue in Micky Free in a dramatic version of "Charles O'Malley." Good playing must have been the rule in those days with John Gilbert, Whiting, the father of a well-known prima donna, Mrs. Bland (Harriet Faucit), W. M. Flemming and Thomas Placide in the company. Of course I was no critic, I simply took in the show. I always got home before the Old South bell tolled forth in long peals the hour when I should be in bed, and no one knew of my nocturnal excursions but myself, though I sometimes thought that the watchman would intercept me as I sped through the dim, oil-lighted street, and envelop me in the long folds of his voluminous cloak.

Dorchester. BAIZE.

Not Always in Boston.

If Englishwomen take to hairdressing we shall but be following the lead of America, where the heads of women are dressed by women as a matter of course. Here, as a matter of course, it has been work for men. One remembers how "Madam" (the wife) in Meredith's "Modern Love" issues radiant from her dressing-room from the hands of the "oiled barber":

That long-shanked dapper Cupid with frisked curls
Can make known women torturingly fair;
The gold-eyed serpent dwelling in rich hair
Awakes beneath his magic whisks and twirls. —Daily Chronicle.

ON KEITH BILL

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is one of the good-from-start-to-finish variety. The motion pictures with which the performance opens are unusually good, while the concluding ballet act of Leo Perniffok and Ethel Rose and company is equally pleasing. And between the motion pictures and the ballet are a number of capital sketches. None received a greater measure of applause at last night's performance than did Al and Fanny Steadman in "Piano Capers," a well-named sketch that provides this popular Boston pair an opportunity for a lot of fun and a lot of song. Rarely has a team been given a more enthusiastic reception than that accorded this clever pair.

Theodore Bendix, famous composer and director, pleased the audience with his symphony players. They give a six-number program which includes 'cello and violin solos, and as a final encore "My Little Gray Home in the West" was given, with Composer Bendix at the piano. Then there was Robert Emmet Keane, who has recently been in "The Passing Show." He brings to Keith's a bright, interesting sketch, full of clever monologue and brand new jokes. Toward the end Mr. Keane passes to a serious effort and renders most acceptably Robert W. Service's "The Man from Eldorado." Olive Briscoe, the unusual comedienne, followed with her own songs and chatter. Her best offering was a song entitled "Things Were Different Fifty Years Ago."

Another clever woman having a place upon the program is Adeline Francis, who introduces a distinct novelty in having a graphophone, all of the records being of her own voice. Miss Francis is billed as "The Graphophone Girl." She sings admirably and all of her records seem perfect reproductions of her own voice. James C. Morton and Frank T. Moore, late stars of the "Tik Tok Man of Oz" have an artistically staged sketch in which good singing and dancing predominate.

Other numbers upon the bill include the trained French poodles of M. and Mme. Loyal and the Clairmont brothers, aerial clowns, doing all of their work upon a revolving ladder.

"THE MAN FROM HOME" AT MAJESTIC THEATRE

Capable Cast Seen in Popular Comedy.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Man From Home," a comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, performed by the Majestic Players. Principals in the cast:

Daniel Voorhees Pike	Carle Stowe
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn	Echlin Gayer
The Earl of Hawcastle	Leroy Clemens
Ethel Granger Simpson	Margaret Gulesian
Lady Creech, sister-in-law of Hawcastle	Rose Morison
Horace Granger-Simpson	James J. Hayden
Ivanoff	George B. Connor
Comtesse de Champigny	Mrs. George A Hibbard
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch	William C. Mason

The Majestic players could not have chosen a more entertaining nor popular play for this, the opening week of their summer stock season. Those who have failed to see previous performances of this refreshing comedy will have an opportunity this week to see it presented by a wholly capable and well balanced cast.

Carle Stowe is excellent as "the man from home," and Leroy Clemens plays the earl with remarkable efficiency. Echlin Gayer plays the son and "flower of one of the finest families in Europe" in a capable manner. Miss Gulesian is charming as the ward, and the other parts are well cast.

Next week's attraction at the Majestic Theatre will be Valeska Suratt in "Sapho," supported by Majestic players.

SANDERS THEATRE—"The Yellow Jacket," a play in three parts, by George C. Hazelton and Benrimo; music by William Furst.

Property Man	Thomas F. Jackson
Chorus	Charles Douville Coburn
Wu Sin Yin	Reginald Goode
Due Jung Fah	Miss Lillian Booth
Tso	Miss Kate McLaurin
Tai Fah Min	H. Ellis Reed
Chee Moo	Mrs. Coburn
Lee Sin	John C. Hickey
Suey Sin Fah	Miss Nesta Kerin de Becker
Wu Hoo Git	Reginald Goode
Wu Fah Din	Edward S. Forbes
Chow Wan	Miss Kate McLaurin
Mov Fah Loy	Miss Helen Drummond
See Noi	Miss Charlotte Gladstone
The Widow Ching	Miss Lillian Booth

There was nothing Occidental in "The Yellow Jacket" as presented by the Coburn Players in the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last night. Yesterday's rain drove the company from Sever Quadrangle, Harvard yard, where the play was to have been staged.

The allegorical drama was presented in all the simplicity of a Chinese stage setting—a bare platform flanked by green tapestries, with a musicians' booth at the rear. And in a Chinese theatre the property man is an omnipotent being, who moulds mountains from tables and boats from chairs.

Yet despite this Oriental touch, which might tempt north in a less sympathetic audience, interest in the theme never wandered. Even when the electricity failed in the middle of Tai Fah Min's speech, and the house was cloaked in darkness for 10 minutes, the audience, after a few chuckles, eagerly returned to the story of Wu Sin Yin's execution of his first wife, and his eldest son's struggle for the throne. The players produced their effects with a power which flaunted the aid of mere properties.

Mr. Goode, as the Governor of the province, with magnificent assurance, attempted "to provide a courteous departure" for his first wife and crooked child. Mr. Hickey, as Lee Sin, the executioner, furnished thrills which ended in a pleasant laugh when, with the Chinese substitution of a red bag for a head, he sliced off the ears and nose, leaving the boards as unsullied as in a Grecian drama, although, unlike the Greeks, he killed his victim in the sight of his audience.

Then, when, at the order of Ling Won, the spirit, Mrs. Coburn, as first wife of the Governor, died and abandoned her son, Miss de Becker, the executioner's wife, fostered the infant. And in China, as in other countries, attaining his manhood, the hero in this play, Wu Hoo Git, whose part was taken admirably by Mr. Goode, wandered forth to learn the story of love, and, regaining his throne, to win for his wife Plum Blossom. Miss Drummond made a charming little Chinese heroine.

When, as in all Oriental theatrical circles, Mr Coburn, as the chorus, assembled his actors to pay their respects to the audience, they each received hearty applause. Mr. Jackson, the property man, with his eternal cigarette, drew the last laugh with his stolid bow.

Tonight the Coburn players will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream," followed tomorrow afternoon by Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire" and tomorrow evening by "Macbeth." The performances, all under the auspices of the Harvard summer school, will be given in the yard. In case of rain they will be given in Sanders Theatre.

It ... W. S. Gilbert once wrote:

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days!

Fetish and Censor.

As the World Wags:

I have read comments on the present styles of women's shoes. These comments are sometimes in a jocose vein, sometimes satirical. Some have even been reproachful, of a nature to please Mr. Justice Avory, who recently remarked in London on the folly and wickedness of spending hundreds of pounds at this time on the purchase of toy dogs, "of no use except to be carried as a doubtful ornament under ladies' arms, or to be dragged about the streets on a string."

I am aware that to some unfortunate men a woman's boot, especially a bronze one, is as much of a fetish as it was to Restif de la Bretonne. Reading the Tatler of March 9, 1709-10, I came across this passage: "The censor having observed that there are fine-wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards Saint James's end of Pall Mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this nation; the said shopkeeper is required to take in those eyesores, or show cause the next court day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels."

Are the Boston censors on a vacation?

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Aug. 2.

A Woman of Force.

As the World Wags:

At the Sullivan square station of the Elevated, yesterday, I was a witness of a curious scene. I was in a crowd of people entering the wide doorway of a surface car. There was no more crowding than seemed necessary to keep one's place in the wedge. Presently a man and a woman found themselves side by side in the front rank, that is at the step of the car, she on his left. They might easily have entered side by side, assisted by the pressure behind them. But the woman suddenly pushed the man violently to the right, turning her back to him for the purpose, a la Peg Woffington—violently, because force was necessary, in order to overcome the pressure of others on his right. As the woman pushed, she seized the iron upright in the middle of the open doorway, and mounted upon the car step. Here she threw her large person across the right hand passage, leaving the left hand passage open for a young girl who accompanied her.

But the man, apparently angry at the assault upon his person and the summary barring of his entrance to the car, exerted his masculine strength to remove the obstruction. After a brief but strenuous effort, he broke through and entered the car. The woman soon followed him, and gave him several liberal pieces of her mind. I could distinguish the expressions "no gentleman," "hog," etc.

It is possible that the woman, in her excitement, had not fully taken in the situation, at least from the point of view of her victim. But, of course, he was "no gentleman," only a mere man and he certainly gave way to his feelings. He did not appear to be much concerned over the "piece of mind." Indeed, I fancied his face expressed some satisfaction over the result of the encounter, which it well might do, considering the size and build of his antagonist and his own slender person.

But the pity of it all! We live in a rough world. I only hope that neither of the participants in the contest over the right of way was "a chiel amang us, takin' notes," for foreign circulation.

OBSERVER.

Boston, July 26.

That Insane Asylum.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if the writer of "National Dislikes" on the editorial page of The Herald, July 28, forgot:

Es gibt nur line Kaiserstadt,
Das ist Wien!
Es gibt nur lin Raeuberneat,
Das ist Berlin!

I don't know the author. Then there is the familiar song:

Du bist verrueckt, mein Kind,
Du muss nach Berlin
Wo die verrueckte sind,
Da muss du hin.

Compare Mr. Bryan's latest utterance that to go to war with Germany would be like challenging an insane asylum.

Boston. H. B. H.

An Easy Relief.

As the World Wags:

"Snyderius" complains of the quantity and the quality of the present war "literature." I would suggest that if he will permit his discretion to get the better of his curiosity he will find the relief he seeks. H. J. L.

Boston, July 29.

WAR AND PUBLICATION

It has been said by certain booksellers that in hard times and during a war the great public buys more books than when money is abundant and there is peace in the land. This statement, however, was made before the general use of automobiles, and even then it seemed to some paradoxical. The present war has called forth many books about the war, its origin, its manners, prophecies and vain rumors. It has also deferred the publication of many important works that had been announced and, especially in France, suspended the publication of many periodicals, particularly those that appealed to a limited number of subscribers.

The latest number of Notes and Queries received here contains the announcement that this weekly after a long life may come to a sudden end. As the civil war killed Vanity Fair, the most brilliant humorous weekly ever published in this country, so the present war may kill Notes and Queries, which for a long time has been the delight of antiquarians, genealogists, etymologists, folklorists, the curious, and all those too lazy or unable to acquire information by their own efforts. The copious indexes enabled the searcher to find in a short time what others had spent hours or days in ascertaining and then communicating. There were contributors from all countries. With the mass of valuable information thus provided, there was also much miscellaneous misinformation, furnished by unconscious humorists, so that Notes and Queries was not wholly without a comic quality.

It is not easy to say whether during this war there is less interest in a periodical of this nature, whether men are less inclined toward research and consideration of things that now seem paltry, or whether old subscribers now indulge themselves in small economies. Many who know the periodical through book clubs or public reading rooms would join with subscribers in mourning the death of this unique weekly. The column of questions and answers in newspapers will hardly fill the place of Notes and Queries, although many of the questions put by the "contributors" are asked by the editor of the column in his pursuit of material.

Mr. Conrad Aiken, poetically mourning Rupert Brooke in the Atlantic Monthly for July, says that once sitting for tea with Brooke in a cafe, he smiled and saw his "open throat, soft tie." We are sorry that Mr. Aiken wrote "tie," and we doubt whether Brooke ever wore one. The poet in his fine frenzy wears a loose, flowing cravat, or none at all. A "tie" is a subject for lamentation; not one to incite the Muse to hymn an ode, sonnet, or indite even a couplet.

The Newhall Sons.

As the World Wags:

As the writer of the little article on "Soldier Families," I would say in answer to the request of "Inquirer":

Otis Newhall of Lynn had six sons: one was a small boy in civil war times, all the others enlisted. James Otis Newhall, of the 11th Massachusetts, was badly wounded in "The Bloody Angle"; George Franklin Newhall was killed at Second Bull Run; Edward Everett Newhall died a wounded prisoner; Heman Chauncy Newhall and Henry Allen Newhall each served three years and survived many engagements.

The father wished to secure the discharge of one of these sons, that he might have a grown son at home. He wrote a patriotic letter to Secretary Stanton with a short statement of the situation. This letter was sent to Gov. Andrew by Adjt.-Gen. Schouler of Massachusetts, who added: "The statements by Mr. Newhall I know to be true." He also included a statement of the story of the five Bixby brothers, the story then believed to be true, but which now is known to have been erroneous. The Governor sent the letters on to Washington. Stanton sent back to Boston for detailed information. On Oct. 10, 1864, Schouler sent a message to Mr. Bixby asking for the names, regiments and companies of her sons, and at the same time wrote Otis Newhall at Lynn requesting him to call at the State House and furnish like information as to his sons.

Both complied with the requests. Five days later full details were forwarded to Washington. President Lincoln then wrote the famous Bixby letter beginning "I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts——"

Did he also write a letter to Otis Newhall? The surviving son, who was the boy of war time, says he did, and that the letter was lost years ago. This is quite possible. It is well known that the Bixby letter has had many vicissitudes, and to my knowledge a New York investigator has been trying for years to ascertain the details of its history and fate. The above facts are accessible in the files on Beacon hill.

It is probably well known now that the five Bixby brothers were not all killed in the war. There were two killed. One, and perhaps two, survived the war, and one deserted to the South.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston, July 30.

"The Same" and "Eliminate."

As the World Wags:

If anybody objects to my criticism of the translation of Malachi i., xi., where the Hebrew says, "from the rising of the sun onto its going down," let him explain how it happens that the Italian, Swede, Welsh, Dutch and other Bibles invariably say, "from the rising of the sun unto its going down"? Read it that way in English, and the verse loses nothing of its splendor, "from the rising of the sun unto its going down, my names shall be great amongst the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

My critic misses the daily abuse of "the same" as mentioned in a letter on my desk. Why not "it" once in a while? Do not people know of Roget's "Thesaurus," in which they can find innumerable words to express shades of meaning, and save mental irritation from constant iteration of just one word!

As to "eliminate," my idea is, again, that it is used ad nauseam. You can eliminate many things, but you cannot eliminate everything, as lazy writers try to do. An accident has not occurred, hence it cannot be eliminated. Dangers have not ensued, hence they cannot be eliminated. You can avoid accidents, you can prevent them, and you can escape them; but you cannot eliminate them, because they are not in any situation from which they can be eliminated.

What I strive for is as good English as I can find, and I hate "sheep" words. Sheep words are these current words used over and over again by writers who have no sense of shades of meaning. They become sheep words to hosts of others who are too lazy and too thoughtless to have any desire to look into a thesaurus to choose some words a little different from those so carelessly employed. Among these, I repeat, are "the same" and "eliminate," to say nothing of hosts of others, to mention which would take more space than this column affords.

J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

No version of the Old Testament, not even Luther's for the Germans, is to be compared for beauty and strength with that in English known as the King James. Does "J. A. S." seriously maintain that "From the rising of the sun unto its going down" has the same rhythmic sweep and force as "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same"? Note how the stress falls musically on "down" in the King James translation; how the sentence afterwards dies with unconscious grace.

And is "J. A. S." cock-sure that an accident cannot "occur"? Does not his little thesaurus give "take place," "befall," "happen" as synonyms of "occur" in one of its meanings?

Ethel's Case.

"If you are not in khaki by the 20th, I shall cut you dead.—Ethel M." ran an "agony" advertisement in an English newspaper. "I shall hack you to death" is the translation by which the notice is communicated by the Cologne Gazette to its readers. The "rate of exchange" which is hampering Germany's import business seems to have extended its upsetting influence to news paragraphs. Ethel certainly gets more for her money upon the other side.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Aug 8 1915

WAR DISPATCHES

Sir Ian Hamilton is said by his admirers to share with Wellington "the distinction of an ideal dispatch writer, although their qualities are different." The Duke was certainly the more prolific. His dispatches fill 34 thick and closely printed volumes. It was his habit to sit down after a day of hard fighting to write his story. This he did even after Waterloo. William Cobbett, however, with Swift and Defoe, a master of sinewy English, thought that the Duke's English was bad and his style vulgar. Quoting in his "English Grammar" from one of the dispatches, he accused Wellington of beginning "exactly in the manner of a quidnunc talking to another that he has just met in the street." Examining into some of the sentences, Cobbett summed up as follows: "There is meanness of manner as well as of expression. All is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity."

Gen. French's dispatches were greatly admired until the fact became known that they were written by another and more practised hand. Gen. Joffre's are admirable, for they are few. The Russian and German generals have probably been too busy to write at length.

Sainte-Beuve made some acute remarks about the literary ability of distinguished soldiers, characterizing shrewdly Napoleon's passionate, theatrical and effective bulletins; giving Frederick the Great due credit for his clearness of statement; pronouncing Julius Caesar the most "comme il faut" soldier of the world; enjoying Montluc's naive and picturesque stories of his sieges and battles. Caesar has been praised for his conciseness, which came of strength and pride; but George Gissing preferred Xenophon's, which came of a vivid imagination; and not the least illuminative pages of "the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" are those in which Gissing talks lovingly of the "Anabasis" as a work of art.

The "Rebellion Record" is a repository of countless dispatches written by Union and Confederate officers. Some are curiously bombastic; some are labored and yet vague. Those of Grant stand out brilliantly. During the war it was often stated that he did not, could not write them. The fact remained that while this one or that one to whom they were attributed was killed on the field or died of sickness, the style of the dispatches remained the same. It was the style of Grant's "memoirs," which, written at a time of sore distress, must be classed for clearness, simplicity and modest revelation of a strong personality, among the leading works in American literature.

The old discussion concerning the origin of the word "cocktail"—"infinite riches in a little room"—was revived at the Porphyry. Mr. Angostura De Lancey, having listened patiently, finally remarked that the earliest allusion to the cocktail he had found in his reading is in Spenser's "Faerie Queen": "busied with the wicked gin."

Whoa, Snyderius!

As the World Wags:

I quite agree with your friend Snyderius that my "war book" is a humbug; but then, so is he. More than that, he is humbugged, for "Understanding the French" was written months before the war broke out and intended only as a chatty discussion of French life and character. Nobody could have been more amazed than the author when it appeared in a tri-color "jacket" adorned with resplendent cuirassiers and got exhibited among "war books" in a hundred shop windows. Caveat emptor!

Why does Snyderius wail, "Is there to be no relief?" He knows there is. If he will deposit "Understanding the French" in a designated place and withdraw to a safe distance, I will come and get the thing.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT.

Rockland, Me.

Scattering Shots.

Some one writing to the Taeglische Rundschau says that Prince Henry of Prussia after a visit to England told his mother: "Our guns will smash the British navy one day." A London journalist is surprised at Prince Henry posing as an expert in gunnery. The prince before he was 21 while shooting on the land of the Grand Duke of Baden hit a gamekeeper on the wing and crippled him for life. The gamekeeper thus honored has ever since been in receipt of a pension. When the prince was climbing a hill in Corfu he accidentally put lead into a Greek officer who was respectfully behind him. Some time later the prince damaged to a considerable extent a Turkish dignitary who had been appointed an attendant by the Sultan on a shooting expedition in Syria. It will thus be seen that climate and altitude do not affect the inaccuracy of the royal marksman. What damage to his own vessels would he not do with mighty guns!

In the Training Camp.

It was parade for pay—the most popular parade in the army. In succession each man advanced to the table, saluted, and stood at attention while the captain counted out and handed over a shilling a day for the week. "Let me see, Jones," said the officer, pausing and looking up at the soldier before him. "As a married man, Jones, don't you think you can allot some of your pay to your wife?" "Well, sir," said Private Jones, who is one of the men who have enlisted instead of waiting for a commission—"well, sir, I allow her £100 a year; but if you think another two bob a week would be of any use to her, I've no objection, sir."—Daily Chronicle (London).

Streets and Pronunciation.

One difficulty about naming our streets after the war places is the matter of pronunciation. We can be quite safe only with those, such as Mons and Marne, which offer practically no possibility of trouble. Even Aisne is a doubtful case. A worthy friend of mine, whose nephew died heroically upon that river, calls it the "Aze-ny." Compiegne would almost certainly be "Compeen," just as our men speak of Armentieres, "Armenteers." How can we name a street after Ypres and leave our posterity to wrangle about "Wipers" or "Eepr"? Should Ghent be "Ghent" (as in "gentleman"), or "Gong," or something else? Fortunately we have Przemysl already, and have agreed to call it Primrose Hill.—Daily Chronicle (London).

August 7 1915

Haiti, once known as Hispaniola or San Domingo, has seen strange sights for four centuries or more. There are many accounts of horrid deeds committed on the island, but the old travelers and soldiers of fortune said nothing about the Voodoo worship, which was melodramatically described in a romance published some weeks ago in the magazine of The Sunday Herald.

Old-Time Cruelty.

Let us listen after many years to the confession of William Bends, master's mate in the Edward Cotton. He and about 30 of his companions went to San Domingo in 1583, where going on shore they were taken by the Moors and stripped naked. "And they buried one Coxe, an olde man alive, notwithstanding his pitifull lamentation and skrikings: the rest having rice and water allowed them, lived there a certain time."

The honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, in his report of the fight about the Isles of Azores betwixt the Revenge, commanded by Sir Richard Greenvil and an armada of Spain (1591) bitterly inveighed against Spanish cruelty: "When as in one onely Island called Hispaniola, they have wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides many millions else in other places of the Indies: a poore and harmelesse people created of God, and might have been wonne to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as many as ever were persuaded thereunto."

Forced Courtesies.

This Sir Richard Greenvil, Greenvile, Grenville or Greynville, touched with a fleet of seven sails, the largest of which the Tiger and the Roebuck, were of the burden of sevenscore tons, at Isabella on the north side of Hispaniola, on June 1, 1585, and were treated courteously by the governor, who was "accompanied with a lusty friar," other Spaniards and negroes. There was pleasant discourse. Two banquetting houses were covered by the visitors with green boughs, "and a sumptuous banquet was brought in served by us all in plate, with the sound of trumpets and consort of musike, wherwith the Spaniards were more than delighted." The Spaniards not to be outdone brought in a great herd of white bulls and kine from the mountains and provided horses ready saddled for their guests; "then singled out three of the best of them to be hunted by horsemen after their maner, so that the pastime grewe very pleasant for the space of three houres, wherein all three of the beasts were killed, whereof one tooke the Sea, and there was slaine with a musket." Rare presents were given and bestowed, and horses, cattle, goats, swine, sheep, bull-hides, sugar, ginger, pearl, tobacco were bought by the English. "The wiser sort doe impute this great shew of friendship, and courtesie used towards us by the Spaniards rather to the force that wee were of, and the vigilancie, and watchfulnesse that was amongst us, than to any heartie good will, or sure friendly intertainement."

Exuberant Nature.

Mr. Robert Tomson, merchant had been there earlier, in 1555. He found no bread of wheat on the island, but biscuit brought out of Spain and "certaine cakes made of rootes called Cassavi, which is something substantiall, but it hath but an unsavorie taste in the eating thereof." There was so much flesh of beef and mutton that the people could not spend the hundreth part. "Hogs flesh is there good store, very sweete and savorie, and so holsome,

that they give it to sick folkes to eat instead of hennes and capons, although they have good store of poultrie of that sort, as also of Guinycocks & guinyhens."

The country is most part of the yere very hot, & very ful of a kind of flies or gnats with long bils, which do pricke & molest the people very much in the night when they are asleepe, in pricking their faces and hands, and other parts of their bodies that lie uncovered, & make them to swell wonderfully. Also there is another kind of small worme which creepeth into the soles of mens feet & especially of the black Moores and children which use to go barefoot, & maketh their feet to grow as big as a mans head, & doth so ake that it would make one run mad. They have no remedy for the same, but to open the flesh sometimes 3 or 4 inches & so dig them out." Mr. Tomson wondered also at the great store of sugar, hides, ginger "Can a fistula and Salsa perillia." The coin in use was black money, made of copper and brass: for the islanders were afraid that other merchants dealing with them would carry away their gold and silver. Thus were they no wiser in political economy than other nations before Adam Smith.

Drake and Vaz.

The summary and true discourse of Sir Francis Drake's West Indian voyage begun in 1585 is still good reading On Hispaniola, where he and his men took several cities in the fine old buccaneering way, they saw "savage people, which goe all naked; theire skinne colored with some painting of a reddish tawney, very personable and handsome strong men, who doe admit litle conversation with the Spanyards . . . Neither doe I think that there is any safetie for any of our nation, or any other to be within the limits of their commandment;" yet these personable men brought them fresh water, tobacco and Cassavia bread, which they found savory, receiving in exchange glass and colored beads. And the English found among the Spaniards strong wine, sweet oil, vinegar, olives, woolen and linen cloths, and "earthern dishes finely painted or varnished, which they call Porcellana, which is had out of the East India. An S. Iago an Irishman was hanged, "for the murthering of his corporall."

Lopez Vaz of Portugal visiting Hispaniola about 1587 found that the negroa brought out of Guinea had so increased that the Spaniards took them to the mainland and there sold them. He found the chief victual to be a kind of root called Juca, "which being eaten as it commeth new out of the ground is present death, but first they boyle it and after presse it, and the liquor that is strained therefrom is deadly poyson: howbeit this roote being pressed so dry that there remaineth no moisture in it, they mingle and temper the same with water and so make cakes thereof, which are very savory & good to eat."

August 8 1915

Mr. John Booth was much disquieted when he learned that at a theatrical garden party in aid of the profession's charity fund on July 20 an entertainment would be presented entitled "Henry Him of Eight—the Celebrated Monarch; or How Wild and Woolly Wolsey Bluffed King Hal." The burlesque was suggested by the special performance of Shakespeare's play with an "all-star" cast, which "was honored on July 5 by the gracious presence of the King and the Queen.

Mr. Booth wrote a letter to the London journals protesting against this proposed "harsh usage of a classic play" "King Henry VIII.," he said, "occupies a unique place in our stage literature, for three of the greatest of English dramatists worked upon it—William Shakespeare, John Fletcher and Philip Massinger. In any case, the master craftsmanship of long-dead authors should surely be respected. A proposal to publish a parody of, say, 'Vanity Fair' would be unhesitatingly condemned by the mass of decent public opinion, and there is no reason why, when the original authors are in their graves and unable to protect their own reputations by retorting in kind or through the courts, or in any way at all, it should be less of an artistic outrage to burlesque a famous play than to parody a famous novel." And Mr. Booth called on the London Shakespeare League, the British Empire Shakespeare Society, the Shakespeare Reading Society, Prof. Gollancz's new Shakespeare Association and the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre committee, each of these bodies "a self-constituted guardian and trustee of Shakespeare's fame," to justify their existence by protesting against "the indignity" to Shakespeare's fame. From this it would appear that Mr. Booth has little sense of humor.

No doubt he would have Thackeray's burlesque novels and Bret Harte's condensed novels burnt in a public square by the hangman.

Mr Hartley Carrick, one of the authors of the burlesque, at once answered. "Some weeks ago, while reading 'As You Like It,' I discovered an extraordinary anagram in the lines—

"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.'

"What light the anagram sheds on the character of Henry will be revealed on Tuesday."

Mr George Bull wrote in a more serious vein:

"Mr. Booth quite unfairly assumes that the work is to be a 'burlesque of "Henry VIII"' and that we are about to become guilty of 'harsh usage of a classic play.' While I am not at liberty to explain in detail the new view which the authors take of Henry, I may say on behalf of those gentlemen (both of whom are ardent lovers of the poet) that, while it has been found inexpedient to employ any of the original text, it has been possible to adhere closely to the literary form of the period, and so to preserve the necessary 'atmosphere'? Let neither Mr. Booth nor any other severe stickler for the unadulterated classic fear that we shall offend the tenderest susceptibilities. Our collaborators, Frederic Norton and Hartley Carrick, have after much patient research approached the subject from an entirely new point of view and have endeavored to give, in more or less sounding phrases, expression to their beliefs. Earnest students of the bard will find much to interest and surprise them."

Mr Norton was evidently somewhat frightened. His letter was distinctly apologetic: "I have read the letters of Mr. John Booth and Mr. George Bull, and while I am entirely in sympathy with the views of the former I am compelled to dissociate myself from the statements of Mr. Bull. When the idea of Henry VIII. was first mooted, my intention was to make of it a fairy play with music, which, while preserving the refinement and beauty of the original, would at the same time have appealed to the young people who form so large a proportion of the audiences at the Theatrical Garden party. But mine was a voice crying in the wilderness. I was overruled by a majority to whom Shakespeare is but a name, and I am very glad that this correspondence gives me an opportunity of justifying myself."

Since when has it been an unpardonable offence to put a burlesque of one of Shakespeare's plays on the stage? Many of us remember with pleasure the burlesques of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" produced by George L. Fox with Fox as the Melancholy Dane and the sport of the Witches. Edwin Booth, who was not given to smiling, saw the burlesque of "Hamlet" and Fox's laughable imitations of his mannerisms in the part of the Prince and was greatly entertained. There have been many burlesques of "Richard III." Are scenes from "Othello" played by Billy Birch and Charley Backus already forgotten?

And that all this fuss should be in England, for many years the home of burlesque with atrocious puns! Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is right. There should be a revival of burlesque—but, let us hope, without the puns.

Dramatic Notes: Chiefly from England

In "Bernard Shaw: An Epitaph" (Grant Richards, Ltd., 1s.), Mr. John Palmer shows with a good deal of patience and skill how inevitable was the attitude Mr. Shaw has seen fit to adopt towards the war. It all reads quite well, and the only question which some readers will be disposed to ask in regard to it is, "Does it matter very much just now?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Matheson Lang for his revival of "Pete" at the Aldwych, London, July 31, secured most of the principal members of the cast who were in the original production of Louis N. Parker's dramatized version of "The Manxman" at the Lyceum seven years ago. The author's and Wilson Barrett's version was produced in 1895.

Marlow, where it is proposed to erect a fountain to the memory of Charles Frohman, has already a curious theatrical memorial of sorts. This is the famous picture of the "Spotted Boy" in the vestry of Marlow Church. It commemorates a "patchy" youth from the Caribbees, who died at Marlow in 1811 after creating much interest by exhibiting himself about the country under the direction of William Richardson, the Barnum of those times. Richardson, by his own desire, was buried in the same grave as the "Spotted Boy."—Pall Mall Gazette.

George Calderon, dramatist and adaptor of Russian plays, was reported as wounded, and later, missing in Gallipoli. Last fall, as an interpreter with the Blues in France, he was wounded at Ypres. He was again wounded before he was sent to Gallipoli.

Short plays were performed by the Grand Guignol Company at the Garrick, London, July 19. In "Monsieur Jean" the mistress of the house, high in the social scale, recognizes in her new butler, her first love when she herself was a lady's maid. In "Rosalie," a little drudge revenges herself on her master and mistress. "Bloomfield & Co." is the name of the firm that supplies a pate for dinner, in which is discovered the ring lost with a severed arm in a street car accident. "In La Porte Close" the doctor is about to elope with a patient when his wife is brought in. A fall from a cliff injured her so that only an immediate operation will save her. "The operation is withheld, and her ghost haunts the room until she is tragically avenged." "La Veillee" is a new play, written especially for the Garrick. It is a story of German brutes in a French village. "The Hun [illegible] murdered [illegible] of [illegible] than all [illegible] p[illegible] and makes [illegible] work of him with the bayonet

Bishop Welldon was one of the speakers at the conference of the [illegible] Church Union, and mentioned that, in an emergency, he had lent sundry articles of episcopal attire, including his cassock and his hat, to Miss Horniman for stage use at the Manchester Gaiety Theatre. He also told how an actor had approached him on a railway station platform and said: "Are you a bishop? I'm playing a bishop on this tour!"

"All Scotch" is the title of the new review at the Apollo, London. Harry Grattan wrote the piece. "It has some of the comic scenes of a review, some of the characteristics of musical comedy—such as the laborious introductions that are wrongly thought necessary to set the songs going—and a reminder or two of the music hall spectacle—such as the soldier's appearance (behind gauze) in the middle of his sweetheart's song about him—but, finally, it gathers itself together, throws over precedent, and ends with an admirable 'nicht wi' Burns.' A good deal of the 'Scotchness' is rather stage Scotch." The "best" joke appears to be the episode of the old man "whom no noise could waken until some one was inspired to drop a coin with a tinkle on the floor, whereat the sleeper leapt to his feet to grasp it." Thus the Times. The Daily Chronicle said of Edward Jones's introductory medley:

It was wild, it was fitful; as wild as the breeze,
And it wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware;
But still, it distinctly resembled an air!

The dividing line between one theatrical season and another has gradually become so slight as to have reached the vanishing point. To the manager with an established success summer and autumn are alike; he has, consequently, no reason to mark either the close of the one or the beginning of the other. In times of prosperity a late summer production has, moreover, almost as good a chance as one in the early autumn. The present year, however, is, it need hardly be said, of an exceptional character, and if one may argue from the number of theatres closed down—in former days an eloquent indication—the season is very much on the wane Of West end theatres there are 32. Of these 16 are shut and 16 open, a state of affairs probably never paralleled in the history of London playhouses. Much has been said and written lately to prove that the war is in no way responsible for this condition of affairs. Yet facts are more potent than theories, and it is difficult to see how the contention can be sustained. Bad plays, it is urged, will always fail, and good plays succeed. But this is only to shift the argument one step back, leaving the question why we have so many of the former and so few of the latter this year still unsettled. The problem is more easily and more conclusively solved by a consideration of the present temper of playgoers. So far as can be judged, what the public wants is a light and cheerful entertainment, and there are abundant signs that to this view managers are rapidly coming. Their autumn announcements are not yet sufficiently numerous to speak definitely, but at least we know that Sir Arthur Pinero's new play at the St. James's is a comedy, that the Queen's, when the moment for a change arrives, will present a sequel to "Potash and Perlmutter," and that the Comedy is to be given over to a revue. Here, at any rate, is something to show in what direction the wind is likely to blow. For the rest, so far as actual novelties are concerned, we must await the outcome of events.—Daily Telegraph, July 15.

Edward Knoblauch, whose ingenuity is manifold, has written a little play in which Mr. Norman McKinnel made a great hit at the Victoria Palace last night. "How to Get On" is the title, and Mr. McKinnell, its hero, is a Machiavellian police constable. This officer, while entertained by a parlormaid, is surprised by her mistress, an actress of repute but without sufficient fame. To effect his escape from the house, he persuades the maid to pretend to be the victim of a burglary. In the ensuing rumpus he goes off unseen, to return and pompously investigate the case—from which he promises himself promotion. The maid, however, makes a mess of her part in the business, and the fraud is detected. But the actress, who wants advertisement, is induced to take part in yet another sham burglary, contrived more elaborately. So the wicked constable triumphs after all. This dull precis does the piece injustice, for the action is brisk and entertaining. —Daily Telegraph, July 13.

"As showing the immense amount of trouble taken in Russia even in the midst of war's alarms in matters artistic, it may be said that not long ago was given at the Maryinsky Theatre the first Russian performance of Roger-Dukas's "Orfeo," a ballet The decor had been designed by Bakst while he was living in Paris some time ago. There he made and completed his sketches for decor, costumes, etc., and there they were left when Bakst returned to Russia To the theatre directors it seemed impossible at such a time as this to procure the sketches from Paris. But the sketches duly arrived after a journey of many days and the production took place."

The great heart of the Ly[illegible]m gal-

[illegible] for [illegible] "H[illegible] did not thrill or [illegible] temptations, perils, a [illegible] with a motor-car chased by a [illegible] of horses, a fight at the altar a [illegible] band wrongly convicted of [illegible] his escape from prison and his [illegible] through an open window—all these things, with much comic relief [illegible] shouts of laughter, followed each [illegible] in the first three acts and the [illegible] three hours.

In the two acts still to come before morning there was murder to be d[illegible] and another escape, a victim to re[illegible] from the grave to make atonement [illegible] then wedding bells and curtain [illegible] Lauderdale Maitland, Mr Fr[illegible] In[illegible] Miss Nina Lyn. Miss Alice Belm[illegible] their associates did all, and more th[illegible] all, that was required of them to m[illegible] the new drama a popular success.—[illegible] Mall Gazette, July 15.

The London county council claim [illegible] have made the interesting d[illegible] that Burbage's Theatre stood on the site of the present Curtain road [illegible] The theatre, the first of all L[illegible] playhouses, was built by James [illegible]bage, who leased a plot of land in [illegible] ditch in April, 1576, for the erection of a wooden building for theatrical exhibitions, and had his house open to the public a few months later. Th[illegible] the theatre is said to have [illegible] tween six and seven hundred [illegible] The life of the theatre was [illegible] 1597 the ground landlord Gil[illegible] under pressure of the Puritan c[illegible] informed Burbage that the [illegible] required for other purposes. B[illegible] claimed the right, under his [illegible] remove the materials of the theatre [illegible] erect it elsewhere. Allen denied the right, but Burbage and his play[illegible] pulled the house down, and, in spite of the armed resistance of the lan[illegible] succeeded in carrying the materia[illegible] the Bankside, Southwark, where it was utilized in building the famous "G[illegible] —Pall Mall Gazette.

At a sale of souvenirs in London f[illegible] a war fund the sword worn by Wyndham in playing David Garrick [illegible] bought by Hartley Manners for [illegible] Gerald du Maurier, acting as auc[illegible] described it as "worn by the gr[illegible] actor of our time in impersonating t[illegible] greatest actor of all time."

All-German Plays for Berlin Stage

An "all-Ge[illegible] theatre leag[illegible] been founded at Berlin, and an attempt is about to be made to "cle[illegible] the German stage of British and Fr[illegible] influences.

Herr Hans Brennert, the originator of the movement, has just written a pamphlet in which he scathingly criti[illegible] German authors, actors, and playg[illegible] and calls for a real, national Ger[illegible] theatre.

He says that, so far as the war is concerned, German dramatists have played a nobler part than that played by French and English dramatists, for, whereas the former have rallied to the cry of arms, the latter have simply uttered harangues on the origins of the war in general and German wick[illegible] in particular.

Shaw, Maeterlinck and d'Annunzi[illegible] maintains, have been seen too [illegible] upon the German stage. Herr Bre[illegible]t says that the German stage needs protection against "the boulevard rubb[illegible] the detective trash, and such com[illegible]d[illegible] which come from France and England.

He complains bitterly of the Germ[illegible] theatrical agents, who, in the past, have boomed English and French actors and actresses—Rejane, Novelli, Z[illegible] "Herr Beerboom Tree"—at the ex[illegible] of German actors.

The latter, he adds, are also largely to blame for the decay of the German stage, for, not being content to ap[illegible] in plays which dealt with life in the Fatherland, they were always am[illegible]ti[illegible] to appear in pieces whose settin[illegible] a Paris saloon or a Hyde Park dr[illegible] room; to wear spats or "cutaway[illegible] to play the part of a snobbish m[illegible]q[illegible] or lord.

Herr Brennert points out that neither the French nor the British stage [illegible] been influenced by Germany He [illegible] a whole host of startling figures [illegible] prove the extent of the "non-German" character of the so-called German theatre, but purposely omits the plays of Shakespeare and Moliere.

"We have Germanized Shakespeare and Moliere," he says.—Daily Chronicle July 17.

Poushkin's Poem Turned Into an Opera

As Rachmaninov's opera "Aleko" is quite [illegible] known here, some facts concerning it, its composer and its tale may be of interest at this moment The composer is probably best known, or rather known to the largest number of English people by hi[illegible] a most painfully familiar Prelude in C sharp minor for pianoforte. But nevertheless he has composed two symphonies and a concerto which have obt[illegible] a certain measure of popularity here and on his one or two appearances [illegible] pla[illegible]t he has undoubtedly m[illegible] impression. Up to the present he [illegible] d, I think only three [illegible] [illegible] them in on[illegible] Two [illegible]

ly "The Covetous Knight" and "Francesca da Rimini," were revived at Moscow about a couple of years ago, while "Aleko" seems never quite to have lost its position in the Russian repertory.

"Aleko" has, from the point of view of many English musicians, the added charm of being a kind of academic exercise of Rachmaninov's degree. Not that there is anything academic about the opera. But it happened that at the time when the composer's career as pupil at the Moscow Conservatory was drawing to its normal close he composed "Aleko," and submitted it as his diploma work for his final examination, and had the supreme pleasure of receiving the gold medal for the composition of it. The subject matter is derived from Poushkin's poem "The Gipsies" ("Tzigane"), by the poet Nemirovich-Danchenko; the tale bears a somewhat strong family likeness to that of "Pagliacci," a fact that should emphasize its appeal to our opera-goers, who have always evinced a mighty interest in Leoncavallo's opera. There are five principal characters, namely Aleko himself, a young gipsy, an old gipsy woman, an old man, and Zemfira, the heroine, as it were. The old man, by the way, is father to Zemfira. Aleko, a social butterfly, turned gipsy after wearying of social success, finds among the tribe with whom he comes first in contact a beautiful young woman, with whom he promptly falls in love. She is Zemfira, the daughter of the chief of the band, who reciprocates. For a time all goes well, until, in fact, Zemfira transfers her affections to a younger man, a member of her own tribe. Aleko becomes fearsomely jealous, all the more so when he discovers his love on the point of running off with her newer lover. Thereupon he kills the lover, and subsequently Zemfira. The old gipsy then reproves Aleko, a guest and not a member of the tribe, for having brought discord and bloodshed into their midst. The tribe decline to permit him longer to be even ostensibly one of them. He is turned away, and the curtain finally falls upon the melancholy figure of Aleko, yet again, even as in the beginning, "all alone once more."

The scene is laid on the banks of a stream, near by are the tents of the gipsies in white and colored cloth. Their carts are seen covered with their wares, carpets, rugs, and so on. The gipsies themselves stand or sit about in promiscuous groups, some eating, others preparing, the supper, which they cook in cauldrons over the camp fires. The moon slowly rises red over the river.

As to Rachmaninov's score, that for the piano, I mean, it is wonderfully simple, considering how very complicated are so many modern operatic scores. There are but 13 numbers in the opera, which opens with a short overture that passes uninterruptedly into the first chorus. On this there follows the yarn of the old gipsy about the history of the tribe. But after a time the younger members of the tribe vote him a bore and call for a dance, during which Zemfira and her new lover hide themselves. Strictly speaking, there are two dances, the first of the women, the other of the men. In the score of the latter is a note to the effect that the chief melody has been borrowed by the composer, but he does not say whence; it is, however, a vigorous, Russian tune. The dances over, the gipsies make ready the camp for the night, singing a chorus the while. Then, when all is quiet, Zemfira and the young gipsy return, singing a duet which leads to Zemfira's "cradle song," a curious, furious tirade against a husband, old, and terribly fierce, Aleko hearing the whole and protesting. Then Zemfira retires, and Aleko sings a cavatina of his love for her. He also retires, and during an orchestral intermezzo, "Allegretto Pastorale" (the opera was written about the time of "Cavalleria Rusticana") the moon sets and night fades away to the dawn. The young gipsy then sings his romance behind the scenes, which introduces a duet of the lovers, who have come together again. This is interrupted by Aleko, who stabs the young gipsy first, then, after a few words, stabs Zemfira; the gipsy band make their appearance, and the rest follows as set out above.

It is an opera in which the tale is rapidly unfolded. The complete libretto consists of but some half-dozen pages. That the opera is one likely to appeal to English-speaking peoples is evident, not only from its plain tale, but also from the fact, as stated in the Daily Telegraph not long ago, that Mme. Pavlova is to produce it in New York next October, and is to take it on her tour of the United States later, when her dancers will be accompanied on their tour by an operatic company which is to include Miss Maggie Teyte.—Daily Telegraph, July 10.

Mr. Legge does not mention the fact that Poushkin's poem was translated into French by Prosper Merimee.—Ed.

Mr. Hertz and the San Francisco Orchestra

Mr. Hertz has outlined his policy as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. He is quoted by the Chronicle of that city as saying: "I propose, if I have the ability, to make the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra all San Francisco's Orchestra in the development and evolution of which the entire municipality shall be vitally interested and properly proud. There will be 10 special concerts on Sunday afternoons, but not of the "pop" variety. "Orchestral transcriptions of piano music, popular overtures and inconsequential fragments will be replaced by compositions of intrinsic importance, positive beauty and culture force."

Mr. Hertz says: "The contract signed between myself and the board of governors of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra provides for but a single year. I wanted no longer term. This is a tentative arrangement. If I can do the work I have laid out for myself in San Francisco, the fact will be apparent to me and to you within the year. I would see this orchestra on a level with the best in the country. If conditions over which I have no control would seem to render that achievement an impossibility, I should not care to remain." Mr. Anthony writes in the Chronicle: "The 300 members of the musical association pay $100 per year for the support of the orchestra. For this they have the satisfaction that comes of good deeds done, and the further privilege of first choice of seats, which they pay for at regular rates. In addition to this guarantee of $30,000, the board of governors stands back with $50,000 more if needed. That all of it has never been required is due to the sale of seats for the regular and the "pop" concerts. But the willingness to spend it is manifest, and brings the total guarantee up to $80,000. If one were to add to this $80,000 more, there would be provided enough to establish our symphony on the basis of absolute permanency, and the added sum needed ($80,000, or $100 more per year per member) would insure the possession of such a body of players entirely devoted to symphony, as Hertz dreams of. That the additional sum would never be required is the firm conviction of Business Manager Healy, for the permanency of the organization would permit the orchestra to go on brief tours, just as the Boston Symphony orchestra travels, sowing the seeds of good music abroad and reaping a golden profit into the bargain." Louis Persinger will be the concert master.

Mr. Hertz thinks that Wagner belongs to the opera house, not to the symphony program. "I have no preferences in music except for the best, and I am not particular whether that best is of Mozart or Strauss or Debussy. I am no worshipper of a name, to like a thing merely because it is old or merely because it is new. The new must rest on the old, which sustains it and explains it."

"American Composers' Day" at San Francisco fell on Aug. 1. The program arranged by George W. Stewart included Chadwick's overtures, "Melpomene" and "Euterpe," Miss Mabel W. Daniels's poem for baritone and orchestra, "The Desolate City"; Horatio Parker's overture, "A Northern Legend"; Stock's Symphonic sketch and Symphonic Waltz; Kroeger's suite, "Lalla Rookh"; Busch's tone poem, "Minnehaha's Vision," and McCoy's prelude to the third act of his opera, "Egypt." The composers conducted. The program also included Mrs. Black's piano concerto, played by her.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer: An Appreciation

Miss Gertrude Kingston paid the following tribute to Mrs. Percy Dearmer. It was published in the London Daily Chronicle of July 14: "To the long death roll of gallant souls that have laid down their lives for others, sadly I note the passing today of yet another friend—and this time a woman.

"Full of sympathetic understanding as she was, I can well imagine that Mabel Dearmer paused to look round her and consider where the need for her help was most pressing, and that she chose battle-stained, war-worn Serbia as the sphere for her usefulness, perhaps, and indeed probably, because she realized the little kingdom standing up single-handed in the early days of this titanic struggle against the mighty and ancient Empire that strove to impose its will on a weaker neighbour. Such a spectacle would greatly appeal to the imagination of just such a woman, in whom would burn the desire to assist the weaker vessel against the stronger bully. The knowledge that charitable endeavour poured out on the nations nearer at hand would perhaps forget the poignant distress in that far-away corner of Europe would drag her by its very forlornness to leave home and friends and the blare and fanfare of the nearer battles to sacrifice her life where it would be least heard or spoken of.

"The privilege of saying a last few words over her memory is not to be foregone by me, although my friendship with Mrs. Dearmer was of comparatively recent growth, for she was one of those women whose vivid vitality disarmed all shyness or reserve in others and with whom one arrived in half an hour at the point to which most people travelled in a lifetime. Partly this was due, I think, to her joyous and frank pleasure in life and in social intercourse; partly to a mental energy and activity that makes me groan to think of its being lost and silenced for ever.

"It happened that I strayed one Christmastime into a performance that she had organized—taking some children to see 'The Cockyolly Bird,' and at once I realized how completely a child's entertainment it was, and how rarely the author must have understood the working of the childish mind to have been able to cater for it in such simple but whole-hearted fashion. I think that led me to make her acquaintance, and subsequently we arranged to do some children's seasons at Christmas and Easter time at my Little Theatre. 'The Children's Holiday Season' we christened these performances, and so I had the advantage of coming in close touch with Mabel Dearmer, brought together by a mutual interest quickly and often.

"Apart from her warm and ready enthusiasm for those things that appealed to her, I was attracted to her by her extraordinary capability in organizing these children's performances, by her quick sense of what would be suitable for her juvenile audiences, of her untiring energy in training her little people; above all of her rapid judgment in picking out the really talented from the more obviously clever people. The showman's instinct was innate in her, as her charming productions testified, and it had been her intention to found a school for little people that was to have had its headquarters at the Little Theatre.

"If I dwell on her capacity for organization, on her indefatigable pleasure in work, on her relentless forgetfulness of self when she had anything to carry into completion, it is because I saw that side of this talented creature first and learned to know her nobler virtues after—but why should I say her 'nobler' virtues? For are not industry, energy, tact and hopefulness as noble as any of those more idealistic if less useful virtues that we write on the tombs of those we mourn? All these qualifications that made me admire her in her activities in the theatre were just such as must have endeared her to all those who came in contact with her at the hospital in Serbia. Full well I can picture the void that her death will have made in that circle of ministering men and women from which she has been snatched. I can picture her as clearly in my mind in her cheerful, happy, courageous optimism helping and consoling and binding up wounds by the bedside of the suffering as I can remember her directing and encouraging and managing her little troupe of girls and boys, with their anxious mothers and fathers and a squadron of tired stage hands.

"Gracious, capable, generous, gentlewoman as she was, with a ready wit and a nimble mind, perhaps the most lovable quality in her was her belief and her longing for all that was good and honest. I cannot sum up the fragrance of such a woman's character better than by saying that all she did and said 'rang true!' In the many griefs of daily partings, in the hourly severance of old ties and valued friendships, this loss looms black and heavy, and when I remember how much the little children will miss whose hearts and minds she could reach, with such ease and grace, I mourn the artist and authoress as well as the friend."

Notes About Music and Musicians

The 21st series of promenade concerts in London will open on Aug. 14. The season will last until Oct. 23. "No doubt we shall soon hear whether German music is to be boycotted."

In pursuance of his Arthurian propaganda Rutland Boughton is proceeding with his Glastonbury festival, which will take place between Aug. 11 and 28 at Glastonbury, near Bath. It has been found impossible to give the Grail Scene from "Parsifal" owing to the difficulties of securing an adequate male chorus, so the second act of "Tristan and Isolde" has been substituted. In addition a first performance is announced of Mr. Bainton's one-act Ossianic opera "Olthona," and among other productions are to be Mr. Boughton's "The Immortal Hour" and "The Birth of Arthur," and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." Mr. Bainton is interned in Germany at the present time. Mr. Boughton is his own stage director as well as musical director.

"Annie Laurie," as written and sung by William Douglas, differed greatly from the version familiar today. It had only two verses, and the second ran:

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp around the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span,

Her waist ye weel micht span.
An' she has a rolling 'ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

It was Lady John Scott who wrongly attributed the original to Allan Cunningham, who made the rough smooth in the existing verses, added a third, and wrote the familiar tune. "Annie Laurie," by the way, was a great favorite with our soldiers in the Crimea.—Daily Chronicle.

Here is an instance of Chauvinism in London: "It is difficult to understand why Miss Elma Godfrey, a promising 'cellist, should have played two movements of Sohnanyi's concert stueck. Quite apart from the circumstance that he is a living alien, who, if memory serves, has clearly established his hostility, the composition itself is uncommonly tedious, and there is much better music available for the instrument."

At the Steinway Hall Mr. Lawrence Kellie gave a recital of his own compositions. There was a time when he threatened to attain to a position in London society somewhat analogous to that of Reynolds Hahn in Paris, and the difference between their proclivities suggests some standard of what society in the respective capitals expected from a fashionable song writer. The sweet sentimentality of Mr. Kellie's songs, which is further exaggerated in his singing of them, is so cloying to the palate that such musical quality as they contain is apt to escape one, as the flavor of fruit is masked by too much sugar. There are people with an insatiable appetite for sweets. Apparently some were in the audience.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 15.

Mention by the Pall Mall Gazette's musical critic of the fact that Rachmaninoff, whose "Aleko" was performed at the London Opera House on Thursday night, was "affectionately dubbed 'Racky' by the orchestra at an English provincial festival," is a reminder that the composer of the famous "Prelude" owes us a set of variations. It was at the Leeds festival in 1910, that he gained the nickname of "Racky," and so charmed the local musicians that they banqueted him before he left their city. At the banquet "Racky" was greeted with musical honors, and, returning thanks, he expressed regret that "so typically an English melody" as "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" had until then been unknown to him. "It is a splendid tune," he added, "and I will use it for a set of orchestral variations." These variations have not yet materialized, and perhaps we may spur Rachmaninoff to the task by pointing out that the typical English melody which caught his fancy at Leeds is also typically French. We, in fact, borrowed it from our allies across the straits, where long before it had become an adjunct of British convivial gatherings, it served as a musical vehicle for the celebrated French song, "Malbrough s'en va-t-en Guerre." Beethoven, too, worked it into his "Battle Symphony," where it represents the French army.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 17.

On July 21, the band of the Royal Scots Guards played a "novelty potpourri of 'Tangled Tunes' arranged by the bandmaster, F. W. Wood, and embodying 125 old and popular melodies."

"Lecturing on Russian operas the other day, Mr. Montagu-Nathan, as reported in a musical paper, said that "had 'Mlle. Fifi' been produced at the beginning of the Russian season, at a moment when feeling against Germany had been at its greatest height, there would have been a sensation that would have brought all London to the box-office. At the first performance the conductor would have had his head broken by a flying chair, the orchestra would have lost all their instruments, the actors would have sought internment. The scenery would have been ruined, and the auditorium wrecked." But, even with "all London" flocking to the box-office, the cost of engaging another conductor willing to have his head broken, supplying the orchestra with new instruments, finding another company, painting new scenery, and re-upholstering the auditorium, might not have justified a repetition of the opera. In any case it would seem desirable that no performance of "Mlle. Fifi" should be given in any building not adjacent to a hospital.—Daily Telegraph, (London.)

"Of a young violinist who is to appear in London next week the statement has gone forth that he is the owner of a 'magnificent diamond ring, given him by a grand duchess of the realm—a ring of great value,' and that 'he has the power of expressing himself in cadence upon cadence of grief or joy; the inexpressibly pathetic or mournful, or the delicate, dainty, glittering, sparkling.'"

Mrs. Casserly, a music lover of San Francisco, has endowed a new string quartet and given the name "Innisfail" to it, after the name of her home in San Mateo. The members are Mr. Sokolof, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Ringwall, also formerly of the same orchestra; Miss Muckle, 'cellist, and Mr. Gietzen, temporarily the viola player. Mr. Gietzen of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is filling the place of a viola player who had been engaged and is now in the exposition orchestra.

Sir Henry Newbolt's poem, "The King's Highway," is now published by the Poetry Bookshop as a 3-penny broadside, with Francis Newbolt's musical setting.

The announcement that a negro has enlisted in the Welsh guards recalls the days when many of our regiments had black bandsmen. These were first attached to the army in 1783, owing to one of the guards' bands having refused in a body to play at an entertainment organized by the officers. As none of the men was attested they could not be punished for insubordination, so the officers petitioned the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, that bandsmen should in future be made subject to military law. The duke would not agree to this, but he brought over from Hanover for the guards a complete German military band, which included negro players for the bass drum, cymbals and triangles. Nearly every regiment in the service hastened to reorganize its band, engaging colored performers for all percussion instruments. Down to 1841 the band of the Scots guards included a negro musician.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 19.

Specially constructed talking machines are being sent out from a Paris business house for use in the trenches. The re

pr[illegible]duction is just sufficiently loud for listeners close to the machine. Thousan[illegible]s are in use all along the western b[illegible]ttlefront. A Daily Chronicle represent[illegible]tive learned from a West end record dealer that soldiers like records which are jocular and light. Harry Lauder's songs are general favorites. The patriotic song is not wanted. It is a very usual thing now for officers and men on leave after their visit to the West end theatres to take back records to remind them in France of their good times in London. Here is an extract from an officer's letter. He fitted up his company with a band of 12 mouth organs. "The idea is to have the first section of the leading platoon in possession of mouth organs in, say, three keys, or perhaps four. This will make a decent repertoire possible and give an opportunity for extempore harmonizing, and I assure you I've heard some quite good extempore accompanying. The funniest thing in the world to march to is the Russian national anthem with a counterpoint in ragtime! The other day a fellow in my platoon actually achieved that feat, impromptu, and I knew as a fact that he had no musical education whatever. The tune that usually stumps the unmusical Tommy is the 'Marseillaise,' for he invariably cuts a bar or two off the first section, and, of course, it puts out the proper marching (i. e., left foot on first beat of a 4-4 bar). But you can at once tell the unrhythmical soldier from his attempt to sing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,' or some other triple-time tune, on the march. As a rule, however, the average man seems to know a good melody to march to, and takes it out of his music-hall memory with great certainty. There are few better songs to march to than 'Who's Your Lady Friend?' 'Gilbert the Filbert,' 'Here We Are Again,' and several other popular songs of the day. The 'patriotic' classics—'Rule Britannia' and the like—are never sung, for which thank goodness and the Tommy's almost invariable good taste in music."

Strauss's new "Alpine" symphony will be produced in Berlin next November.

Alexander Siloti, pianist, has declared that he will never play in Germany again.

Max Reger has orchestrated the piano accompaniment to Schubert's "An den Mond," "An die Musik," "Du bist die Ruh" and "Memnon."

Michael Zadorn has written a piano study on Chopin's waltz in D flat major.

Felix Weingartner is working on a comic opera at St. Sulpice.

Eduard Stehle, cathedral music director at St. Gall, composer of church and organ music, is dead.

In Lafayette, Ia., they have a way of their own of dealing—in the newspapers—with dramatic and musical events. There you will discover none of the time-honored cliches of the critical fraternity. It was the Lafayette public's privilege, one gathers, to witness "Faust" for the first time. Accordingly the plot had to be served up for the edification of newspaper readers. Precisely what version of "Faust" was performed in Indiana we cannot guess. But there can be no doubt of its impressiveness. Listen to this: "The story opens with a moth-eaten celebate (sic) named Faust moving around in his study attired in one of the housekeeper's Mother Hubbards and a bunch of bleached spinach. The old man is certainly some peeved and is lamenting the fact that, during a long and uninteresting life, he has passed up the chickens and the bright lights. He strains his lamentations through that face-fringe until it sounds like a November hurricane playing hide and seek in a Chinese cemetery." Not bad for a beginning, this. And the Indiana critic keeps it up bravely. Thus: "When the devil found out what it was that was getting Faust's goat, he gave him the Chautauqua salute with his red cape, and told him to cheer up. He said he had the greatest chicken farm on two hemispheres and would swop him one thoroughbred chicken for his soul and unravel the mischief wrought by Father Time to a point where he could enjoy life once more." Then we come to the highly dramatic and picturesque apparition of the heroine. "The devil led him (Faust) to the window and pointed out a young immigrant named Marguerite, who was sitting on a soap box waiting for the immigration officer to inspect her passport. She was some dame, too, believe me. Then Faust wanted to know when he would have to pay, and the devil said not to worry about that: Tuesday would do." At the risk of causing some natural irritation and disappointments we are "saving up" the remainder of the Lafayette critic's impressions. They might come in useful next time "Faust" is staged in London.
—Daily Telegraph

Aug 4 · 1915

ILLUSTRATED

The Sartorial Art Journal, the [illegible]urt of last resort in questions of [illegible]shions fo[r] men, decrees that the American of the coming season must [b]e "slender, leggy, but with a well-[b]alanced and athletic-seeming body."

[Th]e Evening Post of New York is therefore moved to say that "magazine artists and red-blood writers who delight in heroifying the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stroked-the-Harvard-crew type of young men are hereby warned to call for proof-sheets and make certain radical changes in the literature and art now being prepared for the fall and winter trade."

It may be said that even if the artists should continue to represent a hero as stocky and of the conventionally heroic type their illustrations would be no more incongruous or contradictory to the text than they are today. The reader is often tempted to believe that the artist drew with only a vague knowledge of the text, with only a scenario of situations. The men and women of the story are all of a class. The men might be taken for vaunting advertisements of brands of underwear, suspenders, collars, cigarettes. The women might radiantly set forth the advantages of certain corsets, hose, dentifrice. The novelist's characters are no longer individualized by the artist.

It was better in the old days. Artists may smile at Thackeray's drawings, but "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" are hardly the same without them. Beatrix is the more enchanting by reason of Du Maurier's picture of her coming down the stairs. Richard Doyle must have personally known Col. Newcome, his friends and his enemies. The earlier novels of Dickens demand the illustrations of "Phiz." Fagin is as familiar to the world through Cruikshank as through Dickens. No wonder that the former maintained seriously that he was the true author of "Oliver Twist." What are "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" without Tenniel's drawings. Ainsworth is still readable by reason of Cruikshank. One illustrator in this country, John McLenan, was singularly successful fifty or sixty years ago; witness his drawings for "A Tale of Two Cities" and Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" and "No Name."

But the average novel of today, even the "best seller of the month," might as well be without pictures, as far as any identification of character is concerned. This may be due to the fact that the novelist's characters, as a rule, are only puppets.

On the whole he earned his living very much as other men do, taking the day's toil as a matter of course and rarely grumbling over it.

The Journey.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at The Herald office on Saturday and begged us to accompany him on a little journey; little, perhaps, in extent, but of great sociological importance. Mr. Johnson looked prosperous. He confided to us that he had just received several subscriptions to his colossal work. Checks were enclosed. Constitutionally indifferent to business, he did not at once think of the printer who holds back the first volume (elephant folio) on account of a ridiculously small debt, and thus retards the march of intelligence; or if he thought of him, his thoughts would probably not bear publication. We were reassured. Mr. Johnson would not be a burden on us. In fact, he offered to pay all the railroad expenses.

Our itinerary is not yet determined. We may spend this night in Chicopee Falls; we may be on our way to Mexico or Haiti; next week may see us at the training camp on Lake Champlain, for we observed that Mr. Johnson was already wearing army shoes.

One thing is certain, for some weeks questions addressed to this department must remain unanswered. "H. P. C." asks if it is true that Hannibal had only one eye and why John, uncle of Henry IV., was called Gaunt. We have no time to guess or invent.

"Belgium."

As the World Wags:

In my letter of July 21 I referred to the ravages which the war "literature" is making upon the health and sanity of many a conscientious reader. Another dire effect of this unspeakable conflict has been the destruction of common, everyday grammar. I have seen, for example, the noun Belgium used as an adjective many times. The most common usage is in the expression "Belgium neutrality." The big sign over a haberdashery near Copley square reads [illegible] er I [illegible] "[Bel]gium tren[illegible] that I recall seeing the same thing even in the diplomatic correspondence of some of the belligerents.

Who would ever think of saying "America neutrality," "England army" or "Germany navy"? No doubt the fault is due to the similarity in sound between "Belgium" and "Belgian."

Boston, July 30. SNYDERIUS.

And yet "Russia leather" is allowed even by the best dictionaries.—Ed.

The Jowett Quatrain.

As the World Wags:

In Cambridge (America) 30 years ago I learned the Jowett quatrain in the following form.

My name is Benjaminus Jowett.
All that there is to know, I know it.
I am the Master of Balliol College,
And what I don't know isn't knowledge.

This reading scans, and sounds like the work of an English undergraduate which is more than can be said of the other forms which I have seen of late in The Herald and the Transcript.

These popular variora are hard to correct. "It is to laugh" is not French, but the phrase continues to appear in Boston and I think in New York papers.

Boston, Aug. 3. B. I. G.

War Note.

In a much frequented restaurant in this city two of the waiters are German, five are Greeks, five are Italian, three English, one Swiss, one Macedonian, and there are three Greek boys. Mr. Gutherson, talking with the Macedonian, was informed that there was no trouble among the waiters on account of the war. "Those Germans? They are fine fellows. We all get along together splendidly. No trouble."

"Verbal Germanization."

As the World Wags:

The editorial on "Verbal Germanization" in The Herald of July 27 recalls an experience of mine 25 years ago. I was taking dancing lessons of the University Tanzmeister in Goettingen, something I had never done at home. He urged us to use G[erma]n words, to discard the frivolous F[rench] words that had got into the lang[uage] and use the noble Deutsche Sprach[e]. There he gave us directions for our next dancing lesson. "Take the lady," said he, "um die Taille," etc.

At the close of the lesson I tackled him. "You told us to use German words?" "Yes." "But you used a French one." "When?" "Take the lady um die Taille," said I.

He laughed and owned that he was caught. "We have no German word for 'Taille'," said he, "except 'Unterleib,' and I couldn't very well tell you to take the lady around the 'Unterleib.'"

Boston. H. B. H.

But is "Unterleib" the exact translation into German of "taille" as used by the dancing master? The French for "Unterleib" is "bas ventre." "Taille" is the general body of a man (our word "figure"), or that portion situated between the hips and the base of the chest. The "Unterleib" is the abdomen. What the master of dancing meant to say was: "Take her round the waist." Now one of the meanings of the German word "Leib" is "waist": "Um den Leib fassen," to "seize round the waist."—Ed.

Mad Berlin.

"E. S." gives the following versions of the verses recently quoted by "H. B. H." as the correct ones.

'S gibt nur a Kaiserstadt
'S gibt nur a wien;
'S gibt nur a Raenbernest
Dos is Berlin!

Also:

Du bist verrneckt mein Kind—
Geh' nach Berlin.
Wo die Verrneckten sind
Da gehoert du hin'

He also corrects Mr. John Alger's quotation from "Princess Ida" (August 1):

Bull dogs feed on throttles
And we don't like broken bottles
On the wall.

Letters from others must wait.

Vacation Aug 10 1915

PEACE IN WAR

The war has not disturbed the French Academy in its labors. On the appointed days the Immortals solemnly meet, solemnly work on the Dictionary, solemnly argue for or against the admission of a word into the language. No doubt if Paris were to be sacked, these maintainers of verbal purity would be willing to share the fate of the aged Archimedes absorbed in a geometrical problem when Syracuse was given up to plunder. As Archimedes had devoted his genius to the invention of engines for thwarting the Roman assaults by sea and by land, so the Academicians might die saying that they had been valiant defenders of their lucid and supple language.

In England grave persons are inquiring into subjects suggested perhaps by the war, but yet of an [illegible] [illegible]and t[illegible] [illegible] quest[ion] saying, [illegible] ap[plicable] now to the German invasion of [Bel]gium. "It is more (or worse) than a crime, it is a blunder," and was it first said apropos of Napoleon's murdering the Duc d'Enghien? Who first spoke of a nation controlling the empire of the sea? Someone recalls that Louis XVIII., when he was Comte de Provence in 1783, the year of aeronautical experiments in France, wrote an epigram in which he predicted that the French would conquer the empire of the air, while Great Britain would retain the empire of the sea. Another wishes to know whether Rouget de Lisle whose ashes were recently borne in state to the Pantheon in Paris, was related to the family of De Lisle on the Isle of Wight and in Northumberland. Still another endeavors to trace the origin of the Latin saying which in translation reads, "If you wish peace, prepare for war." Did Caesar adapt his "Veni, vidi, vici" from a proverb given by Apostolius?

Let no one think that French Academicians or English questioners are therefore unpatriotically indifferent. On the contrary, their work shows calmness of mind, the settled purpose to see the thing through, absolute confidence in the ultimate triumph of the allies. The admirable spirit of the French is well known. Soldiers in the trenches have written to the Academy with suggestions concerning the labor on the Dictionary. That French will become again the official language of Alsace and Lorraine is the prayer of every Frenchman. The apparently idle questioner in England may be devoting his fortune and later his life to his country. It would be a pity if all mental activity were displayed only in the details of war.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Miss E[illegible] Gordon, supported by the Majestic Players, in "The Girl of the Golden West," David Belasco's drama in four acts.

Sonora Slim	William C. M[illegible]
Trinidad Joe	Russell [illegible]
Billy Jackrabbit	[illegible]
Sydney Duck	William De W[illegible]
Handsome Charley	Herbert Au[illegible]
Happy Holliday	Monte [illegible]
Jim Larkins	George [illegible]
Rance Boy	Frederick C[illegible]
Jake Wallace	William G. [illegible]
Nick	James J. Ha[illegible]
Jack Rance	Harri Guy C[illegible]
Ashby	Harry Warren M[illegible]
The Girl	Eleanor G[illegible]
Pony Express Agent	Arthur [illegible]
Jose Castro	Henry S[illegible]
Dick Johnson	Richard [illegible]
Wokle	Ross M[illegible]

Miss Gordon received a hearty welcome yesterday afternoon. She has appeared in Boston several times this summer. A reliable and experienced actress, her methods are now familiar, nor do they require meticulous and extended comment.

Mr. Carlton's Rance was a feature of the performance. His make-up was picturesque. He played the part with effective restraint and constantly suggested the hidden intensity of the gambler.

M[r.] Ogden was a manly and acceptable Johnson. Others in the cast were effective.

Next week Miss Valeska Suratt will appear in a dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho." 222

"PLUNGING SAMOAN NYMPH" HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Odiva Performs Remarkable A[qua]tic Feats in Glass Tank.

Odiva, billed as the "Plunging [Samoan] Nymph," was the leading [illegible] B. F. Keith's bill yesterday. [illegible] glass tank she per[formed] [illegible] feats with agility [illegible] executing complicated dives from [illegible] altitudes. Her [illegible] [illegible] extraordinary int[illegible] [illegible] Odiva [illegible] [illegible] wi[th]out [illegible] [illegible] the creature[s] [illegible] [illegible] given by Capt. Adams [illegible] of the [illegible], with remarkable [illegible] and accuracy.

There were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] made her first appearance [illegible] performed daring feats [illegible] [illegible] brothers dance[d] [illegible] Olcott gave [illegible] version [illegible] opera [illegible]

"Don't Walk in You[r] S[leep]" [illegible] amusing sketch [illegible] [illegible] and company [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"BARBAROUS" RUSSIANS

The Russians will invade this country next season and capture Boston on their triumphant way. Anna Pavlova already has the people of this city at her twinkling feet. She will come again as conqueror, but with a still larger company prepared to give ballet-operas. The famous Diaghilev Imperial Ballet will visit this country for the first time with Nijinski, Mme. Karsavina, Michel Fokine, the great modern builder of the dramatic ballet, and Leon Bakst, whose stage settings are to some wonderful beyond all whooping, to others as a painter's nightmare after a debauch in colors. And in these companies w'll come dancers, male and female, "whose names want nothing but—pronunciation."

There was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,
Meknep, Serg Low, Arsn'ew of modern Greece.
And Ts...tashakoff, and Roguenoff, and
Cr.k.noff,
And others of twelve consonants apiece.

The ballet had fallen into disrepute in Boston until Miss Pavlova with her company introduced examples of the romantic school and Mme. Genee showed that academic grace was not merely a tradition. The excitement caused by Fanny Elssler was at last associated only with the remarks of Emerson and Margaret Fuller and the completion of the Bunker Hill monument. The ballet in operas performed by visiting companies was ridiculously inadequate. "Nature dancers," "Interpretative dancers," came and jumped and bounded and sprawled, but the Russians were the first to show the younger generations that the ballet is an art, a dramatic entertainment, now tragic, now in the vein of 18th century French elegance and sentiment, now idyllic, and now highly imaginative. They reminded the spectator that the establishment of the French opera called for the cultivation of the ballet; that Empresses of Russia imported not only philosophers as Diderot, but masters of the ballet to mould a most expressive form of dramatic art.

And for the modern ballet the first of modern composers, Russian, French, German, have not disdained to invent music. The sister arts vie in the adornment of Terpsichore. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt once said in Boston that she looked forward to a theatre in which pantomime with music should take the place of human speech for the supreme interpretation of emotion. The ballet as understood by the Russians is more than a realization of Mme. Bernhardt's dream.

Aug 17 1915

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Andrew Mack, supported by the Majestic Players in "Arrah-Na-Pogue," by Dion Boucicault.

Col. Bagenal O'Grady	William Mason
Beamish McCoul	Richard Ogden
Nat Coffin	William Augustin
Sergeant	Harry Warren McCabe
Michael Feeny	Sandy Chapman
Shaun the Post	Andrew Mack
Arrah Meelish (Arrah Na Pogue)	C. Blanche Rice
Fanny Power	Marla De Weale
Katty	Emma De Weale
Casey, the Piper	John Marron
Larry McGee	Bob Winstanley

A large audience at the Majestic Theatre yesterday was greatly pleased with the appearance of Mr. Mack in Dion Boucicault's well-known piece. This charming romantic drama is associated with two other famous Irish plays by the same author, "Colleen Bawn" and "Shaughraun." With its scenes laid in a land of poetry and romance, wit and chivalry, the story concerns Arrah Meelish, a patriotic and loyal girl, and her lover, Shaun, a simple child of nature.

Mr Mack's impersonation is picturesque stamped with sincerity, true tenderness and genuine sentiment. His brogue is rich and musical, he has little gleams of humor all his own. His singing of old Irish songs was a feature of the performance and in "The Wearing of the Green," he was assisted by a chorus selected and trained by Frank K. Nash.

Miss Rice was an acceptable Arrah. Mr. Chapman revealed a clever gift for character work in his portrayal of Michael Feeny, the rascally process server, villain of the play. Mr. Mason, too, was imposing and good natured as O'Grady and Mr McCabe was a genial sergeant. It is said that next week Miss Valeska Suratt will positively make her appearance as "Sapho."

STELLA MAYHEW HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Varied Program Given at Popular Vaudeville House.

Stella Mayhew heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, assisted by Billie Taylor. The star of the Winter Garden shows is as great a favorite as ever in Boston, judging by her reception yesterday. Her opening song told how she was down in New Rochelle darning hubby's socks, when a wicked manager called her up and enticed her away from her beautiful summer home and persuaded her to play a couple of weeks in vaudeville.

Besides Miss Mayhew and Mr. Taylor, the show abounds in singing, dancing and comedy. One of the most novel turns on the bill is the futurist dancing by Gene Hodgkins, Mlle. Destrees and their company of seven, including a cubist orchestra. The settings and costumes are all done in the futurist style, and the result is one of the oddest and most gorgeous sets seen in many months. Other features of the bill are George McKay and Ottie Ardine in songs, dancing and nonsense; Ethel MacDonough, the original drummer girl of the Fadettes, in a series of songs of yesterday and today; the Kratons, hoop rollers; Claude Golden, card manipulator; Willard Simms, the amateur paper hanger in "Flinders' Furnished Flat"; Miller and Mack, dancers, and Heras and Preston, acrobats. The Pathe News gives the usual series of pictures.

Aug 18 1915

N. Y. FIRM GETS CORT THEATRE

Selwyn & Co. Rename House "Park Square"—Fred E. Wright Is Local Manager.

Through negotiations concluded yesterday, Selwyn & Co., New York theatrical producers, have come into control of the Cort Theatre in Park square, which has been taken over from John Cort, who built the structure. The new leessees will re-christian the playhouse "The Park Square Theatre."

Charles W. Hayes, of New York, representing Selwyn & Co., who have long sought a Boston theatre in which to house their own attractions, arrived in town yesterday and took possession of the Park Square. Mr. Hayes announced that Fred E. Wright, manager of the Plymouth Theatre, has been appointed by the Selwyns as resident manager of the Park Square Theatre and has already entered on his duties.

The Park Square is to be renovated and its auditorium re-decorated in the next ten days, and Selwyn & Co. will begin their regime in Boston Monday evening, Aug. 30, when they will present at the theatre their own production of "Twin Beds," Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo's farce, which is being brought here directly from a run of fifty two weeks in New York city. "Twin Beds" will be presented here by the entire original cast, which includes Madge Kennedy, Ray Cox, John Westley, Leo Carrillo, John Cumberland, Alice John and Jane Seymour.

Since the success of their first stage venture "Within the Law," at the Majestic, two years ago, Selwyn & Co. have been understood to be seeking a Boston playhouse. The record-breaking popularity of their second offering, "Under Cover," which ran a season at the Plymouth a year ago, increased this determination.

Following the run of "Twin Beds" at the Park Square, Selwyn & Co. are to present there "Under Fire," Roi Cooper Megrue's new European war play, by the author of "Under Cover," and which was successfully produced in New York last week; "Rolling Stones," Elgar Selwyn's new comedy, which is now at the Harris Theatre, New York; Margaret Illington in Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Lie," which ran all last season on Broadway, and "The Show Shop," James Forbes' new comedy, featuring Zelda Sears and George Sidney, which also comes here from a long New York engagement.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" ENGAGEMENT IS EXTENDED

The photoplay "The Birth of a Nation," will continue at the Tremont Theatre until Saturday, Sept. 4. The managers planned to remove the Griffith spectacle at the end of the present week, but the continued demand for tickets caused them to extend the engagement into next month. Other plays booked to open Labor Day, Sept. 6, and in the weeks that follow, preclude a further extension of time.

The photoplay had its 224th performance in Boston last night. This surpasses the records of all other theatrical entertainments ever given in this city. More than 385,000 persons have seen the production since it came to the Tremont Theatre.

Aug 22 1915

Old Franklin Place.

There is a description of Franklin Place in Jacob Abbott's "Marco Paul in Boston," which was first published, we believe, in 1853. Marco and Mr. Forester while sojourning in Boston boarded in Franklin street. "Franklin Place is a continuation of Franklin street. In Franklin Place the line of houses is straight upon one side, and curved, like a crescent, on the other. This makes the space between the houses very wide, much wider than is necessary for a street. They have accordingly inclosed a part of this space and planted trees and shrubbery in it. The inclosure is long and narrow, and extends up and down the place in the middle of it, and has a paved street on each side between the inclosure and the houses. The inclosure is surrounded by a sort of fence or paling, and it presents a very agreeable appearance as seen from the windows of the surrounding houses; and, in fact, it makes Franklin Place, in the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eyes of a stranger."

It was under the shrubbery of this inclosure that Marco hid the fishing pole he bought when he should have bought a flageolet. Do boys today read of Marco's adventures in New York, on the Erie Canal, in Maine, in Vermont and at the Springfield Armory? They should, and not only for the "elements of a salutary moral influence" that the author "endeavored to infuse" into his narrative.

A Note on Pineapples.

The pineapple is now sold in London at the cheapest rate within living memory, they say. Horace Walpole, in a letter, tells of a Mr. Pennicoat showing him a "most curious and delightful picture." It represented Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pineapple raised in England to Charles II. Walpole says the likeness of the King is the best he ever saw. He says nothing of the manner in which the pineapple was painted. Charles is in "brown, lined with orange, and many black ribbons, a large flapped hat, dark wig, not tied up, nor yet bushy, a point cravat, no waistcoat, and a tasselled handkerchief hanging from a low pocket." The monarch's face is "cheerful, goodhumored, and very sensible." We should have preferred a picture of Charles eating the pineapple.

Sir Christopher Wren was extravagantly fond of the pineapple as an architectural ornament. Copper pineapples about five feet high are on the towers of St. Paul's, and Wren's original design for the church shows an enormous pineapple in place of the dome.

In our boyhood, prudent parents looked unkindly on the pineapple. They thought it chippy and indigestible. It is seldom served in its perfection. Preserved, it is treated with too much sugar, and when it is put on the table freshly cut, housewives usually sugar it too freely. Let us not forget that there are benighted beings who put sugar on muskmelons.

Aug 21 1915

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE.

Commonwealth Trust Company of Boston, Massachusetts, as it is trustee under a mortgage or deed of trust dated July 1, 1912, recorded July 5, 1912, in the office of the City Clerk of Boston, Massachusetts, in Records of Mortgages, Book 1200, Page 321, and executed by Boston Herald, Incorporated (a Massachusetts corporation having a usual place of business at 171 Tremont street, Boston, Massachusetts), to secure an issue of Twenty-Year Five Per Cent. Refunding Bonds of said Boston Herald, Incorporated, hereby gives notice that default has been made in the payment of semi-annual interest due on the bonds secured by said mortgage, and that pursuant to the provisions of Section 3 of Article IV. of said Mortgage, it will sell as an entirety free and discharged from all liens except municipal taxes which have accrued since April 1, 1915, at public auction to the highest bidder at the office of the Treasurer of said Boston Herald, Incorporated, 171 Tremont street, Boston, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, September 14, 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the enforcement of the security of the bonds secured by said mortgage, all the property of whatever description and wheresoever situated of said Boston Herald, Incorporated, subject to said mortgage, except cash on hand and in banks, including all the goods and chattels, merchandise, machinery, furniture, fixtures and equipment of every name and nature whatsoever then owned by said Boston Herald, Incorporated, and used in connection with its business contained in the buildings numbered 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 Avery street, Boston, Massachusetts, and 171 Tremont street, Boston, Massachusetts, together with the goodwill of Boston Herald, Incorporated, all its copyrights and trademarks, its Associated Press franchises and rights, its choses in action, including its accounts receivable and leasehold interests, the right to the name "The Boston Herald" and "Boston Herald" and the right to the name "The Boston Traveler" and "Boston Traveler," and the right to the rents, assets, income, product and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest or claim whatsoever as well in law as in equity of said Boston Herald, Incorporated, in and to the same which said Boston Herald, Incorporated, now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the aforesaid property and every part and parcel thereof.

No bid shall be received from any bidder who shall not first deposit with the undersigned trustee thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) in cash or in a check certified by national bank or trust company situated in the City of Boston, Massachusetts, or in the City of New York, New York, to be forfeited by the bidder to whom the property is sold if such bidder fail to make good his bid as provided by the terms of the sale hereinafter set forth.

The cash or certified checks so deposited will be returned to all unsuccessful bidders at the conclusion of the sale and will be credited to the successful bidder as part payment of the purchase price.

The terms of the sale are ten per cent. (10%) of the purchase price in cash to be paid at the time of the sale and the balance in cash on the tender of the Trustee's deed for the property sold, except that as provided in Section 8 of Article IV. of said Mortgage any purchaser at such sale may in paying the purchase money turn in any of the bonds or coupons secured by said Mortgage of July 1, 1912, in lieu of cash to the amount which shall, upon distribution of the net proceeds of such sale be payable thereon.

The sale may be adjourned from time to time in the discretion of the trustee. COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY, Trustee under the aforesaid Mortgage of Boston Herald, Incorporated, dated July 1, 1912. By GEORGE S. MUMFORD, President, 30 Congress street, Boston, Massachusetts. Gaston, Snow & Saltonstall, Solicitors for the Trustee, Shawmut Bank building, Boston, Massachusetts.

Aug 24 1915

WILBUR THEATRE—Opening of the season. "Nobody Home," a musical play in two acts by Guy Bolton and Paul Rubens. Music by Jerome Kerr. Produced by the Marbury-Comstock company. First performance in Boston.

Maurice	Tom Graves
Bell Boy	Quentin Tod
Rolando D'Amorini	Charles Judels
Mrs. D'Amorini	Maude Odel
Vernon Popple	Nigel Barrie
Violet Brinton	Laura Hamilton
"The Pippin," a show girl	Alison McBain
Lucille, Tony's personal manager	Lillian Allen
Jack Kenyon	George Lydecker
Miss "Tony" Miller	Adele Rowland
Dolly Dip	Helen Clarke
"Freddy" Popple, of Ippleton, England	Lawrence Grossmith
Platt, Freddy's man-servant	Carl Lyle
An Interior Decorator	Tom Graves
Havelock Page	Quentin Tod

The season opened auspiciously at the Wilbur Theatre last evening with "Nobody Home," an American version by Guy Bolton of an English musical comedy, libretto by Paul Rubens.

It is said that the piece was known abroad as "Mr. Popple of Ippleton." A note in the program informed the audience that Charles Dickens used the phrase, "Nobody Home," in "Nicholas Nickleby," and that he no doubt took the expression from one of Pope's epigrams, paraphrased by Cowper. Thus it may be called classic slang.

The piece is entertaining and the prevailing characteristic of the performance an extreme neatness which often approaches elegance. It is true that the plot is wraithlike. The first act concerns the manner and customs of guests at the Hotel Blitz. Here, Rolando D'Amorini, a confirmed amorist, guarded by a jealous wife; Vernon Popple, a dapper society dancer; Violet Brinton, the gospel-eyed object of his adoration; Miss Tony Miller of the Winter Garden, her suitor, Jack Kenyon, and her manager, Lucille, meet, quarrel, make love and otherwise disport themselves.

Thither, too, comes Freddy Popple, Vernon's brother from Ippleton, accompanied by his man, Platt, the assistant manager, looks upon the countryman, ingenuous and talkative, with a cold, forbidding stare, but though the hotel is full, Miss Miller will be happy to lend him her flat. This generosity provides an excuse for the second act. Mr. Freddy Popple makes himself at home, receives continuously, and otherwise entertains his friends and adjusts their difficulties.

All this, however, serves to introduce charming musical numbers, dialogue that is crisp and unexpected, bits of fooling by the comedians, and delightful dancing.

The play is mounted in unusual and beautiful taste by Miss Elsie de Wolfe. The color scheme of both first and second acts is original and delightful. The costumes are new, surprising, but not eccentric; charming in design and in color effects. They are worn gracefully by young women, who are comely and at ease, not self-conscious and aggressive.

Mr. Grossmith's comedy is refreshing by reason of its lightness, its good nature, its quiet drollery. He enjoys his own performance, but not in a self-congratulatory manner. Then there is his monologue in the second act. Charles Judels and Tom Graves further contribute to the general hilarity, each in his own familiar fashion.

Miss Rowland is captivating as Tony Miller. She combines audacity with joy in living. Singing, speaking, acting significantly, she is light-footed and has a merry twinkle in her eyes. Her gaiety is contagious and she sang "The Magic Melody," the most ingratiating number in the piece, with spirit and archness.

There was charming dancing by Tod and Clarke, nor should the blond and bacchantic young woman who shares Mr. Barrie's number, "Keep Moving," be overlooked.

Between the acts models from Hicksons exhibited the latest fashions, de-

[illegible] parading up and down the [illegible]es.

A very large audience was evidently entertained, while Miss Marbury may well feel encouraged to continue her activities in the direction of musical comedy production.

Nat M. Wills, "the happy tramp," is back at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, heading a vaudeville bill that is strong enough to make one forget the humidity and other little annoyances. He romped on the stage yesterday afternoon, wearing the usual white linen Prince Albert, and funny little straw hat perched on a tousled wig, and told a number of mirthful stories in his inimitable way. He closed his act with several new parodies, and all told made the big hit of the show.

Second in importance was a troupe of Mexican troubadors, known as the Great Bell family. It consists of nine brothers and sisters, three of whom are attractive senoritas who sing well and dance with the spirit for which the Mexicans are famed. Other members of the family play several odd instruments.

Windsor McCay, the comic artist, who draws the "Dreams of the Rarebit Fiend," and "Little Nemo in Slumberland," makes several funny sketches, and introduces a novelty motion picture that was photographed from his work. There is also a trained elephant, "Mary Eden," which appeals particularly to the younger element in the audience.

Others include Mazie King, the girl who danced down the stairs of the metropolitan tower in New York on her toes, and her partner, Tyler Brooke, in some military dances; Frances Nordstrom and William Pinkham, in a quaint comedy, "All Wrong"; Tony Hunting and Corinne Frances, in "The Love Lozenge"; Augusta Glose, with a novel pianologue; Binns and Hart, and a special motion picture drama, entitled, "A Twentieth Century Courtship," in which several thousand Bostonians, including Gov. Walsh, Mayor Curley, and other notables appear.

4 [illegible] 1915

CLERGYMEN WITNESS PRODUCTION OF PLAY

Attend Special Invitation Performance at the Shubert.

Clergymen, representing nearly all the denominations in Boston witnessed the special invitation performance of "Experience" at the Shubert Theatre last night. Practically all the seats on the floor and in the lower boxes were filled. Several large parties of first nighters and critics from out of town were present. In the audience also were many public officers.

The management of the Shubert had made elaborate preparations for the performance and the comments of the audience that filed out of the theatre after the curtain descended on the last of the 10 episodes of the play were favorable enough to warrant the prediction of a hearty welcome to a play that is unique among modern theatrical productions. The serving of refreshments in the lobby in the intervals between episodes gave the performance the semblance of a social function.

Aug 30 1915

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Experience," a modern morality play in three acts and 10 episodes, by George V. Hobart.

Love	Wanda Carlyle
Hope	May McManus
Youth	Ernest Glendinning
Ambition	John Todd
Experience	William Ingersoll
Pleasure	The Hon. Mrs. C. Morton Horne
Opportunity	Marion Holcombe
Excitement	Ebba Andrus
Travel	W. H. Gilmore
Fashion	Harriett Miller
Beauty	Madelain Howard
Intoxication	Dorothy Parker
Passion	Florence Short
Wealth	Charles A. Stevenson
Work	John Todd
Grouch	Billy Betts
Frailty	Doris Moore
Poverty	William Dupont
Makeshift	George T. Meech
Delusion	Harry Buchanan

"Experience" was first presented as a sketch at a Lambs Gambol in the spring of 1914 with William Elliott in the part of Youth. In its present form the piece is a spectacular panorama of life, a broadly planned variety show including allegory, romance, vaudeville and melodrama.

Youth farewells Love and Hope and goes out into the Big World with Ambition who, by the way, is dressed in khaki.

In the Street of Vacillation he meets Experience, who will afterwards be his companion, disregards the call of Opportunity and accepts Pleasure's invitation to an evening in the Primrose Path. Here Pleasure is hostess. Youth encounters, Gush, Wealth, [illegible], Excitement, Song, Fashion, Beauty, Slander, Deceit and other worthies. He is deaf to Passion's bold entreaties, for he is not wholly forgetful of Love, and turns instead to Intoxication for comfort.

Youth leaves the Corridors of Chance penniless. He is snubbed by Pleasure, Beauty, Style and their friends in the Street of Disillusion. Work offers him aid but he prefers to look for sinecure. He is pursued by Poverty in the House of Last Resort, where he is a waiter. In the Street of Remorse, Delusion urges forgetfulness and takes him to the House of Lost Souls. Only Crime can help him to procure the drug he now craves but, outside a church in the Street of Forgotten Days, a familiar hymn reminds Youth of his mother. He dismisses Crime and staggers back to Love, whose welcome waits for him.

It is easy to understand the popularity of this play which comes to Boston with a record of nine months' run in New York. Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest have produced the piece in a sumptuous and elaborate manner. There is much to please the eye and the ear, for appropriate incidental music has been contributed by Messrs. Bendix and Hein. Then there is the personal and sentimental appeal of the allegory.

The scene in the Primrose Path is appropriately garish. Wine flows freely. The joyous company is strikingly attired. The gambling house, the cabaret and the dope den, however, these scenes are the most interesting, the most realistic and create the deepest impression. For these scenes, alone, the spectator willingly endures the platitudes spoken by Experience, otherwise a dignified walking-gentleman.

There are many charming natural touches throughout the play. At times Mr. Hobart shows astuteness and a sense of humor in the drawing of character. This is true in the case of Wealth, Pleasure, Grouch, Frailty, Work, whose "Missus" is content and whose sons are Job, Position, Employment, Profession and Sinecure. Youth, too, with its ideals, dreams, ambitions, its eagerness for experience and the resulting disappointments and disillusions is cleverly portrayed.

The play was excellently acted. Mr. Glendinning was wholly admirable as Youth. It would be difficult to imagine a better performance. Mr. Glendinning himself has the advantage of being young. He is a romantic actor of marked talent and large achievement. Since the days of Pierrot in "Prunella" his art has mellowed. His fervor has gained in intensity, is now better controlled. Gifted with a fine speaking voice he is not deaf to the beauty of the English language. His diction is musical, his enunciation delightfully clear, he has no mannerisms of speech. Mr. Glendinning, too, has the climactic yet he is always in the picture, he does not break suddenly into melodrama. Sensitive, endowed with imagination, his conception of the part is well sustained. From the time when Youth light-heartedly turns from Love to seek fame and fortune until he returns, chastened and with bowed head, to her comforting arms, Mr. Glendinning lost none of the finer moments in the swiftly succeeding scenes. His song in the cabaret was charmingly sung. It was Youth, himself, singing. There was no thought of a well-known actor suddenly bursting into song.

Other members of the company were efficient. Miss Moore, who for a time replaced Miss Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," attracted attention by her clever and sympathetic performance as Frailty. The blond prettyness of Mrs. Horne was suited to the role of Pleasure. Miss Parker was seductive as Intoxication and piquant as Illiterate. Mr. Ingersoll read the lines of Experience with discretion. Mr. Stevenson was a bland Wealth.

A very large, deeply interested and appreciative audience crowded the theatre on Saturday night, the occasion of the first public performance in Boston. After the second act Mr. Glendinning introduced the author of all his "trials and tribulations," while Mr. Hobart remarked: "Experience has taught me never to make a speech."

Produced Aug 28 1915

Aug 31 [illegible]

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Twin Beds," a farce comedy in three acts, by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo. First performance in Boston.

Blanche Hawkins	Madge Kennedy
Signor Monti	Leo Carrillo
Harry Hawkins	John Westley
Signora Monti	Ray Cox
Norah	Alice John
Amanda Davis	Jane Seymour
Andrew Larkin	John Cumberland

To the flat dwellers, those versed in the inexorable lack of privacy, the continuous performance of interfering neighbors, "Twin Beds" will be a delight. Scenes from life are reproduced with photographic realism and in an irresistibly amusing fashion. There is the doubting sweetheart, the jealous wife, both fearful of dangerous propinquity. Then there is [illegible] tenor, the inevitable artist, the garrulous maid.

But flat dwellers will not alone enjoy the breezy farce which opened the season at the Park Square, formerly the Cort Theatre, last evening. It is excellent entertainment, ingeniously contrived and written with an understanding of human nature as well as a sense of humor.

There are many men who, like Harry Hawkins, wish to lead a quiet life. They are domestic, retiring. Their wives, however, soon know everyone in the building. The intimacy, sometimes based on a peculiarly feminine capacity for borrowing and lending, grows. Pretexts arise. The details of the various households are soon common talk. Comments and comparisons result. Each event is attended with exasperating publicity. In some cases, where there has been long association, flat dwellers in the same building become as a clan. Let the member of a household be offended, the news travels like wildfire and the whole building is on the defensive.

Signora Monti does not believe in twin beds. Balzac in his "Physiologie du Mariage," agrees with her and adds instructive and enlightening pages. Signor Monti gave them to her as an anniversary present, which was in itself a doubtful compliment. Monti, himself, had been rescued by her from a cabaret of Brooklyn. Her indefatigable efforts had caused him to become a celebrated tenor, earning $2000 nightly, and sighed for by ladies. Her aim is to keep him out of breach of promise suits. Lately, however, he has shown alarming symptoms. He is fussy about his figure, quarrels over his food, and displays a continuous desire to sing the aria from "Pagliacci." Mrs. Monti is wise. She knows her man. She suspects the fascinating and newly married Mrs. Hawkins in the flat below. Mr. Hawkins, too, shows signs of nervousness. The psychological moment has arrived to move.

Secretly Mrs. Monti carries off her husband to a new flat where as Silas Jones he is to lead a life less open to temptation. Secretly, too, Mr. Hawkins, carries off his pretty wife from the foreigner's alluring ways, but unfortunately it is to the same building chosen by Mrs. Monti. To smooth the difficulties of the moving Mr. Hawkins consents, much against his will, to the purchase of twin beds. Then trouble begins.

Monti is restless and stays out at night. While Mr. Hawkins is at his club, the tenor mistakes the flat and surprises the horrified and quaking Blanche when she goes over to awaken her husband in the morning. Mr. Hawkins returns. There is confusion and wild attempts are made to induce Monti to depart. But his head is bad and he only succeeds in hiding in one place after another until Mrs. Monti finally discovers and drags him off while Mr. Hawkins berates his youthful wife.

The first two acts are swiftly moving. The third might bear a little pruning for here the episodes repeat each other. The dialogue is crisp and there are many clever unexpected twists that provoke spontaneous amusement.

Miss Kennedy's art has matured since she was demure as Little Miss Brown. She is still charming, guileless, wholly unaffected. Mr. Westley played Hawkins with manliness. Mr. Carrillo, who replaced Mr. Judels as Monti, was sufficiently temperamental and exuberant. His disrobing act was not exaggerated and his countenance often glowed with the vanity of the genuine singing man. Miss Cox, stalwart and deep voiced, as Mrs. Monti, made the most of a fat part and spoke her lines with fine aplomb but without vulgarity. Miss John played the part of Norah, a tactless maid with a rich brogue, which never for a moment deserted her, and with quiet humor.

A large audience laughed heartily and was evidently entertained.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Edwin Arden and the Majestic Players in "Today," a play in four acts, by George Broadhurst and Abraham S. Schromer. The cast:

Frederick Wagner	Edwin Arden
Heinrich Wagner	Charles Greene
A butler	Albert Berg
Lily Wagner	Katherine Tower
Emma Wagner	Marie Lander
Mrs. Garland	Margaret Robinson
Mrs. Faringdon	Rose Morison
A maid	Renee Johnson

The Broadhurst-Schromer drama is not only true to 20th century life; it is not too much to say that its story has been enacted in every metropolitan city. The piece is frankly melodramatic; there are many strong emotional scenes and there is a delightful blending of comedy that is never obtrusive and takes its place logically in the unwinding of the story. The characters are themselves free from exaggeration, though one might doubt that Frederick, the husband, could have exercised so much patience in the beginning. But without this characteristic, of course there would have been no play.

Lily Wagner, shallow to an extreme, is the pampered wife of Frederick Wagner. The elder Wagners, happy in the twilight of their life, complete a delightful domestic picture. Frederick meets business reverses and they must take a flat; Lily must yield her jewels that they may be turned into cash. The wife yields stubbornly and reluctantly. Later she finds solace as [illegible] in the chatter of Mrs. Garland, who views life along the currents of least resistance and talks entertainingly of the financial assistance she receives from her gentleman "friend."

Lily, goaded to desperation at her modest apparel, rebels. She will take things in her own hands. She sits for expensive pictures, purchases an expensive wardrobe and is chided by the parents of Frederick. Seizing the interference as an excuse, she orders the aged people from her home. Frederick arrives, stands by his parents and sternly rebukes his wife. But the speech of Mrs. Garland beckons her on; she visits the shady apartment of Mrs. Faringdon. Business now recovers for Frederick, and one of his clients is the owner of Mrs. Faringdon's apartment. He calls there to renew the lease, and, incidentally, caution the lady to use more discretion. He sees his wife's picture on the table; he admires the subject, and Mrs. Faringdon arranges a meeting between husband and wife. The latter, in the dark, is enthusiastic in the embrace of her husband; the lights are turned on; there is an agonizing scream. Frederick drags his wife off stage and kills her "because he loved her."

Edwin Arden held himself in fine reserve as the husband, there was a logical working up to the emotional scenes. He nicely differentiated his affections for his wife, mother and father. There was always the evidence of a well schooled actor in his repose. He could read his emotional scenes without being melodramatic.

Katherine Tower's conception of Lily Wagner was a well rounded one. For a woman of small physique she rose with authority in her emotional lines. Nor did she mistake hysteria for emotion. Her attempted eviction of her husband's people was cattish, her speech incisive, vitriolic. Caught in the apartment by her husband, her despair and fright were intensified to the point of holding her audience spellbound.

Charles Greene as Heinrich Wagner and Marie Lander as Emma Wagner furnished much delightful comedy as well as many pulls on the heartstrings. The Mrs. Garland of Margaret Robinson was convincing in speech as well as action, and she lived out her theory that "honesty went out with hoop-skirts."

Patrons of B. F. Keith's Theatre were treated to an especially good bill last night, the climax of which was a spectacle called "The Passing Show of 1915," in which 20 models appeared wearing all the latest styles. The models wore various dresses and gowns from negligee up.

Joe Jackson, "the European vagabond," made a big hit with his pantomime trick bicycle act. How he could ride a cycle such as he had on the stage is one of the great mysteries of the day.

One of the finest suffragette satires that has been seen on the local stage was given by Florenz Kolb and Adelaide Harland. It is termed "Evolution," and contrasts 1860 with 1920 in singing, dancing and talking. Both are first-class dancers. Miss Harland's soap box speech was a feature.

The Five Sullys have a clever sketch entitled "The Information Bureau" which is full of good lines. They are all good dancers and fair in several songs.

Theatre-goers will like the sketch, "Broadway Love," in which Gladys Alexandra and Vivian Murray appear. The scene is laid in a chorus girl's apartment in New York and deals with the love of one for the runaway husband of the other. It is a thrilling little piece.

Ned Monroe and Keller Mack, who call themselves "real comedians," do not [illegible] ils the phrase.

J. Warren Keane does card tricks which mystify the audience, and he has a pretty companion, Grace White, who plays waltzes delightfully on the piano. As long as ragtime is as popular in Boston as at present, Belle Baker will always be a favorite here. She sang several ragtime selections.

The bill is completed by Roberto, a juggler, and Bea Verera, a singer.

Vacation over Sept 6. 1915

Somewhat overcome by the toil and passion of our trip with Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, we let our correspondents have their say this morning. Letters that do not appear are duly appreciated, but they are too intimately associated with statements made in this column long ago and as long ago forgotten.

Let no one think, however, that Mr. Johnson was a disconcerting travelling companion. To go a journey with a man is the severest test of character for each one. The enforced companionship calls, like marriage, for the utmost tact and forbearance.

Mr. Johnson did not fall in our esteem. He was always calm, cheerful, patient. When the rain fell in torrents he did not sulk or fret. Indefatigable in his search of material for his colossal work, he borrowed our mackintosh and ivory-handled umbrella and courteously allowed us to stay in the inn. He knew where he wished to go, what he wished to see and what he wished to avoid. He carried out his purpose without putting us to the trouble of contradiction, argument or rebellion. We knew opposition would be in vain, for Mr. Johnson, as his mother-in-law once told us, is "very set in his ways." When he was unable to pay his share of railway fare or hotel bill, which was not of infrequent occurrence, he was singularly gracious in accepting a loan, and at once put us at ease by remarking on our devotion to science, and dwelling on the privileges of being a patron.

In four weeks he took notes, so voluminous that they have been sent by freight in a packing case to his rooms in Grenville Place. We cannot betray his confidence by anticipating the publication of his observations, inferences and conclusions. It is enough to say that the world will soon and gladly acknowledge itself his debtor. The description of certain discoveries and curious adventures in the Great Wild East will turn attention from the doings in Russia, and even submarine warfare. No gulf washed us down. We did not "touch the Happy Isles and see the great Achilles" of whom we read at school, but strange things befell us. Now in Putney, Vt.—but our correspondents are importunate.

Proper Attributive Names.

As the World Wags:

The strong dislike expressed by Snyderius (on Aug. 9) to "Belgium's Neutrality," and similar expressions is apparently based on the notion that the attributive use of proper names is grammatically incorrect. It is difficult to see how such a notion could have arisen. You have already called attention to "Russia leather." Here are a few more well-known expressions of a similar nature that occur to me off-hand:

Arras cloth, Baltimore oriole, Barbary corsairs, Boston baked beans, Brown family, California olives, Canada balsam, Ceylon tea, China oranges, Colorado beetle, Delaware peaches, Florida oranges, Georgia crackers, Halifax law, Havana cigars, Illinois nut, Java coffee, Maine law, Malaga grapes, Manila cheroots, Morocco leather, New Jersey justice, Norway spruce, Oregon apples, Smyrna figs, Texas fever, Turkey wheat, Vermont maple sugar.

Some of these expressions are recent, some have been in use for generations, while others have been employed for two or three centuries. "Who would ever think," asks Snyderius, "of saying 'England army'?" Perhaps no one would, yet no one hesitates to say "United States army," "United States arsenal," United States constitution," "United States navy," etc. And if no one has used "England" attributively, at least "New England" has been so used. When James Russell died on April 28, 1709, Judge Sewall said of him: "He was a good Christian and right New England man."

All his life Snyderius has been employing proper names attributively, yet apparently has not been aware of the fact—thus resembling the noted M. Jourdain, who was surprised to learn that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. A. M.

Jackson, N. H.

And why should "New England rum" be passed over?—Ed.

Duly Informed.

As the World Wags:

The following startling announcement is in the window of a transfer booth at a station in the Cambridge subway—"Collector 60 on duty—Expires Dec. 31." As the appalled commuter runs wildly for the elusive train, he muses as to how the Boston Elevated Company knows that Collector 60 is to expire on Dec. 31; and also why the aforesaid collector can maintain such calm demeanor in the knowledge of his foretold demise.

COMMUTER.

"Hight."

As the World Wags:

I have recently noticed with interest the appearance, in the war news of certain of our daily papers of the spelling "hight," not the lost verb "to be called," but the noun meaning an elevation. Though perhaps better than the usual form "height," this spelling seems hardly satisfactory. By the addition of an "h" we might well return, in form if not in substance, to the "highth" of Milton's great argument, and by his example find means to justify our ways to mankind. It would be needful also, however, to instruct the public in the proper and ancient pronunciation of this word (hyth), that our ears might not be offended by the barbaric "hyt-th," common a generation ago in New England and still encountered in the more bucolic and primitive communities even of this cultured commonwealth.

ROBERT M. GREEN, M. D.

Boston.

Sept 7 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Song of Songs," a play in five acts, based by Edward Sheldon on the novel of Hermann Sudermann. First performance in Boston. Produced here by A. H. Woods. First produced at Atlantic City, Oct. 29, 1914, by Charles Frohman with Irene Fenwick, Cyril Keightley, Pedro de Cordoba, Thomas A. Wise, Lee Parker, Ivan Simpson and Marion Abbott. Produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, Dec. 22, 1914, with Irene Fenwick, Cyril Keightley, John Mason (Senator Calkins), Dorothy Donnelly, Ernest Glendinning (Bennett) and Thomas A. Wise.

Ruby Purcell.....Mary Forrest
Della Shay.....Ethel Thompson
Lily Kardos.....Irene Fenwick
Richard Laird.....Cyril Keightley
Senator Calkins.....Hardee Kirkland
Anna Merkee.....Florence Huntington
Marcel.....Francis M. Verdi
Lindsey McAllin.....C. F. Newsome
Judge Atwell.....Joseph R. Mann
Stephen Bennett.....Lewis Dix
Achille.....Curt Karpe
Maurice.....Kevitt Manton
Phineas K. Bennett.....Thomas A. Wise

Characters of minor importance have been thrown overboard in the life of this play. We are told that there were at first six acts, the first of which showed Lily in a tenement house. The dialogue has been cut and sandpapered, perhaps for the ears of Bostonians in office. Enough remains to startle the sensitive without certain limericks and the blackmail-anecdote in the dining room scene that have fallen out.

Mr. Sheldon says that he bases the play on Sudermann's romance. Writing the play he did gross injustice to Sudermann and to himself. The novel is a minute study of a woman's character, or rather lack of character. The reader sympathizes with Lily. The brute of a husband, who shuts her up in his castle, might figure as a shocking example in that chamber of horrors, "Psychopathia Sexaulis," prepared and exhibited by the learned doctor in Vienna. In the play the husband Senator Calkins is not after all a bad lot. One of the few dramatic strokes is the spectator's discovery that Calkins will marry Lily. Laird's account of him and the Senator's first advances point to guilty splendor. No one blames the girl in the romance for leaving her husband, nor is one easily shocked by her subsequent conduct. In the play in spite of Lily's sentimental talk about "love" and "the song of songs"—here represented by the familiar and sentimental theme from Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony—one cannot help echoing the speech with which Calkins throws her out of doors. Her prayer in the last act and her twaddle about seeking love (to the accompaniment of Tschaikowsky's tune) and finding it (again Tschaikowsky's tune) do not persuade or convince one that her case is that of Marion Delorme in Hugo's play: that "love has restored her virginity."

The second dramatic stroke is the behavior and speech of Laird when he hands over Lily to the poetic Bennett. With the exception of these strokes, the play as a dramatic work is not creditable to Mr. Sheldon. There is little interest until the end of the third act. Before this there is the conventional contrast between the giddy shopgirls and the innocent young thing; the conventional and old-time introduction of the melodramatic brunette, a wronged woman thirsting for vengeance. It is true that when Lily is ejected from her home she takes with her the music roll containing "The Song of Songs," which is not Solomon's, but Tschaikowsky's. She leaves her French grammar behind, thinking probably that Laird in providing for her will furnish a governess or be content with her English.

The play abounds in what is popularly known as realism, photographic realism, but this realism does not aid in characterizing the shabby people on the stage. Ruby and Della no doubt exist, but they are not of any dramatic interest. They are as tiresome as in life. And if Laird's account of the Senator is true, the latter's method of amorous attack and his verbal wooing are not realistic; they are of the cave man; they are not slimy and subtle. No doubt the dinner at the Fine Arts will amuse many, as it did yesterday. Here again is Mr. Sheldon's "realism"; but we are informed by it only that Lily has a surprising knowledge of fancy drinks, and in the next act we are shown a Lily repentant, not at first of having disgusted the enamored youth, but of her alcoholic excesses that brought the headache and the parched tongue. Then there's the little prayer in bed. It was once said of French opera comique that it must contain at least one drinking chorus and one prayer.

The play, if it were to be taken seriously, would leave a bad taste in the month. If it is not to be taken seriously, there is no excuse for it. To free young Bennett from the spell, it was not necessary to degrade Lily in such a cheap manner. And, by the way, does Mr. Sheldon believe that any head waiter in a cafe of that nature would betray so volubly one of the best customers to a stranger and even before Uncle Phineas tipped him? The play serves no purpose; it teaches nothing, in spite of its pretentions and fallacious moral. Hogarth drew his pictures "A Harlot's Progress" and to the edification of the world. Mr. Sheldon has put on the stage scenes from the life of a harlot—but with a happy ending, with the crown of marriage, the quick forgetfulness of poetical Stephen and others less poetical—(all to Tschaikowsky's tune).

The play was well acted, far better than it deserved. Miss Fenwick was especially successful in the first act where her representative of innocence was sincere and charming. That afterwards she did not always convince one that Lily was a human being was the fault of Mr. Sheldon. Her impersonation, like the scenes, was episodic. Mr. Keightley's Laird was the feature of the performance, a finely conceived revelation of character; a performance distinguished by its sense of proportion, its reserve, its indifference, and then by the sudden outburst of a chivalric spirit. Mr. Wise was very amusing as the experienced, shrewd, rough, kindly old sport of an uncle. Mr. Kirkland's Senator was appropriately coarse. Mr. Karpe's Achille should not be overlooked. Mr. Dix gave no excuse for Lily's unwillingness to live longer with Laird.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"Contemn the world (saith he), and count that is in it vanity and toys; this only covet all thy life long; be not curious, or over solicitous in anything, but with a well composed and contested estate to enjoy thyself and above all things to be merry." But see the mischief; many men, knowing that merry company is the only medicine against melancholy, will therefore neglect their business; and in another extreme, spend all their days among good fellows in a tavern, or alehouse * * * mait warms, men-fishes * * * Flourishing wits, and men of good parts, good fashion, and good worth, basely prostitute themselves to every rogue's company, to take tobacco and drink, to roar and sing scurrilous songs in base places.

Concerning Book Reviewers.

As the World Wags:

Only the aged can remember the days when book reviewers were discriminating. They now invariably begin with one adverse comment—merely to indicate that the job is in the hands of a real critic—and fill the remainder of the allotted space with a universal compound of honey and slush. The vilest slave of the most Oriental potentate never poured into his master's ears a more sickening stream of flatteries than gurgles through the reviewing columns of the free press of America.

Strolling along the Common the other day, I saw an old man sitting on a bench feeding the pigeons. His kindly wrinkled face attracted me, and I sat down beside him. I noticed that his hair and beard were snow white and abundant. But he was feeble, and his toothless gums could not pulverize the peanuts which he tossed with lavish but trembling hand to the expectant flock about him. I fell into converse with this ancient gentleman, and we got to talking about literature and finally about reviews.

"Young man," he said, "long years ago, ere the Elevated, the tunnels, the subway, ere the breakfast food, ere the motor car, ere the trolley car, ere even the safety bicycle and the railroad, I one day purchased, all unwitting, a copy of the current newspaper which contained, last of all its kind, a genuinely critical book review. Never, sir, never, since that bright morn so many years ago, has the voice of its fellow been heard in the land.

"All these years we cherished that precious scrap of paper. It hung, the proudest possession of my family, in a gilded frame on the parlor wall. Temporarily reduced in our material circumstances, we were dwelling in Chelsea. The terrible Palm Sunday swept our little all away. The old review perished—there has never been another.' By this time, my own tears were mingling with his. I helped him to his feet, put his cane in his hand, and, sobbing, watched him totter off toward Beacon Hill.

The old gentleman told me he knew for a fact, and confirmed it with several cuss words of the old school, that before obtaining employment a book-reviewer is obliged to take oath never to review a book he has read. I always suspected as much, but I did suppose that the publishers themselves were in the habit of glancing at a book before printing it. I have, however, pretty good proof to the contrary.

A copy of President Wilson's inspiring little book, "When a Man Comes to Himself," has just come to me. It has a paper cover outside the real cover. This unsightly paper cover contains advertisements of other books. On the face of this unsightly, and indeed highly offensive paper cover, along with the title and a fac-simile of the author's signature, is a—well, I don't know exactly what you would call it. Anyhow, it consists of three abominable sentences. I shall now, with your kind attention and permission, demonstrate that the publishers of this book had not, up to the time it was put on the presses, read the same that American letters are in a parlous state, and that the same superficialities that characterize the bulk of our literature are typical of a good deal of American life. On second thought I will confine myself to the simpler proof of proposition 1, and refer the reader to Mr. Wister's searching article in the July Atlantic.

So let us consider in detail the three disgraceful sentences to which I have referred. Sentence 1. "The distinguished author voices his belief that every man, like Kipling's ship, finds himself some day." Let us tarry here. On pages 3 and 4 of the text we find this: "There is no fixed time in a man's life at which he comes to himself, and some men never come to themselves at all. It is a change reserved for—" etc.

Sentence 2. "Live by enthusiasm—he urges; don't be driven by necessity." Perhaps the writer of this enchanting little injunction had been perusing Chesterton, and felt that no literary production could be complete without a paradox. What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?—that is a debatable question. But everyhody knows what happens when anything whatever runs up against necessity. The Chicago steamroller had nothing on necessity. Of course, the distinguished author never intimated that King Canute was a profitable subject for imitation. And I scorn to comment on the extraordinary punctuation of Sentence 2. For Sentence 2 is not wholly a fabrication, since both necessity and enthusiasm are mentioned by the author.

Sentence 3. "And if you fail, make failure a stepping-stone." All I have to say about this is that neither failure nor stepping-stones, nor any synonyms therefor are even hinted at in the text. Nor is there any sentiment expressed or implied which could possibly be twisted into the airy adjuration of Sentence 3.

These are the symptoms: I offer the following diagnosis: Sentence 1 is likely, but unhappily, an incorrect inference from the title. So much for that. We are indebted to college slang for the expressive phrase, "cracking the book," more often employed in the negative. Presumably the writer of these wretched sentences merely cracked the book at page 15, read that "Necessity is no mother to enthusiasm," and indicted the garbled version which forms Sentence 2. As for Sentence 3, that is evidently a little flight of fancy thrown in for good measure. It is quite irrelevant to the book itself.

Does this seem a trivial matter? In itself it is, but it is typical—there's the rub. HAZELTON SPENCER.

Forest Hills.

Mr. Spencer is wildly sweeping in his remarks. What he says of reviewers pouring out a "sickening stream of flatteries" does not apply to certain newspapers in this country, the New York Evening Post, the New York Sun and other journals. Nor is his statement true of Mr. Williams of The Boston Herald, or of his predecessors, Messrs. Shelley, Bradley and Barry. Each one of the three wrote what he thought, uninfluenced by publishers., and Mr. Williams follows in their footsteps.—Ed.

NEW YORK FASHION SHOW STAYS OVER AT B. F. KEITH'S

Schwartz Brothers Give Clever Act —Other Good Numbers.

The New York Fashion Show, held over a second week at B. F. Keith's Theatre, attracted two large audiences yesterday afternoon and evening. The Schwartz Brothers, two foreign entertainers, have a comedy turn that kept the audience in laughter from start to finish. A servant breaks a valuable mirror. Afraid to tell his master, he hides behind a screen and when the master steps before the mirror to dress for the street, the unlucky lackey mimics every move of the master in the supposed mirror. It is very clever and at times extremely funny.

Lydia Barry, of "I Am of the Stable of Barry" fame, sang four numbers. George Perry and Frankie Heath, who have often been seen in Boston on the musical comedy stage, contributed one of the best and liveliest numbers on the bill. Bankoff and Girlie, two society dancers, contributed a series of novelty dances, including some wonderful twirling and Russian dancing by Mr. Bankoff. Harry Lester Mason offered a really funny monologue entitled "The Janitor" and Bayonne Whipple and Walter Huston in their mysterious comedy creation, "Spooks," kept the audience laughing every minute. The Clown Seal was a whole show in himself, and Burns and Lynn contributed about everything in the line of dances.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The White Feather," a play in three acts by Lechmere Worral and J. E. Harold Terry. First performance in Boston.

John Preston, M. P. ..... Arthur Elliott
Miss Myrtle ..... Mabel Archdall
Fraulein Schroeder ..... Louise Muldener
Percival Penniculck ..... Leo Gordon
Daphne Kidlington ..... Marge Kevat
Fritz ..... John Burkell
Molly Preston ..... Margaret Prendergast
Miriam Lee ..... Florence Auer
Christopher Brent ..... Albert Brown
Mrs. Sanderson ..... Ruth Chester
Carl Sanderson ..... Eric Maxon
Corporal Atkins ..... Philip Hall

This play, which was seen in New York last season, is still running in London under the title of "The Man Who Stayed at Home." It is an exciting story of present war conditions in England dealing with spies, the activity of the British secret service agency and the German system of espionage. There is also the moral that although a man does not enlist, there are other ways in which he may serve his country.

The three acts take place in Mrs. Sanderson's private sitting room, at her boarding house, or, as she prefers to call it, her private hotel in East Anglia. The action is slow in beginning. In the opening scene the boarders, Fraulein Schroeder, Miss Myrtle and John Preston, M. P. exchange agitated opinions about the war. Miss Myrtle is the ordinary feline maiden lady who infests such abodes, but it is at once suspected that the Fraulein, though naturalized, will figure conspicuously in the plot.

Fraulein Schroeder is but the first of the 57 varieties of spies whose schemes make the play. There is Mrs. Sanderson, whose first husband was active in the Fatherland's service. There is her son, Carl, busily spying, though employed by the British almiralty. There is Fritz, the waiter. The opposing party is represented by Mrs. Lee of the English secret service and by Kit Brent.

Kit is supposed by the inmates of Mrs. Sanderson's establishment to be without brains. He is looked upon with profound contempt by Mr. Preston because he is not at the front. Thus his prospects as a suitor for the hand of Miss Molly Preston are shrouded in gloom while young Mr. Penniculck already resplendent in uniform, is smiled upon, though not by the young lady herself.

Kit, however, has work to do. He discovers a wireless apparatus in the fireplace, receives and transmits important messages, gains possession of Fraulein Schroeder's neatly drawn plans of the harbor, detects young Carl in the act of planning to burn the house as the final signal to a waiting submarine and generally upsets the nicely made calculations of the spies while he poses innocently as a silly ass. Even Mr. Preston is at length converted and Miss Molly, who had for a moment suspected Kit's relations with Mrs. Lee, falls ecstatically into his arms.

The piece is entertaining, with its mingling of melodrama, farce, comedy and romance. It is shrewdly constructed, the curtain of the second act is admirable, the quality of suspense is maintained and reaches an effective climax in the third act. The suspicion of guilt, when the German sympathizers realize that they are being watched, is deftly tossed from one inmate of the household to another. Fritz suspects Mr. Preston but Fraulein Schroeder points to Mrs. Lee.

The brunt of the acting falls upon Mr. Brown's shoulders. He plays the part capitally, with suavity and artistic restraint. He is irresistibly amusing as the silly ass, always interesting when he is himself. In the last act, when he dominates the scene, he is effective. Otherwise the company is fair. Miss Muldener gave an excellent performance as Fraulein Schroeder. Not for a moment did her accent forsake her and she dressed the part in a realistic fashion. Miss Archdall was appropriately sour as Miss Myrtle. Mr. Maxon was a manly Carl. Miss Prendergast read her lines in a conventional manner. Miss Auer was conscientious rather than fascinating. Mr. Elliott's Preston was in the picture.

An audience of good size was present at the first performance yesterday afternoon and showed evidences of enjoyment.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in "The Girl from Utah," a musical comedy in two acts. Book by James T. Tanner; music by Paul Rubens and Sydney Jones; additional numbers by Jerome D. Kern. The principals of the cast:

Una Trance ..... Julia Sanderson
Sandy Blair ..... Donald Brian
Trimpel ..... Joseph Cawthorn
Lord Amersham ..... Alfred De Manby
Dora Manners ..... Eleanor Henry
Lady Amersham ..... Clara Eckstrom
Clancy ..... Renee Reel

The Colonial opened the season of 1915-16 yesterday with a return engagement of "The Girl from Utah," one of the successes of last season. Last night there was the usual overflow holiday audience and enthusiam.

The performance took on an added interest in the first appearance here of Alfred De Manby in the role of Lord Amersham, a part he created in London. Several new songs have been added, among them "Molly, Dear, It's You I'm After," and "I Want To Be the Captain." Additional verses have been provided Mr. Cawthorn for "Florrie, the Flapper" and "Tango Tea."

For the perfect ingenuousness that Miss Sanderson lends to the character of Una, it is hard to imagine another comedienne in the role. Her playfulness is that of a well ripened art. Perhaps her best song of the evening was "Molly, Dear, It's You I'm After," assisted by the entire male chorus. It was sung with a delightful bit of a brogue as from the sod itself.

Mr. Brian, himself as graceful as ever in the dance, is more elastic, more breezy in speech than last year. This is greatly to the advantage of the character.

Joseph Cawthorn, a comedian of a school that is fast disappearing—may he be with us for a long time. To hear him sing "Florrie, the Flapper," and "Tango Tea," to hear him pronounce the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees, to follow him and his "comical" engine—these are things to be seen and heard rather than related.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Common Clay," a drama in three acts, prologue and epilogue, by Cleves Kinkead.

Judge Samuel Filson ..... John Craig
Hugh Fullerton ..... William P. Carleton
Richard Fullerton ..... Theodore Friebus
Arthur Coakley ..... Donald Meek
W. P. Yates, attorney ..... Al Roberts
Edwards ..... Robert Capron
Mrs. Richard Fullerton ..... Betty Barnicoat
Anne Fullerton ..... Justine Adams
Mrs. Neal ..... Vida Croly Sidney
Miss Warren ..... Marion Royston
Ellen Neal ..... Mary Young

John Craig opened his season at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday with a play which ran 17 weeks last season. The choice was justified by the size of yesterday's audiences, and the enthusiastic reception.

Sept 8 1915

Again we say that Mr. Hazelton Spencer's withering denunciation of book reviewers for American newspapers as dealers in honey and molasses, as logrollers with publishers, is far too sweeping. We mentioned yesterday among the exceptions Mr. Williams of The Boston Herald and some of his predecessors. Mr. Spencer surely read the reviews written by Mr. John Macy, the immediate predecessor of Mr. Williams. Mr. Macy certainly was not in league with the publishers. His brilliant articles were conspicuous for freedom of opinion and expression.

It is true, however, that the slashing criticism of Thackeray's Mr. Bludyer, who, having read a book and flayed the author, sold the volume for brandy, is no longer in fashion. Now and then a sarcastic article appears in the Saturday Review (London), but Churton Collins, who pricked many literary bubbles for that review, is dead, and he took his mantle with him. Would any magazine in England today publish such a demolishing review as that of "Lothair" in Blackwood's when the romance first appeared?

"Professor"

As the World Wags:

You have hit he bullseye in your treatment of "professor." In our rural districts it is one of the "titles" dispensed by men of American ancestry, not to describe what one does, but rather what one looks like or talks like. It expresses the distinction that the donee does not seem to have his feet so close to the ground as a "colonel." When the passion of the moment has blown over—after a fight for and against sanitary drainage, for instance—officials who have defeated such reform feel that they can afford to let sympathy mingle with contempt and so to put the would-be reformer in his niche among their curiosities. This harmless flattery belongs to the "geniality" of American life which the Nation in its first quarter of a century vainly tried to discourage. After the Hayes-Tilden campaign a traveler from the North, passing through New Orleans, wished to see the Negro Legislature in session. The white guard at the outer door let him in. Inside was the colored janitor. The inspired traveler said to him: "Senator, would you please show me the Senate chamber?" The delighted janitor showed him both chambers. C. E. G.

Boston, Sept. 4.

With a "Y"

"Seventy thousand suits of pajamas are going to waste in the United States navy" because the tars will not wear them. Perhaps they would if the proper spelling "pyjamas" were observed. Yet there are citizens who still sleep in night shirts, citizens conservative and pacific. They say that they [illegible] in summer and warmer in winter [illegible] are they to be shaken by ridicule or argument. Mr. George Moore in his "Memories of My Dead Life" dwells entertainingly on the advantages of pyjamas in trying situations. But the Apollo Belvidere would be less grotesque in a night shirt, which might easily be mistaken for a toga, than in pyjamas even though the latter were of chaste design and modest color."

"Belgium Neutrality."

As the World Wags:

The trouble with an expression like "Belgium neutrality" is not that attributive use of proper nouns is wrong, but that such use, like most things in grammar, is subject to rules, and in the present case the rules are violated. It would be all right to say "Boston neutrality" and nobody would demand "Bostonian," but "Boston neutrality" would have to mean about the same as "Bostonian." viz., the Boston brand of neutrality, that neutrality which shows its Boston origin in its quality. If the reference is merely to the neutrality displayed by Boston on a certain occasion, this neutrality being regarded as a fact without consideration of its quality then the expression would have to be "Boston's neutrality," or, of course, "the neutrality of Boston." Thus he asserts, denies, defines, discusses Boston's neutrality.

In the second place there are certain names for which custom prescribes an adjectival form rather than the attributive noun; and most of the countries of Europe come under this head. You may see a Netherlands flag, but not a Germany flag; a Jamaica orange, but not a Spain orange; San Domingo politics, but not Denmark politics. A cook-book will tell you how to make Philadelphia ice cream and Neapolitan ice cream—never "Philadelphian" nor "Naples." You may lunch, if it suits you, on Vienna (not Viennese) rolls and Roman (not Rome) punch. I know of no precedent for the attributive use of "Belgium" except a seed catalogue which advertises "Belgium spinach," and I think that ought to be "Belgian."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Sept. 6.

A Hard Question

As the World Wags:

Who is author of the saying "Possession is nine points of the law"? I tried to trace it the other day, but could only find Cibber's line: "Possession is eleven points in the law." In Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," it is laid down as follows: Nine points of the law: 1. A good deal of money. 2. A good deal of patience. 3. A good cause. 4. A good lawyer. 5. A good counsel. 6. Good witnesses. 7. A good jury. 8. A good judge. 9. Good luck. J. D. K.

Boston, Sept. 6.

Sept 9, 1915

To W. E. W. We do not know Mr. Herkimer Johnson's address. He is not at his rooms in Grenville Place. We received a letter from him yesterday, but the postmark is illegible. He writes: "You know that in many villages a 'soft Tommy' or a mad lady is kept at home, the family fearing harsh treatment at an asylum or dreading the 'disgrace' of committal. Sometimes the unfortunate is chained in a room, and he looks out of the window and leers at the passer-by. Where I am stopping there is a youth who is not 'all there.' There's a slat loose, a bat in the belfry. He is not wholly devoid of sense and is at large. The minister hired him a fortnight ago, I am told, to saw wood for him, and he agreed to pay the boy's father in wood. At the end of a week the boy asked the minister for his pay. 'Why William, I told your father I would give him some wood for your work.' To which the boy made this admirable answer: 'I ain't goin' to saw wood a whole week for more wood to saw.' "

Goats

As the World Wags:

While looking over Charles Mackay's book on "Popular Delusions," I saw a copy of Hogarth's "South-Sea Bubble," and noted the goat above the merry-go-round with the query, "Who'll ride?" Do you think that this goat referred to the "scapegoat" or to the personified "goat" of the present generation? Also, anent superstitutions, did it ever occur to you to trace the witches' worship of the "large he-goat" and his Friday nights' rewards and punishments to the unluckiness of Friday? Friday was the last day, and unless the witches had been active on this and previous days they were sure to be punished. Increasing assiduity on Fridays caused "simple folk" to keep indoors or travel on short journeys to avoid being bewitched. And, further, do you opine that "Kuess die Hand" is a compromise between giving the customary salute and the one exacted by Satan in the form of the he-goat as at the weekly rendezvous? E. D. S.

Boston, Sept. 5.

As we understand it, the Witches Sabbath was an annual midnight orgy. "E. D. S" would be interested in Jules Bois's "Satanisme." Some years ago Emma Calve, greatly interested in M. Bois, tried to find a manager for a lecture tour on this entertaining subject in this country.—[Ed.

Mural Decorations

Some time ago a correspondent quoted from Pepys' Diary a note expressing the pleasure taken by the diarist in a "spitting sheet" that he had rigged up for his convenience. The correspondent asked about the precise nature of this sheet. In 1580 Montaigne left his chateau to travel in Italy. Stopping at Augsburg on his way, he noted that in the bed chamber of his inn, as often elsewhere in his journey, "they put against the wall by the side of the beds, linen sheets and curtains, so that one should not soil the wall by spitting on it." (Voyages de Montaigne, vol 1, p 89, edition of 1775.)

Mr. McCarty

As the World Wags:

I have been trying for some time without success to obtain the words and, if possible, the music, of an old topical song entitled, I think, "Demetrius O'Flannigan McCarty." The ditty has to do with the life history of a gentleman by that name and his untimely demise owing to certain unwise acts while at a social gathering.

I quote herewith such fragments as I can remember. You will readily perceive the imaginative scope and attention to detail of the gifted author. I have inserted stars where I cannot recall the lines of the only two verses of which I have any recollection whatever:

Whin they'd take up a thermometer,
At laste that's what is said,
* * * * * * * *
An' the mercury would bubble
Whin they placed it by his head,
'Til the shtame was like a rainbow round
MaCar-r-ty.

Mrs. Murphy give a party,
Shure and all the byes was there,
* * * * * * * *
And whin the bulldog up and runned away
With Miss Maloney's hair;
Shure 'twas that that raised the divil 'wid
McCar-r-ty.

H. G. HAWES, JR.

Boston, Sept. 7.

"Old Ways; Old Plays, Etc."

As the World Wags:

I was sitting in a cozey corner of a mountain house piazza, overlooking the Presidential range, so-called, when I came across Balze's interesting article in this column about Charlotte Cushman, Milk street, Theatre alley, etc., all so enjoyable to old-timers like myself. I happened to be with an acquaintance who had just told me the story of a well-known actor who was rehearsing a play in New York some years ago. In the course of the drama, or musical comedy, it was essential that the roar of a lion should be imitated. After numerous suggestions had been made and rejected, the actor above-mentioned triumphantly exclaimed: "I have it! Fine one of the comedians two dollars."

I have lately read a book entitled "My Unknown Chum," written by a man who evidently knew something about Boston and its old landmarks. He speaks of the destruction of the Federal Street Theatre as a positive sacrilege. He says we are accustomed to think of the theatre as a repository of shams and unrealities, but he considers the theatre the reality and the life we see going on around us the sham; and if you are fresh from a summer resort you can't well contradict him. J. W.

Gems of Thought

"Brethren, I pray that all, having steered their barques over the barren sands of Time, may cast anchor in the green pastures of a happy Eternity."—From a sermon quoted in the Church Family Newspaper.

In 1812

It was the advance from Kovno to Vilna that began the wreck of Napoleon's grand army; for the vague impression that the mischief was done by the burning of Moscow and the "premature" coming of winter is quite wrong. During that advance thousands of marauders, pillaging the villages and the houses of the nobility, showed how demoralized Napoleon's troops were already becoming. Continuous heavy rains had churned the roads into morasses impassable by supplies and the weaker recruits. Wagon oxen died like flies of disease or had to be killed. In the first few days over 10,000 horses died from eating the rank grass. All mills, granaries and storehouses had been destroyed by the Russians, and even in the Young Guard men died of starvation or blew out their brains in despair.—Daily Chronicle.

Last July certain Londoners wrote letters to the newspapers protesting against a burlesque of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's "Henry VIII." The burlesque was entitled: "Henry, Him of Eight, or How Wild and Woolly Wolsey Huffed King Hal." The letters were written before the performance. We could not understand the attitude of those protesting, for we remembered amusing burlesques of other Shakesperian plays. Accounts of the performance of the Theatrical Garden Party show that this particular burlesque must have been singularly inane. "Miss Wish Wynne looked perfectly charming as Anne Bulien, and told in her best Cockney accent how she had 'done a 'ard day's washing and 'oofed it all the way from Streatham to see 'er'Enery.'" We quite from the Times. The quotation shows that English dramatic authors are still faithful to the old traditions. If the letters of protest had been written after the performance, they would not have excited so much attention. When George L. Fox brought out his "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" he did not rely on such cheap lines or on atrocious puns.

Extravagant Publicity.

It is a sad commentary on the methods of some managers and press agents, that when the report concerning the disappearance of Mr. Godowski, the pianist, was published, many in the street looked wise and remarked: "Good advertisement!" The remark was thoughtless and cruel, for Mr. Godowski is a pianist of high reputation who would not countenance such a way of drawing public attention.

And yet the best of men are sometimes but as clay in the hands of the potter—agent, and sometimes they are unconscious victims. It was not so long ago that Mr. Henry Russell and his press agent conceived the idea of bringing over Maurice Maeterlinck to boom the performances of "Pelleas and Melisande," in which Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, his wife, took part. To announce that Mr. Maeterlinck would come—although he had not the slightest intention of crossing the Atlantic—was not enough, it was stated that he would come incog., also disguised in a manner to baffle the shrewdest detective-reporter. It was rumored that he might wear stage whiskers—Piccadilly weepers, Galway sluggers, or an Arkel beard. Mr. Russell believed in advertising grand opera as he would a circus. Nor in this was he false to his love of art. A first-class circus is one of the highest forms of art. One of Theophile Gautier's most brilliant feuilletons was written about a circus. The rhythm of an athlete is often more to be commended than that of a singer.

Some years ago a pianist now in this country, Mme. Leginski, disappeared in England. She was finally found. No one accused her or her agent of an unusual form of advertisement. If we are not mistaken, her husband— from whom, it is reported, she will separate herself—was peculiarly interested in the fate of Mr. Godowski.

Here and there are agents who may say to their artists: "Now is the time for disappearing," but the disappearance of singer, fiddler, or violinist, who would consent to the scheme, would generally be welcomed by the public.

From the Sociologist.

As the World Wags:

In this restful place I hear at night a sound that has always delighted me: the sound of horses' hoofs trotting over a bridge, not too near. At Clamport I have missed it ever since motor cars came within the reach of the humblest. Before the devil-wagon appeared on Cape Cod roads, I heard in bed hoofs clattering over the Centreville bridge. The rush of the automobile does not console me for the loss. There are other nocturnal sounds here that give me pleasure: signs of insect and arboreal life, the untimely crowing of a cock. If only the good folk in the farm house did not bestir themselves at an absurdly early hour! They might be offended if I bought for them cloth slippers, or canvas shoes with rubber soles. One sound I miss: the far off rumbie of a train with sleeping cars and the accompanying thought of my own greater comfort at the moment. On the other hand, there is no factory whistle, no clatter or whooping of milk man, no laying of pavement or rearing of building. And the simple fare! This morning I ate 21 flapjacks with unsalted butter and maple syrup. Lassatus necdum satiatus, I was ashamed to ask for more.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Noone, N. H., Sept. 8.

A Nice Distinction.

There is a difference in the north of England between a "wottler" and a "mineser." "A 'wottler' is a liberal, noble person whose customary remark is 'Wot'll yer 'ave?' A 'mineser' is of a more cautious type. He makes no proposals. He only responds to offers, and he gains his name from his usual answer, 'Mine's a beer.'"

New Laid and Fresh.

The president of the board of agriculture in England is inquiring into the meaning of "new laid" and "fresh" as applied to eggs. A little girl once asked John Hill Burton this question. He told her that the new-laid eggs become fresh in time.

If you wish in the world to advance
Your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!

Top-Hatted.

Some one, discussing realism in art, recently asked whether any sculptor had dared to crown a statesman, warrior, poet, philanthropist, in bronze or marble, with a plug hat. Mr. George P. Bolivar writes from Beverly that the bronze statue of Minghetti in the Piazza Minghetti at Bologna reproduces that statesman as he might have been seen in the street. He wears a frock coat; his top hat is in his right hand, an overcoat is over his left arm. "I'm not quite sure that he is not sporting an umbrella." There is a statue of Alfred de Musset at Neuilly near the Porte Maillot. The poet wears the fashionable dress of his period and holds a silk hat in one hand. A statue of Krupp stands in the grounds of the yacht club at Kiel. The great apostle of "Kultur" wears a frock coat; his trousers are creased with mathematical precision; on his head is a plug hat. Inasmuch as Bavarian art societies have issued an appeal to sacrifice for the empire's good all "inartistic monuments" of bronze or any metal, this statue may soon disappear. It would be a pity, for the statue is a pleasing instance of German taste and skill in sculptural art.

Hors d'Oeuvre.

The Spectator (London) seems to be in doubt whether the practice of eating hors d'oeuvre every day can be regarded as economical. A passage from Miss Betham-Edward's "Home Life in France" has been quoted:

"Until lately I had regarded the hors d'oeuvre on luncheon tables of modern households as a luxury, an extravagance of the first water. A French lady has just enlightened me on the subject. 'The hors d'oeuvre an extravagance!' she exclaimed. 'It is the exact reverse. Take the case of myself, three or four persons in all. We have, say, a small roast joint or fowl on Sunday at midday; but always begin with a hors d'oeuvre, a slice of ham, stuffed eggs, a few prawns, or something of the kind. As French folks are large bread eaters, we eat so much bread with our eggs or prawns that by the time the roast joint is served, the edge of appetite is taken off, and enough meat is left for dinner. So you see, the hors d'oeuvre is a real saving.'"

In student days in New York we boarded in Fourteenth street not far from Ninth avenue. Our room was heated by a little oil stove. Our roommate, who had more friends than money, used to trim his cuffs with the scissors, before he made evening calls, for calling had not then gone out of fashion, and he, a Louslanian, was punctilious in the discharge of social duties. The boarding house had strange inmates. A young man, who earned his living by clerking in some shop and leading the singing in a Sunday school, had the habit at dinner of combing a weeping-willow mustache with his fork. There was a mild-eyed printer with a canary bird. There was a strange woman, serpentine in movements, who was always on the stairs, with a start and a cry "Oh, excuse me!" when we passed by her. The son-in-law of the boarding house keeper carved. A burly person with glossy black side whiskers, he carved in his shirtsleeves and sang "There were three crows." The maid brought him beer in a pitcher. He really believed that at Rome they were plotting against the liberty of the American people. Now at this boarding house the hors d'oeuvre was on the hall table at 6 P. M. There was a plate of nuts and raisins. Entering in a famished state, we at once killed appetite for dinner.

And yet the dictionary tells us that hors d'oeuvre is an extra dish served as "relish" at the beginning or in the interval of a meal. The term is nearly two centuries old in the English language, but opinions differ as to its pronunciation. Horace Walpole wrote "a hors d'oeuvre," and Sir James Murray thought the "h" should be sounded, yet he included in his dictionary this quotation: "The more unpalatable is an 'hors d'oeuvre' the more fashionable is the dinner which it precedes."

This is certain: the stranger in a Parisian restaurant who nibbles at hors d'oeuvre regrets it bitterly when he comes to pay the bill.

A Noble Dame.

Mrs. Henry Jodrell, who recently died, was a daughter of Sir Charles Napier. George III. wished to marry the Lady Sarah, her grandmother. In her youth Mrs. Jodrell was famed for her beauty, which she inherited from Lady Sarah, of whom Horace Walpole wrote after seeing her act Jane Shore: "In white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was ever half so lovely and expressive." Sir Charles attended to the education of his two daughters. "I will teach my girls only useful things," he wrote. "French, for example, because it will be of real use, and it would be painful to them not to know what so many fools know. . . . Knowing two languages, they can teach themselves any others, and be at home in any country. My object is to give them means to work, and then they may become as 'blue' as burning brandy." Sir Charles, by the way, was the man who, when Joseph Wolff, the missionary, was shipwrecked off Cephalonia and then remained in quarantine for 26 days, came to him with a crowd of Jews and Greeks and said: "Now, here I am come to stand by you. If you cannot convert them, they shall get a damned licking."

Sept. 2 1915

THE LATE MRS. JODRELL.

SIR,—In your remarks in "Talk of the Town," on August 25, you have confused the late Mrs. Jodrell as being the daughter of General Sir Charles Napier, who was the son of Lady Sarah Lennox, who married his father, Colonel Napier.

Mrs. Jodrell was a daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who was a cousin of the General, and not a son of Lady Sarah Napier. The General was Military Resident in the Ionian Islands, and it was to him that Wolff referred.—Your faithful servant,

August 26.

Sept 12 1915

The September number of the Music Student (London) contains the second instalment of Mr. Templeton Strong's memories of Edward MacDowell as he knew him in 1886. He describes him as fairly broad shouldered, with sturdy limbs, abundant dark brown and rather unruly hair, a slightly reddish mustache and imperial, somewhat after the manner of Raff. "In walking there was little movement of the arms and shoulders, and he had a habit of tilting his head a little to one side. * * * He was fond of smoking, and although he smoked many cigarettes, he generally preferred cigars, comparatively rarely choosing a pipe. During our walks in the hot weather—The two were at Wiesbaden—"he was not averse to a glass of beer, and if it was very hot he sometimes went so far as three glasses; I never saw him drink more than this quantity, for he was by inherent nature a very abstemious man. And now I am probably going to get into trouble when I state that in general the fair sex did not greatly interest him. He was very shy, and almost, if not quite, awkward in ladies' society and he was usually very glad to escape. * * * He was an extremely acute observer of things and people, and was perhaps inclined to be slightly pessimistic with regard to the latter. But did anyone prove himself worthy of his regard, he accorded it in an unstinted manner."

The Celt in MacDowell was obvious, the Gaelic branch. "He might easily have passed for a Highlander, and this similarity extended not only to features and complexion, but also to a certain canniness. * * * His inborn shyness and a certain timidity rendered him all the more companionable when with anyone in whom he had confidence and to whom he had given his friendship. He seemed then to cast off the cuirass which he usually wore, and, with a sense of relief, to take delight in doing so. * * * He was scrupulously punctilious about fair play and equality with regard to the footing of bills for our potations. He would never allow me to pay twice in succession, but always insisted upon paying when it was his turn to do so, and he manifested this same punctiliousness with regard to all financial transactions. The financial transactions of these days did not deal with large sums, for neither of us had the wherewithal, and if we never went to the opera, and rarely to the Curhaus concerts, it was because we could not afford it."

"During these months I had the privilege of becoming more acquainted with Mrs. MacDowell, and the better I learned to know her, the more I revered the innate nobility and spirit of self-sacrifice of her character."

Mr. Strong, hearing in 1886 MacDowell's compositions, recognized that the two "Modern Suites" were not the real MacDowell. "Dear old Papa Raff had a very pedantic side to him and wrote his best compositions when he forgot all about it, and his very worst when under its baneful influence. In Edward's 'Modern Suites' I felt the impact of Raff's pedantic fist, although they contain many beauties in spite of the fact and, as it were, in very defiance of it. Later on Edward frequently told me that they were not in the least representative of him."

"His piano playing at this time was excellent, and if he did not play certain very delicate passages more delicately than he did, it was due not to any inability to do so, nor to any lack of 'feeling,' but rather from a sort of reserve and disinclination to display a degree of tenderness which might be considered as degenerating into sentimentality; hence his playing was invariably robust, singing when song was demanded, and always eminently clean and crystalline."

MacDowell about this time became dissatisfied with all that was contrapuntal in his earlier compositions. "The contrapuntal manner seemed to be opposed to the euphonious sonority his whole being craved for, and it may be that in some ways this passion became somewhat restrictive with regard to the development of his possibilities; I have reason to believe that he felt this later on in life, and that it was a source of some regret to him."

In the same number of the Music Student the editor, Mr. Percy A. Scholes, asks: "What is the exact passage in Tennyson's 'Guinivere' which is musically reproduced in the Scherzo of MacDowell's 'Eroica' sonata?" He first quotes from Mr. Ashton Jonson's explanation published in the Music Student of August—the "MacDowell Number":

"The second movement, or Scherzo, was suggested by a picture by Gustave Dore, founded on a passage in the first half of the Idyll of Guinevere, shortly after the little novice's song 'Late, late, so late.' It is her description of the signs and wonders of which the land was full 'ere the coming of the Queen,' and how her father riding after sunset down the coast, saw the headlands flame 'far into the rich heart of the West' in a strange light.

And in the light the white mermaiden swam
And strong man-breasted things stood
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all th' land;
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.

"This unnatural and elfin-haunted light is again the result of Merlin's magic, whilst in the Trio, in sounds as of distant horn-music, there is a suggestion of the troubling presence of a wood and elemental creature, a 'belle dame sans merci.'"

Mr. Scholes remarks: "It will be seen that, according to this, the music should picture 'white mermaidens' swimming, and 'strong man-breasted things' standing, and should reproduce a 'deep sea voice' and the 'distant horn' voices of little elves. But MacDowell's Scherzo seems to me to have nothing to do with the steady action of 'swimming,' or the repose of 'standing,' and I hear in it no 'deep sea voice.' Does any reader know the picture of Dore referred to? If so, let that reader be the arbitrator between my friend Mr. Ashton Jonson and myself. From MacDowell's own description of it, as showing 'a knight in the wood surrounded by elves,' I do not expect to hear that it includes the sea, or any mermaidens or 'man-breasted things.' MacDowell's words seem to me to point to the passage I quoted:

At evenings, on before his horse
The flickering fairy circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and linked again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.

"Mr. Ashton Jonson says that he thinks only a desire for brevity prevented his including the lines I quote. But had he done this he would have combined two distinct occurrences happening on different days—and Dore's picture can surely not do that.".

We are inclined to think that if Edward MacDowell were now living he would be amused by this discussion.

Mr. Joshua Bannard is the author of the following poem published in the August number of the Monthly Musical Record (London):

AN IMPRESSION.

(MACDOWELL'S "FOREST STILLNESS." (OP. 19.)

The deep'ning shadows steal across the moor,
The sun is low; and from yon distant brake
A blackbird sings its parting note; while o'er
The stillness of the mist-enchanted lake

Come bleatings from the folds. The rocks about
The tree-tops fly, and up the dark'ning hill
The ploughman plods for home. The stars come out
One after one—and everything is still.

When day and night, and heaven and earth, are one,
And all is hushed into tranquillity—
The thoughts that come are thoughts of things undone;

For twilight is a deep'ning mystery
Which brings to us when Nature's rest is won
A sense of God and immortality.

Cecil Baumer played MacDowell's second piano concerto at a promenade concert in London, Aug. 24

Notes of a Personal Character

Among the Belgian refugees in England is Prof. Firmin Swinnen, who, prior to the war, was an organist at Antwerp Cathedral. During his stay in England he has given over 150 organ recitals in various parts of the country and has raised £2750 by this means for relief funds. He has declined a good pecuniary offer to visit the United States, feeling that he should stay here and help his fellow countrymen.

George Carvey, the music-hall singer and actor, who is a Frenchman, his real name being Ferdinand Fabre, stated in his examination in the court of bank-

ruptcy. London, that he estimated he had lost £10,000 in card playing, not all of it, he said, in England.

An imitation of Charles Chaplin, the popular kinema actor, is said to be causing much laughter in the new revue, "Tonight's the Night" at the Gaiety. One wonders if Mr. Chaplin himself will ever appear on the London stage. He is now so well known from the "films" that he would be at once recognized with a roar of laughter and applause. One wonders if he is as droll in speech as he undoubtedly is in gesture and facial play. It would he rather interesting to see.—Pall Mall Gazette, Aug. 24.

George Pleydell, the author of the new play, "The Ware Case," founded on his novel, is a son of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. Called to the bar in 1893, he turned actor. About 12 years ago he began to write novels, plays, etc. Perhaps his best known play is "The Princess Clementina," written in collaboration with A. E. W. Mason.

The imperial commissioner governing Trieste has issued a decree ordering "for aesthetic reasons" the removal of the monument to Verdi. It is to be replaced "for hygienic reasons" by a fountain which will wash the square in which the monument stood.

The Berliner Tageblatt corrects the report of Siegfried Wagner's engagement. It says that the name of the bride is not Shillingworth but Klindworth and that she is a granddaughter of the musician Karl Klindworth. We knew Siegfried Wagner when he was a modest, quiet boy in Dresden, visiting an American dentist. The boy then told us he wished to be an architect. He studied architecture and designed the tomb for Liszt at Bayreuth. The architects then advised him to become a musician. Now the musicians regret that he did not stick to architecture. As for Klindworth, pianist, editor, pedagogue, the irreverent in Berlin used to call him Klindwurst.

"Five Sacred Songs," by Carrie Jacobs-Bond, published by Frederick Harris, hail from America, and look it, for whenever we have reached the limit of our capacity for religious triteness or sentimental platitude our cousins across the Atlantic usually contrive that there is yet further territory to explore. Thus we have "When God Puts Out the Light," among other gems.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Pall Mall Gazette, hy the way, was deeply moved when it heard of Miss Marlowe's withdrawal from the stage. It said in an editorial note (Aug. 16). "The news of the retirement from the stage of Miss Julia Marlowe will recall to London playgoers many enthralling impersonations, notably her Rautendelein in 'The Sunken Bell,' her Joan of Arc in Mr. MacKaye's play, and her Viola and Juliet. She and her husband, Mr. E. H. Sothern, made a pair whom it was in every way charming to see upon the stage. To many personal graces they added rarer qualities of intellectual and spiritual perception and a fine suggestion of modesty and sincerity." And in another column is published this anecdote: "Few famous actresses have shown themselves so indifferent toward the art of making up as Miss Julia Marlowe, whose impending retirement is announced. Since she became a leading lady she has never worn a wig, and when she first played Ophelia she told an interviewer: 'I don't look in the remotest degree as Ophelia must surely have looked. She was a Dane. I couldn't look like her if I tried, and I wouldn't try. I only try to be as she was, and to do as she did. It is not by the outward and visible sign of any character that I would have myself recognized as that character, but by the inward and spiritual grace.'"

It would appear that Mr. Joseph Holbrooke has fallen upon particularly bad days in America, where he went a short time ago to complete—and, I suppose, rehearse—the opera-ballet he has composed, it is said, for Mme. Pavlova. On arrival in New York he was mulcted in a $10 fine or tax for his own manuscripts. Now he is lying in a hospital in Chicago, suffering, as he says, to his infinite credit, as if really he were enjoying his martyrdom, "from a broken arm (left) in two places, broken rib, scalp open, and one or two other rents. A motor ran me down one night. I never saw it, and the 'gentleman' decamped after doing it 'to look for a doctor.' He has not found one yet, by the look of it."—Daily Telegraph, Aug. 24.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn is singing in a London music hall, the Coliseum. "At each appearance she hopes to sing an operatic air with orchestra, either classical or modern and some standard English songs, and modern ballads with pianoforte accompaniment."

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph says that an editor is wrong in "stating that nobody would look at Mr. Percy Grainger's work till three years ago. It must be about 10 years at least since, as reader for a music publisher, I recommended the music of Grainger, Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner, Roger Quilter, and others, then almost unknown, to the firm for whom I worked. The Opus of these composers, were, I think, as a fact, in all cases, issued by that firm on my recommendation, and it was no fault of mine that more was not achieved in this respect. Mr. Grainger already has booked about 70 concerts for the coming season, while also he has found time to complete a large work for chorus and orchestra, "A Song of Democracy,' in memory of Walt Whitman. This work was, it seems, begun in Paris and Frankfort about 15 years ago and was worked at in Australia also. Another new work by Mr. Grainger is an 'imaginary ballet,' 'The Warriors,' which was begun about two years ago."

Why She Made a Great Hit

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced the leading lady of a vaudeville sketch team, "I am going to sing a song. The song itself I do not claim to be original, but the circumstances under which it is to be sung, I may truthfully say, are absolutely unprecedented in the history of American vaudeville.

"I have received no stage telegram from an imaginary manager, asking me to head an opera company, and shall not, consequently, feel called upon to sing on that account. I shall not sing because 'there is nobody around' or 'while I am waiting for the first person to visit my studio.' That person will be my gentlemanly partner, and he is at present in the flies. He will appear when I get through the song. He does the waiting.

"The scene-shifter will not bring me an invitation to a 'party where every one will have to sing or dance,' and which will necessitate an immediate rehearsal. No premonition that 'Mothaar' is at this moment wondering where I am will urge me to sing a ballade in her honor. 'Mothaar' knows where I am, and if I don't sing this song she stands a pretty good show of losing her means of support.

"Again, ladies and gentlemen," she went on, in the expectant hush that wrapt the house, "I shall not address the pianist here as 'Professor,' nor shall I request him to 'rattle the horse-teeth,' 'tickle the ivories' or 'saw wood.'

"In conclusion, let me say that I am not going to do this 'with your kind indulgence,' but simply because it's a part of this act and it's not going to be cut out!"

And, although she sang "Just Break the News to Mother," that vast audience, from the half-dollars to the ten-centers, broke into a mighty cheer. A new era had begun!—Puck, Aug. 21.

A Recent German Discovery About England

A few years ago a German social economist, Dr. Oscar Schmitz, wrote a book on English social problems, and considered that he was justified in giving it the title "The Country without Music." This book (says the Morning Post) appears to have become suddenly popular.

The Germans argue that they have now full justification for the opinion they have formed of the English, for did not their national poet say: "The man that hath no music in himself . . . is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils? . . . Let no such man be trusted."

When Shakespeare wrote those celebrated lines, the German musical critics remark, he did not imagine that he was pronouncing judgment on his own people. In the Elizabethan age, these critics admit, England occupied a high position in the musical world, but, according to them, the springs of artistic life have long been sealed up in England.

England is the only civilized country to which the title of the book applies, the German critics contend, though they qualify this contention by saying that they do not mean that the English people disdain or neglect music; they base their opinion on the fact that there is no internal relationship between the English people and music.

Outwardly, Dr. Schmitz states in his book, music occupies a place of honor in England, and he adds sarcastically that "the possession of the most elementary knowledge of piano playing or of singing suffices to make any one the 'lion' of the week-end at a country house."

It is natural, the German writer continues, that concerts in England are far behind what one is accustomed to on the continent, while the opera is given up exclusively to the cult of the "star." "In the spring," he states, "stars of all nations are attracted to London by vast salaries, and there they sing at each other under a mediocre conductorship without uniform effect."

It is characteristic of unmusical modern England, Dr. Schmitz asserts, that there is a complete lack of independent musical creative power. A list of English composers from the beginning of the 19th century, he contends, opens up to the observer a gallery of the most desolate mediocrity, while the five or six who really deserve to be described as talented are Britons only by birth; as artists they are foreigners.

The Pall Mall Gazette makes this comment: "Dr. Oscar Schmitz's description of England as 'the country without music' does not tally with what has been said by Saint-Saens, whose opinion on such a subject is unquestionably of higher value. In his 'Portraits et Souvenirs,' Saint-Saens ridicules the opinion sometimes expressed by his countrymen that 'the English know nothing of music, whereas we are steeped in it to the finger-tips. This judgment is based on the misbehavior of a few plutocrats [illegible] may be found in every country) who, when they engage artists to amuse their guests, ask the agent to refrain from sending singers with voices loud enough to make conversation a burden. I have always found English audiences keenly interested in the best music and full of enthusiasm when artists succeed in pleasing them.' These words appeared long before the advent of the Entente Cordiale, so M. Saint-Saens was in no way prejudiced in our favor when he wrote them."

But Anton Rubinstein more than once spoke of the English as the most unmusical nation, and curious remarks about the lack of appreciation in England were made by Berlioz, Wagner and Buelow.

Players, Plays and Various Theatre Notes

A tax of 1 per cent. is now charged on every ticket for a theatre, moving picture show, amusement hall, concert hall, circus, playground, race course or skating rink in Montreal. The money will be employed for the benefit of charitable institutions in the city.

A revue "Shell out!" was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, Aug. 24. "The literary glow of the work suggests the mild effulgence of the glowworm." On the other hand, "No lovelier production could be desired; we cannot recall a prettier chorus or one that has been more alluringly and varyingly attired. * * The last word on the subject must be that it constitutes a brilliant triumph for the Eternal Feminine."

A correspondent of the London Times saw "Hamlet" performed in Khaki by soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force within a few hours' distance of the firing line. "An officer of high standing who saw the play hit off the situation: 'Our men do not live by bully beef alone; they need some food for the mind, and there is nothing better for them than the great thoughts of our great writers.' The play was performed in costume, with scenery painted in camp, and with not a word misplaced or forgotten in the rendering. Four scenes were chosen—the Ghost scene; the room in the castle where Hamlet decides on revenge; the great soliloquy and the graveyard. The cast was chosen on the spot, neighboring towns and libraries were scoured for copies of the play, as there was no time to send to England. Luck turned our way, copies were secured, and in a town close by was a branch of a Paris theatrical costumier. Horatio looked more like Henry VIII. on the Field of Cloth of Gold than the friend of Hamlet; while Hamlet's costume reminded one more of Madame Tussaud's than of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson; but on active service one cannot be particular. * * * Hamlet was embarrassed by the cheers of the gods at the splendid fresh colours in the scenery, for many of these men had not seen stage colours since they left home, and for the time being Hamlet's scenery outshone Hamlet. Before the play was half through we breathed easily and knew the experiment to be justified. The life behind the scenes was distinctly of the emergency type. A careless gunner smudged out of existence a whole tower of Elsinore with his shirtsleeve. Men accustomed for many months to obey suddenly found themselves in command. One was told to stitch up a hole in silk hose with a darning needle; another wanted a belt; 'Give him a puttee,' 'My face is too white for the footlights'; 'Here, stick on some red distemper'; and I believe the red distemper is still 'stuck on.'

"The company got itself together in an hour; it learnt its part from two books in the spare time allowed in three days; it painted and erected its scenery in less than 12 hours and acted, in a way that baffled the keenest critics, to an audience whose vociferous approval would make any actor—Shakespearian or variety—green with envy. Hamlet will long be remembered; a 6 feet 2 inch Horatio and limping with a convalescent ankle could not, through physical disparity, keep himself within his shadow; the Ghost wore a fine suit of old French armour shrouded in white muslin. The proceedings were brought to a close by Henry V., clothed in all his shining accoutrements before Harfleur. Flashing his great sword he cried out the famous speech before the battle:

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with your English dead—
and so on, right through breathlessly to
The game's afoot, follow your spirit
And upon this charge,
Cry God for Harry, England, and St. George.

"The effect was electrical. Had the bugle sounded the charge every man would have rushed out of that building, on the instant, as he was. All the latent warrior spirit of our race seemed to leap to a flame. As we went out into the still night our hearts were stronger, our minds brighter, our courage high, and in the quiet stars above brooded the certain promise of victorious and lasting peace."

The latest addition to the Coliseum program is Cythera, a lyric ballet arranged by Miss Lydia Kyasht. The story, as told by M. A. du Plessy, is that of Cupid and Psyche; but not exactly as we have it from its first teller, Apuleius, for in this stage version the marriage is due in some not very easily explicable way to Venus's refusal of the addresses of Pan; and the ultimate happiness of the pair to Venus's indulgence in a [illegible] ed h[illegible] [illegible] when [illegible] does the story [illegible] when we h[illegible] three very pretty scenes in the fine [illegible] romantic manner of stage de[illegible] and in the four episodes that take [illegible] there a very prettily-dressed ope[illegible] ballet? Venus, a singing part is [illegible] in stately fashion by Mlle Jaume [illegible] Plessy of the Royal Theatre, Brussels. Pan (M. Ernest Delaroche) comes fr[illegible] the same house; while Cupid (Mlle S[illegible]va Dancourt) comes from the Royal Opera, Antwerp, and Bacchus (M. J[illegible]n Marechal) from the Royal Fl[illegible] Opera, Antwerp. They are all good [illegible]ers, and quite competent actors. A[illegible] then, for the dancers, we have o[illegible] own Miss Lydia Kyasht, as graceful and [illegible]complished as ever as Psyche, and f[illegible] Zephyr M. Serge Litavkin, whom also London knows and likes well by no[illegible] He will be liked all the better for [illegible] performance in the last scene, w[illegible] yesterday afternoon the loss of an [illegible]stinate shoe seemed to make no d[illegible]ference to the breadth and vigor of hi[illegible] dancing. The music is by M. J[illegible] d[illegible] Pietra-Pertosa, and is excellent mu[illegible] for the style of thing, melodious, s[illegible]suous, and not too odd to be easily [illegible]preciated at a first hearing.—Lond[illegible] Times Aug. 24.

Prof. Leonidas, who showed perform[illegible]ing animals at the Boudoir Th[illegible] Kensington, was summoned for [illegible] cruelty to them. Describing one of t[illegible] turns Mrs. Hayden Coffin said th[illegible] cat was stretched across the back[illegible] two chairs while several dogs were m[illegible] to jump over it. Nearly all th[illegible] knocked the cat, which eventually f[illegible] over, dragging the chairs to the g[illegible] with it. More than one dog was la[illegible]e

The magistrate: Do you think t[illegible] dogs were frightened?—I think th[illegible] were terrified.

Prof. Leonidas said that during [illegible] 25 years he had been in the prof[illegible] he had made a big name through [illegible] performances. He had had as ma[illegible] 110 dogs who had performed at a [illegible] It would never do to use a whip, a[illegible] he terrified the dogs they would n[illegible] perform. If a strange dog co[illegible] brought into court he could teach it to do a trick in 10 minutes.

The magistrate said that he could [illegible] understand how an audience c[illegible] through such a performance. On be[illegible] told that the defendant had p[illegible] been convicted of cruelty under [illegible] circumstances, he imposed a [illegible] £10, with £3 5s. costs, and g[illegible] t[illegible] prosecuting society the care of th[illegible] mentioned in the evidence. Th[illegible] Mall Gazette thus commented: "Se[illegible] that 'Professor' Leonidas, who w[illegible]s[illegible]terday fined £10 for cruelty to hi[illegible]forming cats and dogs had al[illegible] been twice convicted, he may be sai[illegible] have got off lightly; and it is [illegible] astonishing to read that he was [illegible]mitted to retain his dogs, tho[illegible] unhappy cat was taken from him. [illegible] the bitterest reflection of all on th[illegible] is that there should be any n[illegible] of English people—who are prover[illegible] fond of animals—to tolerate such [illegible]bitions as that of this 'Professor,' [illegible]stead of hissing it from the stage."

Notes About Musi, Opera and Concerts

A new opera [illegible] one act by Ed[illegible] L. Bainton w[illegible] performed f[illegible]r [illegible] first time at Glastonbury, Eng., Au[illegible] by the Summer School of Opera in[illegible]tuted by Rutland Boughton. The L[illegible]don Times said of the work:

"'Olthona' is the name of the o[illegible] and also of its heroine, whose part w[illegible] skilfully played by Miss Marjori[illegible] Ff[illegible]gcon-Davies. It is not a promis[illegible]g n[illegible] It suggests nothing except what is t[illegible] fact, that the composer has gone [illegible] early British legend for his subject, a[illegible] that type of subject has unfortunat[illegible] earned a reputation of unreality [illegible] opera. An early British princess [illegible]rled away by an early British vill[illegible] with an equally inexpressive name, 'Dunrommath,' and avenged by a h[illegible]r with a simpler name, 'Gaul,' do[illegible] n[illegible] immediately arouse sympathy, but M[illegible] Bainton has plunged into his sub[illegible] boldly and succeeded in doing a g[illegible] deal with it. He has kept the a[illegible]ti[illegible] simple and aimed at making his mu[illegible] express the essential things. C[illegible]quently it is manageable in the very simple conditions in which the [illegible] are given at Glastonbury. The assem[illegible] room provides a primitive theatr[illegible] which scenery is represented by [illegible] broadly painted back-cloth, and a [illegible]n takes the place of the orchestra. A local choir of early British warrior[illegible] sang with spirit, and with Mr. Fr[illegible]n[illegible] Mullings as the hero, and Mr. H[illegible]rb[illegible] Langley as the villain one got a very fair impression of what the opera aim[illegible] at. Of the two scenes the second, wh[illegible] begins with the lament of Oithona and ends with her self-sought death in th[illegible] battle between her two lovers is th[illegible] better, because the emotion of the dra[illegible] is the stronger and the music rise[illegible] t[illegible] its opportunities. After the new w[illegible]k the second act of Tristan was [illegible] with Mme. Gleeson White and Mr. Frank Mullings in the chief parts, a[illegible] some local singers in lesser [illegible]es, including Miss Jessie Nor[illegible], [illegible] showed remarkable intelli[illegible]e i[illegible] singi[illegible]g of Brangaena. Altogeth[illegible] [illegible] performance showed th[illegible]t the a[illegible] of the school the ob[illegible] of w[illegible]

... of ... away from ... conventions of the opera house, are ... pursued to good purpose."

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" was performed at a Promenade Concert, London, Aug. 17.

An Australian correspondent in the Dardanelles tells how the Turks secured bugles tuned to the same pitch as those used by the Australian troops, and at critical moments sounded the "Cease fire," oblivious of the fact that the Australians never use the bugle in the firing line.

Bagrinovsky's "Fantastic Miniatures" were performed at a Promenade Concert, London, Aug. 19. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "A box of Russian toys. That is the best description of the set of Fantastic Miniatures in which M. Bagrinovsky portrays the creatures with which the Russian popular fancy has peopled the countryside. They are at the same time as naive and as well wrought as Bilibin's illustrations to the popular fairy tales. It is a sound musicianship that succeeds in conveying that impression while at the same time displaying remarkable orchestral virtuosity. A lesser man would have been merely clever. On the other hand, it is possible to flirt too assiduously with the devices of the cinema, and we are not certain that such literal illustration in tones corresponds to a high conception of the function of music. One witch, the Baba-Yaga, is sanctioned by usage, but a whole company of imps is near to excess of zeal. Still, the performance is ingeniously amusing, and a composer who can do this small thing so well can surely realize larger ambitions."

While on the subject of opera, it is of interest to know that Sir Charles Stanford has recently completed the scores of two English operas, a fact to which I would draw the attention of Mr. Thomas Beecham! Of these the one is as it were a "setting" of Sheridan's "The Critic," "such a first-rate libretto," says Sir Charles, "that I can't imagine why no one has used it before." Sir Charles treats the book, not in the farcial manner of the "legitimate drama," but in all seriousness. His opera is in one act divided into two scenes. The first act of Sheridan's play is omitted, but the Puff part (that scene wherein Puff, Sneer and Dangle appear together) has been condensed (by Mr. Cairns James) into a spoken prologue to the grand opera. Dangle becomes the composer, while Sneer and Puff, a "practitioner in panegyric," remain as they were.

The "orchestral prelude" as it were is new in idea. As a fact the players make their appearance only after the actual play is begun, so that the "introduction" is of the kind that would mightily have pleased the late Shah, since it consists merely of the tuning of the instruments! The whole of Sheridan's play has been set, save as above laid down, in serious grand opera style, but with spoken dialogue; and it is essential that Puff and Co. be actors, for the singers are to do all the singing that is necessary. There are a good many characters, but of these many may be "doubled," and there is no chorus to speak of. I am glad of this, for it tends to support the view that I have so often promulgated here that the future opera will be in one act and without chorus. Never again shall there be "time" for operas of inordinate length, and long ago the chorus as generally used was proved to be anachronistic.—Mr. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

During the singing of a hymn at a funeral in Aberdaron, in Lleyn Peninsula, the head of a large-sized snake appeared out of some loose soil close to the grave and kept swaying in time with the dirge. When the hymn ended, says the Chronicle, the snake's head disappeared, only to reappear when singing resumed. The swaying motion went on again until singing concluded, when the snake once more disappeared. The snake was within a yard of where the officiating rector stood. There was much suppressed excitement, but no one attempted to kill the reptile.

Considering how much that Debussy has writen for the concert-room still remains unfamiliar to English audiences (La Mer, two of the Nocturnes, Iberia, Rondes de Printemps, etc.), it is not easy to understand the ned of introducing a work that has little raison d'etre apart from scenic action. "St. Sebastian" is a remarkable production. Mme. Ida Rubinstein, admittedly a great artist, though only a few months previously she had met with scant appreciation at a London music hall, fired the imagination both of D'Annunzio and of Debussy, and the former wove round her his story of the saint, which, to say the least, is as remote as can be from the episodes familiarized in Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola." To this Debussy composed copious incidental music. Whether accidental or not, there pierces through the work of author and composer alike a nightmareish resemblance to "Parsifal." It is almost as if both had desired to emulate the voluptuous asceticism of Wagner's conception. Hence Debussy employs his "Neoprimitif" manner, to which his stanchest admirers are not yet whole-hearted converts.

"Symphonic Fragments" of this music were given at Queen's Hall last night. To say that there were moments of great beauty is to state the obvious, for Debussy's sensitive tone-painting could not avoid them without a conscious effort. But the absence of stage incident to punctuate the anecdotal aspect of the music made much of it sound inconsequent and even dull, and there was an uneasy suspicion that there might, after all, be something in the Philistine contention that Debussy's music is not healthy. Certainly the "plein air" of "L'Apres-Midi" was entirely lacking. And we prefer Debussy of the sunshine to Debussy of the "Hall of Lilies."—Pall Mall Gazette, Aug. 25.

The same writer, presumably Mr. Edwin Evans, wrote of the promenade concert of Aug. 15: "It is curious how Moscow, which in its outward aspect and inner life is so intensely Russian, has become the centre of cosmopolitanism in the arts. It has recently attained to great influence in the art of the theatre, but the new element it contributes is not characteristic: it is a blend of products, a kind of synthetic spectacle. In music this has been especially remarkable. The characteristic Russian composers hailed mostly from cosmopolitan Petrograd, while the Moscow leader Tchaikowsky grafted his method on to the western stock. After Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff. But there is this distinction: that whereas the elder musician grew more personal with years, the younger has never been as personal as in his earliest works. His symphonic poem 'The Island of the Dead,' after Boecklin's well known picture, was performed at the Queen's Hall last night. It is an elegy on the grandiose scale, and, so far as perfect musicianship can make it impressive, it conveys a sense of nobility. But it moves so in terms that are constantly so familiar that the cumulative effect suffers. Had Rachmaninoff succeeded in striking the personal note—had he given more of himself and less of his musical experience—the result might have lost in formal quality, but it would have gained in interest. The workmanship is of the best, and that is something to be thankful for. It is the imagination that is at fault."

These new songs are commended by music critics of leading London journals. A cycle of Four Little Songs called "The Mill o' Dreams," by Eric Coates (Chappell & Co.) "The title is not surprising, for Mr. Coates has shown before now that he has a great gift for what he has himself called 'miniature.' But the best goods are wrapped up in the smallest parcels, and these slender songs have a genuinely fascinating fragrance. As is usually the case in works of this kind, the lyrist is largely responsible for the composer's success. In this instance she—for her name is Nancie Marsland—has her part, too, in the cycle's one weakness. In the last three songs words and music are penetrated with the refreshing simplicity that is dear to the child's heart. Their titles are 'Dream o' Nights,' 'The Man in the Moon' and 'Bluebells,' and they are all charming. But the prelude, 'Back o' the Moon,' is a shade incongruous. It is childlike, if you will; but its sentiment is in tune with the childlike mind of the wise adult. For the infant it is too sophisticated, both in verse and music. Yet it is far the best song of the four. Mr. Coates is essentially a fastidious writer, who disdains the hackneyed, as much as the pompous, phrases. And his colleague is of the same kidney. The daintiness of the lines

> Lay your head on Night's soft breast,
> Say the prayer you love the best,
> Shut your eyes and be at rest,
> Little dear,

is only fully revealed when taken in conjunction with Miss Marsland's dedication, and that reads, 'To ——, my husband,' a conceit as pleasing as it is quaint, and as quaint as it is true. For do not some of us know, what a celebrated thinker has told us, that in the heart of the grown man there is always a child hidden?"

"The parcel of music published by Elkin is a little out of date, as the space that could be allotted during war time to musical matters was for a long time absorbed by current events, but it is not too late to mention that the newer manner of Cyril Scott finds expression in 'Sea Marge,' a meditation for piano, and in a 'Cavatina' treated with somewhat arbitrary harmonic harshness. Two songs which made their appearance at the same time are less forbidding to the amateur, though Mr. Scott waives none of his right to evade banality in his own way. 'A Prayer' is comparatively simple in treatment. 'Evening Melody' is more baffling and not quite successful, but these are, of course, relative terms, as the personal quality that permeates this composer's work always distinguishes is from all other music. Two songs by Roger Quilter, 'The Jocund Dance' and 'Where Be You Going?' testify once again to his standing among those composers who correspond approximately to the minor poets in literature. There are few better song-writers of his class."

Sept 13 1915

WAR AND NEW WORDS

War adds new words to the dictionary. How many will permanently remain in the language? Dean Swift published a letter in the Tatler of Sept. 28, 1710, in which he complained that the war had introduced "abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns, Speculations, Operations, Preliminaries, Ambassadors, Pallisadoes (sic), Communication, Circumvallation Battalion: as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear." Alas for Dean Swift's prophecy. The words that shocked him have been in everyday use for two centuries, though the form of Pallisadoes has changed.

"Skedaddle" had been used before our civil war, but that war made it common and it is still familiar. "Contraband" for Negro came from an order of Gen. Butler. "An intelligent contraband informed us" was a stock formula of war correspondents. The English war with the Boers brought into familiar speech "commandeer," "maffick" and "mafficking," "trek." The vocabulary has been enlarged by the war now raging. There has been a protest against the noun "communique" (with an acute accent over the final "e"), but the word was already in Little's Dictionary—"An opinion or information officially transmitted. In war words once peaceful may take on a horrid front. Slang may be ennobled. New machines of destruction bring with them new terms or old ones with a fresh meaning. Who can speak definitely concerning the life of the intruders or those curiously masked?

In the same letter Swift objected to the shortening of "incognito" to "incog," and hoped ironically that the form would be "inc.," not thinking that "inc." might stand for "incorporated." He deplored the "choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows," such as Banter, Bamboozle, Kidney (a man of that Kidney), Mob. A philosopher writing to the New York Sun some years ago insisted that the English language is what it is, not what it should be. "Communique" without an accent may yet be in good and regular standing in common English. Who knows?

B. W. P. writes to The Herald protesting, and rightly, against a certain use of the word "discomforture" in Boston newspapers: Witness the sentence: "A high humidity increases the discomforture of the day." "Discomfort" should satisfy the reporter and the reader. "Discomfiture" is an excellent word in its way, and it is true that humidity may lead to a man's discomfiture. This reminds us that when Mr. Herkimer Johnson was in Putney, Vt., last month—but other matters now call for attention. By the way does any New Englander now use the verb "discomfrontle," to disarrange, to discompose?

A Happy Ending

Sir Arthur Pinero changed the last act of his new play "The Big Drum" and gave a supposedly happy ending to it, i. e. the lovers are united, not separated. Some in the audience on the first night complained that "for war time the end was rather a sad one." Sir Arthur says that when the play will be produced in the United States, "the original form will be adhered to, for I still hold that the unhappy ending is the true one." Thus he pays a compliment to the artistic sense of the American public. An undeserved compliment, for does not this public demand a happy ending? Charles Frohman thought so, so does Mr. Belasco. Remember what was done to "The Lily," "Samson" and "Israel." The managers give this formula to translators and arrangers: "To suit the taste of the American public." In like manner Dickens was persuaded to change the ending of "Great Expectations," one of his best novels, to please the English of all classes. It is said that Bulwer Lytton advised this and sided with the publisher. Mr. G. K. Chesterton says nothing about the alteration in his preface to the novel; but he has nothing to say about Estella or Miss Havisham.

Audiences wish to forget when they are in the playhouse that the great dramaturge Life is regardless of a happy ending in the final disposition of his characters, and spectators sometimes find that the technic of Providence is a little faulty.

Red Tape.

The mention of Dickens brings to mind the Circumlocution office in "Little Dorrit." It has often been said in the course of the war that the British at the front are bound by the red tape that stretches from London to the trenches. This statement of the Daily Chronicle seems almost incredible: "A regiment now in training at a seaside place sent a requisition for 30 pickaxes. The official reply was that the proper way to requisition pickaxes was to call them 'Axes (Pick).'"

Eggs Is Eggs.

We mentioned the question of the board of agriculture in England: "What is a new-laid egg?" A trade paper some time ago classed eggs in five divisions. The new laid are the only ones fit for boiling, and only for five days. The "breakfast" egg is a few days older. It may safely be poached or fried. "Fresh" eggs should be used only for cooking. Then there are "cookers." Of them it was said "faith is necessary for their consumption." The last division includes "eggs," just eggs. Here "the curtain may be drawn." "The label 'fresh,' so far from meaning nearly new laid, simply means that the egg has not been preserved, and as it may have attained the age of three months it should be avoided as far as possible."

Tooley street in London is the egg market for Great Britain. It is the duty of the Borough Council to remove all bad eggs as trade refuse or unsound food. It seems that on account of the war there is an abnormal quantity of bad eggs in the market. The licensee of a public house nearby complained of the stench due to the destruction. He said in police court: "They run a roller over the eggs and then wash them down a drain. Think of 4000 cases of bad eggs being smashed outside your house!"

"On" or "In."

Nine-tenths of us say "I saw Jones on the train." The purist scowls and corrects: "You mean, you saw him in the train. He surely was not on the roof of a car." The Daily Chronicle has been considering the origin of "on" for "in." "At first there were no first class carriages, and gentlemen traveling by rail did the journey in their own coaches, which were hoisted on to trucks in much the same way as furniture pantechnicons are today. Mr. Dombey traveled thus when he first went to see Edith Granger, and, in circumstances, one naturally would speak of being on rather than in the train." The Daily Chronicle does not insist on this explanation, it suggests it.

Fair Warning

This sign is exhibited at the main entrance to a Glasgow sausage factory: BEWARE OF THE DOG.

But Softly

A German professor, happy with a French wife, was talking to her in her own language the other day in Berlin. A sweet-mannered Lutheran pastor, called Kettner, also happened to be promenading that day, musing no doubt on the beauty of holiness. Suddenly the language of the barbarian Moliere smote upon his ear. He stopped the professor, and demanded to know why he was not talking German. Debate ensued, and an appearance before the magistrate, who adjudged that French may be talked in Berlin if it is not talked loudly. O pretty pastor! O exquisite Berlin!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sept 14, 1915

Mr. H. G. Hawes, Jr., asked in The Herald of Sept. 9 about the song, "Demetrius O'Flannigan McCarty." His question will be answered in The Herald of next Sunday.

Mr. Spencer's Reproach.

Mr. Hazleton Spencer, on Sept. 7, freed his mind about reviewers of books. "Only the aged can remember the days when book reviewers were discriminating. * * * The vilest slave of the most oriental potentate never poured into his master's ears a more sickening stream of flatteries than gurgles through the reviewing columns of the free press of America," etc., etc.

We timidly remarked that this statement was rather sweeping, and called Mr. Spencer's attention to reviews of books published in the New York Sun, New York Evening Post; to men that as reviewers had served The Boston Herald—Messrs. Shelley, Bradley, Barry, Macy; to Mr. Williams, the present reviewer.

Mr. Spencer has written a letter, but not a reply in spite of his free use of italics, which are not here reproduced. As the World Wags:

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," "Let the gall'd jade wince," etc, etc. I offered no reason for the decline and fall of book reviewing. I never hinted that logrolling with publishers had anything to do with it. You will search my recent communication in vain for any evidence that I was (at that time) capable of so hideous a thought. My mind, till the suggestive remarks in this morning's column, was undefiled. In its pristine purity lurked only good will and the will to believe good of men.

Now, I could believe anything of a book reviewer. I could credit him with murder, arson, wife-beating, or any other crime against God, man, or woman. Logrolling with publishers—eheu! Would you seriously have me think any fellow mortal so despicable?

Accept this letter not as a reply, but as a reproach. It's the old story—knowledge at the cost of innocence. I do not argue—I only lament. I would not argue with the editor of this column, anyway. I have at my command only the common works of reference—

Britannica, Century, etc. Who, thus handicapped, would not refuse encounter with one who has unlimited access to the proof sheets of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, in which, I have no doubt, is statistical artillery enough to demolish the strongest position yet fortified by man.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Forest Hills, Sept. 8.

A Fatal Last Page.

As the World Wags:

I have read Mr. Spencer's lament over the decadence of book reviewers in today's Herald with tears of sympathy.

I think I can give him a bit of accurate information anent their methods, and the quickest and easiest place to "crack the book."

In this case, sad to say, the victim was my own poor little book, so I know whereof I speak.

On the very last page one of the characters refers to the heroine in a sentence of playful sarcasm, describing her as the exact opposite of her real character. Imagine my joy on finding in a review of my heroine and her whole career characterized — and condemned—on the basis of that one little joke accepted as serious fact!

The inference is pretty plain. One could review quite a number of books in the course of a morning, that way.

Wakefield, Sept. 7. D.

Hurrah's Nest.

As the World Wags:

How did the expression "Hurrah's Nest" originate? When I was a child I heard older people apply it to a state of confusion, as "this room looks like a hurrah's nest"; but lately I had a lunch daintily served in a very pleasant room on the bank of a river and the little building bore the name "Hurrah's Nest." I am puzzled. Can you help me? A. G. P.

Machiasport, Me., Sept. 7.

Some Time Ago.

Columbus made the following report about Haiti, the first report: "I swear to your majesties, there is not in the world a better nation or a better land; they love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile, and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy." They had not then come under the refining influence of European civilization.

Prof. Ehrlich's Library.

European newspapers contain anecdotes about the late Prof. Ehrlich, who did much for the restoration of damaged goods. It is said of him that he never returned a book he had borrowed. In this he was not peculiar, as many of us know to our cost; but he was unblushingly frank about his practice. "A friend with whom he had made exchanges once returned a number of borrowed volumes with a note explaining that he had moved and cleaned up his library. Ehrlich replied, thanking him for the books, but adding: 'If you think that because you have moved, etc., I am going to clear up my library and find your books, you are very much mistaken.'"

A War Note.

After being robbed and nearly lynched by the populace, a henwife of Bruen was haled before the Kadi, fined and sent to prison for four days for asking £2 as the price of a fat goose. Her defence was really worth the sentence alone. It had cost her £1 to fatten the goose, she said, and, as it weighed 22lb., "it was really cheaper than beef." It is as difficult to follow as the ancient riddle, "If peas are threepence a quart, how many yards of skim milk will it take to make a bull a flannel jacket?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"She's In again," a farcical comedy in three acts by Thomas J. Gray, with Ada Lewis. First performance in Boston.

Anthony	George E. Riddell
Mrs. Matilda Martingale	Miss Sarah McVicker
Aubrey Brighton	Clarence Oliver
Miss Ann Rayner	Miss Ada Lewis
Leslie Tarlton	Edwin Nicander
Suzanne Touraine	Miss Mae Hopkins
Mr. Tarlton	George A. Schiller
Mrs. Tarlton	Miss Ann Warrington
Joan Montagu	Miss Grace Bryan
Bryant	Miss Mahdah Weems
Simpson	John Gray

The season opened at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening with "She's In Again," the second adaptation of Paul Gavault's "Ma Tante d'Honfleur," for another version, "My Aunt," was made by Sidney Blow and Douglas Hoare.

Young Aubrey Brighton took a masked and coquettish damsel to his flat from a cabaret ball one evening, with disastrous consequences. Unmasked, Miss Rayner proved to be a Katisha, without even the saving grace of a dimple in her left elbow.

Mrs. Martingale, his aunt from Kalamazoo, arrived unexpectedly on the same evening. Then came his friend, Leslie Tarlton, in a jealous rage, pursued by the bewitching Suzanne Touraine of "Town Topics." To save the situation Miss Rayner obligingly became Aubrey's other aunt from Flatbush.

In the second act, at the Tarltons' in Lakewood, complications grow fast and furious. Miss Touraine, still in pursuit of the pouting Leslie, announces herself as Mrs. Aubrey Brighton, to gain admittance. The device of mistaken identity is made use of to the limit. One situation elaborated leads to another, and the ability at lying of each person in the play is put to astonishing tests.

The hilarity of the third act, in the Tarltons' guest suite, is further heightened by a bedroom to which all the guests are assigned in turn, while just before the final curtain the head and shoulders of Bryant, the maid, are seen emerging from the bath tub in the adjoining bathroom.

The program states that the piece is "for amusing purposes only." It was acted with much vivacity by every member of the company, and in some cases with a needless expenditure of vocal strength.

Miss Lewis has a congenial role in Ann Rayner. She is entertaining with shrewd portraiture of character. Her makeup is comic, inimitable, and her apparition in pajamas in the last act, a triumph of the grotesque. She is unfortunately not seen in the second act.

Miss Hopkins's blond beauty was radiant as Suzanne Touraine, the chorus girl, and she played in a realistic and effective manner. Mr. Oliver as Aubrey Brighton acted with the impetuosity of youth and displayed remarkable inventiveness when surprises in trying situations. Mr. Nicander, too, was in the picture as Leslie Tarlton.

Just why the bathtub episode is introduced remains an unanswered question. Perhaps it is intended as a revelation of Mrs. Tarlton's understanding of housekeeping, for visitors were evidently expected to share the bathroom but not with the family or fellow-guests.

A large audience laughed heartily

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"He Fell in Love With His Wife," a drama in four acts from E. P. Roe's novel. The cast:

James Holcroft	William P. Carleton
Henry Ferguson	Theodore Friebus
Timothy Weeks	Donald Meek
Justice Harkins	Al Roberts
Jonathan Johnson	George Ernst
Maloney	Robert Capron
Alida Armstrong	Miss Betty Barnicoat
Mrs. Mumpson	Miss Vida Croly Sidney
Jane	Miss Justine Adams

The experience of James Holcroft, widower and farmer, with one housekeeper bent on marrying him did not deter him from trying to engage another in the person of Alida Armstrong whose past had been saddened by a bigamous marriage. Alida responded that she had furnished enough gossip for the village and refused to live alone in Holcroft's house as his housekeeper. Although Holcroft thought he had had enough of women, especially after repulsing the marriage seeking one he had discharged he had to have a housekeeper and the best solution of the problem that he could think of was to marry Alida.

The working out of this problem has provided E. P. Roe, a novelist of another generation, with the plot for the novel entitled, "He Fell in Love with His Wife." The dramatization of this novel under the same name opened yesterday in the Castle Square Theatre with two performances.

The simple story of the play proved very refreshing after the cynicism of most modern plays to the audiences yesterday, and the rustic humor of the people around whom the story is written was amusing.

As the play unfolds Ferguson, the bigamist who has ruined Alida's life, appears and forces her to run away with him after threatening her with death if she refuses. He is overheard by Jane, daughter of the discharged housekeeper. Then follows the rescue of Alida and Holcroft's discovery that he really loves the woman he has married for a housekeeper.

William P. Carleton is well cast as Holcroft and Betty Barnicoat made an instant hit as Alida. Vida Croly Sidney did well in the disagreeable character of Mrs. Mumpson, the designing housekeeper.

The handling of Ferguson, the bigamous ex-husband of Alida, by Theodore Friebus was adequate and not overdone. Donald Meek, Al Roberts, George Ernst and Robert Capron contributed to the comedy of the play.

"The Girl in the Taxi" will be next week's bill at this theatre.

EVA TANGUAY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Eva Tanguay is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last night "preparedness" was the watchword, and many let loose their enthu-

[illegible] before her [illegible] evening the comedienne romped and raved in her usual riotous manner. Most of her new songs are about herself, and she delights in dwelling on her temperament, on the obvious fact of her unmusical voice and upon the abbreviation of her costumes. Many new costumes have been added to her act, all have as their objective the incitement to laughter and all are glaringly grotesque. But she made the big noise, there was tremendous applause and all sang "The Little Grasshopper Jumped Over the Big Grasshopper's Back."

Craig Campbell, late of "The Firefly" company, was heard in a nicely varied group of songs. Gifted with an ingratiating manner and an agreeable tenor voice, he often found it hard to restrain himself, for there was the endeavor always to act out the part. His number from "I Pagliacci, was perhaps his best selection, but we must not forget "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Mr. Campbell was assisted at the piano by Josef Martin.

Harry Girard and company pleased in the melodramatic sketch "The Luck of a Totem." The piece, nicely staged, was chiefly entertaining through the splendid character acting of Mr. Jafolla as the half-breed.

Others that contributed to this excellent bill were Jack Corcoran and Tom Dingle in "A Vaudeville Splash;" Billy Tower and Maybelle Darvell in a dancing and comedy specialty; Edwina Barry and company in a ripping farce, "The Home Breaker;" Lambert and Frederick in a dancing and singing sketch that is full of promise for the future of this pair; Helene and Emilion, novelty gymnasts; McLellan and Carson in a roller skating act, and the Pathe weekly pictures.

The General Rule Wanted.

As the World Wags:

I wish that the correspondent W. Byington, who in your department of today's Herald discourses upon some of the nice distinctions which should be observed in the use of nouns and adjectives, would give the rule by which to determine, in the case of the two adjectives "Greek" and "Grecian," when one should use the former and when the latter. We say, for example "Greek grammar," not Grecian grammar," but why? What I want is the general rule which calls for "Greek" instead of "Grecian" in that case, and in which one can in other cases determine whether "Greek," or "Grecian," should be used. VERBALIST.

Brookline, Sept. 8.

When and Where?

As the World Wags:

Every little while the question is raised and discussed as to whether Gen. Sherman ever gave utterance to the expression, "War is hell." I see that in today's Herald Sarah Wamhaugh gives from Gen. Sherman an alleged quotation of 49 words which include that expression. When and where did Gen. Sherman give utterance to the 49 words which are thus attributed to him?

INDAGATOR

Boston, Sept. 8.

Sept 15 1915

ANNOUNCEMENT

The property of The Boston Herald, Incorporated, was sold at public sale at 10 o'clock yesterday by the Commonwealth Trust Company of Boston to Mr. F. de C. Sullivan of New York, the representative of Morton F. Plant and certain other holders of securities of The Boston Herald, Incorporated, for $1,800,000, one of the largest figures at which a newspaper has ever been moved in this city. Mr. Sullivan acquired the property for The Boston Publishing Company, a Massachusetts corporation organized by him and his associates. The officers of The Boston Publishing Company elected yesterday were: Robert L. O'Brien, president; F. de C. Sullivan, vice-president; James H. Higgins, treasurer and general manager, and Thomas W. Streeter, clerk. Messrs. O'Brien, Sullivan and Higgins constitute the new Board of Directors.

By the transaction of yesterday, Mr. Morton F. Plant, whose interests are represented by Mr. F. de C. Sullivan, largely increases the percentage of his ownership in voting securities of the company publishing The Boston Herald and Evening Traveler and becomes the largest holder of all classes of securities of The Boston Publishing Company. Certain of the individuals and others owning voting stock of The Boston Herald, Incorporated, have no longer any ownership or interest in the voting securities of the company now publishing The Boston Herald and The Evening Traveler.

The editorial and news policy of The Boston Herald and The Evening Traveler will be under the direction of Mr. O'Brien, and the business management of the two papers will be under the direction of Mr. James H. Higgins. The operating staff remains unchanged.

The sale effects a reorganization which puts the ownership of The Herald and The Traveler in exceptionally strong hands, and assures their ample financing for all future needs.

The Directors of The Boston Publishing Company have voted to assume all valid claims of unsecured creditors of The Boston Herald, Incorporated.

MME. BERNHARDT

When it was announced that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt would visit this country again to play passionate and pathetic roles with an artificial leg, it was said by the cynical that as a result of the amputation and the replacement she would provoke the greater curiosity and draw still larger crowds. Not even the golden leg of Thomas Hood's unfortunate heroine would cause so great a sensation. Some remembered that the actress at the zenith of her fame was characterized by her jealous sisters of the French stage as Sarah Barnum.

And now there are conflicting reports about the actress. It was said that when she appeared not long ago in the theatre, she was as conspicuous as formerly for her tragic stride, her impetuous rush, her sinuous approach, her feline grace. A few days ago, acting for the films, she played with difficulty, and declared that she must farewell the stage.

Her case recalls that of Gustave Roger, the celebrated French tenor, whose skill as a romantic actor was applauded throughout Europe. By an accident while hunting he lost an arm. With an artificial one he reappeared in the opera house, but, in spite of encouraging audiences, his day was over. This he knew only too well; witness the pathetic entries in his diary.

The friends of Mme. Bernhardt say that she will now lavish her genius on the "elevation" of the "movies"; that she will manage and stage productions of the world's greatest dramas on the screen. Is this merely preparatory "reclame"? Mme. Bernhardt has always been a woman of surprises. It would not be surprising to see her in Boston this season, artificial leg and all.

On this West shore we found a dead fish floating, which had in his nose a horne streight and torquet, of length two yards lacking two yneches, being broken in the top, where we might perceive it hollow, into the which some of our sailors putting spiders they presently died. I saw not the trial hereof, but it was reported unto me of a trueth; by the vertue whereof we supposed it to be the sea Unicorne.

Heroes of Peace.

As the World Wags:

In view of the recent extended discussions on the necessity of preparedness on the part of these United States, may I venture to record herewith certain observations made lately by myself, which, I take it, should prove reassuring. The thought of war is abhorrent to me, as it must be to any sane citizen; but should we become involved, there will, I dare say, be little cause for uneasiness on the part of any. Most amazingly has the intrepidity of our young men and boys been demonstrated to me. In this wise:

Last Wednesday my two young nephews prevailed upon me to join them on an expedition to the summit of the Blue Hills. They are members of the Boy Scouts order and addicted to what they call "hikes," a most healthful practice and far to be preferred to the so deplorably prevalent rougher games of these later days. I have never, myself, been keen on outdoor sports. Cricket I played while completing my education in England, though quite the duffer, I assure you, and croquet during the years of that delightful pastime's popularity. Baseball, it seems to me, is quite the rotter's diversion, and football, though I am told that many young men of our better families indulge in the latter game at the universities.

But for myself, always by preference, a pleasant and not too long walk. And so it was that I was persuaded to join the lads on their "hike." An exhausting experience, you may well believe, for, having gained the summit by arduous climbing, they must needs descend the other side by way of a winding and ill-kept avenue through the densest of woods, emerging finally on a really beautiful lakelet known quaintly by the Indian name Hoosickwisick.

As we came out upon the highway there sounded appallingly from the forest behind us a loud, metallic, whirring call, or, one might say, scream. Somewhat alarmed, I called to a farmer fellow, a native apparently, who was working in a nearby field, and asked him what manner of creature had made the noise. Whereupon he told us, amazingly, that it was the voice of the cougar, or mountain lion, calling to his mate. It would seem, if my informant is credible, and I think that he is, that the forests of the Blue Hills are infested by this ferocious member of the cat tribe. They are wont to lie in wait on overhanging branches and pounce on passersby and even to venture out into the farm lands and pull down cattle. The farmers of these parts save their cows by placing a bell on the neck of each one, it being the nature of the cougar or puma that he is terrified by the ringing of a bell. Indeed, the chap pointed out in an adjacent pasture several valuable Guernseys thus protected.

Rattlesnakes there are also, the farmer said. And he told how, only the day before, his six-year-old son had captured a nine-foot reptile by whistling to it after the manner of the Hindu fakir. The creature had no less than 14 rattles attached to either side of its head showing it to be 28 years old.

But my point, which, I will allow, I have been a considerable time in arriving at, is this: That our young men must be endowed with great courage, not to say foolhardiness, to frequent as they do in large numbers this forest reservation, teeming as it does with constant danger from its wild life. Indeed, on the day I was there no less than a score of youths were bathing in the Hoosickwisick pond, and this in spite of the fact that no longer than two days before a bather had been set upon by an infuriated wild fish of the bass tribe and seriously mangled about the left leg. The bass fish, so my good farmer testifies, is of supersensitive nature and becomes hysterical when disturbed by many boats or punts. Consequently for two or three days after a Sunday or other holiday bathing in Hoosickwisick is rather dangerous.

It seems to me that it augurs well for the safety of our country that we have in the near environs of our metropolis conditions so nearly approximating those of the frontier. And that those conditions must beget and breed a wholesome courage which will, I dare say, stand our citizen armies in good stead if, for honor or glory, we find it expedient to join our English cousins in the extermination of the barbarian.

PERCIVAL SMALLWEED.

Goldenrod court, West Medford, Sept. 12.